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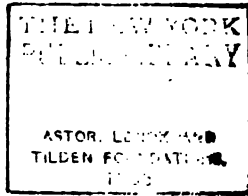
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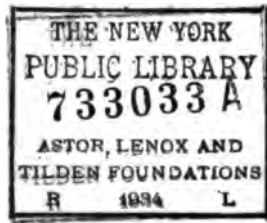
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1836.



Repair No. 727/66



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Joseph H. Choate,

1894-1895

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Henley, John		2
Shepherd, Miss		2
Perry, Mrs.		1
Heywood		1
Watts		1
Weaver		1
Parker		1
Golding		1
Harper		1
Motteux		1
Budgell, Gilbert		1
Bland		1
Ince		
Carey		
Anonymous	53	
Total	33	635
19		35

# THE BRITISH ESS

## THE SPECT

ORIGINAL DEDICA

OF THE SUCCESSIVE VOL

TO LORD JOHN SOMERS,

BARON OF EYRESHAM.

My Lord,

I should not act the part of an impartial Spectator, if I dedicated the following papers to one who is not of the most consummate and acknowledged merit.

None but a person of a finished character can be a proper patron of a work which endeavours to cultivate and polish human life, by promoting virtue and knowledge, and by recommending whatsoever may be either useful or ornamental to society.

I know that the homage I now pay you, is offering a kind of violence to one who is as solicitous to shun applause, as he is assiduous to deserve it. But, my Lord, this is perhaps the only particular in which your prudence will be always disappointed.

While justice, candour, equanimity, a zeal for the good of your country, and the most persuasive eloquence in bringing over others to it, are valuable distinctions: you are not to expect that the public will so far comply with your inclinations, as to forbear celebrating such extraordinary qualities. It is in vain that you have endeavoured to conceal your share of merit in the many national services which you have effected. Do what you will, the present age will be talking of your virtues, though posterity alone will do them justice.

Other men pass through oppositions and contending interests in the ways of ambition; but your great abilities have been invited to power, and importuned to accept of advancement. Nor is it strange that this should happen to your Lordship, who could bring into the service of your sovereign the arts and policies of ancient Greece and Rome, as well as the most exact knowledge of our own constitution in particular, and of the interests of Europe in general; to which I must also add, a certain dignity in yourself, that (to say the least of it) has been always equal to these great honours which have been conferred upon you.

It is very well known how much the church owed to you, in the most dangerous day it ever saw, that of the arraignment of its prelates; and how far the Spectator—Nos. 1 & 2.

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most sublime pens; but if I could convey you to posterity in your private character, and describe the stature, the behaviour, and aspect, of the Duke of Marlborough, I question not but it would fill the reader with more agreeable images, and give him a more delightful entertainment, than what can be found in the following, or any other book.

One cannot indeed without offence to yourself observe, that you excel the rest of mankind in the least, as well as the greatest endowments. Nor were it a circumstance to be mentioned, if the graces and attractions of your person were not the only pre-eminence you have above others, which is left almost unobserved by greater writers.

Yet how pleasing would it be to those who shall read the surprising revolutions in your story, to be made acquainted with your ordinary life and deportment! How pleasing would it be to hear that the same man who carried fire and sword into the countries of all that had opposed the cause of liberty, and struck a terror into the armies of France, had, in the midst of his high station, a behaviour as gentle as is usual in the first steps towards greatness! And if it were possible to express that easy grandeur, which did at once persuade and command; it would appear as clearly to those to come, as it does to his contemporaries, that all the great events which were brought to pass under the conduct of so well-governed a spirit, were the blessings of heaven upon wisdom and valour; and all which seem adverse fell out by divine permission, which we are not to search into.

You have passed that year of life wherein the most able and fortunate captain, before your time, declared he had lived long enough both to nature and to glory; and your Grace may make that reflection with much more justice. He spoke of it after he had arrived at empire by a usurpation upon those whom he had enslaved; but the Prince of Mindelheim may rejoice in a sovereignty which was the gift of him whose dominions he had preserved.

Glory established upon the uninterrupted success of honourable designs and actions, is not subject to diminution; nor can any attempt prevail against it, but in the proportion which the narrow circuit of rumour bears to the unlimited extent of fame.

We may congratulate your Grace not only upon your high achievements, but likewise upon the happy expiration of your command, by which your glory is put out of the power of fortune: and when your person shall be so too, that the Author and Disposer of all things may place you in that higher mansion of bliss and immortality which is prepared for good princes, lawgivers, and heroes, when he in his due time removes them from the envy of mankind, is the hearty prayer of,

My Lord, your Grace's most obedient,

Most devoted, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

TO THE EARL OF WHARTON.

MY LORD,

1712-13.

THE author of the Spectator, having prefixed before each of his volumes the names of some great persons to whom he has particular obligations, lays his claim to your Lordship's patronage upon the same account. I must confess, my Lord, had not I already received great instances of your favour, I should have been afraid of submitting a work of this nature to your perusal. You are so thoroughly acquainted with the characters of men, and all the



parts of human life, that it is impossible for the least misrepresentation of them to escape your notice. It is your Lordship's particular distinction that you are master of the whole compass of business, and have signalised yourself in all the different scenes of it. We admire some for the dignity, others for the popularity of their behaviour; some for their clearness of judgment, others for their happiness of expression; some for the laying of schemes, and others for the putting of them into execution. It is your Lordship only who enjoys these several talents united, and that too in as great perfection as others possess them singly. Your enemies acknowledge this great extent in your Lordship's character, at the same time that they use their utmost industry and invention to derogate from it. But it is for your honour that those who are now your enemies were always so. You have acted in so much consistency with yourself, and promoted the interests of your country in so uniform a manner, that those who would misrepresent your generous designs for the public good cannot but approve the steadiness and intrepidity with which you pursue them. It is a most sensible pleasure to me that I have this opportunity of professing myself one of your great admirers, and, in a very particular manner,

My Lord, your Lordship's most obliged,

And most obedient, humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

#### TO THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND.

MR LORD,

1712-13.

VERY many favours and civilities (received from you in a private capacity) which I have no other way to acknowledge, will, I hope, excuse this presumption; but the justice I, as a Spectator, owe your character, places me above the want of an excuse. Candour and openness of heart, which shine in all your words and actions, exact the highest esteem from all who have the honour to know you; and a winning condescension to all subordinate to you, made business a pleasure to those who executed it under you, at the same time that it heightened her Majesty's favour to all those who had the happiness of having it conveyed through your hands. A secretary of state, in the interest of mankind joined with that of his fellow-subjects, accomplished with a great facility and elegance in all the modern as well as ancient languages, was a happy and proper member of a ministry, by whose services your sovereign is in so high and flourishing a condition, as makes all other princes and potentates powerful or inconsiderable in Europe, as they are friends or enemies to Great Britain. The importance of those great events which happened during that administration in which your Lordship bore so important a charge, will be acknowledged as long as time shall endure. I shall not therefore attempt to rehearse those illustrious passages, but give this application a more private and particular turn, in desiring your Lordship would continue your favour and patronage to me, as you are a gentleman of the most polite literature, and perfectly accomplished in the knowledge of books\* and men, which makes it necessary to beseech your indulgence to the following leaves, and the author of them; who is, with the greatest truth and respect,

My Lord, your Lordship's obliged,

Obedient, and humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

\* His lordship was the founder of the splendid and truly valuable library at Althorp.

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not indeed pretend to an ancient family, but has cer-  
tainly as many forefathers as any lady in the land,  
if she but reckons up their names.

I must own I conceived very extraordinary hopes  
of you from the moment that you confessed your age,  
and from eight-and-forty (where you had stuck so  
many years) very ingeniously stepped into your  
grand climacteric. Your deportment has since been  
very venerable and becoming. If I am rightly in-  
formed, you make a regular appearance every quar-  
ter-sessions among your brothers of the quorum;  
and if things go on as they do, stand fair for being a  
colonel of the militia. I am told that your time  
passes away as agreeably in the amusements of a  
country life, as it ever did in the gallantries of the  
town; and that you now take as much pleasure in  
the planting of young trees, as you did formerly in  
the cutting down of your old ones. In short, we hear  
from all hands that you are thoroughly reconciled to  
your dirty acres, and have not too much wit to look  
into your own estate.

After having spoken thus much of my patron, I  
must take the privilege of an author in saying some-  
thing of myself. I shall therefore beg leave to add,  
that I have purposely omitted setting those marks  
to the end of every paper, which appeared in my  
former volumes, that you may have an opportunity  
of shewing Mrs. Honeycombe the shrewdness of your  
conjectures, by ascribing every speculation to its  
proper author; though you know how often many  
profound critics in style and sentiments have very  
judiciously erred in this particular, before they were  
let into the secret. I am, Sir,

Your most faithful humble servant,

THE SPECTATOR.

#### THE BOOKSELLER TO THE READER.

In the six hundred and thirty-second Spectator,  
the reader will find an account of the rise of this  
eighth and last volume.

I have not been able to prevail upon the severa.  
gentlemen who were concerned in this work to let  
me acquaint the world with their names.

Perhaps it will be unnecessary to inform the  
reader, that no other papers which have appeared  
under the title of the Spectator, since the closing of  
this eighth volume, were written by any of those  
gentlemen who had a hand in this or the former  
volumes.

## SPECTATOR.

710-11.

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To gratify

this curiosity, which is so natural in a reader, I de-  
sign this paper and my next as prefatory dis-  
courses to my following writings, and shall give  
some account in them of the several persons that  
are engaged in this work. As the chief trouble of  
compiling, digesting, and correcting, will fall to my  
share, I must do myself the justice to open the work  
with my own history.

I was born to a small hereditary estate, which,  
according to the tradition of the village where it  
lies, was bounded by the same hedges and ditches in  
William the Conqueror's time that it is at present,  
and has been delivered down from father to son,

whole and entire, without the loss or acquisition of a single field or meadow, during the space of six hundred years. There runs a story in the family, that, when my mother was gone with child of me about three months, she dreamed that she was brought to bed of a judge. Whether this might proceed from a law-suit which was then depending in the family, or my father's being a justice of the peace, I cannot determine; for I am not so vain as to think it presaged any dignity that I should arrive at in future life, though that was the interpretation which the neighbourhood put upon it. The gravity of my behaviour at my first appearance in the world, and at the time that I sucked, seemed to favour my mother's dream; for, as she has often told me, I threw away my rattle before I was two months old, and would not make use of my coral until they had taken away the bells from it.

As for the rest of my infancy, there being nothing in it remarkable, I shall pass over it in silence. I find that, during my nonage, I had the reputation of a very sullen youth, but was always a favourite of my schoolmaster, who used to say, "that my parts were solid, and would wear well." I had not been long at the university, before I distinguished myself by a most profound silence; for during the space of eight years, excepting in the public exercises of the college, I scarce uttered the quantity of a hundred words; and indeed do not remember that I ever spoke three sentences together in my whole life. Whilst I was in this learned body, I applied myself with so much diligence to my studies, that there are very few celebrated books, either in the learned or the modern tongues, which I am not acquainted with.

Upon the death of my father, I was resolved to travel into foreign countries, and therefore left the university with the character of an odd, unaccountable fellow, that had a great deal of learning, if I would but show it. An insatiable thirst after knowledge carried me into all the countries of Europe in which there was any thing new or strange to be seen; nay, to such a degree was my curiosity raised, that having read the controversies of some great men concerning the antiquities of Egypt, I made a voyage to Grand Cairo on purpose to take the measure of a pyramid; and as soon as I had set myself right in that particular, returned to my native country with great satisfaction.\*

I have passed my latter years in this city, where I am frequently seen in most public places, though there are not above half-a-dozen of my select friends that know me; of whom my next paper shall give a more particular account. There is no place of general resort wherein I do not often make my appearance.—Sometimes I am seen thrusting my head into a round of politicians at Will's, and listening with great attention to the narratives that are made in those little circular audiences. Sometimes I smoke a pipe at Child's,† and while I seem attentive to nothing but the Postman, overhear the conversation of every table in the room. I appear on Sunday nights at St. James's coffee-house, and sometimes join the little committee of politics in the inner room, as one who comes there to hear and improve. My face is likewise very well known at the Grecian, the Cocoa-tree, and in the theatres both of

Drury-lane and for a merchant ten years, an assembly of stories wherever I see with them, the own club.

Thus I live mankind; the means I have soldier, mercantile with a well versed in and can discern and diversion engaged in the which are apt I never espoused resolved to of Whigs and Tories myself by the have acted in which is the paper.

I have given tory and character together unequal taken. As for ventures, I shall see or consider how begin to blame have neither the fulness of do it in writing before I die.

that it is pity have made shaman. For this sheet-full of the of my content contribute to country in which summoned out thinking that

There are things not spoken to important read for some time age, and lodged my reader in for these three they might tell my paper, I communicating the draw me out of for many years several salutes very disagreeable suffer, is the best is for this replexion and distress is not impossible in the progress

After having shall in to-morrow gentlemen who for, as I have and concerted are) in a club engaged me to the mind to correct

\* A sarcasm on Mr. Greaves, and his book entitled *Pyramidographia*.

† Child's coffee-house was in St. Paul's church-yard, and the resort of the clergy; St. James's stood then where it does now; Jonathan's was in Change-alley; and the Rose tavern was on the outside of Temple bar.

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understanding; but he has chosen his place of re-  
sidence rather to obey the direction of an old humour-  
some father, than in pursuit of his own inclina-  
tions. He was placed there to study the laws of  
the land, and is the most learned of any of the house  
in those of the stage. Aristotle and Longinus are  
much better understood by him than Littleton or  
Coke. The father sends up every post questions re-  
lating to marriage-articles, leases, and tenures in  
the neighbourhood; all which questions he agrees  
with an attorney to answer and take care of in the  
lump. He is studying the passions themselves when  
he should be inquiring into the debates among men  
which arise from them. He knows the argument of  
each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but  
not one case in the reports of our own courts. No  
one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his  
intimate friends, know he has a great deal of wit.  
This turn makes him at once both disinterested and  
agreeable: as few of his thoughts are drawn from  
business, they are most of them fit for conversation.  
His taste for books is a little too just for the age he  
lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few.  
His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions,  
and writings of the ancients, makes him a very de-  
licate observer of what occurs to him in the present  
world. He is an excellent critic, and the time of  
the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he  
passes through New-Inn, crosses through Russell-  
court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins;  
he has his shoes rubbed and his perriwig powdered  
at the barber's as you go into the Rose. It is for  
the good of the audience when he is at a play, for  
the actors have an ambition to please him.

The person of next consideration is Sir Andrew  
Freeport, a merchant of great eminence in the city  
of London. A person of indefatigable industry,  
strong reason, and great experience. His notions  
of trade are noble and generous, and (as every rich  
man has usually some sly way of jesting, which  
would make no great figure were he not a rich man)  
he calls the sea the British Common. He is ac-  
quainted with commerce in all its parts, and will  
tell you that it is a stupid and barbarous way to ex-  
tend dominion by arms: for true power is to be got  
by arts and industry. He will often argue, that if  
this part of our trade were well cultivated, we should  
gain from one nation; and if another, from ano-  
ther. I have heard him prove, that diligence makes  
more lasting acquisitions than valour, and that sloth  
has ruined more nations than the sword. He abounds  
in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest  
favourite is, "A penny saved is a penny got." A  
general trader of good sense is pleasanter company  
than a general scholar; and Sir Andrew having a  
natural unaffected eloquence, the perspicuity of his  
discourse gives the same pleasure that wit would in  
another man. He has made his fortune himself;  
and says that England may be richer than other  
kingdoms, by as plain methods as he himself is  
richer than other men; though at the same time I  
can say this of him, that there is not a point in the  
compass, but blows home a ship in which he is an  
owner.

Next to Sir Andrew in the club-rooms sits Captain  
Sentry,\* a gentleman of great courage, good under-  
standing, but invincible modesty. He is one of  
those that deserve very well, but are very awkward

\* It has been said, that the real person alluded to under this  
name was C. Kempenfelt, father of the Admiral Kempenfelt  
who deplorably lost his life, when the Royal George of 100  
guns sank at Spithead, Aug. 29, 1782.

at putting their talents within the observation of such as should take notice of them. He was some years a captain, and behaved himself with great gallantry in several engagements and at several sieges; but having a small estate of his own, and being next heir to Sir Roger, he has quitted a way of life in which no man can rise suitably to his merit, who is not something of a courtier as well as a soldier. I have heard him often lament, that in a profession where merit is placed in so conspicuous a view, impudence should get the better of modesty. When he had talked to this purpose, I never heard him make a sour expression, but frankly confess that he left the world, because he was not fit for it. A strict honesty, and an even regular behaviour, are in themselves obstacles to him that must press through crowds, who endeavour at the same end with himself, the favour of a commander. He will, however, in his way of talk excuse generals, for not disposing according to men's desert, or inquiring into it; for, says he, that great man who has a mind to help me, has as many to break through to come at me, as I have to come at him: therefore he will conclude, that the man who would make a figure, especially in a military way, must get over all false modesty, and assist his patron against the importunity of other pretenders, by a proper assurance in his own vindication. He says it is a civil cowardice to be backward in asserting what you ought to expect, as it is a military fear to be slow in attacking when it is your duty. With this candour does the gentleman speak of himself and others. The same frankness runs through all his conversation. The military part of his life has furnished him with many adventures, in the relation of which he is very agreeable to the company; for he is never overbearing, though accustomed to command men in the utmost degree below him; nor ever too obsequious, from a habit of obeying men highly above him.

But that our society may not appear a set of humours, unacquainted with the gallantries and pleasures of the age, we have amongst us the gallant Will Honeycomb,\* a gentleman who, according to his years, should be in the decline of his life, but having been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain. His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you from which of the French king's wenchers our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods—whose frailty was covered by such a sort of petticoat, and whose vanity to shew her foot made that part of the dress so short in such a year. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge has been in the female world. As other men of his age will take notice to you what such a minister said upon such an occasion, he will tell you, when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten—another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the

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\* It has been said that a Colonel Cleland was supposed to have been the real person alluded to under this character.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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earth in the Rehearsal, that danced together for no other end but to eclipse one another.

The reader will easily suppose, by what has been before said, that the lady on the throne would have been almost frightened to distraction, had she seen but any one of these spectres; what then must have been her condition when she saw them all in a body? She fainted and died away at the sight.

Et neque jam color est misto candore rubori;  
Nec vigor, et vires, et quæ modo visa placebant,  
Nec corpus remanet— Ovid *Met.* iii. 491.

— Her spirits faint,  
Her blooming cheeks assume a pallid teint,  
And scarce her form remains.

There was a great change in the hill of money-bags, and the heaps of money, the former shrinking and falling into so many empty bags, that I now found not above a tenth part of them had been filled with money.

The rest that took up the same space, and made the same figure, as the bags that were really filled with money, had been blown up with air, and called into my memory the bags full of wind which Homer tells us his hero received as a present from Æolus. The great heaps of gold on either side the throne now appeared to be only heaps of paper, or little piles of notched sticks, bound up together in bundles, like Bath fagots.

Whilst I was lamenting this sudden desolation that had been made before me, the whole scene vanished. In the room of the frightful spectres, there now entered a second dance of apparitions very agreeably matched together, and made up of very amiable phantoms. The first pair was Liberty, with Monarchy at her right hand. The second was Moderation leading in Religion; and the third a person whom I had never seen,\* with the Genius of Great Britain. At the first entrance the lady revived, the bags swelled to their former bulk, the pile of fagots and heaps of paper changed into pyramids of guineas: and for my own part, I was so transported with joy that I awaked, though I must confess I would fain have fallen asleep again to have closed my vision, if I could have done it.—C.

## No. 4.] MONDAY, MARCH 5, 1710-11.

— Egregii mortalem altique silentii?  
Hor. 2 Sat. vi. : 8.  
One of uncommon silence and reserve.

AN author, when he first appears in the world, is very apt to believe it has nothing to think of but his performances. With a good share of this vanity in my heart, I made it my business these three days to listen after my own fame; and as I have sometimes met with circumstances which did not displease me, I have been encountered by others which gave me much mortification. It is incredible to think how empty I have in this time observed some part of the species to be, what mere blanks they are when they first come abroad in the morning, how utterly they are at a stand until they are set a-going by some paragraph in a newspaper.

Such persons are very acceptable to a young author, for they desire no more in any thing but to be new, to be agreeable. If I found consolation among such, I was as much disquieted by the incapacity of others. These are mortals who have a certain curiosity without power of reflection, and perused my papers like spectators rather than readers. But

\* The Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I.

there is so little pleasure in inquiries that so nearly concern ourselves (it being the worst way in the world to fame, to be too anxious about it) that upon the whole I resolved for the future to go on in my ordinary way; and without too much fear or hope about the business of reputation, to be very careful of the design of my actions, but very negligent of the consequences of them.

It is an endless and frivolous pursuit to act by any other rule, than the care of satisfying our own minds in what we do. One would think a silent man, who concerned himself with no one breathing, should be very little liable to misrepresentations; and yet I remember I was once taken up for a Jesuit, for no other reason but my profound taciturnity. It is from this misfortune, that, to be out of harm's way, I have ever since affected crowds. He who comes into assemblies only to gratify his curiosity, and not to make a figure, enjoys the pleasures of retirement in a more exquisite degree than he possibly could in his closet: the lover, the ambitious, and the miser, are followed thither by a worse crowd than any they can withdraw from. To be exempt from the passions with which others are tormented, is the only pleasing solitude. I can very justly say with the sage, "I am never less alone than when alone."

As I am insignificant to the company in public places, and as it is visible I do not come thither as most do, to show myself, I gratify the vanity of all who pretend to make an appearance, and have often as kind looks from well-dressed gentlemen and ladies, as a poet would bestow upon one of his audience. There are so many gratifications attend this public sort of obscurity, that some little distastes I daily receive have lost their anguish; and I did, the other day, without the least displeasure, overhear one say of me, "that strange fellow;" and another answer, "I have known the fellow's face these twelve years, and so must you; but I believe you are the first ever asked who he was." There are, I must confess, many to whom my person is as well known as that of their nearest relations, who give themselves no farther trouble about calling me by my name or quality, but speak of me very currently by the appellation of Mr. What-d'y-e-call-him.

To make up for these trivial disadvantages, I have the highest satisfaction of beholding all nature with an unprejudiced eye; and having nothing to do with men's passions or interests, I can, with the greater sagacity, consider their talents, manners, failings, and merits.

It is remarkable, that those who want any one sense, possess the others with greater force and vivacity. Thus my want of, or rather resignation of speech, gives me the advantages of a dumb man. I have, methinks, a more than ordinary penetration in seeing; and flatter myself that I have looked into the highest and lowest of mankind, and made shrewd guesses, without being admitted to their conversation, at the inmost thoughts and reflections of all whom I behold. It is from hence that good or ill fortune has no manner of force towards affecting my judgment. I see men flourishing in courts, and languishing in jails, without being prejudiced, from their circumstances, to their favour or disadvantage; but from their inward manner of bearing their condition, often pity the prosperous, and admire the unhappy.

Those who converse with the dumb, know from the turn of their eyes, and the changes of their countenance, their sentiments of the objects before them.

I have indulged that the few smiles with which I see every point I look at. Will I not other night at my right hand, will I believe Will looking with a box before us, She has, I will think, that childish than time, he said, but perhaps to mother; for beauty to be gance of her yet if she has another, or has not allow her would call a my eye towards what I looked at, in the face

"Behold, behold the beauty of her innocence of her affability, are nance; she knows she is good.

conscious virtue! What a blooming woman expresses the beauty of language."

It was prudent object, and the less creatures move a knowledge of insignificant are but pictures.

Thus the world of entertainment and commerce of discovery and not in perhaps raised effect I cannot As my pleasure of the sight, I have always been the fair sex.

believed or content the world, and gallantry of our people, I these my speech the young through ginity, marriage woman's day, style and air I say this, I not lower but course for the but refined.

talking sentences covers he can In a word, I work, if amon furnish tea-table on matters which concerned to app



or affection. I was unable to de-speculation, overs say to time I shall e to conceal e made by our to make they are in ng the time n with the s considera- en shall be eproach for shall here- y in friend- great and e passion, e examined. ated at now, heir proper ent writing y shall not

710-11.

Poet. ver. 5.

ragantly la- s to gratify tion in the quires, that machines rd. How ve laughed est in robes upon a sea lery would entertained enchanted d real cas- skill in cri- realities ame piece; s the repre- emblances, one would with herds he country ral parts of joining to- decoration uld recom- ors, as well

a fortnight eage full of was won- ut them to, tance, who g what he e had been ows for the ; "what! s the other, e first act, uriosity so , by which ct the part ough upon

a nearer inquiry I found the sparrows put the same trick upon the audience that Sir Martin Mar-all\* practised upon his mistress; for though they flew in sight, the music proceeded from a concert of flageolets and bird-calls, which were planted behind the scenes. At the same time I made this discovery, I found by the discourse of the actors, that there were great designs on foot for the improvement of the opera; that it had been proposed to break down a part of the wall, and to surprise the audience with a party of a hundred horse, and that there was actually a project of bringing the New-river into the house, to be employed in jets-d'eau and water-works. This project, as I have since heard, is postponed till the summer season, when it is thought the coolness that proceeds from fountains and cascades will be more acceptable and refreshing to people of quality. In the mean time, to find out a more agreeable entertainment for the winter season, the opera of Rinaldo is filled with thunder and lightning, illuminations and fire-works, which the audience may look upon without catching cold, and indeed without much danger of being burnt; for there are several engines filled with water, and ready to play at a minute's warning, in case any such accident should happen. However, as I have a very great friendship for the owner of this theatre, I hope that he has been wise enough to insure his house before he would let this opera be acted in it.

It is no wonder that those scenes should be very surprising, which were contrived by two poets of different nations, and raised by two magicians of different sexes. Armida (as we are told in the argument) was an Amazonian enchantress, and poor Signior Cassani (as we learn from the persons represented) a Christian conjuror (*Mago Cristiano*). I must confess I am very much puzzled to find how an Amazon should be versed in the black art, or how a good Christian, for such is the part of the magician, should deal with the devil.

To consider the poet after the conjurers, I shall give you a taste of the Italian from the first lines of his preface: "*Eccoti, benigno lettore, un parto di poche sere, che se ben nato di notte, non è però aborto di tenebre, ma si farà conoscere figlio d'Apollo con qualche raggio di Parnasso*:" "Behold, gentle reader, the birth of a few evenings, which, though it be the offspring of the night, is not the abortive of darkness, but will make itself known to be the son of Apollo, with a certain ray of Parnassus." He afterwards proceeds to call Mynheer Handel the Orpheus of our age, and to acquaint us, in the same sublimity of style, that he composed this opera in a fortnight. Such are the wits to whose tastes we so ambitiously conform ourselves. The truth of it is, the finest writers among the modern Italians express themselves in such a florid form of words, and such tedious circumlocutions, as are used by none but pedants in our own country; and at the same time fill their writings with such poor imaginations and conceits, as our youths are ashamed of before they have been two years at the university. Some may be apt to think that it is the difference of genius which produces this difference in the works of the two nations; but to show that there is nothing in this, if we look into the writings of the old Italians, such as Cicero and Virgil, we shall find that the English writers, in their way of thinking and expressing themselves, resemble those authors much more than

\* A comedy by J. Dryden, borrowed from Quinault's *Amant indiscret*, and the *Etourdi* of Moliere.



the modern Italians pretend to do. And as for the poet himself, from whom the dreams of this opera\* are taken, I must entirely agree with Monsieur Boileau, that one verse in Virgil is worth all the clinquant or tinsel of Tasso.

But to return to the sparrows: there have been so many flights of them let loose in this opera, that it is feared the house will never get rid of them; and that in other plays they may make their entrance in very wrong and improper scenes, so as to be seen flying in a lady's bed-chamber, or perching upon a king's throne—besides the inconveniences which the heads of the audience may sometimes suffer from them. I am credibly informed, that there was once a design of casting into an opera the story of Whittington and his Cat, and that, in order to it, there had been got together a great quantity of mice; but Mr. Rich, the proprietor of the playhouse, very prudently considered that it would be impossible for the cat to kill them all, and that consequently the princes of the stage might be as much infested with mice, as the prince of the island was before the cat's arrival upon it; for which reason he would not permit it to be acted in his house. And indeed I cannot blame him; for, as he said very well upon that occasion, I do not hear that any of the performers in our opera pretend to equal the famous pied piper,† who made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious animals.

Before I dismiss this paper, I must inform my reader, that I hear there is a treaty on foot between London and Wise‡ (who will be appointed gardeners of the playhouse) to furnish the opera of Rinaldo and Armida with an orange-grove: and that the next time it is acted, the singing-birds will be personated by tom-tits, the undertakers being resolved to spare neither pains nor money for the gratification of the audience.—C.

#### No. 6.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7, 1710-11.

*Credebant hoc grande nefas, et morte piamdum,  
Si juvenis vetulus non assurrexerat* — Juv. Sat. xiii. 54.

‘Twas impious then (so much was age rever’d)  
For youth to keep their seats when an old man appear’d.

I know no evil under the sun so great as the abuse of the understanding, and yet there is no one vice more common. It has diffused itself through both sexes, and all qualities of mankind, and there is hardly that person to be found, who is not more concerned for the reputation of wit and sense, than of honesty and virtue. But this unhappy affectation of being wise rather than honest, witty than good-natured, is the source of most of the ill habits of life. Such false impressions are owing to the abandoned writings of men of wit, and the awkward imitation of the rest of mankind.

For this reason Sir Roger was saying last night, that he was of opinion none but men of fine parts deserved to be hanged. The reflections of such men are so delicate upon all occurrences which they are concerned in, that they should be exposed to more than ordinary infamy and punishment, for offending against such quick admonitions as their own souls give them, and blunting the fine edge of their minds in such a manner, that they are no more shocked at

vice and folly than he is at the sight of a new coat. There is no greater mark of a man of great parts than to be insensible of one side of satisfaction, and to have lost the taste of the other. Scarcely, he disabled himself for a day to get his sense, he is not half a sense. The he finds reason, he has a weakness, he deserves to be nates his supply of his Sir Roger, “But,” could private virtue parts forsook done, so it be so whimsical nature and circumstance with condition with contemptible public of, therefore for together; they have a prope ral tendency agreeable to good-breeding hinted, is his entire as

While the self in good which made “What I am of opinion neglect our cusable. If of that, you unaccountable not always only the gu times of a v upon exami least virtuo of admitting without cor this means what we do will not pas taste. Sir good sense honour to e of wit, to h follies. The ing his wit being in t after to say writing of hands of r and chaste ployment s ought to be in public, foundation, in his studi ornament society is u

\* Rinaldo, an opera, 8vo. 1711. The plan by Aaron Hill; the Italian words by Sig. G. Rossi; and the music by Handel.

† June 26, 1294, the rats and mice by which Hamelen was infested, were allured, it is said, by a piper, to a contiguous river, in which they were all drowned.

‡ London and Wise were the Queen's gardeners at this time.

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family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday!" says she, "No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon Childermas-day; tell your writing-master that Friday will be soon enough." I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule, to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband with a sigh, "My dear, misfortunes never come single." My friend, I found, acted but an under part at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow. "Do not you remember, child," says she, "that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table?" "Yes," says he, "my dear, and the next post brought us an account of the battle of Almanza." The reader may guess at the figure I made, after having done all this mischief. I dispatched my dinner as soon as I could, with my usual taciturnity; when, to my utter confusion, the lady seeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them across one another on my plate, desired me that I would humour her so far as to take them out of that figure, and place them side by side. What the absurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I suppose there was some traditionary superstition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the house, I disposed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I shall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reason for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that a person has conceived an aversion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that she regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale, and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognostics. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed, there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic into

several who were present, insomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid that is troubled with the vapours produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt of a great family, who is one of these antiquated sybils, that forebodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and bearing death-watches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great household that howled in the stable, at a time when she lay ill with the tooth-ache. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil,) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of such groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being, who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees, at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

#### No. 8.] FRIDAY, MARCH 9, 1710-II.

*At Venus obscuro gradientes aere sepsit,  
Et multo nebulae circum Dea fudit amictu.  
Cernere ne quis eos* ———— *VIRG. Æn. l. 415.*

*They march obscure, for Venus kindly shrouds  
With mists their persons, and involves in clouds.*—DAYDEN.

I SHALL here communicate to the world a couple of letters, which I believe will give the reader as good an entertainment as any that I am able to furnish him with, and therefore shall make no apology for them:—

“TO THE SPECTATOR, &c.

“SIR,—I am one of the directors of the society

for the reforming myself a proper person, have thorough religion in Great Britain with the predominate the whole island virtue has made corporations; and are committed in my own family respondents in send me up all the little justice in their

“I am no less than the registers and registers in different parts of the country. I can describe to you in what manner which gaming drunkenness. I am disposed to lanes and alleys. When I well, and improve very well acquainted of female night.

“After this you know, that information of I think falls especially since criminals too our society. has of late been conspicuous to be continued all the persons are masked, way, lest we shall well, or a peer sides, their not afraid they will nity, though of constables, them from our yours; as before give no part affronted by you.

“If we are observed by

trived for the women either by friends who first entrance addresses him where the persons show their friends, and end the place. I dinous assembly and intrigue methods, by prevent such from meeting

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Mr. Buckley,

1710-11.

Sat. xv. 163.

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well suppose) to entertain one another with spright-  
liness and wit, but to keep one another in counte-  
nance. The room where the club met was something  
of the largest, and had two entrances, the one by a  
door of a moderate size, and the other by a pair of  
folding-doors. If a candidate for this corpulent club  
could make his entrance through the first, he was  
looked upon as unqualified; but if he stuck in the  
passage, and could not force his way through it, the  
folding-doors were immediately thrown open for his  
reception, and he was saluted as a brother. I have  
heard that this club, though it consisted but of fifteen  
persons, weighed above three ton.

In opposition to this society, there sprung up ano-  
ther composed of scarecrows and skeletons, who, being  
very meagre and envious, did all they could to  
thwart the designs of their bulky brethren, whom  
they represented as men of dangerous principles; till  
at length they worked them out of the favour of the  
people, and consequently out of the magistracy. These  
factions tore the corporation in pieces for several  
years, till at length they came to this accommoda-  
tion; that the two bailiffs of the town should be an-  
nually chosen out of the two clubs; by which means  
the principal magistrates are at this day coupled like  
rabbits, one fat and one lean.

Every one has heard of the club, or rather the con-  
federacy, of the kings. This grand alliance was  
formed a little after the return of King Charles the  
Second, and admitted into it men of all qualities and  
professions, provided they agreed in the surname of  
King, which, as they imagined, sufficiently declared  
the owners of it to be altogether untainted with re-  
publican and anti-monarchical principles.

A Christian name has likewise been often used as a  
badge of distinction, and made the occasion of a club.  
That of the George's, which used to meet at the sign  
of the George, on St. George's-day, and swear "Be-  
fore George," is still fresh in every one's memory.

There are at present, in several parts of this city,  
what they call street-clubs, in which the chief inha-  
bitants of the street converse together every night.  
I remember, upon my inquiring after lodgings in Or-  
mond street, the landlord, to recommend that quarter  
of the town, told me there was at that time a very  
good club in it; he also told me, upon farther discourse  
with him, that two or three noisy country 'squires,  
who were settled there the year before, had consider-  
ably sunk the price of house-rent; and that the club  
(to prevent the like inconveniences for the future) had  
thoughts of taking every house that became vacant  
into their own hands, till they had found a tenant for  
it, of a sociable nature and good conversation.

The Hum-drum club, of which I was formerly an  
unworthy member, was made up of very honest gen-  
tlemen of peaceable dispositions, that used to sit to-  
gether, smoke their pipes, and say nothing till mid-  
night. The Mum club (as I am informed) is an  
institution of the same nature, and as great an enemy  
to noise.

After these two innocent societies, I cannot forbear  
mentioning a very mischievous one, that was erected  
in the reign of King Charles the Second; I mean the  
club of Duellists, in which none was to be admitted  
that had not fought his man. The president of it was  
said to have killed half a dozen in single combat;  
and as for the other members, they took their seats  
according to the number of their slain. There was  
likewise a side-table, for such as had only drawn blood,  
and shown a laudable ambition of taking the first op-  
portunity to qualify themselves for the first table.  
This club, consisting only of men of honour, did not

continue long, most of the members of it being put to the sword, or hanged, a little after its institution.

Our modern celebrated clubs are founded upon eating and drinking, which are points wherein most men agree, and in which the learned and the illiterate, the dull and the airy, the philosopher and the buffoon, can all of them bear a part. The Kit-cat\* itself is said to have taken its original from a mutton-pie. The beef-steak† and October clubs, are neither of them averse to eating and drinking, if we may form a judgment of them from their respective titles.

When men are thus knit together, by a love of society, not a spirit of faction, and do not meet to censure or annoy those that are absent, but to enjoy one another; when they are thus combined for their own improvement, or for the good of others, or at least to relax themselves from the business of the day by an innocent and cheerful conversation, there may be something very useful in these little institutions and establishments.

I cannot forbear concluding this paper with a scheme of laws that I met with upon a wall in a little alehouse. How I came thither I may inform my reader at a more convenient time. These laws were enacted by a knot of artisans and mechanics, who used to meet every night; and as there is something in them which gives us a pretty picture of low life, I shall transcribe them word for word.

*Rules to be observed in the Two-penny Club, erected in this place for the preservation of friendship and good neighbourhood.*

1. Every member at his first coming in shall lay down his two-pence.
2. Every member shall fill his pipe out of his own box.
3. If any member absents himself, he shall forfeit a penny for the use of the club, unless in case of sickness or imprisonment.
4. If any member swears or curses, his neighbour may give him a kick upon the shins.
5. If any member tells stories in the club that are not true, he shall forfeit for every third lie an half-penny.
6. If any member strikes another wrongfully, he shall pay his club for him.
7. If any member brings his wife into the club, he shall pay for whatever she drinks or smokes.
8. If any member's wife comes to fetch him home from the club, she shall speak to him without the door.
9. If any member calls another a cuckold, he shall be turned out of the club.
10. None shall be admitted into the club that is of the same trade with any member of it.
11. None of the club shall have his clothes or shoes made or mended, but by a brother member.

\* An account of this club, which took its name from Christopher Cat, the maker of their mutton-pies, has been given in the new edition of the Tatler, with notes, in 6 vols. The portraits of its members were drawn by Kneller, who was himself one of their number, and all portraits of the same dimensions and form, are at this time called kit-cat pictures. The original portraits are now the property of William Baker, Esq., to whom they came by inheritance from J. Tonson, who was secretary to the club. It was originally formed in Shire-lane, about the time of the trial of the seven bishops, for a little free evening conversation; but in Queen Anne's reign comprehended above forty noblemen and gentlemen of the first rank for quality, merit, and fortune, firm friends of the Hanoverian succession.

† Of this club, it is said, that Mrs. Woffington, the only woman in it, was president; Richard Estcourt, the comedian, was their providore; and as an honourable badge of his office, wore a small gridiron of gold hung round his neck with a green silk riband.

12. No member.

The moral is wholesome, but my reader would he would like Ben Jonson, cited by Livy, ancient Greek

No. 10.]

Non aliter  
Remigis  
Atque ille

So the boy  
And, slow  
But if the  
Then down

It is with city inquiring receiving more seriousness and there are all every day: paper, which I may reckon London and to distinguish of their ignorance have raised spare no pains and their shall endeavor temper with possible, but tion of the and discretioning starts of memories of them out of into which fallow for a only to be kept. It was said down from shall be am brought P schools and bles, at tea. I would commend the families, the tea and bro vise them punctually part of the

Sir Francis book, comp like Moses up and down not be so v appears, the leave it to not much one's self, Poland: as as tend to and preju inflame ha In the t

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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to live in the  
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shments of  
my gentle  
ands, will

not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour in a day upon this paper, since they may do it without any hinderance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day; but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other little pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember, that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.—C.

No. 11.] TUESDAY, MARCH 13, 1710-11.

*Dat veniam corvis, vexat censura columbas.*—Juv. Sat. li. 63.  
The doves are censur'd, while the crows are spar'd.

ARIETTA is visited by all persons of both sexes, who have any pretence to wit and gallantry. She is in that time of life which is neither affected with the follies of youth, nor infirmities of age; and her conversation is so mixed with gaiety and prudence, that she is agreeable both to the old and the young. Her behaviour is very frank, without being in the least blameable: and as she is out of the track of any amorous or ambitious pursuits of her own, her visitants entertain her with accounts of themselves very freely, whether they concern their passions or their interests. I made her a visit this afternoon, having been formerly introduced to the honour of her acquaintance by my friend Will Honeycomb, who has prevailed upon her to admit me sometimes into her assembly, as a civil inoffensive man. I found her accompanied with one person only, a common-place talker, who, upon my entrance, arose, and after a very slight civility sat down again; then, turning to Arietta, pursued his discourse, which I found was upon the old topic of constancy in love. He went on with great facility in repeating what he talks every day of his life; and with the ornaments of insignificant laughs and gestures, enforced his arguments by quotations out of plays and songs, which allude to the perjuries of the fair, and the general levity of women. Methought he strove to shine more than ordinarily in his talkative way, that he might insult my silence, and distinguish himself before a woman of Arietta's taste and understanding. She had often an inclination to interrupt him, but could find no opportunity, till the larum ceased of itself, which it did not till he had repeated and murdered the celebrated story of the Ephesian Matron.

Arietta seemed to regard this piece of raillery as an outrage done to her sex; as indeed I have always observed that women, whether out of a nicer regard to their honour, or what other reason I cannot tell, are more sensibly touched with those general aspersions which are cast upon their sex, than men are by what is said of theirs.

When she had a little recovered herself from the serious anger she was in, she replied in the following manner:

"Sir, when I consider how perfectly new all you have said on this subject is, and that the story you have given us is not quite two thousand years old, I cannot but think it a piece of presumption to dis-

le it with you; but your quotations put me in mind of the fable of the lion and the man. The lion, talking with that noble animal, showed him the ostentation of human superiority, a sign of a man killing a lion. Upon which, the lion said very truly, 'We lions are none of us painters, else we should show a hundred men killed by lions for one man killed by a man.' You men are writers, and you represent us women as unbecoming as you ease in your works, while we are unable to return an injury. You have twice or thrice observed in our discourse, that hypocrisy is the very foundation of our education; and that an ability to dissemble in affections is a professed part of our breeding. These and such other reflections are sprinkled up and down the writings of all ages, by authors, who have behind them memorials of their resentment against the scorn of particular women, in invectives against the whole sex. Such a writer, I doubt not, as the celebrated Petronius, who invented the pleasant aggravations of the Ephesian lady; but when we consider this question between the sexes, which has been rather a point of dispute or railery ever since there were men and women, let us take lessons from plain people, and from such as have not either ambition or capacity to embellish their narrations with any beauties of imagination. I was the other day amusing myself with Lignon's Account of Barbadoes; and, in answer to your well-wrought tale, I will give you, (as it dwells upon my memory) out of that honest traveller, in his fifty-fifth page, the history of Inkle and Yarico.

"Mr. Thomas Inkle, of London, aged twenty years, embarked in the Downs, in the good ship called the Achilles, bound for the West Indies, on the 16th of June, 1617, in order to improve his fortune by trade and merchandize. Our adventurer was the third son of an eminent citizen, who had taken particular care to instil into his mind an early love of gain, by making him a perfect master of numbers, and consequently giving him a quick view of loss and advantage, and preventing the natural impulses of his passions, by prepossession towards his interests. With a mind thus turned, young Inkle had a person every way agreeable, a ruddy vigour in his countenance, strength in his limbs, with ringlets of fair hair loosely flowing on his shoulders. It happened, in the course of the voyage, that the Achilles, in some distress, put into a creek on the main of America, in search of provisions. The youth, who is the hero of my story, among others went on shore on this occasion. From their first landing they were observed by a party of Indians, who hid themselves in the woods for that purpose. The English unadvisedly marched a great distance from the shore into the country, and were intercepted by the natives, who slew the greatest number of them. Our adventurer escaped among others, by flying into a forest. Upon his coming into a remote and pathless part of the wood, he threw himself, tired and breathless, on a little hillock, when an Indian maid rushed from a thicket behind him. After the first surprise they appeared mutually agreeable to each other. If the European was highly charmed with the limbs, features, and wild graces of the naked American; the American was no less taken with the dress, complexion, and shape of an European, covered from head to foot. The Indian grew immediately enamoured of him, and consequently solicitous for his preservation. She therefore conveyed him to a cave, where she gave him a delicious repast of fruits, and led him to a stream to slake his thirst. In the midst

of these good offices, she combed his hair, and delid to that of her fine laugh at him for a person of distinction in a different dress, gles, and beads. many spoils, which her, so that his spotted skins of the others of fowls, while his confinement in the dusk of the light, to unfrequently him where to lie, falls of waters and was to watch and fear of her country to consult his safety pass away their language of their own, cated to his mistress her in his country such silks as his tried in houses disposed to wind or the enjoyment of they were there to correspondence these when Yarico, in vessel on the coast in the night, with accompanied him bound to Barbadoes arrives in that down to the shore ket of the Indian horses and oxen.

"To be short into English ten upon his loss of many days interest his stay with Yarico man pensive, and able to give his consideration, the Yarico to a Barb that the poor girl condition, told but he only made his demands upon

I was so touched should be always tron) that I let which a woman sure, take for granted I could make her

No. 12.] WEL  
— Vele

I root th' old  
At my coming  
for I could set  
I was forced to  
an officious land  
morning how I  
family, and liv  
when my landl  
man, took it int  
and therefore w



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

done. This I bore for me one day that he thought it was high accordingly took new about a week after, I as I said before, was out me into an advent, in the following holy man left his lodg- afternoon, and was Islington: if any one B., fishmonger in the awarded for his pains." world to keep my own fishmonger not know- of my life was never

low woman, who has a plies with my humour member that we have these five years; my every morning with- I point to my chin- upon which my landlady takes my meaning, and ls. She has likewise hat when her little boy or prattle in my face, calls him off, and bids man. At my first en- as troubled with the ne every time I came ly observing that upon ed Pish, and went out n ceremony to be used sent I walk into the ing taken notice of, or e business or discourse will ask her mistress he gentleman is ready ress (who is indeed an at the servants as behind my back. In e house, and enter into liberty as a cat, or any am as little suspected ar or see.

ere were several young ting about the fire with telling stories of spirits opening the door the air discourse, but my hem that it was nobody s the name which I go well as in the family,) g me. I seated myself table at one end of the a book that I took out readful stories of ghosts, ed at the feet of a bed, d by moonlight; and of d into the Red Sea for drawing their curtains er old women's fables of rit raised another, I ob- ury story the whole com- crowded about the fire. f a little boy, who was hat I am mistaken if he self this twelvemonth. hat the imaginations of anifestly crazed, and, I

am sure, will be the worse for it as long as th I heard one of the girls, that had looked u over her shoulder, asking the company how had been in the room, and whether I did r paler than I used to do. This put me unde apprehensions that I should be forced to myself, if I did not retire; for which reason the candle into my hand, and went up i chamber, not without wondering at this una ble weakness in reasonable creatures, th should love to astonish and terrify one s Were I a father, I should take a particular preserve my children from these little horrors gination, which they are apt to contract wh are young, and are not able to shake off wh are in years. I have known a soldier that tered a breach, affrighted at his own shad look pale upon a little scratching at his do the day before had marched up against a be cannon. There are instances of persons w been terrified even to distraction at the fig tree, or the shaking of a bulrush. The tru is, I look upon a sound imagination as the blessing of life, next to a clear judgment and conscience. In the mean time, since there s few whose minds are not more or less su these dreadful thoughts and apprehensions, w to arm ourselves against them by the dictate son and religion, "to pull the old woman our hearts" (as Persius expresses it in the r my paper,) and extinguish those impertinent which we imbibed at a time that we were not judge of their absurdity. Or, if we believe, s wise and good men have done, that there s phantoms and apparitions as those I have been ing of, let us endeavour to establish to our interest in him who holds the reins of the creation in his hands, and moderates them af a manner, that it is impossible for one being t loose upon another, without his knowledge s mission.

For my own part, I am apt to join in the with those who believe that all the regions of swarm with spirits; and that we have multi spectators on all our actions, when we thi selves most alone; but instead of terrifying with such a notion, I am wonderfully ple think that I am always engaged with such s merable society in searching out the wonder creation, and joining in the same concert o and adoration.

Milton has finely described this mixed com of men and spirits in *Paradise*; and had d his eye upon a verse in old *Hesiod*, which is word for word the same with his third line in following passage:

Nor think, though men were none,  
That heav'n would want spectators, God want p  
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth  
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:  
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold  
Both day and night. How often from the steep  
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard  
Celestial voices, to the midnight air,  
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,  
Singing their great Creator? Oft in bands,  
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding wall  
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,  
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs  
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven

PARAD. LOS

C.



13.] THURSDAY, MARCH 15, 1710-11.

*Dic mihi, si fueris tu leo, qualis eris?—MART.**Nonne gressu lion, how would you behave?*

THERE is nothing that of late years has afforded us of greater amusement to the town than Signior Nicolini's combat with a lion in the Haymarket, which has been very often exhibited to the general faction of most of the nobility and gentry in the dom of Great Britain. Upon the first rumour is intended combat, it was confidently affirmed, is still believed by many in both galleries, that it would be a tame lion sent from the tower every night, in order to be killed by Hydaspes: this is, though altogether groundless, so universally believed in the upper regions of the play-house, that some of the most refined politicians in these of the audience gave it out in a whisper, that the was a cousin-german of the tiger who made his entrance in King William's days, and that the would be supplied with lions at the public expense during the whole session. Many likewise were conjectures of the treatment which this lion was met with from the hands of Signior Nicolini; supposed that he was to subdue him in recitation as Orpheus used to serve the wild beasts in his and afterward to knock him on the head; some said that the lion would not pretend to lay his upon the hero, by reason of the received opinion, that a lion will not hurt a virgin. Several, pretended to have seen the opera in Italy, had told their friends, that the lion was to act a part in Dutch, and roar twice or thrice to a thorough before he fell at the feet of Hydaspes. To top up a matter that was so variously reported, I made it my business to examine whether this intended lion is really the savage he appears to be, or a counterfeit.

It before I communicate my discoveries, I must inform the reader, that upon my walking behind scenes last winter, as I was thinking on something else, I accidentally jostled against a monstrous animal that extremely startled me, and upon my survey of it, appeared to be a lion rampant. The lion, seeing me very much surprised, told me, in a gentle voice, that I might come by him if I pleased: "for," says he, "I do not intend to hurt body." I thanked him very kindly, and passed on: and in a little time after, saw him leap upon the stage, and act his part with very great applause. It has been observed by several, that the lion has changed his manner of acting twice or thrice since his appearance; which will not seem strange, if I acquaint my reader that the lion has been reproved upon the audience three several times. The lion was a candle-snuffer, who being a fellow of choleric temper, overdid his part, and would offer himself to be killed so easily as he ought to have done; besides, it was observed of him, that he was more surly every time that he came out of the box; and having dropped some words in ordi-conversation, as if he had not fought his best, he suffered himself to be thrown upon his back in the scuffle, and that he would wrestle with Nicolini for what he pleased out of his lion's skin: it was thought proper to discard him; and it is only believed to this day, that had he been kept upon the stage another time, he would certainly have done mischief. Besides, it was objected at the first lion, that he reared himself so high on his hinder paws, and walked in so erect a posture, that he looked more like an old man than a lion.

The second lion belonged to the play, and was mild and peaceable; the former was too full of part; inasmuch, that upon the stage, he would not without grappling the opportunity of showing his strength; is said, indeed, that his flesh-colour doubled for himself, in his rage; must not omit, that he had ed me with so much noise.

The acting lion is a country gentleman, who desires his name mentioned handsomely in his will, from gain, that he may get it; and that it is believed in this manner, than in the same time says, that upon himself, that a ill-natured world would lion's skin." This is of such a happy mix, that he outdoes both together greater and the memory of man.

I must not conclude notice of a groundless a gentleman's disapprobation myself an admirer; and the lion have been another, and smoking scenes; by which to conclude, that it is but present upon the stage, if any such correspondence it was not till the combat to be looked upon as a rule of the dramatic, is used every day in the is more usual than to have been tearing embracing one another.

I would not be content, to reflect upon this part only compared audience; he knows more admirers than famous equestrian statues that more people go who sits upon it. Of indignation to see a majesty to kings, real lovers, thus sinking in viour, and degraded Prentice. I have observed would copy after them they make the same inform their faces with visions, how glorious with that action which the forced thoughts, expressions of an Italian have related this combat are at present the most popular part of Great

Audiences have a taste for the coarsest and most grievance does not taste, but of common

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

CH 16, 1710-11.

is.—OVID, Met. iv. 590.  
onstrous shape.

g upon the spirit and  
five-and-twenty years  
me; and lamented to  
s they neglected their  
od sense; but that the  
grown more childish,  
ormer. While I was  
fellow, whose face I  
e, gave me the fol-  
“Sir, the Lion pre-  
e, and desired me to

market, March 15.

, and have stifled my  
ions upon operas, un-  
ou plainly insinuate,  
lf have a correspond-  
istent with the valour  
ss of mine. I desire  
orbear such intima-  
ust say it is a great  
ow so great an esteem  
ge a Lion that is your

of the lion and man,  
at that matter, that I  
soever of the animals  
have misrepresented  
ntry gentleman, who  
ereas, had I still the  
once had when I was  
gu my manhood for a  
as low as my circum-  
as much a man of ho-  
any beast for bread,  
“Yours, &c.”

than one of my land-  
several others, with  
up my present paper,  
the same subject, viz.  
ersions.

-garden, March 13.

ears under-sexton of  
ent-garden, and have  
s six times in all those  
performed to my great  
ht last past, during  
tion take the warning  
ng, to go to a puppet-  
ll, under the Piazzas.  
y lost my two custom-  
ixpence a-piece over  
ght, but Mrs. Rachael

There now appear  
ary people, who come  
yers, so that I have no  
on Sundays. I have  
to acquaint the ladies  
and that it stands on  
but they only laugh at

s before all the whole  
e such a tool for the  
may choose hours less  
ow, Mr. Powell has a  
ve a very thin house;

which if you can remedy, you will very  
oblige, “Sir, yours, &

The following epistle I find is from the unde  
of the masquerade:

“Sir,

“I have observed the rules of my mask so ear  
(in not inquiring into persons) that I cannot  
whether you were one of the company or no  
Tuesday; but if you were not, and still des  
come, I desire you would, for your own ente  
ment, please to admonish the town, that all p  
indifferently are not fit for this sort of divers  
could wish, Sir, you could make them unde  
that it is a kind of acting to go in masquerad  
a man should be able to say or do things prop  
the dress in which he appears. We have no  
then rakes in the habit of Roman senators  
grave politicians in the dress of rakes. The  
tune of the thing is, that people dress themse  
what they have a mind to be, and not what th  
fit for. There is not a girl in the town, but I  
have her will in going to a mask, and she shall  
as a shepherdess. But let me beg of them t  
the Arcadia, or some other good romance,  
they appear in any such character at my  
The last day we presented, every body was so  
habited, that when they came to speak to  
other, a nymph with a crook had not a word  
but in the pert style of the pit bawdry; and  
in the habit of a philosopher was speechless, till  
casion offered of expressing himself in the re  
the tying rooms. We had a judge that dai  
minuet with a quaker for his partner, while  
dozen harlequins stood by as spectators: a  
drank me off two bottles of wine, and a Jew  
up half a ham of bacon. If I can bring my  
to bear, and make the maskers preserve the  
racters in my assemblies, I hope you will allow  
is a foundation laid for more elegant and imp  
gallantries than any the town at present affor  
consequently, that you will give your approba  
the endeavours of, Sir,

“Your most obedient humble ser

I am very glad the following epistle obliges  
mention Mr. Powell a second time in the  
paper; for indeed there cannot be too great  
ragement given to his skill in motions\*, prov  
is under proper restrictions,

“Sir,

“The opera at the Haymarket, and that  
the little Piazza in Covent-garden, being at  
the two leading diversions of the town, as  
Powell professing in his advertisements to  
Whittington and his Cat against Rinaldo a  
mida, my curiosity led me the beginning  
week to view both these performances, and m  
observations upon them.

“First, therefore, I cannot but observe th  
Powell wisely forbearing to give his compan  
of fare before-hand, every scene is new and  
pected; whereas it is certain, that the unde  
of the Haymarket, having raised too great  
pectation in their printed opera, very much  
point their audience on the stage

“The King of Jerusalem is obliged to con  
the city on foot, instead of being drawn in a tr  
ant chariot by white horses, as my opera-bo  
promised me; and thus while I expected A

\* Puppet-shows were formerly called motions

ragons should rush forward towards Argentes, I and the hero was obliged to go to Armida, and and her out of her coach. We had also but a very short allowance of thunder and lightning; though I cannot in this place omit doing justice to the boy who had the direction of the two painted dragons, and made them spit fire and smoke. He flashed out his rosin in such just proportions, and in such due time, that I could not forbear conceiving hopes of his being one day a most excellent player. I saw, indeed, but two things wanting to render his whole action complete, I mean the keeping his head a little lower, and hiding his candle.

"I observe that Mr. Powell and the undertakers of the opera had both the same thought, and I think much about the same time, of introducing animals on their several stages—though indeed, with very different success. The sparrows and chaffinches at the Haymarket fly as yet very irregularly over the stage; and instead of perching on the trees, and performing their parts, these young actors either get into the galleries, or put out the candles; whereas Mr. Powell has so well disciplined his pig, that in the first scene he and Punch dance a minuet together. I am informed, however, that Mr. Powell resolves to excel his adversaries in their own way; and introduces larks in his next opera of *Susannah, or Innocence Betrayed*, which will be exhibited next week, with a pair of new Elders.

"The moral of Mr. Powell's drama is violated, I confess, by Punch's national reflections on the French, and King Harry's laying his leg upon the Queen's lap, in too ludicrous a manner, before so great an assembly.

"As to the mechanism and scenery, every thing, indeed, was uniform, and of a piece, and the scenes were managed very dexterously; which calls on me to take notice, that at the Haymarket, the undertakers forgetting to change the side-scenes, we were presented with the prospect of the ocean in the midst of a delightful grove; and though the gentlemen on the stage had very much contributed to the beauty of the grove, by walking up and down between the trees, I must own I was not a little astonished to see a well-dressed young fellow in a full bottomed wig, appear in the midst of the sea, and without any visible concern taking snuff.

"I shall only observe one thing farther, in which both dramas agree; which is, that by the squeak of their voices the heroes of each are eunuchs; and as the wit in both pieces is equal, I must prefer the performance of Mr. Powell, because it is in our own language.

"I am, &c."

R.

No. 15.] SATURDAY, MARCH 17, 1710-11.

*Parva leves capiunt animos*—Ovid. *Ars Am.* l. 159.  
Light minds are pleased with trifles.

WHEN I was in France, I used to gaze with great astonishment at the splendid equipages and party-coloured habits of that fantastic nation. I was one day in particular contemplating a lady that sat in a coach adorned with gilded Cupids, and finely painted with the loves of Venus and Adonis. The coach was drawn by six milk-white horses, and loaded behind with the same number of powdered footmen. Just before the lady were a couple of beautiful pages, that were stuck among the harness, and by their gay dresses and smiling features, looked like the elder brothers or the little boys that were carved and painted in every corner of the coach.

The lady was towardward gave novel. She had dresses of a gentlemanly acquaintance of this shining her by one of The circumstances seems, the display of pageantry to after she was pomp and magnificence the loss of one another.

I have often countable human with every thing on the number light fantastical young lady the couple of imposters together, did themselves, by complicity of conversation was doubt her choice, one thought himself his liveries, who married her then.

The usual count much cherishes with outside married couple, and keep their coach the name of at you learn some ball is a great furnishes conversation furbelow of prodiamond, a breeding topics. I perery of the spectators on those ornate illustrious in the women are thus imaginations, but colours, attentive to the and substantiated trained up in the of every embrace. A pair of fringed word, lace and with the like to women of when artificial the most airy and rambles.

True happiness enemy to pomp place, from the next, from the select company naturally have meadows: in within itself, tudes of witne false happiness the eyes of the deceive any satisfaction gives herself, raises in other

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

no existence but

quality, delights  
and passes away a  
walks and gardens.  
friend and compa-  
love with her ever  
abound with good  
tual esteem; and  
e another. Their  
omy, in its hours  
at and diversion,  
alth within itself.  
they may return  
ther; and some-  
e properly, as to  
ew in themselves  
e means they are  
y their children,  
become the envy,  
now them.

of Fulvia! She  
d, and looks upon  
us little domestic  
ality. She thinks  
cies herself out of  
ag, the playhouse,  
s in a perpetual  
f thought, and is  
she thinks there  
e missing of an  
ore afflicting to  
pities all the va-  
alls every woman  
e, a poor-spirited,  
rtification would  
er setting herself  
ed that she grows  
!

without observing,  
upon this female  
character of Ca-  
ave shaken off all  
still described as  
poet tells us, that  
er of the enemy,  
Trojan, who wore  
coat of mail, with  
A golden bow,"  
his garment was  
his head covered  
ng metal." The  
this well-dressed  
's longing for the  
hed with:

more.—Æo. xi. 782.  
glittering trifles,  
(al,) represents to  
male hero.—C.

H 19, 1710-11.

et omnia in hoc sum.  
Hon. 1 Ep. 4. 11.  
y call,  
Pore.

ng me to be very  
s now in fashion;  
of silver garters  
been lately seen  
et-street; a third

sends me a heavy complaint against fringed gloves  
To be brief, there is scarce an ornament of either  
sex which one or other of my correspondents has not  
inveighed against with some bitterness, and recom-  
mended to my observation. I must, therefore, on  
for all, inform my readers, that it is not my intention  
to sink the dignity of this my paper with reflections  
upon rod heels or top-knots, but rather to enter in  
the passions of mankind, and to correct those ill-  
proved sentiments that give birth to all those little  
extravagances which appear in their outward dress  
and behaviour. Poppish and fantastic ornaments  
are only indications of vice, not criminal in the  
selves. Extinguish vanity in the mind, and you natu-  
rally retrench the little superfluities of garb and  
equipage. The blossoms will fall of themselves  
when the root that nourishes them is destroyed.

I shall therefore, as I have said, apply my re-  
dies to the first seeds and principles of an affect  
dress, without descending to the dress itself; that  
at the same time I must own that I have thought  
creating an officer under me, to be entitled the Com-  
mander of Small Wares, and of allotting him one day  
the week for the execution of such his office. An or-  
rator of this nature might act under me, with the  
same regard as a surgeon to a physician; he might  
be employed in healing those blotches and  
mours which break out in the body, while the  
is sweetening the blood, and rectifying the consti-  
tution. To speak truly, the young people of both  
sexes are so wonderfully apt to shoot out into  
swords or sweeping trains, bushy head-dresses or  
bottomed periwigs, with several other encumbrances  
of dress, that they stand in need of being pruned  
frequently, lest they should be oppressed with or-  
naments, and overrun with the luxuriancy of their  
bits. I am much in doubt whether I should give  
preference to a Quaker that is trimmed close,  
almost cut to the quick, or to a beau that is loaded  
with such a redundancy of excrescences. I  
therefore desire my correspondents to let me know  
they approve my project, and whether they think  
erecting of such a petty censorship may not turn  
the emolument of the public; for I would not do  
thing of this nature rashly and without advice.

There is another set of correspondents to whom  
must address myself in the second place; I mean  
such as fill their letters with private scandal,  
black accounts of particular persons and fami-  
lies. The world is so full of ill-nature, that I have  
poems sent me by people who cannot spell, and sa-  
tisfied by those who scarce know how to write.  
By the last post in particular, I received a pack  
scandal which is not legible; and have a whole  
bundle of letters in women's hands, that are full of  
and calumnies; insomuch, that when I see the names  
of Cælia, Phillis, Pastora, or the like, at the be-  
ginning of a scrawl, I conclude of course that it brings  
some account of a fallen virgin, a faithless wife,  
an amorous widow. I must therefore inform  
my correspondents, that it is not my design to  
publish of intrigues and cuckoldoms, or to  
little infamous stories out of their present lurk-  
ing holes into broad day-light. If I attack the vice  
I shall only set upon them in a body; and will not  
be provoked by the worst usage I can receive from  
any one to make an example of any particular criminal.  
short, I have so much of a Drawcansir in me, that  
shall pass over a single foe to charge whole armies.  
It is not Lais or Silenus, but the harlot and  
drunkard, whom I shall endeavour to expose;  
I shall consider the crime as it appears in the spi-

is circumstanced in an individual. I think Calpurnia, who wished the whole city of Rome on one neck, that he might behead them at a blow, shall do, out of humanity, what that emulid have done in the cruelty of his temper, every stroke at a collective body of offenders. At the same time I am very sensible that I spread a paper like private calumny and calumny; but as my speculations are not under discussion, they are not exposed to this temptation.

In the next place I must apply myself to my party adherents, who are continually teasing me to take notice of one another's proceedings. How often I am teased by both sides, if it is possible for me to be a disinterested spectator of the rogueries that are committed by the party which is opposite to him in the letter. About two days since, I was reminded with an old Grecian law, that forbids any man to stand as a neuter, or a looker-on, in the disputes of his country. However, as I am very sensible that a paper would lose its whole effect, should it be the outgrowth of a party, I shall take care to be free of every thing which looks that way. In any way assuage private inflammations, or private ferments, I shall apply myself to it with all my endeavours; but will never let my heart be drawn into having done any thing towards settling those feuds and animosities that extinguish civility, deface government, and make a nation a wilderness.

I have said under the three foregoing heads, I am afraid, very much retrench the number of correspondents. I shall therefore acquaint myself with what he has started any hint which he is not to pursue, if he has met with any surprising circumstance which he does not know how to tell, if he has discovered any epidemical vice which has escaped my notice, or has heard of any uncommon virtue which would desire to publish; in short, if he has any trials that can furnish out an innocent diversion, I shall promise him my best assistance in bringing them up for a public entertainment. My paper my reader will find was intended for the use of a multitude of correspondents; but I will pardon me if I single out one of them, who has made me so very humble a request. I cannot forbear complying with it.

"TO THE SPECTATOR.

"MARCH 15, 1710-11.

I am at present so unfortunate as to have nothing to do but to mind my own business; and therefore I am sure that you will be pleased to put me into the post under you. I observe that you have appointed your printer and publisher to receive letters and advertisements for the city of London, and I am myself very much honoured by you, if you appoint me to take in letters and advertisements for the city of Westminster and the duchy of York. Though I cannot promise to fill such a paper with sufficient abilities, I will endeavour to make up with industry and fidelity what I want in arts and genius.

I am, Sir, your most obedient servant,

"CHARLES LILLIE."

] TUESDAY, MARCH 20, 1710-11.

strum ante omnia vultum.—JUV. x. 191.

—A visage rough,  
deformed, unfeatured.

Our persons are not of our own making,  
are such as appear defective or uncomely,

it is, methinks, an honour to dare to be ugly; at least, being abashed with a countenance which we cannot help, and which I would not defend a hair's breadth much time at a glass, and a few guishing graces to defend us. We ought to be contented with our shape, so far, as never to reflect on that subject. People who are not accustomed to remarks on any occasion, when a man enters with a prominent nose, an assembly, or is distinguished by a mouth, or obliquity of aspect, that has any of these oddities, he is as merry upon himself as upon that occasion. We are with such a cheerfulness that we are at first frightened at his looks, and then pleased with him. As I shall rally him for natural defects, I am able when he can jest upon them.

Madam Maintenon's face is of this kind, and has drawn much irregularity of his shape, much resembling the leg of a stool, likewise by representing an engine and pulley, with a rope that hangs about his head. When there happens a change in a visage, and the owner is not of a great dignity, he must be of a great emptiness from raillery. This is to be pleasant upon the countenance of Falstaff, in Shakspeare, who is upon fat and lean as a horse, and humorously called woolf in flesh; Harry, a starveling in a bow-case, and a tuck. The subjects of the conversation kept up upon the person, and sensibility in this point, are the necessities of self-love. For an unhappy in the mould of a face, so long as it is broad and full, partly arise from my opinion, and domer than other people, much lengthening the face, at leisure to determine, has been often put out of countenance of my face, and was forced to conceal it by wearing a wig, and letting my beard grow, and roughly got over this defect with a much shorter, and I am for a member of the house. The following letter gives me an account of it from Oxford, and is full of spirit of mirth and good nature. To that place, I shall send it, and it shall come to me.

"MOST PROFOUNDLY."

"Having been very much amused by your speculations, and your specimen upon clubs, and your will continue, I shall take pleasure with a brief account of your life, have not seen in your paper, fortune to touch upon the African continent, and the Grand Cairo. There has

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

out saying any thing) of the madal societies, as the ph, and amongst the burlesque upon which, em to have come into some years last past together, and assumed this ill-favoured fra- and twelve fellows; ined by patent to any phn's men would have erefore erected a se- es), but liberty is left eat Britain, provided rules of the club, as he Act of Deformity: l transmit to you. ever shall be admitted is aspect, or peculiar h the president and to determine, and the oice.

be had upon exami- gentlemen that offer n; or to the obliquity ever.

of any man's nose be ther as to length or preence to be elected. be two or more com- casieris paribus, he that he preference.

on his first night, is to lish of cod-fish, and a nose portraiture they er disproportion, over is, as soon as their se the heads of Ther- Hudibras, and the old all the celebrated ill- e for the club-room.

n professed admirers imously declare that uragement to such as tute, though none yet

o is their most devoted e two copies of verses, is society; the first, a to Mrs. Touchwood, e teeth; the other, a s left shoulder. Mrs. all pox, has grown to- in the club; but I ne- is fine things, as upon ally officiates at their ud extols as the very n; in short, Nell (says ary works of nature; and features, so valued outside and symmetry, me leave to add, that easant gentleman, and he has got (as he calls ut him; and he often meet a fellow with a air (which is so agree- French nation); and, y in this particular, he his pocket book of all ears have fallen under at the head of them,

and in the rear (as one of a promising and i ing aspect),

"Sir, your obliged and humble serva  
"ALEXANDER CARBU  
Oxford, March 12, 1710.

No. 18.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 21, 1710.  
Equitis quoque jam migravit ab aure volu  
Omnis ad incertos oculos, et gauda vana.

Hon. 2 E  
But now our nobles too are fops and vain,  
Neglect the sense, but love the painted scene.—C

It is my design in this paper to deliver d posterity a faithful account of the Italian ope of the gradual progress which it has made up English stage; for there is no question b great grand-children will be curious to kn reason why their forefathers used to sit togel an audience of foreigners in their own count to hear whole plays acted before them in a which they did not understand.

Arsinoe was the first opera that gave us a Italian music. The great success this ope with produced some attempts of forming piec Italian plans, which should give a more natu reasonable entertainment than what can be m in the elaborate trifles of that nation. This a the poetasters and fiddlers of the town, wh used to deal in a more ordinary kind of war therefore laid down an established rule, whic ceived as such to this day, "That nothing is of being well set to music, that is not nonsen

This maxim was no sooner received, but medately fell to translating the Italian and as there was no great danger of hurt sense of those extraordinary pieces, our would often make words of their own whic entirely foreign to the meaning of the passag pretended to translate; their chief care b make the numbers of the English verse fo to those of the Italian, that both of them mig the same tune. Thus the famous song in C

Barbara, si, t' intendo, &c.

Barbarous woman, yes, I know your meaning which expresses the resentments of an ang was translated into that English lamentation

Frail are a lover's hopes, &c.

And it was pleasant enough to see the most persons of the British nation dying away a guishing to notes that were filled with a rage and indignation. It happened also v quently, where the sense was rightly transla necessary transposition of words, which were out of the phrase of one tongue into that of made the music appear very absurd in one that was very natural in the other. I reme Italian verse that ran thus, word for word:

And turn'd my rage into pity.

which the English for rhyme-sake translated And into pity turned my rage.

By this means the soft notes that were to pity in the Italian, fell upon the wo in the English; and the angry sounds tl turned to rage in the original, were made to pity in the translation. It oftentimes h likewise, that the finest notes in the air t the most insignificant words in the sentence known the word "and" pursued through t gamut, have been entertained with many djous "the," and have heard the most graces, quavers, and divisions bestowed upon



# THE SPECTATOR

"from;" to the eternal honour of our  
icles.

step to our refinement was the intro-  
slian actors into our opera; who sang  
their own language, at the same time  
strymen performed theirs in our native  
e king or hero of the play generally  
ilian, and his slaves answered him in  
he lover frequently made his court, and  
part of his princess, in a language which  
understand. One would have thought it  
t to have carried on dialogues after this  
hout an interpreter between the persons  
ed together; but this was the state of the  
re for about three years.

the audience grew tired of understand-  
opera; and therefore, to ease themselves  
the fatigue of thinking, have so ordered  
it, that the whole opera is performed in  
a tongue. We no longer understand the  
four own stage; insomuch that I have  
afraid, when I have seen our Italian per-  
ttering in the vehemence of action, that  
been calling us names, and abusing us  
selves; but I hope, since we put such  
confidence in them, they will not talk  
before our faces, though they may do it  
me safety as if it were behind our backs.  
a time, I cannot forbear thinking how na-  
storian who writes two or three hundred  
, and does not know the taste of his wise  
will make the following reflections: "In  
ng of the eighteenth century, the Italian  
so well understood in England, that operas  
on the public stage in that language."

ce knows how to be serious in the confu-  
absurdity that shews itself at first sight.  
want any great measure of sense to see  
e of this monstrous practice; but what  
e more astonishing, it is not the taste of  
but of persons of the greatest politeness,  
established it.

alians have a genius for music above the  
he English have a genius for other per-  
of a much higher nature, and capable of  
mind a much nobler entertainment.  
think it was possible (at a time when an  
d that was able to write the Phædra and  
,) for a people to be so stupidly fond of  
opera, as scarce to give a third day's  
that admirable tragedy? Music is cer-  
ry agreeable entertainment: but if it would  
ntire possession of our ears, if it would  
scapable of hearing sense, if it would ex-  
that have a much greater tendency to the  
of human nature; I must confess I would  
better quarter than Plato has done, who  
out of his commonwealth.

nt our notions of music are so very un-  
at we do not know what it is we like; only,  
, we are transported with any thing that  
lish: so it be of a foreign growth, let it  
French, or High Dutch, it is the same  
short, our English music is quite rooted  
othing yet planted in its stead.

royal palace is burnt to the ground, every  
liberty to present his plan for a new one;  
h it be but indifferently put together, it  
sh several hints that may be of use to a  
tect. I shall take the same liberty, in a  
paper, of giving my opinion upon the sub-  
ssic; which I shall lay down only in a

problematical manner, to be  
are masters in the art.—C

## No. 19.] THURSDAY

*Di bene fecerunt, inopis  
Finxerunt animi, raro et*

Thank Heaven, that made  
To action little, less to w

OSSEAVING one person  
an utter stranger to him, w  
methought expressed an en  
ent from what could be rail  
able as the gentleman he  
sider, not without some see  
of an envious man. Som  
has a certain magical force  
the envious have, by their  
enjoyments of the happy,  
some have been so curious  
and seasons when the st  
most effectually pernicious  
has been when the person  
circumstance of glory and  
the mind of the prosperous  
abroad, among things with  
posed to the malignity. I  
speculations so abstracted  
excellent things which one  
upon this miserable affecti  
mon road of life, consider  
lation to these three heads  
his happiness.

The envious man is in  
which ought to give him p  
life is inverted; and the  
the highest satisfaction to  
this passion, give the quic  
are subject to it. All the  
creatures are odious. Ye  
wisdom, are provocations  
a wretched and apostate  
with excellence, and to h  
prove him! The conditi  
the most emphatically mi  
capable of rejoicing in a  
but lives in a world when  
plot against his quiet, by  
ness and advantage. W  
tale-bearer; he makes it  
versation with envious n  
handsome young fellow, d  
cretly married to a great  
he adds circumstances to  
to aggravate their distres  
his knowledge, he has an  
thousands. Will has ma  
ture this sort of temper,  
he finds them change c  
wish such a piece of news  
to speak some good or o  
acquaintance.

The reliefs of the env  
blemishes and imperfecti  
in an illustrious charact  
consolation to an envious  
known honour does a thi  
when any action which  
better information appea  
stances, that the fame of  
instead of being attribut  
satisfaction to these m

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

any fancy is nearer  
merit is shared  
years ago, there  
at the name of the  
ere incapable of  
e supposed writer.  
ok great pains to  
his. That again  
it was overlooked  
lly written by an-  
amongst a cluster  
eried out, "Gen-  
ou yourselves had  
ou were, whoever  
er to the envious,  
kind, is to keep  
nd by that means  
falling upon any  
envious man clear  
ion of any man's  
mention his un-  
ars such a one is  
ers when you add  
ord, the only sure  
not to deserve it.  
man in delight, it  
ant in romance;  
ists in the many  
If any who pro-  
common under-  
be that aimed at  
l laudable, meets  
vious man, under  
an smile with an  
ill effect it may  
the future.  
he nature of this  
how to avoid the  
hese my specula-  
myself, I think I  
on hearing in a  
mended, I imme-  
ould spring from  
a description of  
ved, as I grow in  
pretensions to  
ome ease to those  
e honour to tor-  
of this my paper.  
d deserves com-  
in pity to them,  
ster consolations  
y person. In the  
spectator has wit,  
ink that he does  
ay one praises his  
lves by consider-  
gest.—R.

23, 1710-11.

z, Hom.

akings which I  
correction of im-  
at heart. This  
nce as Spectator;  
itted by the eyes,  
rs would perhaps  
guring any other  
plaint of a young  
is kind, with that

command of herself as befits beauty and innocen  
and yet with so much spirit as sufficiently expres  
her indignation. The whole transaction is perfor  
ed with the eyes; and the crime is no less than  
employing them in such a manner, as to divert the  
of others from the best use they can make of the  
even looking up to heaven.

"Sir,

"There never was (I believe) an acceptable  
but had some awkward imitators. Even since  
Spectator appeared, have I remarked a kind of  
whom I choose to call Starers; that without any  
gard to time, place, or modesty, disturb a la  
company with their impertinent eyes. Specta  
make up a proper assembly for a puppet-show o  
bear-garden; but devout supplicants and atten  
hearers are the audience one ought to expect  
churches. I am, Sir, member of a small pious  
gregation near one of the north gates of this c  
much the greater part of us indeed are females,  
used to behave ourselves in a regular attentive m  
ner, till very lately one whole aisle has been  
turbed by one of these monstrous starers; he is  
head taller than any one in the church; but for  
greater advantage of exposing himself, stands u  
a hassock, and commands the whole congregat  
to the great annoyance of the devoutest part of  
auditory: for what with blushing, confusion,  
vexation, we can neither mind the prayers nor  
mon. Your animadversion upon this insolence w  
be a great favour to,

"Sir, your most humble servant, S. C.

I have frequently seen this sort of fellows, and  
think there cannot be a greater aggravation of an  
fence than that it is committed where the crimina  
protected by the sacredness of the place which  
violates. Many reflections of this sort might be  
justly made upon this kind of behaviour, but  
starer is not usually a person to be convinced by  
reason of the thing; and a fellow that is capabl  
showing an impudent front before a whole congr  
tion, and can bear being a public spectacle, is  
so easily rebuked as to amend by admonitions.  
therefore, my correspondent does not inform me,  
within seven days after this date the barbarian  
at least stand upon his own legs only, with  
an eminence, my friend Will Prosper\* has promi  
to take a hassock opposite to him, and stare agai  
him in defence of the ladies. I have given him  
rections, according to the most exact rules of op  
to place himself in such a manner, that he shall u  
his eyes wherever he throws them. I have ho  
that when Will confronts him, and all the ladies  
whose behalf he engages him, cast kind looks;  
wishes of success at their champion, he will h  
some shame, and feel a little of the pain he ha  
often put others to, of being out of countenance.

It has, indeed, been time out of mind gener  
remarked, and as often lamented, that this famil  
Starers have infested public assemblies. I ki  
no other way to obviate so great an evil, except  
the ease of fixing their eyes upon women, some u  
friend will take the part of such as are under  
oppression of impudence, and encounter the eye  
the Starers wherever they meet them. While  
suffer our women to be thus impudently attac  
they have no defence, but in the end to cast yiel  
glances at the Starers. In this case a man who  
no sense of shame, has the same advantage over

\* See Spect. No. 19. W. Prosper, an honest tale-bearer.



as he who has no regard for his own life his adversary.—While the generality of are fettered by rules, and move by proper methods, he who has no respect to any of ries away the reward due to that propriety our, with no other merit, but that of hav- ted it.

an impudent fellow to be a sort of outlaw reeding, and therefore what is said of him or person can be concerned for. For this e may be free upon him. I have put my- eat pains in considering this prevailing hich we call impudence, and have taken it exerts itself in a different manner, ac- the different soils wherein such subjects ominous as are masters of it were born. ce in an Englishman is sullen and inso- a Scotchman it is untractable and rapa- an Irishman absurd and fawning: as the the world now runs, the impudent En- behaves like a surly landlord, the Scot- received guest, and the Irishman like a who knows he is not welcome. There is y thing entertaining either in the impu- a South or North Briton; but that of an is always comic. A true and genuine im- is ever the effect of ignorance without the ee of it. The best and most successful ow in this town are of that nation; they lly the advantage of the stature mentioned re letter of my correspondent, and gene- their stands in the eye of women of for- much that I have known one of them, this after he came from the plough, with a good air, lead out a woman from a play, of our own breed, after four years at Ox- two at the Temple, would have been afraid

ttell how to account for it, but these people lly the preference to our own fools, in the the sillier part of womankind. Perhaps an English coxcomb is seldom so obse- an Irish one; and when the design of a visible, an absurdity in the way towards forgiven.

se who are downright impudent, and go t reflection that they are such, are more rated, than a set of fellows among us who pudence with an air of humour, and think if the most inexcusable of all faults in the h no other apology than saying in a gay out an impudent face upon the matter. an shall be allowed the advantages of im- who is conscious that he is such. If he is impudent, he may as well be otherwise; ll be expected that he blush, when he sees another do it. For nothing can atone for of modesty: without which beauty is un- and wit detestable.—R.

SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1710-11.

cus est et pluribus umbræ.—HON. 1 Ep. v. 28.

om enough, and each may bring his friend.

CREECH.

metimes very much troubled, when I re- the three great professions of divinity, physic; how they are each of them over- with practitioners, and filled with multi- genious gentlemen that starve one another. y divide the clergy, into generals, field- and subalterns. Among the first we may

reckon bishops, deans, the second are doctors and all that wear scarfs. under the subalterns. constitution preserves i incumbents, notwithstan- berless. Upon a strict there has been a great the second division, se- granted for the converti- ficers; insomuch, that w of lutestring is raised at As for the subalterns, th Should our clergy once- tice of the laity, by the they would be able to ca England.

The body of the law, superfluous members, th which he tells us was so not room to use their we- ciety of men may be d peaceable. Under the those who are carried do minster-hall, every morn- description of this species

Itas et v

“Men that hire out the are more or less passion- paid for it, and allow the proportionable to the fee him. I must, however, above three parts of the the litigious are such a their hearts, and have their passion at the bar. not know what strifes mu hall every day, that they readiness to enter the lis occasion for them.

The peaceable lawyers of the benchers of the seem to be the dignitar- dowed with those qualifi- plish a man rather for a men live peaceably in th a day, and dancing once their respective societies.

Another numberless be are those young men wh of court in order to study frequent the playhouse m and are seen in all pul- court of justice. I shall and busy multitudes that in the drawing up of writ of those greater numbers business with a pretence

If, in the third place, of physic, we shall find men. The sight of them serious, for we may lay when a nation abounds i of people. Sir William- zed to find out a reason he calls it, does not send and overrun the world wh did formerly; but had th that there were no stud

\* See Dugdale's

and that this science north at present, he for this difficulty use of. This body of be described like the . Some of them slay

If the infantry do less ers, it is because they into all quarters of the business in so short a regular troops, there are ng duly listed and en- to those who are so un-

above-mentioned, innu- who, for want of other with the stifling of cats gs alive, or impaling of eedle for microscopical at are employed in the phase of butterflies: not merchants and spider-

of these professions are seek their livelihood in merit there are in each aid to be of the science, much wonder at the hu- rather choose to place ere an honest industry tions where the greatest

sense, may miscarry. curates, that might have of London, by a right m of money than what earned education? A er parts and a slow ap- ed in trade, though he n would be well enough hom he would not ven- us is careful, studious, little thick-skulled; he might have had abund-

fortune is, that parents profession, and there- e of it: whereas, in so ould consider the ge- ildren more than their

of a trading nation, that all and heavy, who may f life, which may give ing their fortunes. A not, like law, physic, or with hands; but on the udes, and gives employ- Fleets of merchant-men ating shops, that vend s in all the markets of apmen under both the

MARCH 26, 1711.

incredulus odi.  
Hon. Ars. Poet. ver. 5.  
y sense  
believe.—ROSCOMMON.

most usually understood ublic representations in f many letters relating indeed there are such

monstrous things done in both, that if one been an eye-witness of them, one could not that such matters had really been exhibited, is very little which concerns human life, or ture of nature, that is regarded by the grea of the company. The understanding is di from our entertainments. Our mirth is the of fools, and our admiration the wonder of else such improbable, monstrous, and inc dreams could not go off as they do, not only the utmost scorn and contempt, but even a loudest applause and approbation. But the of my correspondents will represent this aff more lively manner than any discourse of n I shall therefore give them to my reader w this preparation, that they all come from play that the business of playing is now so manag you are not to be surprised when I say one of them are rational, others sensitive and re actors, and others wholly inanimate. I s place these as I have named them, but as th precedence in the opinion of their audience

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Your having been so humble as to take the epistles of other animals, imboldens me, the wild boar that was killed by Mrs. Toft present to you, that I think I was hardly use having the part of the lion in *Hydaspes* give It would have been but a natural step for me personated that noble creature, after having myself to satisfaction in the part above-me That of a lion is too great a character for never trod the stage before but upon two leg the little resistance which I made, I hope it excused, when it is considered that the t thrown at me by so fair a hand. I must c had but just put on my brutality; and C charms were such, that beholding her ere hearing her charming voice, and astonished graceful motion, I could not keep up my fierceriness, but died like a man.

“I am, Sir, your most humble ad  
“THOMAS”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“This is to let you understand, that tl house is a representation of the world in n much as in this particular, that no one ri according to his merit. I have acted seve of household-stuff with great applause f years: I am one of the men in the hanging *Emperor of the Moon*; I have twice perfor third chair in an English opera: and have r the pump in *The Fortune-Hunters*. I am no old, and hope you will recommend me so eff as that I may say something before I ge stage; in which you will do a great act of c

“Your most humble serv  
“WILLIAM SC

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Understanding that Mr. Screeen has you, and desired to be raised from dumb parts; I desire, if you give him motion or that you would advance me in my way, am keep on in what I humbly presume I am n wit, in representing human and still life I have several times acted one of the fine pots in the same opera wherein Mr. Scree chair; therefore, upon his profuotion, requ may succeed him in the hangings, with my the orange-trees.

“Your humble serv  
“RALPH S

"Sir, Drury-lane, March 24, 1710-11.

"I saw your friend the Templar this evening in the pit, and thought he looked very little pleased with the representation of the mad scene of *The Pilgrim*. I wish, Sir, you would do us the favour to amadvert frequently upon the false taste the town is in, with relation to plays as well as operas. It certainly requires a degree of understanding to play justly: but such is our condition, that we are to suspend our reason to perform our parts. As to scenes of madness, you know, Sir, there are noble instances of this kind in Shakspeare: but then it is the disturbance of a noble mind, from generous and humane resentments. It is like that grief which we have for the decease of our friends. It is no diminution, but a recommendation of human nature, that in such incidents, passion gets the better of reason; and all we can think to combat ourselves, is impotent against half what we feel. I will not mention that we had an idiot in the scene, and all the sense it is represented to have is that of lust. As for myself, who have long taken pains in personating the passions, I have to-night acted only an appetite. The part I played is Thirst, but it is represented as written rather by a drayman than a poet. I come in with a tub about me, that tub hung with quart pots, with a full gallon at my mouth. I am ashamed to tell you that I pleased very much, and this was introduced as a madness; but sure it was not human madness, for a mule or an ass may have been as dry as ever I was in my life.

"I am, Sir, your most obedient  
and humble servant."

From the Savoy, in the Strand.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"If you can read it with dry eyes, I give you this trouble to acquaint you, that I am the unfortunate King Latinus, and I believe I am the first prince that dated from this palace since John of Gaunt. Such is the uncertainty of all human greatness, that I, who lately never moved without a guard, am now pressed as a common soldier, and am to sail with the first fair wind against my brother Louis of France. It is a very hard thing to put off a character which one has appeared in with applause. Thus I experienced since the loss of my diadem; for, upon quarrelling with another recruit, I spoke my indignation out of my part in *recitativo*;

Most audacious slave,  
Durst thou an angry monarch's fury brave?

The words were no sooner out of my mouth, when a serjeant knocked me down, and asked me if I had a mind to mutiny, in talking things nobody understood. You see, Sir, my unhappy circumstances; and if by your mediation you can procure a subsidy for a prince (who never failed to make all that beheld him merry at his appearance), you will merit the thanks of

Your friend,  
"THE KING OF LATIUM."

ADVERTISEMENT.

For the good of the Public.

Within two doors of the masquerade lives an eminent Italian chirurgeon, arrived from the carnival at Venice, of great experience in private cures. Accommodations are provided, and persons admitted in their masquing habits.

He has cured since his coming hither, in less than a fortnight, four scaramouches, a mountebank doctor, two Turkish bassas, three nuns, and a morris-dancer.

N. B. And  
be kept in r  
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No. 23.]

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March 16, 1710

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ed in 1556.

tinguishing themselves by a spirit of railery and satire: as if it were not infinitely more honourable to be a good-natured man than a wit. Where there is this little petulant humour in an author, he is often very mischievous without designing to be so. For which reason, I always lay it down as a rule that an indiscreet man is more hurtful than an ill-natured one; for as the latter will only attack his enemies, and those he wishes ill to; the other injures indifferently both friends and foes. I cannot forbear on this occasion transcribing a fable out of Sir Roger l'Estrange, which accidentally lies before me. "A company of waggish boys were watching of frogs at the side of a pond, and still as any of them put up their heads, they would be pelting them down again with stones. 'Children,' says one of the frogs, 'you never consider, that though this may be play to you it is death to us.'"

As this week is in a manner set apart and dedicated to serious thoughts, I shall indulge myself in such speculations as may not be altogether unsuitable to the season; and in the mean time, as the settling in ourselves a charitable frame of mind is a work very proper for the time, I have in this paper endeavoured to expose that particular breach of charity which has been generally overlooked by divines because they are but few who can be guilty of it.—C

No. 24.] WEDNESDAY, MARCH 28, 1711.

Accurrit quidam notus mihi nomine tantum:  
Arreptaque manu, Quid agis, dulcissime rerum?

Hox. 1 Sat. ix. 3

Comes up a fop (I knew him but by fame),  
And seiz'd my hand, and called me by name—  
—My dear!—how dost thou?

THERE are in this town a great number of insignificant people, who are by no means fit for the better sort of conversation, and yet have an impertinent ambition of appearing with those to whom they are not welcome. If you walk in the park, one of them will certainly join with you, though you are in company with ladies; if you drink a bottle, they will find your haunts. What makes such fellows the more burdensome is, that they neither offend nor please so far as to be taken notice of for either. It is, I presume, for this reason, that my correspondents are willing by my means to be rid of them. The two following letters are writ by persons who suffer by such impertinence. A worthy old bachelor, who sets in for his dose of claret every night at such an hour, is teased by a swarm of them; who because they are sure of room and good fire, have taken it in their heads to keep a sort of club in his company, though the sober gentleman himself is an utter enemy to such meetings.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The aversion I for some years have had to clubs in general, gave me a perfect relish for your speculation on that subject; but I have since been extremely mortified by the malicious world's ranking me amongst the supporters of such impertinent assemblies. I beg leave to state my case fairly; and that done, I shall expect redress from your judicious pen.

"I am, Sir, a bachelor of some standing, and a traveller; my business, to consult my own good humour, which I gratify without controlling other people's: I have a room and a whole bed to myself and I have a dog, a fiddle, and a gun: they please me, and injure no creature alive. My chief meal is a supper, which I always make at a tavern. I am constant to an hour, and not ill-humoured; for

rich reasons, though I invite nobody, I have no other supped, than I have a crowd about me of that sort of good company that know not whither else to go. It is true every man pays his share; yet as they are intruders, I have an undoubted right to be the only speaker, or at least the loudest; which I maintain, and that to the great emolument of my audience. I sometimes tell them their own in pretty free language; and sometimes divert them with merry tales, according as I am in humour. I am one of those who live in taverns to a great age, by a sort of regular intemperance; I never go to bed drunk, but always flustered; I wear away very gently; am apt to be peevish, but never angry. Mr. Spectator, if you have kept various company, you know there is in every tavern in town some old humourist or other, who is master of the house as much as he that keeps it. The drawers are all in love of him; and all the customers who frequent his company, yield him a sort of comical obedience. I do not know but I may be such a fellow as this myself. But I appeal to you, whether this is to be called a club, because so many impertinents will break in upon me, and come without appointment? Lunch of Barnet has a nightly meeting, and shows every one that will come in and pay; but then he is the only actor. Why should people miscall things? If his is allowed to be a concert, why may not mine be a lecture? However, Sir, I submit it to you, and am, Sir, your most obedient servant, &c.

"THOMAS KIMBOW."

"GOOD SIR,

"You and I were pressed against each other last winter in a crowd, in which uneasy posture we suffered together for almost half an hour. I thank you for all your civilities ever since, in being of my acquaintance wherever you meet me. But the other day you pulled your hat off to me in the Park, when I was walking with my mistress. She did not like our air, and said she wondered what strange fellow I was acquainted with. Dear Sir, consider it as much as my life is worth, if she should think we were intimate: therefore I earnestly intreat you for the future to take no manner of notice of,

"Sir, your obliged humble servant,

"WILL FASHION."

A like impertinence is also very troublesome to the superior and more intelligent part of the fair sex. It is, it seems, a great inconvenience, that those of the meanest capacities will pretend to make visits, though indeed they are qualified rather to add to the furniture of the house (by filling an empty chair,) than to the conversation they enter into when they visit. A friend of mine hopes for redress in his case, by the publication of her letter in my paper; which she thinks those she would be rid of will take to themselves. It seems to be written with an eye to one of those pert, giddy, unthinking girls, who, upon the recommendation only of an agreeable person and a fashionable air, take themselves to be upon a level with women of the greatest merit:

"MADAM,

"I take this way to acquaint you with what common rules and forms would never permit me to tell you otherwise; to wit, that you and I, though unequal in quality and fortune, are by no means suitable companions. You are, it is true, very pretty, and dance, and make a very good figure in a public assembly; but, alas, Madam, you must go no farther: distance and silence are your best recommendations; therefore let me beg of you never to make

me any more visit. I see one, for you see one, for you see this, that I would dance; but I would of good breeding to one another. I myself always by giving the accident makes mutually lament another at home play, and smile as we pass in our much of each of: for there are only by sight, you will always. "Your

"P. S. I subscribe I keep, that my who I am."

To prevent all gentlemen of the but once a week by miscalling the from them as are provinces; this is of the book-debtor observer of those resigned that ex Sowton; to who first coffee-grinder Samuel Burdock of the said Bird

No. 25.] THE

— Egrecs  
And sickness

The following no apology.

"SIR,

"I am one of known by the nameless to you, that body, or rather do no sooner began I found my pulse the account of a self afflicted with of fevers threw hung upon me a excellent piece. I of several authors distempers, and tion; till at length manner shamed after this I found gout, except paid upon the gravel, who (as it is usual temper into another me the stone. I publication of dis into my hand the

\* Mr. Tickell, in "Addison never had in his dedication of

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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ve me more cer-  
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able servant."

A Italian epitaph  
dinarian: "Stavo  
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ath often proves  
o save their lives  
is a reflection  
erving that there  
a slight, than in

may give an English  
I was well, but try

a battle; and may be applied to those multitudes of  
imaginary sick persons that break their constitutions  
by physic, and throw themselves into the arms of  
death by endeavouring to escape it. This method is  
not only dangerous, but below the practice of a  
reasonable creature. To consult the preservation of  
life, as the only end of it—to make our health our  
business—to engage in no action that is not part of a  
regimen, or course of physic—are purposes so abject,  
so mean, so unworthy human nature, that a generous  
soul would rather die than submit to them. Besides,  
that a continual anxiety for life vitiates all the re-  
lishes of it, and casts a gloom over the whole face of  
nature; as it is impossible we should take delight in  
any thing that we are every moment afraid of losing.

I do not mean, by what I have here said, that I  
think any one to blame for taking due care of their  
health. On the contrary, as cheerfulness of mind  
and capacity for business, are in a great measure  
the effects of a well-tempered constitution, a man  
cannot be at too much pains to cultivate and pre-  
serve it. But this care, which we are prompted to  
not only by common sense, but by duty and instinct,  
should never engage us in groundless fears, melan-  
choly apprehensions, and imaginary distempers  
which are natural to every man who is more anxious  
to live, than how to live. In short, the preservation  
of life should be only a secondary concern, and the  
direction of it our principal. If we have this frame  
of mind, we shall take the best means to preserve  
life, without being over-solicitous about the event  
and shall arrive at that point of felicity which Ma-  
tial has mentioned as the perfection of happiness,  
neither fearing nor wishing for death.

In answer to the gentleman, who tempers his  
health by ounces and by scruples, and instead of  
complying with those natural solicitations of hunger  
and thirst, drowsiness, or love of exercise, governs  
himself by the prescriptions of his chair, I shall  
tell him a short fable. Jupiter, says the mytholog-  
ist, to reward the piety of a certain countryman  
promised to give him whatever he would ask. The  
countryman desired that he might have the manage-  
ment of the weather in his own estate. He obtained  
his request, and immediately distributed rain, snow  
and sunshine, among his several fields, as he thought  
the nature of the soil required. At the end of the  
year, when he expected to see a more than ordinary  
crop, his harvest fell infinitely short of that of his  
neighbours. Upon which (says the fable) he desired  
Jupiter to take the weather again into his own  
hands, or that otherwise he should utterly ruin him-  
self.—C.

No. 26.] FRIDAY, MARCH 30, 1711.

*Pallida mors aequo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas  
Regumque turres. O beate Sexti,  
Vitte summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.  
Jam te premet nox, fabulaque manes,  
Et domus exilis Plutonia.*—Hon. 1 Od. iv. 13.

With equal foot, rich friend, impartial fate  
Knocks at the cottage and the palace gate:  
Life's span forbids thee to extend thy cares,  
And stretch thy hopes beyond thy years;  
Night soon will seize, and you must quickly go  
To storied ghosts, and Pluto's house below.—CARRER.

WHEN I am in a serious humour, I very of-  
ten walk by myself in Westminster-abbey: where  
the gloominess of the place, and the use to which it  
is applied, with the solemnity of the building, and  
condition of the people who lie in it, are apt to  
fill the mind with a kind of melancholy, or rat-

thoughtfulness that is not disagreeable. I yesterday passed a whole afternoon in the church-yard, the cloisters, and the church, amusing myself with the tombstones and inscriptions that I met with in those several regions of the dead. Most of them recorded nothing else of the buried person, but that he was born upon one day, and died upon another; the whole history of his life being comprehended in those two circumstances that are common to all mankind. I could not but look upon these registers of existence, whether of brass or marble, as a kind of satire upon the departed persons; who had left no other memorial of them, but that they were born, and that they died. They put me in mind of several persons mentioned in the battles of heroic poems, who have sounding names given them, for no other reason but that they may be killed, and are celebrated for nothing but being knocked on the head.

*Glaucumque, Medontaque, Thersilochumque.*—VIRG.  
*Glaucus, and Melon, and Thersilochus.*

The life of these men is finely described in holy writ by "the path of an arrow," which is immediately closed up and lost.

Upon my going into the church, I entertained myself with the digging of a grave; and saw in every shovel-full of it that was thrown up, the fragment of a bone or skull intermixed with a kind of fresh mouldering earth that some time or other had a place in the composition of a human body. Upon this I began to consider with myself what innumerable multitudes of people lay confused together under the pavement of that ancient cathedral; how men and women, friends and enemies, priests and soldiers, monks and prebendaries, were crumbled amongst one another, and blended together in the same common mass; how beauty, strength, and youth, with old age, weakness, and deformity, lay undistinguished in the same promiscuous heap of matter.

After having thus surveyed the great magazine of mortality, as it were, in the lump, I examined it more particularly by the accounts which I found on several of the monuments which are raised in every quarter of that ancient fabric. Some of them were covered with such extravagant epitaphs, that if it were possible for the dead person to be acquainted with them, he would blush at the praises which his friends have bestowed upon him. There are others so excessively modest, that they deliver the character of the person departed in Greek or Hebrew, and by that means are not understood once in a twelve-month. In the poetical quarter, I found there were poets who had no monuments, and monuments which had no poets. I observed, indeed, that the present war has filled the church with many of these uninhabited monuments, which had been erected to the memory of persons whose bodies were perhaps buried in the plains of Blenheim, or in the bosom of the ocean.

I could not but be very much delighted with several modern epitaphs, which are written with great elegance of expression and justness of thought, and therefore do honour to the living as well as the dead. As a foreigner is very apt to conceive an idea of the ignorance or politeness of a nation from the turn of their public monuments and inscriptions, they should be submitted to the perusal of men of learning and genius before they are put in execution. Sir Cloudesly Shovel's monument has very often given me great offence. Instead of the brave rough English admiral, which was the distinguishing character of that plain gallant man, he is represented on his tomb by the

SPECTATOR—Nos. 5 & 6.

figure of a posing him of state. The ment; for able action country, its death, in w honour. The want of g antiquity of this na our own co which have present the rostral cro festoons of

But to r pository of of another for so seri tainments dismal tho ginations; serious, I c and can th and solemn most gay d improve m sider with the great, read the e desire goes rents upon sion; who selves, I c whom we lying by t rival wits divided the reflect with competition When I re that died y I consider contempor

No. 27.

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the greater k, and live oon as they f life is so opic of dis- life itself,) noment the of reason? ne point to id adieu to pleasure re- ceivily with entangled e lover sees ould aban- f thinking, in our con- of circum- us where- nd we can pest retire- so, in some f the world. r known by a perusal of My friend us discourse rastination, with whom , according his charac- , who is his e conceives no state at starts.

s to you the have laid e, of doing every day I e with daily e principle evolence to ublication in lieve merit endless per- I am dis- ed to leave n sorry you on I am in rtunes; but

know I contribute more to your satisfaction, when I acknowledge I am the better man, from the influence and authority you have over, Sir,

"Your most obliged and most humble servant,  
"R. O."

"SIR,

"I am entirely convinced of the truth of what you were pleased to say to me, when I was last with you alone. You told me then of the silly way I was in; but you told me so as I saw you loved me, otherwise I could not obey your commands in letting you know my thoughts so sincerely as I do at present. I know 'the creature, for whom I resign so much of my character,' is all that you said of her; but then the trifler has something in her so undesigning and harmless, that her guilt in one kind disappears by the comparison of her innocence in another. Will you, virtuous man, allow no alteration of offences? Must dear Chloe be called by the hard name you pious people give to common women? I keep the solemn promise I made you, in writing to you the state of my mind, after your kind admonition; and will endeavour to get the better of this fondness, which makes me so much her humble servant, that I am almost ashamed to subscribe myself yours,  
"T. D."

"SIR,

"There is no state of life so anxious as that of a man who does not live according to the dictates of his own reason. It will seem odd to you, when I assure you that my love of retirement first of all brought me to court; but this will be no riddle when I acquaint you, that I placed myself here with a design of getting so much money as might enable me to purchase a handsome retreat in the country. At present my circumstances enable me, and my duty prompts me, to pass away the remaining part of my life in such a retirement as I at first proposed to myself; but to my great misfortune I have entirely lost the relish of it, and should now return to the country with greater reluctance than I at first came to court. I am so unhappy, as to know that what I am fond of are trifles, and that what I neglect is of the greatest importance: in short, I find a contest in my own mind between reason and fashion. I remember you once told me, that I might live in the world, and out of it, at the same time. Let me beg of you to explain this paradox more at large to me, that I may conform my life, if possible, both to my duty and my inclination. I am yours, &c.  
"R. B."

R.

Letters are directed "For the Spectator, to be left at Mr. Buckley's, in Little Britain, post paid." N. B. In the form of a direction, this makes a figure in the last column of the Spectator in folio.

No. 28.] MONDAY, APRIL 2, 1711.

— Neque semper arcum

Tendit Apollo.— Hor. 2 Od. x. 19.

Nor does Apollo always bend his bow.

I shall here present my reader with a letter from a projector, concerning a new office which he thinks may very much contribute to the embellishments of the city, and to the driving barbarity out of our streets. I consider it as a satire upon projectors in general, and a lively picture of the whole art of modern criticism.

"SIR,

"Observing that you have thoughts of creating certain officers under you, for the inspection of several petty enormities you yourself cannot attend to;



and finding daily absurdities hung out upon the sign-posts of this city, to the great scandal of foreigners, as well as those of our own country, who are curious spectators of the same: I do humbly propose that you would be pleased to make me your superintendent of all such figures and devices as are or shall be made use of on this occasion; with full powers to rectify or expunge whatever I shall find irregular or defective. For want of such an officer, there is nothing like sound literature and good sense to be met with in those objects that are everywhere thrusting themselves out to the eye, and endeavouring to become visible. Our streets are filled with blue boars, black swans, and red lions; not to mention flying pigs, and hogs in armour, with many other creatures more extraordinary than any in the deserts of Africa. Strange! that one who has all the birds and beasts in nature to choose out of, should live at the sign of an *Ens Rationis*!

"My first task therefore should be, like that of Hercules, to clear the city from monsters. In the second place, I would forbid that creatures of jarring and incongruous natures should be joined together in the same sign; such as the bell and the neat's tongue, the dog and the gridiron. The fox and the goose may be supposed to have met, but what has the fox and the seven stars to do together? And when did the lamb and the dolphin ever meet, except upon a sign-post? As for the cat and fiddle, there is a conceit in it; and therefore I do not intend that any thing I have here said should affect it. I must, however, observe to you upon this subject, that it is usual for a young tradesman, at his first setting up, to add to his own sign that of the master whom he served; as the husband, after marriage, gives a place to his mistress's arms in his own coat. This I take to have given rise to many of those absurdities which are committed over our heads; and, as I am informed, first occasioned the three nuns and a hare, which we see so frequently joined together. I would therefore establish certain rules, for the determining how far one tradesman may give the sign of another, and in what cases he may be allowed to quarter it with his own.

"In the third place, I would enjoin every shop to make use of a sign which bears some affinity to the wares in which it deals. What can be more inconsistent than to see a bawd at the sign of the angel, or a tailor at the lion? A cook should not live at the boot, nor a shoemaker at the roasted pig; and yet, for want of this regulation, I have seen a goat set up before the door of a perfumer, and the French king's head at a sword-cutler's.

"An ingenious foreigner observes, that several of those gentlemen who value themselves upon their families, and overlook such as are bred to trade, bear the tools of their forefathers in their coats of arms. I will not examine how true this is in fact. But though it may not be necessary for posterity thus to set up the sign of their forefathers, I think it highly proper for those who actually profess the trade to show some such marks of it before their doors.

"When the name gives an occasion for an ingenious sign-post, I would likewise advise the owner to take that opportunity of letting the world know who he is. It would have been ridiculous for the ingenious Mrs. Salmon to have lived at the sign of the trout; for which reason she has erected before her house the figure of the fish that is her nameake. Mr. Bell has likewise distinguished himself by a device of the same nature; and here, Sir, I must beg leave to observe to you, that this particular

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

3, 1711.

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composer should not follow the Italian recitative to servilely, but make use of many gentle deviation from it, in compliance with his own native language. He may copy out of it all the lulling softness an "dying falls," (as Shakspeare calls them) but should still remember that he ought to accommodate him self to an English audience; and by humouring th tone of our voices in ordinary conversation, have th same regard to the accent of his own language, a those persons had to theirs whom he professes to im- tate. It is observed, that several of the singin birds of our own country learn to sweeten thei voices and mellow the harshness of their natura notes, by practising under those that come froz warmer climates. In the same manner I would allo the Italian opera to lend our English music as muc as may grace and soften it, but never entirely to an nihilate and destroy it. Let the infusion be a strong as you please, but still let the subject matte of it be English.

A composer should fit his music to the genius o the people, and consider that the delicacy of hearin and taste of harmony, has been formed upon thes sounds which every country abounds with. In short that music is of a relative nature, and what is har mony to one ear, may be dissonance to another.

The same observations which I have made upo the recitative part of music, may be applied to al our songs and airs in general.

Signior Baptist Lully acted like a man of sens in this particular. He found the French music ex tremely defective, and very often barbarous. How ever, knowing the genius of the people, the humou of their language, and the prejudiced ears he had t deal with, he did not pretend to extirpate the Frencl music and plant the Italian in its stead; but only t cultivate and civilize it with innumerable graces an modulations which he borrowed from the Italians. By this means the French music is now perfect i its kind; and when you say it is not so good as th Italian, you only mean that it does not please yo so well; for there is scarce a Frenchman who wou not wonder to hear you give the Italian such a pre ference. The music of the French is indeed ver properly adapted to their pronunciation and accent as their whole opera wonderfully favours the geni of such a gay airy people. The chorus, in whic that opera abounds, gives the parterre frequent op portunities of joining in concert with the stage. This inclination of the audience to sing along wit the actors, so prevails with them, that I have some times known the performer on the stage do no mor in a celebrated song than the clerk of a paris church, who serves only to raise the psalm, and i afterwards drowned in the music of the congregation. Every actor that comes on the stage is a bear. Th queens and heroines are so painted, that they appea as ruddy and cherry-cheeked as milk-maids. Th shepherds are all embroidered, and acquit themselv in a ball better than our English dancing-masters. I have seen a couple of rivers appear in red stock ings; and Alpheus, instead of having his head co vered with sedge and bull-rushes, making love in a full-bottom periwig and a plume of feathers; bu with a voice so full of shakes and quavers, that I should have thought the murmurs of a country brool the much more agreeable music.

I remember the last opera I saw in that merry nation was the Rape of Proserpine, where Pluto, t make the more tempting figure, puts himself in French equipage, and brings Ascalaphus along wit him as his valet de chambre. This is what we cal

folly and impertinence ; but what the French look upon as gay and polite.

I shall add no more to what I have here offered, than that music, architecture, and painting, as well as poetry and oratory, are to deduce their laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of those arts themselves; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing.—C.

\*.\* Complete sets of this paper for the month of March, are sold by Mr. Greaves, in St. James's-street; Mr. Lillie, perfumer, the corner of Beaufort-buildings; Messrs. Sanger, Knapton, Round, and Mrs. Baldwin.—Spect. in folio.

# No. 30.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

Si, Minnermus uti censet, sine amore jocisque

Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

Hon. 1 Ep. vi. 65.

If nothing, as Minnermus strives to prove,

Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,

Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue.—CREECH.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford, that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to common sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts: "She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;" or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of riband, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaiming he will break his chain, and another, in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town, a set of people who met and dressed like lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the Fringe-glove club;

but they were even before that their variety of by which fellows cov their dress they are lo understand of the and translated Chloris is was made far as I ca nowned D knight are the colour selves: bu sible of the they do no the best an is a frenz aforesaid who, I ha lately adm following

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I so abruptly subscribe

your humble servant,

"T. B.

Albina, who has six vo-  
your readers."—R.

APRIL 5, 1711.

— VIND. ÆN. vi. 266.  
me to relate.

ing into a coffee-house  
theatre, I diverted my-  
th overhearing the dis-  
habbiness of his dress,  
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be of that species who  
the title of projectors.  
he was treated as such  
aining a whole table of  
in opera, which he told  
or three mornings in  
he was ready to put in  
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all the great trouble and  
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puppet-show in another;  
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in all the strange sights  
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ee Clinch of Barnet is  
t of the temple, as ring-  
joy of his arrival. The  
d by the ingenious Mrs.  
s to fall in love with a  
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ss into that country, in  
as the dogs were so ex-  
ld not lose their hold,  
feces limb by limb, and  
their prey by their teeth  
mouth left, there is to  
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of that place, the bull-  
cannot possibly be ex-  
ason of the lowness of  
s in Asia, which Alex-  
pass through, will give  
ys dancing upon ropes,  
of that ludicrous spe-  
here chance to be any

strange animals in town, whether birds or  
they may be either let loose among the  
driven across the stage by some of the coun-  
of Asia. In the last great battle, Pinkethri-  
personate King Porus upon an elephant, is  
be encountered by Powell, representing Alex-  
the Great, upon a dromedary, which nev-  
Mr. Powell is desired to call by the name of  
phalus. Upon the close of this great decis-  
when the two kings are thoroughly recon-  
show the mutual friendship and good corres-  
that reigns between them, they both of the  
gether to a puppet-show, in which the ingen-  
Powell, junior, may have an opportunity of  
ing his whole art of machinery, for the div-  
two monarchs. Some at the table urged  
puppet-show was not a suitable entertain-  
Alexander the Great; and that it might  
duced more properly, if we suppose the co-  
touched upon that part of India which is  
inhabited by the pygmies. But this objec-  
looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal  
ately overruled. Our projector farther ad-  
after the reconciliation of these two kings, th  
invite one another to dinner, and either of  
ertain his guest with the German artist,  
kethman's heathen gods, or any of the like d  
which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great  
by the whole table. Upon which the un-  
told us, that he had not yet communicat-  
above half his design; for that Alexander  
Greek, it was his intention that the who  
should be acted in that language, which was  
he was sure would wonderfully please the  
pecially when it was a little raised and ro-  
the Ionic dialect; and could not but be ac-  
to the whole audience, because there are  
them who understand Greek than Italian.  
difficulty that remained, was how to get per-  
unless we could persuade some gentlemen of  
versities to learn to sing, in order to qual-  
selves for the stage; but this objection soon  
when the projector informed us that the  
were at present the only musicians in the  
empire, and that it would be very easy for  
tory at Smyrna to furnish us every year w  
lony of musicians, by the opportunity of the  
fleet; besides, says he, if we want any sin-  
for any lower part in the opera, Lawrence  
to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian,  
night's time.

The projector having thus settled matter  
good-liking of all that heard him, he left  
the table, and planted himself before the fi-  
I had unluckily taken my stand for the con-  
of overhearing what he said. Whether he  
served me to be more attentive than ordinari-  
not tell, but he had not stood by me above  
of a minute, but he turned short upon me  
den, and catching me by a button of my  
tacked me very abruptly after the following

"Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very e-  
nary genius for music that lives in Switzerl-  
has so strong a spring in his fingers, that  
make the board of an organ sound like a d  
if I could but procure a subscription of a  
thousand pounds every winter I would un-  
fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to  
thing that should be sung upon the Englis  
After this he looked full in my face, exp-  
would make an answer, when, by good luc-



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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, 1711.

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insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. Daphne, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor Daphne was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while Lætitia was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat on the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and Lætitia is as insipid a companion as Daphne is an agreeable one. Lætitia, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; Daphne, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. Lætitia has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. Daphne has a countenance that is cheerful, open, and unconcerned.

A young gentleman saw Lætitia this winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of Lætitia; while Daphne used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister: insomuch that he would often say to her, "Dear Daphne, wert thou but as handsome as Lætitia—" She received such language with that ingenuousness and pleasing mirth which is natural to a woman without design. He still sighed in vain for Lætitia, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of Daphne. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of Lætitia, and charmed with the repeated instances of good humour he had observed in Daphne, he one day told the latter that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—"Faith, Daphne," continued he, "I am in love with thee, and despise thy sister sincerely." The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—"Nay," says he, "I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father." He did so; the father received this intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his beauty, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much for a great while, as this conquest of my friend Daphne's. All her acquaintance congratulate her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our person, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as insufferable as the professed wits.

"Monsieur St. Evremond has concluded one of his essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it is that all arts which pre-

tend to improve or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of good family in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years' study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

"This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive—the desire of pleasing—and proceeds upon an opinion not altogether groundless—that nature may be helped by art—may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

"In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz. :—

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech.

"That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox.

"That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false.

"And, That what would be odious in a friend is deformity in a mistress.

"From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the proper ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or, as Mr. Dryden expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms; and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

"It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at Kneller's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love while it draws our observation! How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of Sophronia's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excellent qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty.

"When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the angel the im-

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No. 34.

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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tinued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman triumvirate were formerly engaged in for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by this means they should spoil their proscription; and at length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If Punch grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must however, entreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be a reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said; for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love of mankind.—C.

No. 35.] TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

*Risus inepto res ineptior nulla est.*—CATULL. CARM. 39. in Enn. Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, a head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the work with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with. If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of wits and humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam, not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice. For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskillful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. Shadwell, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say, that breaking of windows was not humour; and I question not but several English readers will be as much startled



as we affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces which are often spread among us under chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain, than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise than as Cowley has done wit, by negatives. Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after Plato's manner, in a kind of allegory—and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. Truth was the founder of the family, and the father of Good Sense. Good Sense was the father of Wit, who married a lady of collateral line called Mirth, by whom he had issue Humour. Humour therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress; inasmuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a merry-andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to Truth, and lineally descended from Good Sense; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as True Humour generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; False Humour is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of Wit without Mirth, or Mirth without Wit, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from Falsehood, who was the mother of Nonsense, who was brought to bed of a son called Frenzy, who married one of the daughters of Folly, commonly known by the name of Laughter, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have here been speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of False Humour, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of True Humour, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations:—

Falsehood.  
Nonsense.  
Frenzy—Laughter.  
False Humour.  
Truth.  
Good Sense.  
Wit—Mirth.  
Humour.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of False Humour, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that

False Humour does from a

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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great and unex- doubt not but I I have for many playhouse; and out of the clouds theatre that ever descended and derer in The Re- n thus low, they and make me a or these two last ny still farther, hed from above rstand that I am d taken from me ent. Now, Sir, undertaker thinks rs have done) in cannon against burning of Per- all think fit. VENT-GARDEN."

the playhouse in etting forth their tes of their good elief. ed to Mr. Chr.

Hamlet, to com- of Alexander.

, to be Hephes-

a both by father ater of Thomas r in the law, and own in all parts eed by misfor- ns, and for some school of young , that she hath ry-square, com- in a good air;

where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kind, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, imitate human voices in greater perfection than ev was yet practised. They are not only instructed pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone a accent, but to speak the language with great puri and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashio- able phrases and compliments now in use either tea-tables, or on visiting-days. Those that have go voices may be taught to sing the newest opera-si and, if required, to speak either Italian or Frenc paying something extraordinary above the comm rates. They whose friends are not able to pay f full prices, may be taken as half-boarders. S teaches such as are designed for the diversion of t public, and to act in enchanted woods on the th tress, by the great. As she had often observed w much concern how indecent an education is usual given these innocent creatures, which in some me sure is owing to their being placed in rooms ne the street, where, to the great offence of chaste a tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, a immodest expressions from passengers and ic people, as also to cry fish and card-matches, w other useless parts of learning to birds who have ri friends, she has fitted up proper and neat apartme for them in the back part of her said house: wh she suffers none to approach them but herself, an servant-maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom s provided on purpose to prepare their food, a cleanse their cages; having found by long ex- rience, how hard a thing it is for those to keep lence who have the use of speech, and the dang her scholars are exposed to, by the strong impr- sions that are made by harsh sounds and vulgar d- lects. In short, if they are birds of any parts capacity, she will undertake to render them so: accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth, t they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as k to choose their friends and companions out of t species.—R.

No. 37.] THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

—Non illa colo calathivæ Minervæ

Fœmineas assuetæ manus— Vireo. Æn. vii. 805.

Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd.—DARWIN.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being the country, enclosed a letter to me, directed to certain lady whom I shall here call by the name Leonora—and as it contained matters of consequen desired me to deliver it to her with my own ha Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty ea in the morning, and was desired by her woman walk into her lady's library, till such time as she v in readiness to receive me. The very sound of lady's library gave me a great curiosity to see: and as it was some time before the lady came to n I had an opportunity of turning over a great ma of her books, which were ranged together in a ve beautiful order. At the end of the folios (whi were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of chi placed one above another in a very noble piece architecture. The quartos were separated from t octavos by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in delightful pyramid. The octavos were bounded tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, whi were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they look like one continued pillar indented with the fin strokes of sculpture, and stained with the great variety of dyes. That part of the library which w designed for the reception of plays and pamphle

and other loose papers, was enclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkeys, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in china-ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff-box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were some few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

Ogleby's Virgil.

Dryden's Juvenal.

Cassandra.

Cleopatra.

Astræa.

Sir Isaac Newton's Works.

The Grand Cyrus; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.

Pembroke's Arcadia.

Locke on Human Understanding, with a paper of patches in it.

A Spelling-book.

A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.

Sherlock upon Death.

The fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.

Sir William Temple's Essays.

Father Malebranche's Search after Truth, translated into English.

A book of Novels.

The Academy of Compliments.

Calpepper's Midwifery.

The Ladies' Calling.

Tales in Verse by Mr. Durfey: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.

All the Classic Authors in Wood.

A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.

Clelia: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.

Baker's Chronicle.

Advice to a Daughter.

The New Atalanta, with a Key to it.

Mr. Steele's Christian Hero.

A Prayer-book: with a bottle of Hungary Water by the side of it.

Dr. Sacheverell's Speech.

Fielding's Trial.

Seneca's Morals.

Taylor's Holy Living and Dying.

La Ferte's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when Leonora entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir Roger was in good health; I answered yes, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

Leonora was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow

for two or three first marriage, ture upon a se care of, and let my good friend rally sinks into that is not agite pursuits, Leon sex into a love verses chiefly self), but it is very few male whom she heard scandal. As her romances, it he thinking, and gardens, and I tained me an h country-seat, v ness, about a b and looks like about her are with woodbine into shady wall cages of turtle among pebbles very agreeably beautiful lake and empties i through a gree mily by the n knight likewise game better country, not (e a value upon h her larks and a bird which is k cert, and that year.

When I thin learning, I loo tion and pity. ments which s more valuable sex, who empla less reasonable provements w susceptible of she been guide to enlighten th sions, as well use than to di But the ma usefully in rea paper, in whic ular books as of the sex. A nature, I shall their thoughts

No. 38.]

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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them, but lose their force in proportion to our en-  
deavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main de-  
sign of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the  
chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall  
never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty  
of it: but when we give the passion for praise an  
unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfection  
robs us of what is due to us for great virtues, and  
worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and  
honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent  
where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard  
to their way of speaking and acting, instead of hav-  
ing their thoughts bent upon what they should do  
say; and by that means bury a capacity for great  
things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things.  
This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it  
has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their  
fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues  
they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in  
such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable  
sufficiency; his heart is fixed upon one point in  
view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks  
nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The wild havoc affectation makes in that part  
the world which should be most polite, is visible  
wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only  
into impertinencies in conversation, but also in the  
premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the  
bench, whose business it is to cut off all superflu-  
ties in what is spoken before it by the practitioners;  
as well as several little pieces of injustice which  
arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a  
man run from the purpose before a judge, who was  
when at the bar himself, so close and logical a  
pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his  
power, he never spoke a word too much.\*

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends  
the pulpit itself; and the declaimer in that sacred  
place is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks  
the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that  
there is no man who understands raillery, but must  
resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him  
sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the  
great truths he is to utter, humble himself with a  
very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unwor-  
thiness in a way so very becoming, that the air  
the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the low-  
liness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I write the other  
day to a very witty man, overrun with the fault I am  
speaking of:

"DEAR SIR,

"I spent some time with you the other day, and  
must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of that  
unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you  
say and do. When I gave you a hint of it, you  
asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his  
friends think of him? No, but praise is not to be  
the entertainment of every moment. He that hopes  
for it must be able to suspend the possession of it  
till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you  
would not rather be commended than be praised  
worthy, condemn little merits; and allow no man  
to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face.  
Your vanity by this means will want its food.  
At the same time your passion for esteem will be more  
fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions

\* This seems to be intended as a compliment to Chancellor Cowper.

where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, farther than,

"Sir, your humble servant."

T

No. 39.] SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

Nulla fero, ut placem genus irritabile vatum,  
Cum scribo ——— Hon. 2 Ep. II. 102.

IMITATED.

Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace  
This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race.—POPE.

As a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says Seneca) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which one meets with in the representation of a well-written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, soothe affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder, therefore, that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but, what a Christian writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may show more at large hereafter: and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

Aristotle observes, that the Iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy; because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. "For," says he, "we may observe that men in ordinary discourse very often speak iambics without taking notice of it." We may make the same observation of our English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between rhyme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular similes dignified with rhyme at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or, if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitative, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that, we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with a hemistic, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a

new verse, which is not with a sudden change of a verse, but is expressed by a new verse.

Since I am now speaking of the English style, I cannot but observe that the English style is more elegant than the Greek language is in sense either way; contrary, in those of Corneille, are very great and swells the sentiment that infinitely before all the sound of this defect in genius, know from their country readers, who of the sentiment more than the lieve it might of the other, texture of his turned it into the perusal of thought of its tragic ornament imposed upon of the thought great enough deserves to show itself in made use of the

I must in these thoughts are by the sound expressions in is often very fine observations have never sought to be of the fable, tious, and the and passions (namely, the apt to be observed expressions. criticisms after the foregoing

Et tragicus  
Telephus est  
Proicit am  
Si curat co

Tragedians  
Pelus and  
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Among our who has a be- stead of favour had restrain bounds. His tragedy, but that it is has an infinite first that it does frequently succeed, but efforts, and metaphors in which be more natu

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wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason, the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect the audience in the most agreeable manner. Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish on the mind, and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are, *The Orphan*, *Venice Preserved*, *Alexander the Great*, *Theodosius*, *All for Love*, *Edipus*, *Oroonoko*, *Othello*, &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as Shakspeare wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies which have been framed upon the other plan and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies, which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken their turn; as *The Mourning Bride*, *Tamerlane*, *Ulysses*, *Phædra* and *Hippolytus*, with most of Mr. Dryden's. I must also allow, that many of Shakspeare's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered in a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of *Aeneas* and *Hudibras* into one poem, as of writing such a motley piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some measure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage, than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skillful choice of an under plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute toward the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false

ities of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of Rants. The warm and passionate parts of tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so. I have seen Powell very often raise himself loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or flaming a real passion into fustian. This hath led the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and even them such sentiments as proceed rather from swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of ankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently ass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and are accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the ear part of the audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite with the boxes. Dryden and Lee, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to show how a rant pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of *Œdipus*, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compassion:

To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;  
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.  
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,  
And backward tread those paths I sought to shun;  
Impute my errors to your own decree!  
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free.

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

O that, as oft I have at Athens seen

[Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after *Œdipus*.]

The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;  
So now, in very deed, I might behold  
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,  
Meet, like the hands of Jove, and crush mankind—  
For all the elements, &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Having spoken of Mr. Powell, as sometimes raising himself applause from the ill taste of an audience, I must do him the justice to own, that he is excellently formed for a tragedian, and, when he pleases, deserves the admiration of the best judges; as I doubt not but he will in the *Conquest of Mexico*, which is acted for his own benefit to-morrow night.

C.

No. 41.] T

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COMPASSION  
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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict  
to that description Dr. Donne gives of his mistress

— Her pure and eloquent blood  
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,  
That one would almost say her body thought.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of  
age (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately  
deceased), who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants  
a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Myn-  
heer Grotesque, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N.B. She is also well skilled in the drapery part  
and puts on hoods, and mixes ribands, so as to suit  
the colours of the face, with great art and success.

R.

No. 42.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

Garganum mugire putes nemus, aut mare Thuscum;  
Tantum cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et aries,  
Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus oblitus actor  
Cum stetit in ænea, concurrat dextera lævæ  
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sane. Quid placet ergo?  
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.—HON. 2 Ep. l. 202.

### IMITATED.

Loon as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,  
Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:  
Such is the shout, the long applauding note,  
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's petticoat:  
Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd  
Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.  
Booth enters—hark! the universal peal!—  
But has he spoken?—Not a syllable—  
What shook the stage, and made the people stare?  
Cato's long wig, flower'd gown, and lacker'd chair.—PORA.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in  
tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their  
audience, not by proper sentiments and expression  
but by the dresses and decorations of the stage.  
There is something of this kind very ridiculous in  
the English theatre. When the author has a mind  
to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us  
melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among a  
our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those  
which are made use of to inspire us with magnificent  
ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary me-  
thod of making a hero, is to clap a huge plume of  
feathers upon his head, which rises so very high that  
there is often a greater length from his chin to the  
top of his head than to the sole of his foot. Or  
we would believe that we thought a great man and  
tall man the same thing. This very much embam-  
barrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck ex-  
tremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and  
notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for  
his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see  
by his action that his greatest care and concern is to  
keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head.  
For my own part, when I see a man uttering his  
complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am  
apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic  
than a distressed hero. As these superfluous or-  
naments upon the head make a great man, a prince  
generally receives her grandeur from those addition-  
al encumbrances that fall into her tail—I mean the  
broad sweeping train that follows her in all her mo-  
tions, and finds constant employment for a boy who  
stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage.  
I do not know how others are affected at this sight,  
but I must confess my eyes are wholly taken up  
with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am  
not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the  
right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance  
to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she wal-



to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passions in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity seems as ill contrived as that we have been speaking of to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberds and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

Non tamen intus  
Digna geri promissis in scenam: multaque tolles  
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia presans.  
HOR. Ars. Poet. ver. 182.

Yet there are things improper for a scene,  
Which men of judgment only will relate.—ROSCOMMON.

I should, therefore, in this particular, recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huzzas, which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing-cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall show, in another paper, the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration in their hearers.

The tailor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one. The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances: they call it the "*Fourberia della scena*," "The knavery, or trickish part of the drama." But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea

of an army actually savagely, or of minds shou inflamed with speaks, mo trappings of half that po a few lines

No. 43.  
Hæ tibi erunt  
Parcere subje  
Be these  
Chain up  
O'er subj  
And teach

THERE is it is that trades; it b laid by some are such as who for wa vacancy of meddling v cannot give presenting belongs to at Oxford.

"SIR,  
"In som sketches to me to s light. I h that the m carried on for the goo are equally that nature

"I must many clubs sequence to give you up to own, tha than the sc and wittic Meeting: least, and grave, serio it our duty, constitution res capiat pu sons or this nation at h where and people are It were bet then cond affairs of ou

"Verily, the act for two of good made a nig this plaguy money, but of it before would have But let that

"I must look upon a junction w

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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many other distichs no less to be quoted on this ac-  
count, I cannot but recite the two following lines :

A painted vest Prince Voltiger had on,  
Which from a naked Piet his grandsire won.

Here, if the poet had not been vivacious as we  
as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry  
nonsense, have been capable of forgetting that ne-  
ther Prince Voltiger nor his grandfather could stri-  
a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a cold  
constitution would have staid to have flayed the Pic-  
and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of th  
conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful pu-  
poses of life—what I would propose should be, th  
we imitated those wise nations, wherein every ma  
learns some handicraft-work.—Would it not em-  
a beau prettily enough, if, instead of eternally play-  
ing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his tim  
in making one? Such a method as this would ver-  
much conduce to the public emolument, by makin  
every man living good for something; for ther  
would then be no one member of human society b  
would have some little pretension for some degree i  
it: like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upo  
the merit of having writ a posy of a ring.—R.

No. 44.] FRIDAY, APRIL 20, 1711.

Tu, quid ego et populus mecum desideret. audi.

Hos. Ars. Poet. ver. 12

Now hear what evcry auditor expects.—ROSCOMMON.

AMONG the several artifices which are put i  
practice by the poets to fill the minds of an au-  
dience with terror, the first place is due to thund  
and lightning, which are often made use of at th  
descending of a god, or the rising of a ghost, at th  
vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant  
I have known a bell introduced into several trag-  
dies with good effect; and have seen the whole a-  
sembly in a very great alarm all the while it ha-  
been ringing. But there is nothing which deligh-  
and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghos-  
especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A  
spectre has very often saved a play, though he ha-  
done nothing but stalked across the stage, or ro-  
through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speak-  
ing one word. There may be a proper season f  
these several terrors; and when they only come  
as aids and assistances to the poet, they are n  
only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus th  
sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved* mak-  
the hearts of the whole audience quake; and co-  
veys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possib  
for words to do. The appearance of the ghost i  
*Hamlet* is a master-piece in its kind, and wrought  
with all the circumstances that can create eith  
attention or horror. The mind of the reader  
wonderfully prepared for his reception by the di-  
courses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at h  
first entrance strikes the imagination very strongh  
but every time he enters, he is still more terrifyin  
Who can read the speech with which young Ham-  
accosts him without trembling?

Hos. Look, my lord, it comes!

HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd:

Bring'st with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;

Be thy events\* wicked or charitable;

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape

That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,

\* Events for adrements, comings, or visits. We read in oth  
copies, intents.

King, Father, Royal Dane. Oh! answer me.  
 Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell  
 Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearers in death,  
 Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre  
 Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,  
 Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws  
 To cast thee up again? What may this mean?  
 That thou, dead corse, again in complete steel  
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,  
 Making night hideous?

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices above mentioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed, in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it; all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathise with his eyes,

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, that observed how this had took in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success: and as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half-a-dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and which more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is so very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewed with carcases in the last scenes of a tragedy, and to observe in the wardrobe of the play-house several daggers, poniards, wheels, bows for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilised people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of *Corneille*, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*; the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory,

being upbraided in the height of her. If attention, it would the sentiment take place shed, as soon as he follows and forbear drawn behind murdered might have very unnatural To give my not to have if there was

It may now how Sophocles like delicate same condition mother having session of her terer. That mined to re filled his stratagem solution to know would have dreadful re the mother and the so mercy to be that she is that she is our plays scenes, though ture to be believe my something dialogue between scenes, that acted before after meets and by a killing him he should his soul before him to retire had slain him in the very By this means which Horace forbearing orders before

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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Poet. ver. 135.

COMMON.

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-C.

el, 1711.

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think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so awkward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend Will Honeycomb to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him, at the same time, to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English; that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undrest, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old they left it off by degrees, well knowing that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out without making any impression.

Sempronius is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants! What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion! How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch!

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) more awakened, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are considered as the ingredients of a narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead, who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke out into a loud soliloquy, "When will the dear witches enter?" and immediately upon their first ap-

e, Love is a

pearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charm-

ing creatures. A little after, as Betterton was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on her left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, "We must not expect to see Balloon to-night." Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether Macbeth's wife was still alive; and before he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of Banquo. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for their improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France in his time thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce a hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might show a politeness in murdering them. He farther adds, that a lady of some quality at court having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good sense that they went abroad with. As, on the contrary, there are great numbers of travelled ladies who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James's, betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned in half the countries of Europe.—C.

## No. 46.] MONDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

*Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.*

*Ovum. Met. l. i. ver. 9.*

*The jarring seeds of ill-concerted things.*

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down a hint of it upon paper. At the same time, I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By this means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to anybody but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting them-

selves with it. I raised so much noise, that I observed with courage to do what they had done, asking every one paper; but those merry fellows to get up in the whole room. The boy asked a very audacious

Sir Roger hate long sp be a conj dog, scree London, in rico—A Library—L Bucephalus Charles Lil relief to en sions—King ham of back Procrastina hogs in arm —Admissio provable—L parrot's sch —No man Club of sig chairs, tape rings to the married to w turned up w Flower dye nothing, sa with golde drum-sticks —The black barber's po Caesar's pe stances—P percussus A ogle-master The read

house very written by had been t who had th zen, told us that he wis what was ex upon the d pole, to si usually me the coffee-m paper to on added, that ish man wi young Oxfo uncle at the Pactolus w scheme of t they were t this innocen as he was c which he the whole a cursory |

l it into a  
th it. My  
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an, took no  
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y the bar-  
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*acta est im-*  
*e impious."*

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nd your pity  
ct, in a little  
d into want,  
ked to death  
m, &c.

"R. G."  
ling-master,

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e morning,  
ht. I have  
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g one of my  
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ady to show  
beg you will  
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our, &c."

4, 1711.

man Nature,  
the best of

all his works, after some very curious observations upon laughter, concludes thus: "The passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmities of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in this opinion. Every one laughs at somebody that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him, and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason, idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany, where there is not a prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the Gaper, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. Dennis has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur Boileau:—

Thus one fool tells his tongue out at another,  
And shakes his empty noddle at his brother.

Mr. Hobbs's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above-mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, "that they could eat them," according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best: in Holland they are termed Pickled Herrings; in France, Jean Pottages; in Italy, Macaronies; and in Great Britain, Jack Puddings. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and commit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it into his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neigh-

bear of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than a hundred April fools. My landlady had a falling out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some sleeveless errand, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy a halfpenny-worth of inkle at a shoemaker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster; and in short the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of Biters: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him, whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is, indeed, very possible that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I show, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life; I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them—I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends and foes, and in a word, stand as butts in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these butts who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a butt, who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid butt is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A butt with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh on his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir John Falstaff was a hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a butt, after the following manner: "Men of all sorts," says that merry knight, "take a pride to gird at me. The brain of man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invented on me.

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

so prythee make  
deformity in the  
be sure bring it  
of my heart,  
and servant,  
"HECATISSA."

affectation, and  
examined my own  
and found out its  
tion to be aware  
to my sorrow I  
al follies which I  
an old fellow, and  
but having al-  
pleasing in the  
ment's ease, but I  
with a glazed wax-  
severe fit, I was  
city, where I be-  
my usual com-  
upon them. A  
company, and kind  
fortunate additions  
eman of the fa-  
soon after the  
re of the whole  
graded me into an  
operation before  
a coxcomb) was  
they admit the  
ity. The return  
obligation laid  
my body from  
ever from a folly.  
my thanks this  
noble servant."

Cpping, April 18.  
the morning they  
well entertained  
ments of person  
y. What made  
bly among us is,  
pany of strollers,  
impertinent splen-  
far from falling  
stage is here in

Alexander the  
per cravat. The  
to have no dis-  
Foppington the  
ans to show him-  
ings of different  
have had a full  
nerants are still  
you can prevail to  
the playhouse,  
beggars, and the  
at one part which  
propriety, and that  
so well done; that  
no, in the midst

Quixote in the  
that he told them,  
it should be in  
characters of dis-  
told them, if  
way to people's  
and of bridges or  
ation of beggars.  
pect, since they

could not be contented to act heathen warriors, as  
such fellows as Alexander, but must presume  
make a mockery of one of the quorum.

R. "Your servant."

No. 49.] THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

—Hominem pagina nostra sapit.—MART.

Men and manners I describe.

It is very natural for a man who is not turned f  
mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fa  
sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which i  
find in coffee-houses. Here a man of my temper  
in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can st  
be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleas  
in himself, in being only a hearer. It is a secret  
known but to few, yet of no small use in the condu  
of life, that when you fall into a man's conversatio  
the first thing you should consider is, whether he h  
a greater inclination to hear you, or that you shou  
hear him. The latter is the more general desire, a  
I know very able flatterers that never speak a wo  
in praise of the persons from whom they obtain dai  
favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whi  
ever is uttered by those with whom they conver  
We are very curious to observe the behaviour  
great men and their clients; but the same passio  
and interests move men in lower spheres; and  
(that have nothing else to do but make observation  
see in every parish, street, lane, and alley, of th  
populous city, a little potentate that has his cot  
and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affecti  
and favour by the same arts that are practised up  
men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men dif  
rather in the time of day in which they make  
figure, than in any real greatness above one a  
other. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in t  
morning, know that my friend Beaver, the hab  
dasher, has a levee of more undissembled friends a  
admirers than most of the courtiers or generals  
Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhap  
a newspaper in his hand; but none can pretend  
guess what step will be taken in any one court  
Europe, till Mr. Beaver has thrown down his pij  
and declares what measures the allies must en  
into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coff  
house is near one of the inns of court, and Beav  
has the audience and admiration of his neighbor  
from six till within a quarter of eight, at which ti  
he is interrupted by the students of the house; so  
of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eig  
in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were  
tained in every cause there; and others come  
their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as  
they never designed to go thither. I do not kn  
that I meet in any of my walks, objects which mo  
both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as the  
young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, a  
all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who r  
early for no other purpose but to publish their la  
ness. One would think these young virtuosos ta  
a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-  
coloured gown, to be the ensigns of dignity; for t  
vain things approach each other with an air, whi  
shows they regard one another for their vestmen  
I have observed, that the superiority among the  
proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashio  
The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presid  
so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed  
every opera this last winter, and is supposed to  
ceive favours from one of the actresses.



When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their dishabille with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination: which is the cause that there is no impetuosity or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word neighbourhood.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. Eubulus presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expense; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend, to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can show him is, to let him see that you are a better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In the private exigencies of his friends, he lends a legal value considerable sums which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

Eubulus has so great an authority in his little journal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect when Eubulus seems to intimate that things go well. Nay, their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner set down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is Eubulus as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of Tom the Tyrant;\* who, as the first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.—R.

\* The waiter of that coffee-house, frequently nicknamed Sir Thomas.

WHEN the (about a twelve rabble, and for being wonder thing that is n departure, em ries of their their manners the remarks w next to the for I should be des conceived of u

The upholst about these hi a little bundle written by kin as he supposes papers are no of very odd ob ternity of king Great Britain, short specimen haps communi article of Lou without doubt

"On the me a huge house, tion of which O Koam, kin made by the h consecrated.

Nations believ and produced moon. But st tion that I cou that this prod

it now bears which they ha It was probab grew upon the the country (a figure) bored a industry, till t tiful vaults an this day. As

scooped to the must have bee it, which is not and is in sev stand like the the top with g when this gre been many hu

gion among t of a temple, signed for mer there are seve the natives of some sort of w day as sacred holy houses o circumstance was indeed a the rest, and s deal of vehem him, instead of the place, they

APRIL 30, 1711.

o talibus animos  
prole parentem.

VIAN. ÆN. l. 78.

shall be ever thine,  
beautecus line.

It, like a sprightly wife,  
I did not think my  
ternity would have oc-  
curred since I had promised  
as they think they can-  
on for my person, they  
answer. As to the pro-  
myself and the match-  
objection to it; which  
expect to be acquainted  
of keeping a woman's  
ve so much choice? I  
because the lady seems  
a of their make.  
art upon her; and think  
ress for an epigram a-  
ought, against her; it  
nd her to me. At the  
cover that his malice is

si non videare,  
videare, places  
soft hand I hung,  
men in thy tongue,  
that anguish I endur'd!  
d, I was cur'd.

ve received, as a signal  
rotherly affection. We  
your short face in Ox-  
of our legislature has  
speculations, and our  
sort by you recorded to  
ves in gratitude bound to  
pect, all such persons as  
you shall think fit, from  
unto the board. As for  
an easy chair prepared  
le: which we doubt not  
very hideous aspect, and  
at in the native and un-  
person, than with all  
ncil, which (as you have  
vanish with a breath,  
er may deface the shrine  
the literal sense of our  
his balmy kisses, and de-  
short, the only faces of  
ndure the weather, must  
though his, in truth, has  
ing; but then he boasts  
pingo; and oft jocosely  
they acquire colours that  
must no longer paint, but  
a maxim that in this our  
no ill success; and has  
fects, as the famous cos-  
ostman, and invented by  
ocrates of the pestle and  
after a due course, rosy,  
t and most approved re-  
ever of the spirits. But  
lidate, who, I understand,  
will no longer hang out  
first of her sex that has  
r, she will certainly in a  
rose and verse, be a lady  
formity now living, and

meet with many admirers here as frightful  
self. But being a long-headed gentlewoman  
apt to imagine she has some farther design I  
have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more  
the Spectator than any of his fraternity, as  
son of all the world she could like for a pa-  
And if so, really I cannot but applaud her  
and should be glad, if it might lie in my p-  
effect an amicable accommodation betwixt t  
of such different extremes, as the only poss-  
pedient to mend the breed, and rectify the  
nomy of the family on both sides. And a  
she is a lady of a very fluent elocution, y  
not fear that your child will be born dumb  
otherwise you might have some reason to b-  
hensive of. To be plain with you, I can see  
shocking in it; for though she has not a fa-  
john-apple, yet as a late friend of mine,  
sixty-five ventured on a lass of fifteen, y  
quently in the remaining five years of his  
me to understand, that as old as he then  
when they were first married he and his spo-  
make but fourscore; so may Madam Hecat  
justly allege hereafter, that as long-visage  
may then be thought, upon their wedding  
Spectator and she had but half an ell of  
twixt them; and this my worthy predecessor  
Serjeant Chin, always maintained to be  
than the true oval proportion between man  
But as this may be a new thing to you,  
hitherto had no expectations from women  
allow you what time you think fit to consid-  
not without some hope of seeing at last your  
hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is s  
much desired by.

" Sir, your assured friend,

" And most humble, s

" HUGH GOBLIN,

The following letter has not much in it,  
is written in my own praise, I cannot from  
suppress it.

" Sir,

" You proposed, in your Spectator of last  
Mr. Hobbs's hypothesis for solving that  
phenomenon of laughter. You have mai-  
pothesis valuable by espousing it yourself  
it continued Mr. Hobbs's, nobody would ha-  
it. Now here this perplexed case arises.  
company laughed very heartily upon the  
that very paper of yours; and the truth o  
must be a man of more than ordinary  
that could stand out against so much co-  
not do as we did. Now there are few in  
world so far lost to all good sense, as to  
you to be a man in a state of folly ' infer-  
self.'—Pray then how do you justify your  
sis of laughter?

" Your most humble,

" Thursday, the 26th of the month of fools

" Sir,

In answer to your letter, I must desire  
collect yourself; and you will find, that  
did me the honour to be so merry over my  
laughed at the idiot, the German courtier,  
the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the  
butt, and not at

" Your humble se

" THE SP

R

No. 53.] TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

—Alquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

HOM. ARS. POET. VER. 359.

Homer himself hath been observed to nod.

ROSCOMMON.

My correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of Daphne over her sister Lætitia has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I was present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is their true merit. Epictetus, that plain honest philosopher, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have understood them as well as the polite St. Evremont, and has hit this point very luckily. 'When young women,' says he, 'arrive at a certain age, they hear themselves called Mistresses, and are made to believe that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and to place all their hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore,' continues he, 'worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion.'

"Now to pursue the matter yet farther, and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method like those applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude, therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"R. B."

"SIR,

April 26th.

"Yours of Saturday last I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribands and brocades, and to see many new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex: and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

"But, Sir, there are others yet, that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit them-

selves to you can ladies and nour and vation no nished, the good man berties yo people sh best-bred do not. of good u

"Sir,

No an scription world.

"Mr

"I am have been that my s great a d keeping t bear the l of behavi this as a v find, that say, exen spleen. N tavern kit and only b and wastin throw off t dishonours great and these fellow they cannot mouths, or out the int this with a wholly quit with the v

"SIR,

"This is formed Sta practice fro But as you ofus men a parently pa unobserved attract our looking at t into a few bloom of yo I had not ro kept my ey till one of t to bring do self. You with her ha tually in actually the the congreg to behave t so placed h She display which heav delicate and It was not i object. I c fan, which b

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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2, 1711.

Ep. xi. 28.

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Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peri-  
patetics, because we see them continually walking  
about. But I would have these gentlemen consider,  
that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much,  
yet they wrote much also; witness to the sorrow of  
this sect, Aristotle and others: whereas it is noto-  
rious that most of our professors never lay out a far-  
thing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for  
deriving them from Diogenes, because several of the  
leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical  
humour in them, and delight much in sunshine.  
But then, again, Diogenes was content to have his  
constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our phi-  
losophers are so far from being of his opinion, that  
it is death to them to be confined within the limits  
of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half  
an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness  
of their heads deduce the pedigree of loungers from  
that great man (I think it was either Plato or So-  
crates) who, after all his study and learning, pro-  
fessed, that all he then knew was, that he knew  
nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argu-  
ment, and may be soon confuted.

"I have with great pains and industry made my  
observations from time to time upon these sages;  
and having now all materials ready, am compiling a  
treatise, wherein I shall set forth the rise and pro-  
gress of this famous sect, together with their maxims,  
austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed  
with a friend who designs shortly to publish a new  
edition of Diogenes Laertius, to add this treatise of  
mine by way of supplement, I shall now, to let the  
world see what may be expected from me (first beg-  
ging Mr. Spectator's leave that the world may see  
it,) briefly touch upon some of my chief observations,  
and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In  
the first place I shall give you two or three of their  
maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their  
whole system is built, is this, viz. 'That Time being  
an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of, all things,  
ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed  
and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that  
can be invented.' Another favourite saying of theirs  
is, 'That business was designed only for knaves,  
and study for blockheads.' A third seemed to be a  
ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives;  
and is this, 'That the devil is at home.' Now for  
their manner of living: and here I shall have a  
large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve parti-  
culars for my intended discourse, and now only men-  
tion one or two of their principal exercises. The  
elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting  
*mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with  
all the signs and windows in the town. Some are  
arrived at so great knowledge, that they can tell  
every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any  
old woman's cat is in the straw, and a thousand  
other matters as important. One ancient philoso-  
pher contemplates two or three hours every day over  
a sun-dial! and is true to the dial,

—As the dial to the sun,

Although it be not shone upon.

Our younger students are content to carry their spe-  
culations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, bil-  
liard-tables, and such-like places. This may serve  
for a sketch of my design; in which I hope I shall  
have your encouragement.

"I am, Sir, yours."

I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly  
seen of this sect at our other university; though no  
distinguished by the appellation which the learned  
historian my correspondent reports they bear a

Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any farther than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes head-aches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with a heaviness in removing to another.

The loungers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expense of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a very tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the loungers leave an academic life, and, instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join in a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes. I do not know any other method, that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall inquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being loungers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen a university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.—R.

#### No. 55.] THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

——*Intus et in Jecore ugro*  
Nascuntur Domini. — *PERS. SAT. v. 129.*

Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into luxury, and the latter into avarice. As these two principles of action draw different ways, Persius has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed in order to be sent upon a long voyage by Avarice, and afterward over-persuaded and kept at home by Luxury. I shall set down the pleadings of these two imaginary persons as they are in the original, with Mr. Dryden's translation of them:

*Mene, piper, stertis: surge, inquit Avaritia, eja*  
*Surge. Negas: instat: surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge.*  
*Et quid agas? Rogitas? sperdas advehe ponto,*  
*Castoreum, stuppas, hebenum, thus, lubrica Coa.*  
*Tolle recens prius piper: sitiente camelo.*  
*Verie aliquid: jura. Sed Jupiter audiet. Eheu!*

SPECTATOR.—Nos. 9 & 10.

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\* See Boileau's happy.

No. 56.] FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711.

Felix erroris auctor — LUCAN, l. 454.

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THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay, even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited by the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of Plato's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many Aristotelians have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their substantial forms. I shall only instance Albertus Magnus, who, in his dissertation upon the loadstone, observing that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst a heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the substantial form, that is, in our West Indian phrase, the soul of the loadstone.

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or, as we call it here, to the other world: and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, to inquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was Marraton, after having travelled for a long space under a hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or pathway that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take a huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briars and brambles with the same ease as through

the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it enclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions on flesh and blood. With this thought, he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much farther, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and give place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those ragged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it enclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about a hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of a hare, which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young prince Nicharagua, who died about half a year before, and, by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a quoit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of departed utensils, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country; but he quickly found, that though they were the objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like Marraton and Yaratilda. Marraton had not stood long by the fisherman when he saw the shadow of his beloved Yaratilda, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice, called him over to her; and

at the same time, she was impatiently made up of that rose. Yaratilda, tears, which looked upon long, before him: a phantom of he arose of tilda flew himself down from his dearments bower which that could. She had every day ton stood her habit came from she was pr well know faithful de him to th at an end. him, who her in the breed up to such a m meet toget

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On the opportunity



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that caution and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love or to their hatred; and whether a whig or a tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember, when Dr. Titus Oates\* was in all his glory, I accompanied my friend Will Honeycomb in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing with my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor? It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend Will, who loves raillery, told her, that if he was in Mr. Truelove's place (for that was the name of her husband), he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever Othello was. "I am afraid," said she, "Mr. Honeycomb, you are a tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor, or not?" Will, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her, that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, "Well," says she, "I will be hanged if you and your silent friend there are not against the doctor in your hearts; I suspected as much by his saying nothing." Upon this she took her fan in her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.—C.

No. 58.] MONDAY, MAY 7, 1711.

Ut pictura, poesis erit.—Hos. Ars. Poet. ver. 361.

Poems like pictures are.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it, and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope, therefore, I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, if I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on "the sublime," in a low grovelling style. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very

an odious  
a party;

\* Though the name of Dr. T. Oates is made use of here, Dr. Sacheverel is the person alluded to.



much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find by my bookseller, that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for which reason I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater cheerfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not show himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the *Iliad* itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an axe, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a scholar's egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or, in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The pair of wings consists of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The axe, methinks, would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the posy of an axe which was consecrated to Minerva, and was thought to have been the same that Epeus made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the posy was written originally upon the axe, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the posy still remains in its original shape, though the axe itself is lost.

The shepherd's pipe may be said to be full of

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The altar the son of believe that ancient the ascribed: a fine a writer of any

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Mr. Dryden one of the which an does not above-men

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l exactly fit it. good hint, that readers will ap- particular: and very little time puff-boxes, and therefore con- ose admirable ndaric writers, his kind of wit ed better than es and dimen-

8, 1711.

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e of these false e shall give the hem, that flou- world. The first atists or letter- an exception, ular letter in ce into a whole eat master in an Odyssey or eses, consisting tirely banished ich was called ause there was as inscribed , the poet ex- letters in their other, that he

have seen this e much as an- ing his escape lects, when he syllable. For he whole lan- th a flaw in it, rong letter. I t if the work I tant, the Ody- ty, would have pedants, than perpetual fund s and phrases, urd spellings, o question but ne of the most e.

that ingenious distinguish by ak a letter, but

a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When Cæsar was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word Cæsar signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by Cæsar, because it was no lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. Cicero, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch (which is *Cicer* in Latin,) instead of Marcus Tullius Cicero, ordered the words Marcus Tullius with the figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or his family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitor had often reproached him with both. In the same manner, we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason it is thought that the forelock of the horse, in the antique equestrian statue of Marcus Aurelius, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary who, in all probability was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason as the ancients above-mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. Newberry, as I find it mentioned by our learned Camden in his remains. Mr. Newberry, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a golden N hung upon the bough of the tree, which by the help of a little false spelling made up the word N-ew-berry.

I shall conclude this topic with a rebus, which has been lately hewn out in freestone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim House, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device, in a noble pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer it would be in Ovid, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned Erasmus, though a man of wit and genius, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of the learned languages. Hudibras, in ridicule of this false kind of wit, has described Bruin bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does in

only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes :

He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as  
Stout Hercules for loss of Hylas:  
Forcing the valleys to repeat  
The accents of his sad regret.  
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,  
For loss of his dear crony bear,  
That Echo from the hollow ground,  
His doleful wailings did resound  
More wistfully by many times,  
Than in small poet's splay-foot rhymes,  
That make her, in their rueful stories,  
To answer to interrogatories,  
And most unconscionably depose  
Things of which she nothing knows;  
And when she has said all she can say,  
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.  
Quoth he, O whither, wicked Bruin,  
Art thou fled to my—Echo, "ruin?"  
I thought th' had'st scorn'd to budge a step  
For fear. (Quoth Echo) "Marry guen."  
Am I not here to take thy part?  
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?  
Have these bones rattl'd, and this head  
So often in thy quarrel bled?  
Ner did I ever wince or grudge it,  
For thy dear sake, (Quoth she) "Mum budget.  
Thinks't thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish.  
Thou turn'dst thy back? (Quoth Echo) "Fish."  
To run from those th' hadst overcome  
Thus cowardly? (Quoth Echo) "Mum."  
But what a vengeance makes thee fly  
From me too as thine enemy?  
Or if thou hast no thought of me,  
Nor what I have endur'd for thee;  
Yet shame and honour might prevail  
To keep thee thus from turning tail:  
For who would grudge to spend his blood in  
His honour's cause? (Quoth she) "A pudding."

C.

No. 60.] WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

*Hec est quod palles? Carquis non prandeat, hec est?*  
PERR. Sat. iii. 65.

Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,  
And sacrifice your dinner to your books?

SEVERAL kinds of false wit that vanished in the  
refined ages of the world, discovered themselves  
again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little  
learning which was then extant, and had their  
whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is  
no wonder that several of them, who wanted ge-  
nius for higher performances, employed many hours  
in the composition of such tricks in writing as re-  
quired much time and little capacity. I have seen  
half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one  
of the beaux esprits of that dark age; who says in  
his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing  
but the sweets of rhyme to make it the most perfect  
work in its kind. I have likewise seen a hymn in  
hexameters to the Virgin Mary, which filled a  
whole book, though it consisted but of the eight  
following words :

*Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, celo.*

Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in  
heaven.

The poet rung the changes upon these eight seve-  
ral words, and by that means made his verses al-  
most as numerous as the virtues and the stars which  
they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who  
had so much time upon their hands did not only re-  
store all the antiquated pieces of false wit, but en-  
rich the world with inventions of their own. It  
was to this age that we owe the production of ana-  
grams, which is nothing else but a transmutation

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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poem entitled, *La Defaite des Bouts-Rimés*, The Rout of the Bouts-Rimés.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable Hudibras, do it more on account of those doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,  
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;

and

There was an ancient sage philosopher  
Who had read Alexander Ross over;

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.—C.

No. 61.] THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Non equidem studeo bullatis ut mihi nugis  
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.

PRAS. SAT. v. 19.

'Tis not indeed my talent to engage  
In lofty trifles, or to swell my page  
With wind and noise.—DAYDEN.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of punning. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

Aristotle, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls paragrams, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the greatest authors in the Greek tongue. Cicero has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished was in the reign of King James the First. That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalised themselves by a clinch or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had been before admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop Andrews, and the tragedies of Shakspeare, are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see a hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false

the writers of rhetoric have treated of with very great respect, and divided the kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned the figures of speech, and recommended as such in discourse. I remember a countryman of my acquaintance told me once, that he was in company with a gentleman whom he thought to be the greatest paragrammatist of the moderns. Upon inquiry, I found my friend had dined that day with Mr. Swan, a great punster; and desiring him to give me some of Mr. Swan's conversation, he told me he generally talked in the *Paranomasia*, sometimes gave into the *Plocé*, but that in his opinion he shined most in the *Antanaclassis*. I do not here omit, that a famous university of France was formerly very much infested with puns; and that no this might not arise from the fens in which it was situated, and which are called, I must leave to the determination of the naturalists.

In this short history of punning, one would think it should be so entirely banished out of the world as it is at present, especially since it has no place in the writings of the most delicate authors. To account for this, we consider that the first race of authors, who were heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules of criticism; and for that reason, though later writers in greatness of genius, they differed from them in accuracy and correctness. They cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their defects. When the world was furnished with authors of the first eminence, there grew up a set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the arguments of these secondary authors to disguise several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to represent them as more or less perfect according to the rules founded in truth. It is no wonder, that even such authors as Isocrates, Plato, and Aristotle, should have such little blemishes as are met with in authors of a much inferior character. I have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there is any separation made between puns and the writings of the ancient authors, except Quintilian and Longinus. But when this distinction was made, it was very natural for all men of sense to reject it. As for the revival of this false wit, it was about the time of the revival of letters; soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time it was a question, but as it has sunk in one age, it will again recover itself in another period of time, as pedantry and ignorance prevail upon wit and sense. And, in the truth, I do very much apprehend, by the last winter's productions, which had the admiration of admirers, that our posterity will in a little time degenerate into a race of punsters: at least it may be very excusable for any apprehension of this kind, that has seen acrostics about the town with great secrecy and mystery, to which I must also add a little epigram on the 'Witches' Prayer, that fell into verse and was read either backward or forward, exactly as that it cursed one way and blessed another.

When one sees there are actually such persons among our British wits, who can tell you the end in? If we must lash one another,

let it be with the manly style, for I am of the old philosophy, and must suffer from one or the other. It should be from the paw of an ass. I do not speak of a party. There is a most modest side. I have seen torments, anagrams, and do not quarrel with them, because they are whigs or tories, anagrams and acrostics.

But to return to punning. The history of a pun, from its origin, I shall here define it to be the use of two words that agree in the sense. The only way of wit, is to translate it. If it bears the test, you may say it vanishes in the expression it to have been a pun. A pun is as the countryman says, that it is "*vox et præterea*" nothing but a sound." It represents true wit by the tenet makes of a fine woman she is beautiful, when she is foolish; or, as Mercerus has ironically, "*Induitur, formæ est.*"\*

## No. 62.] FRIDAY.

Scribendi recte sapere.

Sound judgment is the

MR. LOCKE has an advantage in the difference of wit and judgment, and he has the pleasure to shew the reason of the difference of the talents of the same person. And hence, perhaps, the reason of that common observation, that some men have a great deal of wit, but not always the clearest judgment. For wit lying most in the putting those together, wherein can be found an analogy, thereby to make up pleasurable visions in the fancy; judgment lies quite on the other side, and is one from another ideas, without the least difference, thereby to maintain a multitude, and by affinity to connect them together. This is a way of wit, to metaphor and allusion, which part, lies that entertainment which strikes so lively on the imagination, so acceptable to all people.

This is, I think, the reason, on account that I have ever observed, though not always with exactness and congruity of ideas, I shall only add to it, that every resemblance of ideas is wit, unless it be such a surprise to the reader. It is essential to wit, more particularly in order, therefore, that to be wit, it is necessary that it be too near one another to be distinguished where the likeness is obvious.

\* Dressed she is beautiful.

another, or by that of us by those ess, besides farther conce capable of when a poet te as snow, en he adds, vs into wit.

For this who endea- conceptions surprising, can be called h this short ecies of wit, nas, mottoes, ic writings, on. There mote soever e foregoing ill be found

resemblance y consists in es of single ograms, and echoes and as in puns sentences or s, or altars : ar, as to as- to look upon resemble the

nce of ideas, s, according ther kind of nce of ideas, s, which for

This kind more than Mr. Waller ryden is very ch above it. n. The Ita- of it. Mon- the ancient

corn. If we ters, we shall ists. There tle poem as- ell as many ern compos- ters, we find etius, or Ca- at deal of it lartial.

mixed wit, I met with in on of love in ble fire; for are made use efore have eaning of the f witticisms. is mistress's of producing glasses made live in the

greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by love's flame. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbeck. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree, in which he had cut his loves, he observed that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an *Ætna*, that instead of Vulcan's shop, encloses Cupid's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures), should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears and burnt in love, like a shipset on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixed wit therefore is a composition of pure and true wit, and is more or less perfect as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit is epigram, or those little occasional poems that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of mixed wit, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed, all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject that I should take notice of Mr. Dryden's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly definition of wit as of good writing in general. What as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thought adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that Euclid was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall not appeal to my reader if this definition agrees with an notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. Dryden was not only a better poet, but a greater wit, than Mr. Cowley; and Virgil a much more facetious man than either Ovid or Martial.

Bouhours, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of a



h; and that no thought can be valuable, good sense is not the ground-work. Boiadeavoured to inculcate the same notion parts of his writings, both in prose and is is that natural way of writing, that mplicity, which we so much admire in the is of the ancients; and which nobody om, but those who want strength of geake a thought shine in its own natural Poets who want this strength of genius t majestic simplicity to nature, which we dmire in the works of the ancients, are unt after foreign ornaments, and not to ee of wit of what kind soever escape ok upon these writers as Goths in poetry, hose in architecture, not being able to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks s, have endeavoured to supply its place e extravagancies of an irregular fancy. a makes a very handsome observation on ing a letter from Dido to Æneas, in the rds: "Ovid," says he, speaking of Vir-of Dido and Æneas, "takes it up after in the same age, and makes an ancient Virgil's new-created Dido; dictates a er just before her death to the ungrateful nd very unluckily for himself, is for a sword with a man so much superior in im on the same subject. I think I may of this, because I have translated both. s author of the Art of Love has nothing ; he borrows all from a greater master profession, and, which is worse, improves hich he finds. Nature fails him, and, ed to his old shift, he has recourse to wit-his passes indeed with his soft admirers, him the preference to Virgil in their

not supported by so great an authority Mr. Dryden, I should not venture to obthe taste of most of our English poets, readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Segrais, for a threefold distinction of the poetry; in the first of which he comprehensible of readers, whom he does not treat rith regard to their quality, but to their nd the coarseness of their taste. His as follow: "Segrais has distinguished the 'poetry, according to their capacity of to three classes." [He might have said f writers too, if he had pleased.] "In the a he places those whom he calls Les Petits uch things as are our upper-gallery audilayhouse; who like nothing but the husk f wit, and prefer a quibble, a conceit, an efore solid sense and elegant expression. mob readers. If Virgil and Martial stood nent-men, we know already who would But though they made the greatest apthe field, and cried the loudest, the best y are but a sort of French huguenots, or rs, brought over in herds, but not natuho have not lands of two pounds per anrnassus, and therefore are not privileged The authors are of the same level, fit nt them on a mountebank's stage, or ers of the ceremonies in a bear-garden; re they who have the most admirers. But ppeus, to their mortification, that as their prove their stock of sense (as they may

is used here as signifying to vote; but in prohi, the poll only ascertains the majority of votes.

by reading better books (men of judgment), they

I must not dismiss this that as Mr. Locke in th has discovered the mos there is another of a d which does likewise br kinds. For not only t position of ideas, does v could shew in several lit theses, that I may pos future speculation.—C.

## No. 63.] SATUR

Humano capiti cervicem  
Jungere si velit, et vari  
Undique collatis membris  
Desinat in pacem multum  
Spectatum admitti risu  
Credite, Placones, isti te  
Persimilem, culus, vel  
Fingentur species.—H  
If in a picture, Piso, y  
A handsome woman w  
Or a man's head upon  
Or limbs of beasts, of th  
Cover'd with feathers d  
Wou'd you not laugh, s  
Trust me that book is  
Whose incoherent styl  
Varies all shapes, and

It is very hard for t from a subject on which The thoughts will be risi to time, though we give the tossings and fluctuat ral hours after the winds

It is to this that I imp or vision, which formed the several schemes of w true, that have been the

Methought I was tran was filled with prodigies by the goddess of Falseh of False Wit. There w woods, and the rivers, th ral of the trees blossom produced bone-lace, an stones. The fountains b and were filled with stag that lived among the wa dolphins and several ki banks, or took their past birds had many of the voices. The flowers perf incense, ambergrease, an interwoven with one an pieces of embroidery. T sighs and messages of walking to and fro in th could not forbear breaki the several wonders whic my great surprise, I fo echoes in every walk tha words which I spoke, agre me, in every thing I said versation with these invi vered in the centre of a v fabric built after the ge with innumerable device sculpture. I immediat it to be a kind of heath

• Fulvius

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my brain,

I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far, before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and, as I afterward found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and in the midst of it a person of a most beautiful aspect; her name was Truth. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand. His name was Wit. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of False Wit with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the regions of Falsehood to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neutrals, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region which I have before described, were inhabited by a species of Mixed Wit, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. There were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning-glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banner of Truth, and the other behind those of Falsehood.

The goddess of Falsehood was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from Truth began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space, she looked rather like a huge phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of Truth approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess: and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathised with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sank the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself, as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region a prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of Wit and Truth: for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong compact body of figures. The genius of Heroic Poetry appeared with a sword



, and a laurel on her head. Tragedy was clothed in cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. Satire had smiles in her look, and a dagger in her garment. Rhetoric was known by her mask; and Comedy by her mask. After her figures, Epigram marched up in the van, and had been posted there at the beginning of the procession, that he might not revolt to the honour he was suspected to favour in his country. He was very much awed and delighted with the presence of the god of Wit; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as to strike at once with love and terror. As I was talking to my unspeakable joy he took an arrow from his shoulder, in order to make a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a wall, by that means awaked.

64.] MONDAY, MAY 14, 1711.

*—Hic virtutis ambitiosa  
aspertae ommes—* Juv. Sat. iii. 183.  
The face of wealth in poverty we wear.

First improper things we commit in the course of our lives, we are led into by the force of custom. Instances might be given, in which a precept makes us act against the rules of nature, and common sense; but at present I shall only consider to the effect it has upon us, by looking into our behaviour when it is obliged to go into mourning. The custom of wearing the grief we have for the loss of the deceased habits, certainly had its rise from the want of such as were too much distressed to give proper care they ought of their dress. By that prevailed, that such as had this inward sorrow upon their minds, made an apology for going with the rest of the world in their ordinary dress by a dress suited to their condition. Therefore, was at first assumed by such only as were in real distress; to whom it was a relief to have nothing about them so light and gay as was otherwise. It was so like the gloom and melancholy of sad reflections, or that might misrepresent others. In process of time this laudable custom of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning grew by heirs and widows. You see nothing of the confidence and solemnity in the equipage of the prince, and an air of release from servitude in the dress of a son who has lost a wealthy father. Mourning of sorrow is now become a generous ceremony between princes and sovereigns; in the language of all nations, are common to each other, and put on the purple at the death of any potentate with whom they live. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves to be immediately seized with grief from head to foot in this disaster to their prince; so that one may see by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher, that he is of friendship any deceased monarch who is dead with the court to which he belongs. A courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on such occasions. He deals much in whispers, and may see he dresses according to the best of his power.

General affection among men, of appearing as they are, makes the whole world run in the habit of the court. You see the lady, who before was as various as a rainbow, upon

the time appointed for her mourning, as a cloud. This humour is in those whose fortunes can afford them an equipage, nor on those who have the wantonness of new clothes, also who have just enough of acquaintance of mine, who has naturally the vanity of new clothes deep at his heart, is very mortal to the mortality of princes.

Upon the death of the late king, for the King of Portugal, the king's chamber while it is so close, is a good economist in his dress, only a fresh black button, any potentate of small rank, his crape hatband for a mourning, is admired in the Gazette, may be made on these occasions are the mercers, silkmen. A prince of a merciful heart, reflect with great anxiety on death, if he considered reduced to misery by that death, think it of moment enough to the satisfaction of his departure might be restrained to the prince to whom it should think a general mourning, the same ceremony which is the custom, of killing their slaves of their kings.

I had been wonderful together, to guess at the time it came now and then to end a newspaper with see all the foreign princes you asked, "Pray, Sir, Vienna?" He answered, "German princes are all from Barcelona?"—"The country agrees very After very much inquiry, universal loyalty was a war, ribands. His way is, if or workman, to have it all this shall be well and no foreign potentate shall time above mentioned, mournings that the manner our habits, are during the sent want, or terrified with All the atonement which expenses (which is a burden under which others labour of the wealthy give support; but instead of the affection of being ing, all order seems to true honour which one occasion, loses its force foreign minister behold flourishes in riches and loss of his master, all confidence, though the he will conceive a great to his master, than when people in the same habit ask the wife of a tradesman family; and after some know whom she mourns hear her explain herself

and princely mourners are clad in purple.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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15, 1711.

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was Beau Hewit,  
in Hertfordshire,  
esented in Bellair.

a pretty phrase of "How now, Double Triple?"  
Upon the mention of a country-gentlewoman, whom  
he knows nothing of (no one can imagine why),  
"he will lay his life she is some awkward ill-fa-  
shioned country toad, who, not having above four  
dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her bald-  
ness with a large white furz, that she may look  
sparkishly in the fore-front of the king's box at an  
old play." Unnatural mixture of senseless com-  
mon-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his  
poor footman, "If he did not wait better," he  
would turn him away—in the insolent phrase of  
"I'll uncase you."

Now for Mrs. Harriet. She laughs at obedience  
to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy de-  
scribes to be very exquisite, for, "that she is s-  
pleased with finding Harriet again, that she can-  
not chide her for being out of the way." This witty  
daughter and fine lady has so little respect for this  
good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking  
leave, and cries, "In what struggle is my poor  
mother yonder! See, see, her head tottering, her  
eyes staring, and her under-lip trembling." But all  
this is atoned for, because "she has more wit than  
is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she  
is as wild as you could wish her, and has a demur-  
ness in her looks that makes it so surprising."  
Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his her-  
the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage  
very ingenuously: I think," says she, "I might  
be brought to endure him, and that is all a reason-  
able woman should expect in a husband." It is no  
thinks unnatural, that we are not made to unde-  
stand, how she that was bred under a silly pious  
mother, that would never trust her out of her sight  
came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the negligence  
every thing which engages the attention of the  
ber and valuable part of mankind, appears ve-  
well drawn in this piece. But it is denied, that  
is necessary to the character of a fine gentleman  
that he should in that manner trample upon all o-  
der and decency. As for the character of Dor-  
mant, it is more of a coxcomb than that of Poplin.  
He says of one of his companions, that a good ex-  
respondence between them is their mutual intere-  
Speaking of that friend, he declares, their be-  
much together "makes the women think the bett-  
of his understanding, and judge more favourably  
my reputation. It makes him pass upon some  
a man of very good sense, and me upon others  
a very civil person."

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect con-  
diction to good manners, good sense, and comm-  
honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what  
built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, ac-  
ding to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take  
the shoemaker\* to be in reality the fine gentle-  
man of the play: for it seems he is an atheist, if  
may depend upon his character as given by  
orange-woman, who is herself far from being  
lowest in the play. She says of a fine man  
is Dorimant's companion, there "is not such a  
ther heathen in the town, except the shoemaker."  
His pretension to be the hero of the drama, appe-  
still more in his own description of his way of liv-  
with his lady. "There is," says he, "never a man  
in town lives more like a gentleman with his v-

\* He also was a real person, and got vast employment  
the representation of him in this play.

I never mind her motions; she never sto mine. We speak to one another as one another heartily; and because it is so and so together, we have each of us settled-bed." That of "soaking together," good as if Dorimant had spoken it himself, since he puts human nature in as much as the circumstance will bear, and is a believer, he is very much wronged in part of the good fortune bestowed in the

plain of this whole work, I think nothing lost to a sense of innocence and virtue, any one see this comedy, without observant occasion to move sorrow and in than mirth and laughter. At the same time it to be nature, but it is nature in its up tation and degeneracy.\*—R.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1711.

*si doceri gaudet Ionicos  
ara virgo, et fugitur artibus  
as nunc, et incestos amores  
De lenere meditatur ungui.*—*Ilex*. I Od. vi. 21.

old a ripe and melting maid  
ad prentice to the wanton trade:  
an artists, at a mighty price,  
ruct her in the mysteries of vice,  
at nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay:  
with an early hand they form the temper'd clay.  
Roscommon.

following letters are upon a subject of importance, though expressed without gravity.

"TO THE SPECTATOR.

the freedom of asking your advice in a young country kinswoman of mine who me to town, and under my care for her

She is very pretty, but you cannot imagine a creature it is. She comes to just as nature left her, half finished, and acquired improvements. When I look often think of the *Belle Sauvage* mention of your papers. Dear Mr. Spectator, make her comprehend the visible graces and the dumb eloquence of motion; for present a perfect stranger to both. She way to express herself but by her tongue, always to signify her meaning. Her eyes only to see with, and she is utterly a to the language of looks and glances. In you could help her better than any body. owed two months in teaching her to sigh not concerned, and to smile when she is, and am ashamed to own she makes little improvement. Then she is no more able k, than she was to go at a year old. By on will easily know I mean that regular motion which gives our persons so irreplace as if we moved to music, and is a engaged figure; or, if I may so speak, lancing. But the want of this I cannot r, for I find she has no ear, and means walking but to change her place. I on too her blushing, if she knew how to lf in it, and if it did not manifestly in-plexion.

did it be otherwise, when the author of this play is Etheridge, and the character of Dorimant that of Rochester?

"They tell me you are a judge of the world, and are a judge of what makes me ambitious of for her improvement: you have favoured me with, I shall be about the disposal of the matter, for I will make it no secret, and education are to be the

"Yo

"Sir,

"Being employed by you, I send to you her letter, in the case therein mentioned, because she and I have notions. I, who am a young girl is in a fair way to pray, Mr. Spectator, let this fine thing called fine it differs too much from breeding.

"Yo

The general mistake of our children is, that in of their persons and notions we are so intent on that we wholly neglect to that you shall see a young mired in all the assemblies, elder brother is afraid of this ill management it observe a man's life is his notice of; and a woman is out of fashion and not consider upon some other stick to the girl: and I this, because I have several to me, that my female room for some days last year be unconcerned in the p—When a girl is safe before she is capable of of any thing in life, she her dancing master; and neck, the pretty wild the gravity of behaviour, and of holding her head, heavy with her whole body; never having a husband moves away. This gives workings of imagination her and this husband, told of, and for whom Thus her fancy is engaged yours to the ornament of determine her good and naturally thinks, if she is enough, for any thing for her think she is designed able person is the main part that is all their cost, to and from this general for present numerous race of tions puzzle me, when I on the subject of management in the letter of sure there is a middle way nagement of a young lady

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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7, 1711.

SALLUST.

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and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been to such a place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French Dancing. There were several young men and women whose limbs seemed to have no other motion but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over, they began a diversion which they call country dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men, for the instruction of youth.

"Among the rest, I observed one which, I think, they call 'Hunt the Squirrel,' in which, while the woman flies, the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

"The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

"But as the best institutions are liable to corruption, so, Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called 'Setting,' which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of 'Back to Back.' At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called 'Moll Pately,' and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw farther above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure those enormities; wherefore, just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

"Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure, had you been with me, you would have seen matter of great speculation.

"I am, yours," &c.

I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those kissing dances in which Will Honeycomb assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am not able, however to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. Cowley's opinion, that so much of dancing, at least, as belongs to the behaviour and a handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterward; for this reason, a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of good breeding, gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excel-

emetician not able to determine whether stand or sit while my lord drank to him. proper business of a dancing-master to these matters; though I take it to be a just n, that unless you add something of your at these fine gentlemen teach you, and y are wholly ignorant of themselves, you sooner get the character of an affected well-bred man.

country dancing, it must indeed be cont the great familiarities between the two his occasion may sometimes produce very consequences; and I have often thought ladies' hearts are so obdurate as not to be the charms of music, the force of motion, and some young fellow, who is continually fore their eyes, and convincing them that perfect use of all his limbs.

his kind of dance is the particular inven- own country, and as every one is more or ficient in it, I would not discountenance it; suppose it may be practised innocently as well as myself, who am often partner to dy's eldest daughter.

## POSTSCRIPT.

I heard a good character of the collection which is to be exposed to sale on Friday and concluding from the following letter, that n who collected them is a man of no inele- I will be so much his friend as to publish the reader will only look upon it as the place of an advertisement:

*Three Chairs, in the Piazza, Covent Garden.*

May 16, 1711.

As you are a spectator, I think we who make it less to exhibit any thing to public view, supply ourselves to you for your approbation. travelled Europe to furnish out a show for have brought with me what has been ad- every country through which I passed. declared in many papers, that your great- its are those of the eye, which I do not I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as r beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine and graceful men, can please you, I dare on much satisfaction, if you will appear at on on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, al to a Spectator as a treat to another per- therefore I hope you will pardon this invi- m.

"Sir,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"J. GRAHAM."

[68.] FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1711.

*sed duo turba sumus*—Ovid, Met. l. 355.  
two are a multitude.

ould think that the larger the company is we are engaged, the greater variety of nd subjects would be started in discourse; d of this, we find that conversation is never trainted and confined as in numerous as-

When a multitude meet together on any f discourse, their debates are taken up th forms and general positions; nay, if we a more contracted assembly of men and e talk generally runs upon the weather, ews, and the like public topics. In pro- conversation gets into clubs and knots of descends into particulars, and grows more communicative: but the most open, in- tor.—Nos. 11 & 12.

structive, and unreserve passes between two pers- imate friends. On the loose to every passion at permost, discovers his n- sons and things, tries the sentiments, and expose- mination of his friend.

Tully was the first wh improves happiness an doubling of our joy, an thought in which he ha essayers upon friendship time. Sir Francis Bacon advantages, or, as he cal and, indeed, there is ne has been better handled this. Among the several spoken of it, I shall beg a very ancient author, wh by our modern wits as on of morality that is extan name of a Confucius, or philosopher: I mean the entitled *The Wisdom of*

finely has he described t an obliging and affable that precept, which a la- livered as his own, That wishers, but few friends multiply friends; and a crease kind greetings.

I vertheless have but one d With what prudence doe of our friends! And w (I could almost say of the behaviour of a trea friend! "If thou would first, and be not hasty to is a friend for his own e in the day of thy troubl who being turned to enn thy reproach." Again, nion at the table, and w of thy affliction: but in thyself, and will be bold be brought low he will himself from thy face."† and pointed than the fol thyself from thine enem friends." In the next of those fruits of friend length by the two famou and falls into a gener which is very just as w faithful friend is a strong found such a one hath doth countervail a faithf is invaluable. A faithf life; and they that fear Whoso feareth the Lord aright; for as he is, so s his friend) be also, "† met with any saying tha that of a friend's being press the efficacy of frie and anguish which natur in this world; and am w turn in the last sentenc as a blessing meet with as himself. There is a

• Ecclus. vi. 5, 6. † Ibid. vi.

much admired  
an old friend,  
a new friend  
hast drink it  
of allusion,  
the breaches  
so casteth a  
and he that  
ship. Though  
spair not, for  
If thou hast  
fear not, for  
for upbraid-  
a treacherous  
friend will de-  
several other  
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admired in the  
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To d. xxvii. 16.

## No. 69.] SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1711.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt felicius uvæ:  
Arbori factus alibi, atque infussa virescent  
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut Tmolus odores,  
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabæ?  
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus  
Castorea, Eliadum palmas Epirus equarum?  
Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis  
Imposuit natura locis. VIRG. Georg. l. 34.  
This ground with Bacchus, that with Ceres suits;  
That other loads the trees with happy fruits,  
A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:  
Thus Tmolus is with yellow saffron crown'd;  
India black ebon and white iv'ry bears;  
And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:  
Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;  
And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:  
Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds  
(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.  
This is th' original contract; these the laws  
Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause.—DRYDEN.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of *emporium* for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representatives. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremities of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London; or to see a subject of the Great Mogul entering into league with one of the Czar of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am jostled among a body of Armenians, sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody there but my friend Sir Andrew, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt who just knows me by sight, having formerly committed me some money to Grand Cairo; but as I am not versed in modern Coptic, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or, in other words, raising estates for their own families by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care

her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual inter-traffic among mankind, that the natives of all parts of the globe might have a kind of commerce upon one another, and be united by their common interest. Almost every nation has something peculiar to it. The food is different in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China tea is softened by the pith of an Indian cane. The tropic Islands give a flavour to our European. The single dress of a woman of quality is the product of a hundred climates, and the fan come together from different parts of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, the tippet from beneath the pole. The tunic rises out of the mines of Peru, the amethyst necklace out of the bowels of

consider our own country in its natural situation, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable land falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, no fruit grows originally among us, but haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with berries of the like nature; that our climate without the assistance of art, can make no advances towards a plum than to a sloe, an apple to no greater perfection than a melon, our peaches, our figs, our cherries, are strangers among us, indifferent ages, and naturalized in our Islands; and that they would all degenerate if they fell into the trash of our own country, if wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the decay of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic added to our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our gardens with the harvest of every climate.

are stored with spices, and oils, and our rooms are filled with pyramids of goods adorned with the workmanship of Jamorica's draught comes to us from the corners of the earth. We repair our bodies in America, and repose ourselves under the tropics. My friend, Sir Andrew, calls the gardens of France our gardens; the spice-islands are the Persians our silk-weavers, and the earthenware our potters. Nature, indeed, furnishes us with the necessaries of life, but traffic gives us the variety of what is useful, and at the same time enriches us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our commerce that whilst we enjoy the remotest provinces north and south, we are free from those extremes of weather which give them birth; that we are refreshed with the green fields of Britain at the same time that our palates are gratified with the fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members of the commonwealth than merchants. They are united together in a mutual intercourse of commerce, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnify the power of the great. Our English merchant converts his own country into gold, and exchanges his wool for rubies. The Mahometans are the British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of

often fauced one of our countrymen, where he is represented down upon the wealthy, which that place is every how would he be surprised of Europe spoken in the dominions, and to see so his time would have been a full baron, negotiating like of money than were formerly royal treasury! Trade, in the British territories, has given empire. It has multiplied made our landed estates more than they were formerly, the possession of other estates themselves.—C.

## No. 70.] MONDAY

Interdum vulgus rectus  
Sometimes the vulgar

WHEN I travelled, I took pleasure in hearing the songs and dances of the father to son, and are most common people of the country, for it is impossible that any man who has not been sally tasted and approved they are only the rabble of the country in it some peculiar aptness of mind of man. Human beings are reasonable creatures; and will meet with admirers of their qualities and conditions. Monsieur Boileau, used to tell me of an old woman who was his friend with him at her work by which she could foretell the success of any thing from the reception it met with from the audience always followed her, never failed to laugh in the face of the

I know nothing which is more perfect and inherent perfection than that which I call the wit, than this—that the first is the first, and the latter only the latter, themselves a wrong artificial authors and writers of the age, or Milton, so far as the wit is understood, will please a sense, who would neither the wit of an epigram of Martial, or a the contrary, an ordinary delight of the common people, all such readers as are not contented by their affectation, reason is plain—because the wit which recommends a reader will appear beautiful.

The old song of Chevy Chase, the old of the common people, Jonson used to say, he had more of it than of all his wit in his discourse of Poets, following words: "I never saw a man more moved than with a trumpet, some blind crowder with a style; which being so and cobweb of that untrimmed in the gorge of For my own part, I am

have been upon the 'Change, I have



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

my reader a  
apology for

aid it down as  
founded upon  
adapted to the  
poet writes.  
plans in this  
many govern-  
g themselves,  
as their com-  
them by their  
er,\* in order  
ch was so nee-  
them upon the  
who were en-  
siatic prince,  
enemy gained  
a we are now  
ns of the ba-  
nces, ran very  
hemselves, or  
unspeakable  
to deter men  
bes a bloody  
occasioned by  
amilies of an  
he designed  
we may learn  
the example  
n it a precept

d  
e

atest heroic  
and actions  
Virgil's hero  
a prince of  
Flaccus and  
be justly de-  
f the Golden  
subjects of

d out a hero  
ation of it by  
ne first who  
The Eng-  
battle; the  
ep the field  
h fifty-five :  
battle. But  
s kind is the  
and English  
of the great

the time Homer  
did not exist.  
Ecks and Asia-  
Herod. Lib. I.

ry-Chase, was  
England, and  
ability have  
7. of England,

Like tidings to King Henry came  
Within as short a space,\*  
That Percy of Northumberland  
Was slain in Chevy-chace.  
Now God be with him, said our king,  
Sith 'twill no better be,  
I trust I have within my realm  
Five hundred good as he.  
Yet shall not Scot or Scotland say,  
But I will vengeance take,  
And be revenged on them all  
For brave Lord Percy's sake.  
This vow full well the king perform'd  
After on Humble-down,  
In one day fifty knights were slain,  
With lords of great renown.  
And of the rest of small account  
Did many thousands die, &c.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people :—

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
Most like a baron bold,  
Rode foremost of the company,  
Whose armour shone like gold,

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in a single fight :—

Ere thus I will out-braved be,  
One of us two shall die:  
I know thee well, an earl thou art,  
Lord Percy, so am I.  
But trust me, Percy, pity it were  
And great offence to kill  
Any of these our harmless men,  
For they have done no ill.  
Let thou and I the battle try,  
And set our men aside;  
Accurst be he, Lord Percy said,  
By whom it is deny'd.

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls; and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall :—

With that there came an arrow keen  
Out of an English bow,  
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart  
A deep and deadly blow.  
Who never spoke more words than these,  
Fight on, my merry-men all,  
For why? my life is at an end,  
Lord Percy sees my fall.

Merry-men, in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death :—

Tum sic expirans, &c.—*Æn.* xi. 820.

A gathering mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes,  
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,  
Then turns to her, whom, of her female train,  
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain :

\* Impossible! for it was more than three times the distance.

" 'tis past! he swims before my sight,  
 Able death; and claims his right.  
 My last words to Turnus: fly with speed,  
 And him timely to my charge succeed:  
 The Trojans, and the town relieve:  
 Hell— " DRYDEN.

did not die in so heroic a manner, though  
 seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's  
 his last verse:—

And Percy sees my fall.

— Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas  
 sonni videre.—Æn. xii. 936.

Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.

DRYDEN.

Percy's lamentation over his enemy is gene-  
 ral, and passionate: I must only caution  
 not to let the simplicity of the style, which  
 will pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him  
 against the greatness of the thought:—

When leaving life, Earl Percy took  
 The dead man by the hand,  
 And said, Earl Douglas, for thy life  
 Would I had lost my land.

Christ! my very heart doth bleed  
 With sorrow for thy sake;  
 I sure a more renowned knight  
 Mischance did never take.

ful line, "Taking the dead man by the  
 hand," put the reader in mind of Æneas's beha-  
 viour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as  
 the rescue of his aged father:—

vultum vidit morientis, et ora,  
 Anchisiades pallentia miris;  
 miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.

Æn. x. 821.

since beheld young Lausus dead;  
 he wept, then grasp'd his hand, and said, &c.

DRYDEN.

take another opportunity to consider the  
 of this old song. C.

## [.] TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1711.

here jussit amor.—Ovid, Epist. iv. 10.

he bade me write.

re conquest of our passions is so difficult  
 that they who despair of it should think of a  
 task, and only attempt to regulate them.  
 is a third thing which may contribute not  
 ease, but also to the pleasure of our life;  
 refining our passions to a greater ele-  
 we receive them from nature. When  
 is Love, this work is performed in inno-  
 rude and uncultivated minds, by the  
 and dignity of the object. There are  
 naturally create respect in the behold-  
 mance inflame and chastise the imagina-  
 in impression as this gives an immediate  
 deserve, in order to please. This cause  
 re beautifully described by Mr. Dryden  
 of Cymon and Iphigenia. After he has  
 Cymon so stupid, that

hastled as he went, for want of thought;

him fall into the following scene, and  
 thence upon him so excellently, that it  
 natural as wonderful—

on a summer's holiday,  
 greenwood shade he took his way;  
 staff, which he could ne'er forsake,  
 stole, and half behind his back.  
 Jong, unknowing what he sought,  
 as he went for want of thought.

By chance conducted, or  
 The deep recesses of the grove  
 Where in a plain, defended  
 Crept through the matted grass  
 By which an alabaster fount  
 And on the margin of the font  
 (Attended by her slaves) a slave  
 Like Dian and her nymphs,  
 To rest by cool Eurotas they  
 The dame herself the goddess  
 Not more distinguish'd by her  
 Than by the charming features  
 And e'en in slumber a superior  
 Her comely limbs compos'd  
 Her body shaded with a light  
 Her bosom to the view was  
 The fanning wind upon her  
 To meet the fanning wind he  
 The fanning wind and purling

The fool of nature stood w  
 And gaping mouth, that test  
 Fix'd on her face, nor could  
 New as he was to love, and  
 Long mute he stood, and lea  
 His wonder witness'd with a  
 Then would have spoke, but  
 First found his want of word  
 Doubled for what he was he  
 By his clown-accents, and his

But lest this fine descrip-  
 against, as the creation  
 Dryden, and not an accou-  
 happened in the world, is  
 the epistle of an enamour-  
 to his mistress. Their as-  
 serted, because their pass-  
 spect than is due to their  
 in a great family, and  
 daughter of one as nume-  
 lover. James, before he  
 his strength, a rough w  
 cudgel-player; Betty a p  
 a romp at stool-ball: he  
 women, she playing am  
 country bully, she a cou  
 has made her constantly i  
 where the young lady gra  
 her own, by making Betty  
 is become a constant wait-  
 ment, in reading, as well  
 cannot learn who Molly is,  
 miles to carry the angry m  
 sion to what follows:

"MY DEAR BETTY,

"Remember your bleedin  
 at the wounds Cupid made  
 rowed at the eyes of Ve  
 person.

"Nay more, with the to  
 love and service offered to  
 was your base respects to  
 alas! there is no ill condit  
 trary; all love and purity  
 person; but all this I take

"But the sad and dis  
 brought me struck me to  
 seems, and is, your ill co  
 respects to you.

"For she told me, if I  
 you would not speak with  
 sure is a great grief to me.

"Now, my dear, if I may  
 sweet company, and to hav  
 ing with your sweet person  
 to accept of this my secret  
 hath so long lodged in m  
 do not accept, I believe  
 heart.

—Genus immortale manet, nullifortis per amos  
Stat fortuna domus, et avi numerantur averum.

Viseo. Georg. iv. 205.

The immortal line in sure succession reigns,  
The fortune of the family remains,  
And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains.

Days

above all the

ster's daugh-  
to marry her,  
t. Oh, dear  
who marry  
Oh, my dear  
here we used

the blessing of  
have the hap-  
a few lines  
in you please  
permit me, I  
y short, and  
failing lover  
MES —."

aper were so  
well of both.  
er (the style  
craps he had  
d not under-

as forgot all  
ne away his  
you appear  
in the most  
e of her. All  
ation, that I  
so manifest.  
But the cer-  
lly, that you  
omfort. She  
ave so much  
may kiss the  
I love you  
n, what you  
he most ex-  
lady and a  
to marry for  
ns, and hear  
for fashion-  
se they have  
I hear these  
le you stood  
e that we are  
a earth above  
as I love you,  
" JAMES."

ames means,  
ancy.—R.

as a servant to  
ring a parcel of  
which he had  
ts stead one of  
e blander, but  
y was the first  
ndulged his cu-  
ured footman.  
" No, James,"  
and this letter

y's " till condi-  
t, but the mar-  
nes Hirst, soon  
ried her sister,  
e, in the neigh-  
ster and suc-  
miles to carry  
ng letter.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs, both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to inquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account:

The Everlasting club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By this means a member of the Everlasting club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

This club was instituted towards the end (or as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the great fire,\* which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house (which was demolished in order to stop the fire); and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned in my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said, that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had under consideration whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nomine contradicente*.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manner and characters of its several members, which I shall

\* Anno, 1666.

ling to the best lights I have received in  
er.

ars by their books in general, that, since  
institution, they have smoked fifty tons of  
drunk thirty thousand butts of ale, one  
hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels  
y, and a kilderkin of small beer. There  
likewise a great consumption of cards. It  
id, that they observe the law in Ben Jon-  
b,\* which orders the fire to be always kept  
(*perennis esto*) as well for the convenience  
ag their pipes, as to cure the dampness of  
room. They have an old woman in the  
a vestal, whose business it is to cherish  
etuate the fire which burns from generation  
tion, and has seen the glass-house fires in  
above a hundred times.

verlasting club treats all other clubs with  
contempt, and talks even of the Kit-Cat  
ber as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordi-  
course (as much as I have been able to learn  
as altogether upon such adventures as have  
their own assembly; of members who have  
e glass in their turns for a week together,  
tiring out of the club; of others who have  
hundred pipes at a sitting; of others, who  
missed their morning's draught for twenty  
gether. Sometimes they speak in raptures  
of ale in King Charles's reign; and some-  
fect with astonishment upon games at whist,  
ave been miraculously recovered by members  
society, when in all human probability the  
desperate.

delight in several old catches, which they  
ll hours to encourage one another to moisten  
y, and grow immortal by drinking; with  
her edifying exhortations of the like nature.  
are four general clubs held in a year, at  
mes they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters,  
the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle  
tions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other  
ies.

enior member has outlived the whole club  
er, and has been drunk with the grandfathers  
of the present sitting members.—C.

### 73.] THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

—O Dea certe!—VING. ÆN. l. 322.

O Goddess! for no less you seem.

very strange to consider, that a creature  
n, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and  
tions, should be actuated by a love of fame:  
s and ignorance, imperfection and misery,  
ontend for praise, and endeavour as much  
ble to make themselves objects of admiration.  
otwithstanding man's essential perfection is  
little, his comparative perfection may be  
siderable. If he looks upon himself in an  
ed light, he has not much to boast of; but  
nsiders himself with regard to others, he  
d occasion of glorying, if not in his own  
at least in the absence of another's imper-  
fection.

This gives a different turn to the reflec-  
the wise man and the fool. The first en-  
s to shine in himself, and the last to outshine  
The first is humbled by a sense of his own  
es, the last is lifted up by the discovery of  
ich he observes in other men. The wise

man considers what he  
abounds in. The wise  
his own approbation, a  
mends himself to the ap

But however unreason-  
for admiration may ap-  
man, it is not wholly t  
often produces very good  
strains him from doing a  
contemptible, but as it p  
are great and glorious.  
fective or faulty, but t  
are so good, that, for  
ought not to be extingui

It is observed by Cice-  
and the most shining pas-  
ambition; and if we loo  
lieve we shall find this  
in women than in men.

The passion for praise  
in the fair sex, produces  
of sense, who desire to  
which deserves admirat-  
observe, without a comp  
of them do not only live  
of virtue, but with an  
their honour, than what  
our own sex. How m  
chastity, fidelity, devot-  
tinguish themselves by  
dren, care of their fam-  
bands,—which are the  
ments of woman-kind,  
carrying on of traffic, t  
are those by which men  
selves a name.

But as this passion fo  
according to reason, in  
our species in every thi  
thing is more destruct-  
verned by vanity and fo  
here to say, only regar  
whom for certain reas  
hereafter see at large,  
name of idols. An ido  
adorning of her person  
of her body, air of her f  
that it is her business  
adorers. For this rea  
public places and assem-  
to their worship. The  
filled with idols; severa  
cession every evening a  
them set up their worsh  
are to be accosted in  
Deity. Life and death  
heaven, and pains of  
paradise is in their arm  
ment that you are pre-  
transports, and ecstasi  
they confer: sighs and  
hearts, are the offering  
Their smiles make men  
them to despair. I sha  
that Ovid's book of t  
heathen ritual, which c  
ship which are made us

It would be as difficu  
different kinds of idols,  
those that were known  
adjoining. Most of the  
losh in fire and flames.

the *Leges Convivales* of this club, in Langbaine's  
English Poets, &c. Art. Ben Jonson.

at and slashed, and shed-  
Some of them, like the  
have treats and colla-  
ry night. It has indeed  
them have been used by  
like the Chinese idols,  
ged when they refuse to  
at are offered to them.  
at those idolaters who de-  
I am here speaking of,  
other kinds of idolaters.  
se they worship different  
el because they worship

of the idol is quite con-  
olaters; as the one desires  
self, the whole business  
is to multiply adorers.  
retly described in a tale  
s one of them sitting at  
staries about her, who are  
avour, and paying their  
on one, drank to another,  
oot which was under the  
three, says the old bard,  
rite? In troth, says he,

id idol in Chaucer, puts  
ul Clarinda, one of the  
oderns. She is worship-  
elight, in the midst of a  
ally called an assembly.  
in the nation endeavour  
eye, while she sits in  
pers burning about her.  
her idolaters, she bestows  
every one of them, be-  
sence. She asks a ques-  
another, glances an ogle  
of snuff from the fourth,  
nt to give the fifth an oc-  
in short, every one goes  
cess, and encouraged to  
same canonical hour that

ged by many accidental  
ular is a kind of counter-  
inverted.—When a man  
goddess, she quickly sinks

at decayer of your idol.  
is not a more unhappy  
ed idol, especially when  
ers and behaviour as are  
rshippers are about her.  
that in these and many  
erally outlives the idol, I  
f this paper, and desire  
proper direction to their  
in order to which, they  
emselves the objects of a  
iration. This is not to  
or dress, or fashion, but  
nts which are not to be  
e, and which appear most  
ost acquainted with them.

No. 74.] FRIDAY, MAY, 25, 1

—Pendent opera interrupta— Viro. 2  
The works unfinished and neglected lie.

In my last Monday's paper I gave son  
instances of those beautiful strokes which  
reader in the old song of Chevy-Chase; I  
according to my promise, be more parti-  
shew that the sentiments in that ballad are  
natural and poetical, and full of the ma-  
plicity which we admire in the greatest  
cient poets; for which reason I shall quo  
passages of it, in which the thought is alto-  
same with what we meet in several passa-  
Æneid; not that I would infer from th  
the poet (whoever he was) proposed to th  
imitation of those passages, but that he wa  
to keep them in general by the same kind  
cal genius, and by the same copyings afte

Had this old song been filled with epi-  
cal turns and points of wit, it might per-  
pleased the wrong taste of some reade  
would never have become the delight of  
mon people, nor have warmed the heart o  
lip Sidney like the sound of a trumpet;  
nature that can have this effect, and pl  
tastes which are the most unprejudiced, o  
refined. I must, however, beg leave to di-  
so great an authority as that of Sir Phil  
in the judgment which he has passed as to  
style and evil apparel of this antiquated  
there are several parts in it where not  
thought but the language is majestic, and  
bers sonorous; at least the apparel is n  
gorgeous than many of the poets made  
Queen Elizabeth's time, as the reader  
several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the  
the expression in that stanza,

To drive the deer with hound and he  
Earl Percy took his way!  
The child may rue that is unborn  
The hunting of that day!

This way of considering the misfortunes  
battle would bring upon posterity, not on  
who were born immediately after the battl  
their fathers in it, but on those also who p  
future battles which took their rise from th  
of the two earls, is wonderfully beautiful  
formable to the way of thinking among tl  
poets.

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum  
Rara juvenus.—Hos. 1, Od. ii. 23.  
Posterity, thinn'd by their father's crimes,  
Shall read with grief the story of their tir

What can be more sounding and poetical,  
ble more the majestic simplicity of the  
than the following stanzas?

The stout Earl of Northumberland  
A vow to God did make.  
His pleasure in the Scottish woods  
Three summers' days to take:  
With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,  
All chosen men of might,  
Who knew full well, in time of need  
To aim their shafts aright.  
The hounds ran swiftly through the  
The nimble deer to take:  
And with their cries the hills and d  
An echo shrill did make.

—Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron  
Taygetique canes, domitrixque Epidaurus equon  
Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remiguit.—G  
Cithæron loudly calls me to my way;  
Thy hounds Taygetus, open and pursue the prey

us urges on my speed,  
hills, and for his horses' breed:  
d dales the cheerful cries rebound;  
its along, and propagates the sound.—DAYDEN

yonder doth Earl Douglas come,  
s men in armour bright;  
twenty hundred Scottish spears,  
l marching in our sight.

men of pleasant Tivdale,  
st by the river Tweed, &c

of the Scotch warriors, described in  
st verses, has a fine romantic situation,  
couple of smooth words for verse. If  
mpares the foregoing six lines of the  
following Latin verses, he will see how  
e written in the spirit of Virgil:

apo apparent, hastasque reductis  
longe dextris; et spicula vibrant:—  
m Præneste viri, quique arva Gabina  
ldumque Anienem, et rosida rivis  
ta colunt:—qui rosea rura Velini,  
s horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,  
ue colunt, Forlusque et flumen Himellæ:  
s Fabarimque bibunt,——

Æn. xi. 605. viii. 682. 712

In a line, they couch their spears—  
its sends a chosen band,  
who plough Saturnia's Gabine land:  
succours which cold Anien yields;  
f Hæmicus—besides a band,  
red from Velinum's dewy land—  
lainers that from Severus came:  
he craggy cliffs of Tetrica;  
where yellow Tiber takes his way,  
Himella's wanton waters play:  
ends her arms, with those that lie  
s, and fruitful Foruli.—DAYDEN

ed:

l Douglas on a milk-white steed,  
lost like a baron bold,  
e foremost of the company—  
hose armour shone like gold.

anivolvans tardum prænecesserat agmen, &c  
o Turnus equo, quibus ibat in armis

Æn. ix. 47. 269.

English archers bent their bows,  
heir hearts were good and true;  
he first flight of arrows sent,  
all threescore Scots they slew  
y clos'd full fast on every side,  
o slackness there was found;  
l many a gallant gentleman  
ay gasping on the ground.

h that there came an arrow keen  
ut of an English bow,  
ich struck Earl Douglas to the heart,  
deep and deadly blow.

wounded after the same manner by an  
ind in the midst of a parley.

tr voces, media inter talia verba,  
ro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,  
n qua pulsa manu— Æn. xii. 318.

hile he spake, unmindful of defence,  
d arrow struck the pious prince;  
ther from a human hand it came,  
le god, is left unknown by fame.—DAYDEN.

the descriptive parts of this song, there  
ore beautiful than the four following  
ch have a great force and spirit in them,  
l with very natural circumstances. The  
the third stanza was never touched by  
oet, and is such a one as would have  
mer or in Virgil:

hus did both these nobles die,  
hose courage none could stain;  
English archer then perceiv'd  
he noble Earl was slain.

had a bow bent in his hand,  
ade of a trusty tree,  
arrow of a cloth-yard long,  
he too head drew he.

Against Sir Hugh Montgomerie  
So right his shaft he  
The grey-goose wing  
In his heart-blood  
This fight did last for  
Till setting of the sun  
For when they rang the  
The battle scarce was

One may observe, likewise,  
the slain, the author has fol-  
great ancient poets, not on-  
the dead, but by diversifyin-  
of particular persons.

And with Earl Douglas  
Sir Hugh Montgomerie  
Sir Charles Carrel, the  
One foot would never  
Sir Charles Murrel of  
His sister's son was  
Sir David Lamb so we  
Yet saved could not

The familiar sound in these  
jesty of the description;  
mention this part of the poe-  
ral cast of thought which a-  
last verses look almost like

—Cadit et Ripheus  
Qui fuit in Teucris et serv  
Diis aliter visum—

Then Ripheus fell in the  
Just of his word, observan-  
Heav'n thought not so.—I

In the catalogue of the En-  
ington's behaviour is in the  
larized very artfully, as the  
by that account which is gi-  
ning of the battle; though  
buffoon readers (who have  
culed in Hudibras) will re-  
beauty of it; for which rea-  
as quote it.

Then stept a gallant  
Witherington was his  
Who said, I would not  
To Henry our king for  
That e'er my captain for  
And I stood looking on

We meet with the same he-

Non pudet, O Rutili, cune  
Objectare animam? nume  
Non sumus—? Æn. 2

For shame, Rutilians, can  
Of one expos'd for all, in  
Can we before the face of  
Our courage colder, or our

What can be more natural  
the circumstances in which  
viour of those women who  
on this fatal day?

Next day did many wid  
Their husbands to be  
They wash'd their wou  
But all would not pre  
Their bodies bathed in  
They bore with them  
They kiss'd them dead  
When they were clad

Thus we see how the thoug-  
naturally arise from the sub-  
and sometimes exquisitely  
is often very sounding, and  
with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been wr-  
ner, which is the delight of  
writers or readers, it would  
so many ages, and have pl-

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

eg pardon for  
which I should  
eared my own  
lar on such a  
practice and

26, 1711.

a, et res.  
Ep. xvii. 23.  
ecm.

I suffered the  
ance, for call-  
a clown. She  
e of my invin-  
on with great  
e, the face, the  
judge so arro-  
gation, jaunty  
one of those  
rant, for per-  
She had the  
after she had  
t so charming  
e began with  
ead, by way of  
s. "Tis she!  
wanton eyes,  
t her mouth,  
e lottery, and  
air."

fly:  
that die!  
is alternately,

and

continues she, is  
begins to tease  
h, the pretty  
mb to please,  
verful charms.

wild and gay

te,

our for a man  
o so nimble a  
discourse gave  
left her com-  
but consider  
ons the gene-  
have of what  
"fine gentle-  
that subject in  
re, an idea of

of the rest of  
isagreeable to  
ndards of be-  
ves What is  
on and good  
e in the car-

riage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, ex-  
plain myself enough on this subject, when I call'd  
Dorimant a clown, and made it an instance of it  
that he call'd the orange wench Double Tripe:  
should have shewn, that humanity obliges a gentle-  
man to give no part of human kind reproach, for  
what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have  
in common with the most virtuous and worthy  
amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he  
has dressed himself clean to no purpose: The cloth-  
ing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded  
before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's  
talk a corrupt imagination, is a much greater of-  
fence against the conversation of gentlemen than  
any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense  
of the matter is so far from being received among  
people of condition, that Vocifer even passes for a  
fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft,  
lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little under-  
standing and great impudence prompt him at the  
present moment. He passes among the silly part  
of our women for a man of wit, because he is gene-  
rally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and  
confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing  
such and such a thing is above his capacity. What  
makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a  
professed deluder of women; and because the empty  
coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself  
sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried  
lady of fortune say, it is a pity so fine a gentleman  
as Vocifer is so great an atheist. The crouds of  
such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places  
of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from  
his own observation; but would it not be worth con-  
sidering what sort of figure a man who formed him-  
self upon those principles among us which are  
agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion  
would make in the familiar and ordinary occur-  
ences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several du-  
ties of life better than Ignotus. All the unde-  
sired parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to  
common observation, have their rise in him from  
great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken ex-  
pectation of another life makes him become this  
humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of  
virtue, have the same effect upon him as the neglect  
of all goodness has upon many others. Being  
firmly established in all matters of importance, the  
certain inattention which makes men's actions look  
easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a the  
rough contempt of little excellences, he is perfectly  
master of them. This temper of mind leaves him  
under no necessity of studying his air, and he has  
this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is  
unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in con-  
sidering this being as an uncertain one, and thence  
to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a  
fair way of doing all things with a graceful uncon-  
cern, and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does  
not behold his life as a short transient perplexing  
state, made up of trifling pleasures and great  
anxieties; but sees it in quite another light: his  
griefs are momentary and his joys immortal. Re-  
flection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought  
of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is  
a short night followed by an endless day. What  
would here contend for is, that the more virtu-  
ous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the  
character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose  
fortune is plentiful, shows an ease in his countenance



sidence in his behaviour, which he that is  
ants and difficulties cannot assume. It is  
the state of the mind; he that governs his  
with the everlasting rules of reason and  
ust have something so inexpressibly grace-  
words and actions, that every circumstance  
some him. The change of persons or things  
um does not at all alter his situation, but he  
interested in the occurrences with which  
e distracted, because the greatest purpose of  
to maintain an indifference both to it and  
joyments. In a word, to be a fine gentle-  
to be a generous and a brave man. What  
e a man so much in constant good humour,  
e, as we call it, than to be supported by  
a never fail him, and to believe that what-  
pens to him was the best thing that possibly  
fal him, or else he on whom it depends  
t have permitted it to have befallen him at

1. 76.] MONDAY, MAY 28, 1711.

*utram, sic nos te, Celce, feremus.*

*HOR. 1 Ep. viii. 17.*

your fortune bear, we will bear you.—*CREECH.*

It is nothing so common as to find a man,  
the general observation of his carriage you  
se of a uniform temper, subject to such unac-  
e starts of humour and passion, that he is as  
like himself, and differs as much from the  
t at first thought him, as any two distinct  
can differ from each other. This proceeds  
want of forming some law of life to our-  
fixing some notion of things in general,  
y affect us in such a manner as to create  
abits both in our minds and bodies. The  
ce of this leaves us exposed not only to an  
ing levity in our usual conversation, but  
e same instability in our friendships, in-  
und alliances. A man who is but a mere  
of what passes around him, and not en-  
commerces of any consideration, is but an ill  
the secret motions of the heart of man, and  
degrees it is actuated to make such visible  
as in the same person: but, at the same  
en a man is no way concerned in the effect  
inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of  
d, the speculation must be in the utmost de-  
th diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy  
servations in the highest relish, he ought to  
d in a post of direction, and have the deal-  
their fortunes to them. I have therefore  
aderfully diverted with some pieces of secret  
which an antiquary, my very good friend,  
as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the  
life of Pharamond of France. "Phara-  
ays my author, "was a prince of infinite  
and generosity, and at the same time the  
sant and facetious companion of his time.  
peculiar taste in him, which would have  
icky in any prince but himself; he thought  
ld be no exquisite pleasure in conversation  
g equals; and would pleasantly bewail him-  
he always lived in a crowd, but was the  
in France that could never get into com-  
his turn of mind made him delight in mid-  
bles, attended only with one person of his  
er. He would in these excursions get ac-  
with men (whose temper he had a mind to  
recommend them privately to the particular  
n of his first minister. He generally found

himself neglected by  
as they had hopes of  
such occasions to re-  
justice to tax princes  
their high fortunes,  
could with constancy  
creatures." My auth-  
passage that gives us  
mon genius of Pharam-  
whom he had put to all  
those he had a mind to  
him for his purpose.  
day, he gave him an-  
much would satisfy all  
mediately revealed he  
spoke to him in this m-  
what you desired, by th-  
look to it, that you are  
last you shall ever rece-  
sider you as mine; and  
you my royal word y-  
less than you are at pr-  
cluded the prince, smil-  
have put you in, which  
for you have hereafter

His majesty having  
a friend and compani-  
the pleasures of an ag-  
great and powerful m-  
with his companion, th-  
for he punished his cou-  
folly, not by any act of  
morously practising up-  
observed a man untrac-  
find an opportunity to  
of him, and render h-  
all his own looks, words  
pretations; and his frie-  
he was called) having a  
he could communicate  
fear no artful use woul-  
It was no small delight  
to reflect upon all which

Pharamond would c-  
power in his country,  
and with one whisper n-  
friends and acquaintan-  
knowledge of men by lo-  
profess altering the w-  
tempers, by thrice spe-  
was in his power, he  
tainment in managing  
the treatment they dese-  
cast of his eye, and hal-  
who hated, embrace, a-  
necks, with as much ea-  
their real inclinations,  
another. When he w-  
would lay the scene wit-  
night exercise the passi-  
was pleased to see a ha-  
of a man she had long  
his being taken notice  
lover conceive higher he  
he was dying for the da-  
men speak affection in  
like in the faintest, it w-  
dents to see disguises th-  
increased on the other,  
grace attended the re-  
probation or diseste-  
upon the meanness of

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

he could give shall immed- and he that angel." He should not be of his court, as meanly or in, the good

like Phara- an else can. He gave ew could re- a noble and d not regard himself, but y this means ate; and no who had not a -R.

, 1711.

nobia.  
tr. Epig. l. 87.  
you,

of those sort ersion, and ait. A little e walking to- picked up a aid he would ent virtuoso. le a full stop Will knowing ock of an af- tch, and told ok a turn or I saw him way into the nis looks put is fob. As I lking, and do rs, especially ft him to be nd continued nces and dis- make them

ign, when I olemishes in ; and helped tin proverb, he following

d,\*  
ide.\*

that I distin- he thinks of t because he too innocent e distractions ly accounted

on some par- with mathe- are wholly

ementum.—Se-

taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of ideas in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a proposition in Euclid; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being impossible that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at Hamlet or Othello. I always make one of the company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently show that I am among them. Whereon Will Honeycomb, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying a hundred things, which he afterward confesses, with a well-bred frankness were somewhat *mal à propos* and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to get into a coffee-house where Will was standing in the midst of several auditors, whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of Moll Hinton. My appearance before him put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus:—"Why now there's my friend," mentioning me by name, "he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about 'Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit." I he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason remembering the old proverb, "Out of sight out of mind," I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterward, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur Bruyere has given us the character of an absent man with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance: wit the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

"Menalcas," says that excellent author, "come down in the morning, opens his door to go out. He shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself farther, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck in

word on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed, he goes to court, comes into the dining-room, and walking bolt upright under a bunch of candlesticks, his wig is caught by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but Menalcas laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person who is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court-gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, Menalcas throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the stair-case, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes; Menalcas rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; Menalcas is no less so, but is every moment in hopes at his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious sit. Night comes on, when Menalcas is hardly deceived.

"When he is playing at back-gammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to draw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the supercriptions. A nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: 'I would have you, honest Jack, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter.' His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see it, 'My lord, I received your grace's commands, with an entire submission too.'—If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which Menalcas does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in a hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has a hundred grimaces and motions in his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you—nor any man, nor any thing, else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen attempted to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particulars: 'Ask my servants,' says Menalcas, 'for they were with me.'"—X.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1711.

Locutus est, utinam nostri esset!

Locutus est, utinam nostri esset!

And as letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not the reader will be as much diverted with

them as I was. entertainment, of the Cambridge of my paper, to companion with as to be his.

"SIR,

"I send you think them were which so surprised wonder if all men into a paper will

"As to the really carried on you have a full do whatever you had the satisfaction with some thing Sir, and prosper your very affect

"MR. SPE

"You well clear titles, and in the proper assure you that tuted originally of King Charles is not difficult to club, so (I remember intention of dining to Clare-h (though now the handsomely to be made to very great them without being at London by with a great certainly been one that indeed one to kiss him, but during his kisses Another would but it was proved into a room, married two children was taken by a one of the hand inquiry it was for one eye, and the cline. A fourth in his vindication his daughter, who with a good fortune the young lady run away with him supposed, that he him, was only in pleasant to hear made, inasmuch be excused, as however, at last officers were appointed the entertainment pleasant fellow Crab, from his not pretend to get and nothing was elbow chair by of the table; and was no content made so great at Newmarket,

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

It be there him-  
of bucks.'  
this affair in a  
nished in so im-  
man who shall  
aint the world,  
e Ugly Club at  
were admitted  
be among fu-  
at club, which  
only for? And  
author may then  
was an interpo-  
unbridge. This  
life-time; but I  
will not make

nion: though I  
any acts of the  
in a public ca-  
have certainly  
anded they will  
and the Loungers  
iversity itself.  
want no motives  
ed to tell you,  
ad eundem at  
enture safely to  
university."

and which,

a forlorn and  
nom we should  
there is hardly  
d us. Nay, we  
rself, whom we  
last of all man-  
having given us  
descended of  
ity and honour  
supplanted us.  
sighted by the  
ers at the bar!  
one of the most  
niverse, to our  
That THAT that  
us had justice  
, 'that which  
hemselves, the  
graded us, and  
ecree was ever  
of parliament,  
e done to every  
ves often either  
nother. In the  
ght, they learn  
art in heaven,'  
n heaven;' and  
ates, refused to  
ar general Con-  
O God, which  
be, 'who con-  
en have we of  
ers of our very  
ed in all facul-  
ant us, and our  
es?  
o muda conscio,  
his mind, a fool  
ir, a very pro

per person to address to, since we know you to  
capable of being convinced, and of changing y  
judgment. You are well able to settle this aff  
and to you we submit our cause. We desire you  
assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and if  
for the future we may both enjoy our own. I  
would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that  
fear in their very pleadings they would betray  
cause: besides, we have been oppressed so ma  
years, that we can appear in no other way but  
*forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope y  
will be pleased to do that which to right and just  
shall appertain.

R.

"And your petitioners," &c.

No. 79.] THURSDAY, MAY, 31, 1711.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.—Hos. 1 Ep. xvi. 21  
The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin.—Cæciliæ.

I HAVE received very many letters of late fr  
my female correspondents, most of whom are w  
angry with me for abridging their pleasures, a  
looking severely upon things in themselves indif  
ferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to  
in this imputation. All I contend for is, that the  
excellences which are to be regarded but in the  
cond place should not precede more weighty c  
siderations. The heart of man deceives him,  
spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discour  
on the subjection of passion; and I do not kn  
why one may not think the heart of a woman as  
faithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the  
culties of both sexes, the minds of women are  
cultivated with precepts, and consequently m  
without disrespect to them, be accounted more li  
to illusion, in cases wherein 'natural inclination  
out of the interests of virtue. I shall take up  
present time in commenting upon a billet or t  
which came from ladies, and from thence leave  
reader to judge whether I am in the right or not,  
thinking it is possible fine women may be mistak  
The following address seems to have no other des  
in it, but to tell me the writer will do what she pl  
ses, for all me.

"MR. SPECTATOR;

"I am young, and very much inclined to foll  
the paths of innocence; but at the same time, I  
have a plentiful fortune, and am of quality, I  
unwilling to resign the pleasure of distinction, an  
little satisfaction in being admired in general, a  
much greater in being beloved by a gentleman  
whom I design to make my husband. But I ha  
a mind to put off entering into matrimony till a  
ther winter is over my head, which (whatever, mu  
Sir, you may think of the matter) I design to p  
away in hearing music, going to plays, viating, a  
all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, p  
tected by innocence and virtue, can procure for,

"Sir, your most humble servant, M. T.

"My lover does not know I like him, therefo  
having no engagements upon me, I think to w  
and know whether I may not like any one else bette

I have heard Will Honeycomb say, "A w  
man seldom writes her mind but in her postscript  
I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discover  
hers in this. I will lay what wager she pleas  
against her present favorite, and can tell her, th  
she will like ten more before she is fixed, and th  
will take the worst man she ever liked in her li  
There is no end of affection taken in at the ey  
only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes w

mean, as control any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight, that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women, and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in very assembly she was in the whole year before. That is wanting among women as well as among men, is the love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is Eudisia! Eudisia has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill or look awkward. That which was, at first, the effect of instruction, is grown into a habit; and it would be as hard for Eudisia to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to Flavia, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discerning in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming mistress Iocastiana, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

"Ms. SPECTATOR,

"I write this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as well as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library, of which you promised us a catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will use a particular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us, who think if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally non-sensical, with a sort of warmth (that might as well be raised by a glass of wine, or a dram of citron), they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beautiful Philautia, who is (in your language) an idol, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty-furnished closet, to which she retires at her appointed hours. This is her dressing-room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass; and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

Together lie her prayer-book and paint,  
At once to improve the sinner and the saint.

"It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this idol by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It cannot but be a pleasing conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world, and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life, when at the same time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a

mechanical religion. I know a lady that though she is twenty-four at an hour of prayer, cards, to which she is not less till two or three are but empty made to virtue with any true piety, thence I presume themselves virtuous in an absence of civilities, upon no other her silly phrase 'eye.' She has made her affairs she is impertinent and unseasonable. Sir, be pleased may make our some of us, that of vice is always This and other from you by our

R.

No. 80.

Cælum non as

Those that be  
They change

In the year  
year, were born  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

## POSTSCRIPT.

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation:

"TO MR. SPECTATOR.

"*The just Remonstrance of affronted THAT.*

"THOUGH I deny not the petition of Mess. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate and at the bar, but let them try to get themselves so often, and with so much eloquence, repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

"My lords!" says he, "with humble submission, That That I say is this; That, That That gentleman has advanced, is not That That he should have proved to your lordships.' Let these two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their Who and their Whiches.

"What great advantage was I of to Mr. Dryden in his Indian Emperor,

"You force me still to answer you in That."

to furnish out a rhyme to Morat? and what a poor figure would Mr. Bayes have made without his 'Egad and all That?' How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying 'This here,' or 'That there?' And how can a sober man, without using the expletives of oaths (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others), make a discourse of any tolerable length, without 'That is;' and if he be a very gay man indeed, without 'That is to say?' And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, 'Such things as That,' and 'The like of That.'

"I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper reasons for the introduction of other words beside That; but I scorn as much to supply the place of Who or a Which at every turn, as they are unequal always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future That, That I shall only add is, That I am,

"Yours,

"THAT."

R.

No. 81.] SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantium murmure tigris  
Horruit in maculas. SEAT. Theb. li. 128.

As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,  
Dark angry spots disdain her glossy skin.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Hay-market, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women, that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were se-

and retreated hither in order to rally their forces I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they outnumbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world; but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful Spectator, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and entreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbade them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women exceed those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers and faithful wives, rather than as furious partisans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty, and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated funeral oration of Pericles, which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedæmonians.\* After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience: "And as for you," says he, "I shall advise you in very few words. Aspire only

\* Thucyd. Hist. II. p. 120, edit. H. Steph. 1688, Editio.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

our sex; follow  
your greatest  
way or other."

C.

4, 1711.

husta.  
Sat. III. 33  
slave.

day, I heard  
thought I had  
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and desired I  
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ha were freemen of  
the year 1762, and  
house

creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, "That he is unjust," without defamation; and can seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under those constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed or afraid to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like; but these instances are so particular and circumstanced, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these there are ten where a man, to keep up a false or retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal; and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allot to him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt; as many families have put it into a kind of method, being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young; and the he is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This, forsooth, is a great inconvenience to him; for he may wend keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has out-run half his estate and leave the same encumbrance upon his first-born and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man whose sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say, liable to the demand and insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir Andrew, though for many years a great and generous trader, was never the defendant in a law suit, in the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present; no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This certainly is uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How differs from this gentleman is Jack Truepenny, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir Andrew and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. He has a whorish unresisting good nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a-year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember when a friend of his had suffered in the way of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by Jack, and inscribed "A bolus an electuary for Mr Truepenny." Jack had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon him. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrific

without ever receiving thanks, or doing action.

and this discourse with a speech which I make to one of his creditors (of whom I had gentler usage) after lying a whole night at his suit.

My ingratitude for the many kindnesses I do you, shall not make me unthankful for you have done me, in letting me see there is no man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life hereafter trust no man so far as to be deceived by him.

R.

83.] TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1711.

— *Animus pictura pascit inanem.*

VIRG. *Æn.* l. 464.

with the shadowy picture feeds his mind.

The weather hinders me from taking my walk without doors, I frequently make a little party of two or three select friends, to visit any persons that may be seen under covert. My entertainments of this nature are pictures, that when I have found the weather set in, I have taken a whole day's journey to a gallery that is furnished by the hands of the masters. By this means, when the heavens are dark with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, when nature wears a lowering countenance, I divert myself from these uncomfortable scenes to the visionary worlds of art; where I meet with landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, those other objects that fill the mind with pleasure, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to come upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons. Some weeks ago in a course of these diversions I had taken such an entire possession of pictures, that they formed in it a short morning, which I shall communicate to my reader, the first sketch and outlines of a vision, the finished piece.

At that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery which had one side covered with pieces of famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that

on the side of the living, I saw several persons drawing, colouring, and designing. On the other side of the dead painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceedingly slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches. I resolved to examine the several artists that were before me, and accordingly applied myself to the first of the living. The first I observed at work in the gallery was Vanity, with his hair bound in a riband, and dressed like a gentleman. All the faces he drew were very respectful for their smiles, and a certain smirking air bestowed indifferently on every age and of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared in his judges, bishops, and privy counsellors. Indeed, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was very well suited to his faces, and was made up of glaring colours that could be mixed together in every part of the dress was in a flutter, and seemed to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of Vanity stood a laborious workman. I found he was his humble admirer, and I thought him. He was dressed like a German, a very hard name, that sounded something oddity.

The third artist that I saw was dressed like a Venetian, with an excellent hand at chime, and a distorted and grimacing countenance, that affrighted himself with the work of his pencil. In short, his pieces was at best but a poor thing, and I could say nothing more than that they were agreeable to the eye.

The fourth person I saw was unable for his hasty hand, and was unfinished that the beauty of his design (to continue a metaphor) faded sooner than the ink it was drawn. He made his business, that he did not clean his pencils, nor make his work expeditious workman.

Not far from this artist was a different nature, who was a Dutchman, and known by his figures were wonderful in the portraiture of a man's hair in his face; if the figure was a rope among the tackle, it was likewise hung a great number of pieces, that seemed to be a set of dials which were lighted up, and were so inflamed, that they suddenly fell upon themselves, and scarce forbear crying out.

The five foregoing artists were all able on this side the gallery, but on the other side of them, however, I could find no more than one very busy in redrawing, though he produced no more than a pencil aggravated even to overcharged, loaded even to the colour it touched. This was much mischief on the gallery, and turned his eye towards the gallery was Envy.

Having taken a curious view of the gallery, I turned myself to the works of those great masters. Immediately I fancied a multitude of spectators, and they all upon me at once: for I saw men and women, that I saw figures. Raphael's figure in another, Guido Rhe's figure in the wall was peopled with other by Correggio, and so on. In short, there was no dead who had not contented of this side of the gallery, their being to these several figures to be real and another only in the variety of their complexions, and clothes; and of different nations of the same.

Observing an old man I before mentioned, as he was working on this side of the gallery, I went down from one picture to another, and saw all the fine pieces that he had done, but he very attentive to his pencil was so very light, and, after a thousand times any visible effect in his work, employed. However,

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ture. He also  
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his forehead,

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in my taking a  
sleep left me.

C.

E 6, 1711.

as Ulysses

6.

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came into the

apartment of Eucrate, he found him extremely de-  
jected: upon which he asked (with a smile that was  
natural to him,) 'What, is there any one too miser-  
able to be relieved by Pharamond, that Eucrate is  
melancholy?' 'I fear there is,' answered the fa-  
vourite: 'A person without, of a good air, well  
dressed, and though a man in the strength of his  
life, seemsto faint under some inconsolable calamity.  
All his features seem suffused with agony of mind;  
but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to  
break away in tears than rage. I asked him what  
he would have. He said he would speak to Phara-  
mond. I desired his business. He could hardly  
say to me, 'Eucrate, carry me to the king, my story  
is not to be told twice; I fear I shall not be able to  
speak it at all.' Pharamond commanded Eucrate to  
let him enter; he did so, and the gentleman ap-  
proached the king with an air which spoke him  
under the greatest concern in what manner to de-  
mean himself. The king, who had a quick discern-  
ing, relieved him from the oppression he was under;  
and with the most beautiful complacency said to him,  
'Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your  
countenance the awe of my presence. Think you  
are speaking to your friend. If the circumstances  
of your distress will admit of it, you shall find me  
so.' To whom the stranger: 'Oh, excellent Phara-  
mond, name not a friend to the unfortunate Spina-  
mont.\* I had one, but he is dead by my own  
hand; but, oh Pharamond, though it was by the  
hand of Spinamont, it was by the guilt of Phara-  
mond. I come not, oh excellent prince, to implore  
your pardon; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow  
too great for human life to support; from henceforth  
shall all occurrences appear dreams, or short inter-  
vals of amusement from this one affliction, which has  
seized my very being. Pardon me, oh Pharamond,  
if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you  
the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as  
you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilt this  
day by this unhappy hand. O that it had perished  
before that instant!' Here the stranger paused  
and recollecting his mind, after some little medita-  
tion, he went on in a calmer tone and gesture as  
follows:

"There is an authority due to distress, and as none  
of human race is above the reach of sorrow, none  
should be above the hearing the voice of it; I am  
sure Pharamond is not. Know then, that I have  
this morning unfortunately killed in a duel, the man  
whom of all men living I most loved. I command  
myself too much in your royal presence, to say Phara-  
mond gave me my friend! Pharamond has taken  
him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful  
Pharamond destroy his own subjects? Will the  
father of his country murder his people? But the  
merciful Pharamond does destroy his subjects, the  
father of his country does murder his people. For  
fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all  
glory and honour is in the power of a prince, be-  
cause he has the distribution of their fortunes. It  
is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt  
of princes to let any thing grow into custom which  
is against their laws. A court can make fashions  
and duty walk together; it can never, without the  
guilt of a court, happen, that it shall not be un-  
fashionable to do what is unlawful. But, alas! in  
the dominions of Pharamond, by the force of  
tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour

\* Mr. Thornhill, the gentleman here alluded to under a  
fictitious or translated name of Spinamont, killed Sir Chas-  
mondley Deering, of Kent, Bart. in a duel. May 9, 1711.

a duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils; what will laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, Pharamond, were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of Pharamond. (With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud.) Why should not Pharamond hear the anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration, and form to himself the vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence."—R.

No. 85.] THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

*Interdum speciosa locis, morataque recte  
Falsula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,  
Valdus oblectat populum, meliusque moratur,  
Quam versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.*  
Hos. Ars. Poet. ver. 319.

When the sentiments and manners please,  
And all the characters are wrought with ease,  
Your tale, though void of beauty, force, and art,  
More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart:  
Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,  
And with sonorous trifles charms our ears.—FRANCIS.

It is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may some time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. Baxter under a Christmas-pie. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious rite, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety, that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great Britain. This is my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural

aversion to loquacity. I am sensible that my employment when I am alone is very idle, for I cannot forgoe the perusal of several printed books. The last occasion gave me an opportunity to think I am that the piece of the ballad of the T. one of the dark has been the part of their

This song is a tribute of the help it is a pretty to reason but because even a despicable because the selected, they a polite reader with compassion. and are such as for which reason in it very move (whoever he be) phrase and position any of it would ridicule. But thoughts, as I other, are natural those who are notwithstanding true and unpretention, speech, with the age, it are set forth in impossible for be affected with the robin-red-namant; and all his simplicity which one of made use of in passage in Homer he was a child covered with on him.

Me  
Alt  
I  
I  
Te  
Me  
Up  
I  
Ain

I have heard the greatest and was one of poets of his English ballads reading of the den, and know our present age. I might likewise thoughts on the character who are endogenius, can deridicule, and nakedness. A

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

finding fault,  
e productions  
but the beau-  
how to relish  
the beauties  
antages of art.

1711.

Met. il. 447.  
—ADDISON.

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ving been at  
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ecian, though  
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y towards se-  
e heard them  
who they are.  
t to the coun-  
some feature  
half an hour  
a scoundrel.  
s to complain,  
a dumb-show.  
e a notion of  
by his looks,  
elf from Cha-  
a drawing the  
y me. When  
I cannot for-  
meet with an  
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amous saying  
his company,  
with submis-  
by our looks  
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whole face is  
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de visible.  
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men's tempers  
es much more  
igram on this

Je Jussus :  
—Epiq. liv. 12.

Je :

Je,  
h chest.

er on this sub-  
e supposition,  
face a remote  
lion, a hog, or

any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features.\* I remember, in the life of the famous Prince of Condé, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this art of physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks, which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain cheerfulness in as bad a system of feature as ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

Socrates was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by the outward appearances. Socrates' disciples, that he might put this artist to the trial, carried him to the master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After short examination of his face, the physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunkard old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a-laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehood and vanity of his art. But Socrates told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with, by the dictates of philosophy.\*

We are indeed told by an ancient author,† that Socrates very much resembled Silenus in his face which we find to have been very rightly observed.

\* This doubtless refers to Baptista della Porta's famous book *De Humana Physiognomia*: which has run through many editions, both in Latin and Italian. He died in 1615.  
† *Cicero*. *Tusc. Qu. 5* et *De Facto*. † *Plat. Conviv.*

atoes and busts of both, that are still excellent as on several antique seals and precious ich are frequently enough to be met with nets of the curious. But however observ- this nature may sometimes hold, a wise d be particularly cautious how he gives a man's outward appearance. It is an injustice we are guilty of towards one when we are prejudiced by the looks and those whom we do not know. How often reive hatred against a person of worth, or an to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, think we cannot esteem too much when we nt with his real character? Dr. Moore, irable System of Ethics, reckons this par- lination to take a prejudice against a man ks, among the smaller vices in morality, member, gives it the name of a *prosopo-*

L.

## 7.] SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1711.

Nimium ne crede colori.—VIRG. *Ecc.* ii. 17.

Is too much to an enchanting face.—DAYDEN.

seen the purpose of several of my specula- ing people to an unconcerned behaviour, ion to their persons, whether beautiful or

As the secrets of the Ugly club were ex- be public, that men might see there were le spirits in the age who are not at all dis- th themselves upon considerations which o choice in; so the discourse concern- ed to lessen the value people put upon from personal advantages and gifts of s to the latter species of mankind—the hether male or female—they are generally ntractable people of all others. You are ely perplexed with the particularities in iour, that to be at ease, one would be apt re were no such creatures. They expect owances, and give so little to others, that ave to deal with them find, in the main, a better person than ordinary, and a beau- i, might be very happily changed for such ature has been less liberal. The hand- is usually so much a gentleman, and the i has something so becoming, that there ring either of them. It has therefore been y choice to mix with cheerful ugly crea- er than gentlemen who are graceful omit or do what they please, or beauties arins enough to do and say what would be in any but themselves.

e and presumption, upon account of our e equally faults; and both arise from the owing, or rather endeavouring to know, and for what we ought to be valued or

But indeed I did not imagine these little ns and coquetries could have the ill con- I find they have by the following letters pondents, where it seems beauty is thrown out, in matters of sale, to those who re- our from the charmers.

SPECTATOR,

June 4.

I have assured you I am in every respect ndomest young girls about town, I need

verd, used in the N. T. Rom. ii. 11, and Eph. vi. e said that "God is no respecter of persons." is a prejudice against a person formed from his ke, too hastily.

be particular in nothing which has the misfortune take to proceed from a to me both to speak and be

With this account have the vanity to offer I now do, to the soci- Hecatissa have been a plause. I don't want to defective I am in ever too sensible of my own ticular, and therefore I on to the club.

"You see how honest my imperfections, which from a woman, and what with the favour of your in

"There can be no obj- the matchless Hecatissa, in no danger of giving jealousy; and then a join place at the table is all th

"Your most humble a

"P. S. I have sacrific- the public lottery against last Saturday, about three I began to patch indiffer- face."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Upon reading your la- idols, I cannot but comp- in six or seven places of t by persons of that sisterh receive all day long the ad such and such districts. goods are not entered a custom-house, nor law rep by reason of one beauty w chants too long near 'Cha who keeps the students' should be at study. It we see how the idolaters alt- their idols, and what hear who wait for their turn to those little thrones which lovers, call the bars. I pale as ashes, because an tea-dish for his rival, and to serve him, with a 'Si the gentleman the box to it is, that a very hopeful y leads in his pockets below- to drown himself, becaus dish in which she had but would let him use it.

"I am, Sir, a person pa- not give this information o I am a real sufferer by it thing for tea and coffee; I to make his court! and all loud in the commendatio- against every body in the While these young fellow with their hearts, and d manner, we who come to d are utterly poisoned. Th those who are more ename it is very common for such- tution to ogle the idol upon



ers: thus all  
to a fever or  
do not look  
idols or the  
from this re-  
may not be  
that from the  
idols would  
and take more

ours,  
"T. T."

1711.

Ecl. iii. 16.  
a presume?

ay 30, 1711.

adeavours to

their observa-

service. You

ny subjects;

ery different

pus of man-

omit circum-

of the world,

the greater.

h I wonder

the general

of Great Bri-

d and seen

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people, and

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these rogues,

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in general

"Yours,

BRITANNICUS.

n of grooms

irous that I

a great deal

now no evil

this of the

wholly upon

entionousness

g them, to

nothing but what a hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else, if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of the people of quality, when they are in their revels—that is, when they are out of their masters' sight—to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means, characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this, among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their master.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine, if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment.—Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the house of peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme assembly, where there is a universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and that there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the servile world are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde-park, while the gentry are at the ring. Hither people bring their lackeys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these people at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good sense, as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependants run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lackeys as well as at White's or in the side-boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a captain of the guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignments in his master's clothes. The fellow had a



erson, and there are very many women  
o farther than the outside of a gentle-  
s which, he was almost as learned a  
olonel\* himself: I say, thus qualified,  
old scrawl *billets-doux* so well, and fur-  
rsation on the common topics, that he  
call it, a great deal of business on his  
happened one day that, coming down a  
s, in his master's fine guard-coat, with  
ed woman masked, he met the colonel  
with other company; but with ready as-  
quitted his lady, came up to him, and  
I know you have too much respect for  
came me in this honourable habit. But  
re is a lady in the case, and on that score  
I put off your anger till I have told you  
time." After a little pause the colonel  
his countenance, and with an air of fa-  
hispered his man apart, "Sirrah, bring  
with you to ask pardon for you!" then  
ok to it, Will, I'll never forgive you else."  
went back to his mistress, and telling  
loud voice and an oath, that was the  
ellow in the world, conveyed her to a  
ach.

many irregularities committed by servants  
is above-mentioned, as well as in theatres,  
masters are generally the occasions, are  
not to need being resumed on another  
R.

## [J] TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1711.

*tite hinc, juvenesque senesque,  
no certum, miserisque viatica canis.  
I. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum,  
n donas? sed cum lux altera venit,  
sternum consumpsimus: ecce aliud cras  
uones, et semper paulum erit ultra.  
as prope te, quamvis temone sub uno,  
esse frustra sectabere canthum.—PERR. Sat. v. 64.*

om thee both old and young with profit learn  
of good and evil to discern.

shabby he, who does this work adjourn,  
morrow would the search delay:  
orrow will be like to-day.

t is one day of ease too much to borrow?  
is, sure? for yesterday was once to-morrow

day is gone, and nothing gain'd;  
fruitless days will thus be drain'd

at more to-morrows yet to ask,

ever to begin thy task;

the hindmost chariot-wheels, are curst,

near, but ne'er to reach the first.—DRYDEN.

correspondents upon the subject of love  
amorous, it is my design, if possible, to  
under several heads, and address myself  
different times. The first branch of them,  
rvice I shall dedicate this paper, are those  
o do with women of dilatory tempers, who  
ning out the time of courtship to an im-  
ngth, without being able either to close  
overs or to dismiss them. I have many  
se filled with complaints against this sort

In one of them no less a man than a  
the coiff tells me, that he began his suit  
so: *Caroli secundi*, before he had been a  
h at the Temple; that he prosecuted it  
sars after he was called to the bar; that  
he is a serjeant at law; and notwith-  
hoped that matters would have been long  
ht to an issue, the fair one still demurs.  
ell pleased with this gentleman's phrase,

sect. in folio, and in the edit. of 1712, in 8vo,  
ryed both captain and colonel  
gent at law.

that I shall distinguish  
title of Demurrers. I f  
one who calls himself Th  
been demurring above the  
all my plaintiffs of this n  
fortunate Philander, a n  
and plentiful fortune, wh  
rous and irresolute Sylv  
past child-bearing. Stre  
to be a very choleric lover  
with one that demurs out  
me with great passion the  
of his youth; that she dr  
and that he verily believe  
old age, if she can find  
shall conclude this narrati  
Sam Hopewell, a very ple  
has at last married a De  
mise, that Sam, who is a  
nion, has been the diver  
account of his passion, a  
thousand six hundred and

"DEAR SIR,

"You know very well  
tha, and what a dance s  
me out at the age of tw  
with me above thirty ye  
she is grown as gray as a  
become the master of h  
present. She is however i  
old woman. We often lan  
sooner, but she has nobo  
self. You know very w  
think of me whilst she h  
have put the date of my p  
(*ino primo*) instead of pos  
expect you should send m  
or, if you please, an epitha

"Mrs. Martha's a

In order to banish an  
does not only produce a g  
persons, but has also a  
public, I shall endeavour  
rage, from two or three rel  
recommend to the thought

First of all, I would hav  
the shortness of their time  
for a coquette to play all  
woman drops into her gray  
berating. Were the age  
was before the flood, a la  
century to a scruple, an  
demurring. Had she nin  
might hold out to the con  
she thought fit to be pre  
she ought to play her part  
siders that she is sudden  
make room for others.

In the second place, I w  
ers to consider that as the  
of beauty is much shorter,  
in a few years, and loses t  
so soon, that we have sc  
might embellish this subje  
and several other ingenio  
possibly reserve for anothe

There is a third conse  
wise recommend to a demu  
danger of her falling in lov  
score, if she cannot satisf

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

atter spring,  
old woman,  
animal. I  
sider what a  
ances to get  
l resolution,

by any thing  
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and graceful.  
en they are  
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ires. A vir-  
of marriage,  
but I would  
persist in re-  
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es are to my

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il. 469—511.

13, 1711.

il. 99.

as fire.

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es in the soul  
his followers  
every passion  
al during her  
er in a sepa-  
dy, or out of  
an does from  
in open air.  
in particular

have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least instigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festered with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify; solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says Plato) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cemeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. Plato indeed carries the thought very far when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which Plato has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of Tantalus, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

Virgil, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of :

—Lucent genitalibus altis  
Aurea fulcra toris, epulaeque ante ora parata;  
Regifico luxu : furiarum maxima iuxta  
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas;  
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

They lie below on golden beds display'd,  
And genial feasts with regal pomp are made;  
The queen of furies by their side is set,  
And snatches from their mouths the unlasted meat;  
Which, if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears.  
Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears.—*Davies.*

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers,) I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is too foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will

a lively representation of a person lying in the torments of such a kind of tantalism, or hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur Pontignan, speaking of a sentence that happened to him in the country, the following account of it.\*

When I was in the country last summer, I was in company with a couple of charming women, all the wit and beauty one could desire in companions, with a dash of coquetry, that no time gave me a great many agreeable moments. I was, after my way, in love with both, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading passion to them when they were asunder, and reason to hope for particular favours from both. As I was walking one evening in company with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room, and told me a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would start in it. Upon this they told me such a story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and said to do whatever they should require of me, immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown, with long pieces of linen, which they did about me till they had wrapped me in a hundred yards of swath. My arms were tied to my sides, and my legs closed together by my wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Egyptian mummy. As I stood bolt-upright, they ended in this antique figure, one of the most burst out a-laughing. "And now, Pontignan," says she, "we intend to perform the promise we find you have extorted from each of us. We have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say we are a better-bred cavalier than to refuse to oblige two ladies that desire it of you." After this stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to undo me, and do with me what they pleased. "No," said they, "we like you very well as you are;" and then they ordered me to be carried to one of the rooms, and put to bed in all my swaddles. When I was lighted up on all sides: and I was very decently between a pair of sheets, with my only limb that was indeed the only part I could move) I lay on a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, than two female friends came into bed to me in their night-clothes. You may easily guess at the addition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undressed and a-bed in, without being able to stir hand or foot, and ed them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence that about midnight they both leaped out of bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing that they took their posts again, and renewed theirillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that disgrace them for ever. But, alas! this was vain; could I have been disposed to it, they have prevented me by several little ill-natured jests and endearments which they bestowed upon me as much devoted as I am to womankind, I could not pass such another night to be master of my own sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why

truly my bed-fellows the next day, and told me, if they would send some one to me, it was time for me to be up. At six o'clock in the morning they swathe me. I bore all this, and solved to take my revenge, and keep no measures with them; but upon asking them to become of the two ladies, they were by that time gone, and that they went away at six o'clock in the morning.

## No. 91.] THURSDAY

In furias ignemque ruas

— They rush in  
For love is lord of all,

THOUGH the subject of this story be much more properly the story of a woman, I cannot forbear inserting it, as it pleased me in the account of the loves of a family; and less; or rather, for the sake of the history, instead of making them call them by feigned names, you are to know that Westminster lives the daughter of a man the age of forty, of a handsome and elegant person. She is like a girl, affects a child's voice, sometimes covering the top of her head, and looking down her eyes on her fan. Her health would ever have turned of twenty; but she has a tall daughter, who impertinently comes so much towards women, checked by her presence, as Flavia droops at the entrance. Flavia would be what her mother Honoria; but she is partial to an affectionate daughter up to, than of what she is gone for ever. It is to look forward, but not Flavia is no way dependent on her fortune, almost upon an equal. Honoria has given her daughter a little ill-bred to be always displeased never to be so, this means, that these all places where they are, and daughter never in spite. Flavia one night drew the eyes of several who sat by her, and by her her snuff-box for when a lover of Honoriaing the favour to kiss the room, kneeled down. Several of the have raised between the generally converse with company, by way of talking one another. Honoriatain sufficiency in the

\*The substance of the story here paraphrased is taken from the book entitled *Académie Galante*, printed at Paris in 1682, and afterward at Amst. in 1708. See p. 125; and first Dutch edit. p. 160.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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meagre looks, and spare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with some disorder, and the conversation fell upon untimely passion, after-  
love, and unseasonable youth. Tulip sang, danced,  
moved before the glass, led his mistress half a  
minuet, hummed

Celia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen!  
when there came a servant with a letter to him,  
which was as follows:—

"SIR,  
"I understand very well what you meant by your  
mention of Platonic love. I shall be glad to meet  
you immediately in Hyde-park, or behind Montague-  
house, or attend you to Barn-elms, or any other  
fashionable place that's fit for a gentleman to die in,  
that you shall appoint for, "SIR,

"Your most humble servant,  
"RICHARD CRASTIN."

Tulip's colour changed at the reading of this  
epistle; for which reason his mistress snatched it to  
read the contents. While she was doing so, Tulip  
went away; and the ladies now agreeing in a com-  
mon calamity, bewailed together the danger of their  
lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and  
took hackneys to prevent mischief; but after alarm-  
ing all parts of the town, Crastin was found by his  
widow in his pumps at Hyde-park, which appoint-  
ment Tulip never kept, but made his escape into  
the country. Flavia tears her hair for his inglorious  
safety, curses and despises her charmer, and is fallen  
in love with Crastin; which is the first part of the  
history of the rival mother. R.

No. 92.] FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1711.

—Convivæ prope dissentire videntur.  
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato;  
Quid dem? Quid non dem?—HOK. 2 Ep. li. 61.

IMITATED.

—What would you have me do,  
When out of twenty I can please not two?  
One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;  
The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg;  
Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests.—POPE

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which  
have been sent to me, I found the following one:

"MR. SPECTATOR,  
"Your paper is a part of my tea equipage; and  
my servant knows my humour so well, that calling  
for my breakfast this morning (it being my usual  
hour), she answered, the Spectator was not yet come  
in; but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected  
it every moment. Having thus in part signified to  
you the esteem and veneration which I have for you,  
I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books  
which you have promised to recommend to our sex;  
for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors,  
till I receive your advice in this particular, being  
your daily disciple and humble servant,  
"LEONORA."

In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very  
proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my  
readers, that since I have called out for help in my  
catalogue of a lady's library, I have received many  
letters upon that head, some of which I shall give  
an account of.

In the first class I shall take notice of those which  
come to me from eminent booksellers; who every  
one of them mention with respect the authors they  
have printed, and consequently have an eye to their  
own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One  
tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for

o have true notions of right and equity, therefore they cannot peruse a better book than *Country Justice*. Another thinks not be without *The Complete Jockey*. A serving the curiosity and desire of prying into, which he tells me is natural to the fair, of opinion this female inclination, if well might turn very much to their advantage, therefore recommends to me Mr. Mede upon actions. A fourth lays it down as an undoubted truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly educated who has not read *The Secret Treatises* of Marshal d'Estrades. Mr. Jacob junior, is of opinion, that Bayle's *Dictionnaire* be of very great use to the ladies, in make them general scholars. Another, me I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper every woman with child should read Mr. *History of Infant Baptism*; as another is fortunate with me to recommend to all my readers *The Finishing Stroke*; being a *Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme*, &c.

A second class I shall mention books which amended by husbands, if I may believe the of them. Whether or no they are real husband personated ones, I cannot tell; but the I recommend are as follow:—A *Paraphrase History of Susannah*. Rules to keep *Lent*. *Christian's Overthrow prevented*. A *Dissuade to the Playhouse*. The *Virtues of Camphire*, recensions to make *Camphire Tea*. The *Plea of a Country Life*. The *Government of the*

A letter dated Cheapside, desires me that advise all young wives to make themselves of *Wingate's Arithmetic*, and concludes with script, that he hopes I will not forget *The of Kent's Receipts*.

I reckon the ladies themselves as a third class these my correspondents and privy-council. In a letter from one of them, I am advised *Pharamond*\* at the head of my catalogue, think proper, to give the second place to *rat*. *Coquetilla* begs me not to think of women upon their knees with manuals of denunciation of scorching their faces with books of *tery*. *Florella* desires to know if there are books written against prudes, and entreats me, are, to give them a place in my library. All sorts have their several advocates: All is mentioned in above fifteen letters; *Socrates*, or *Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a dozen; *Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved; *Ates*, King of *Pontus*, has many friends; *Her the Great* and *Aurengzebe* have the same of voices; but *Theodosius*, or the *Force of* carries it from all the rest.

I, in the last place, mention such books as are proposed by men of learning, and those near competent judges of this matter, and I take occasion to thank A.B., whoever it conceals himself under these two letters, for ce upon this subject. But as I find the have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall be executing of it till I am farther acquainted with thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, to time to examine the several books they me: being resolved, in an affair of this moment, proceed with the greatest caution. Meanwhile, as I have taken the ladies under particular care, I shall make it my business to

\* celebrated French romances, written by M. La

find out in the best and such passages as may be your to accommodate the taste; not questioning sex will easily pardon laugh at those little vanities in the behaviour of some more proper for ridicule. Most books being calculated generally written with makes a work of this besides, I am the more myself that I see the same my speculations. My father scholars than the best of them who talk much better that make a figure at receive letters from the I cannot but observe that the other, not only in the This cannot but have a world, and keep them from empty coxcombs that among the women, though

I am credibly informed an impertinent fellow, be smoked, and that within a month of a continue this paper. Finess in some measure stray weak minds by and judgment, humour fail to lend the best light for the continuation of

## No. 93.] SATURDAY.

Spem longam resecas:  
Ætas: carpe diem, quæ

Thy lengthen'd hopes  
Proportion'd to the fly  
While thus we talk in c  
The envious moments  
Instant the fleeting plea  
Nor trust to-morrow's

We all of us complain saith Seneca, and yet have what to do with. Our life in doing nothing at all purpose, or in doing. We are always complaining as though the That noble philosopher's tendency with ourselves in various turns of expression peculiar to his writings.

I often consider man with itself in a point of former. Though we of life in general, we at an end. The minor be a man of business, then to arrive at home although the whole life be short, the several tedious. We are long but would fain contract posed. The usurer who have all the time and present moment and man would be content

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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teen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employ  
even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage)  
But because the mind cannot be always in its fer-  
vours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is ne-  
cessary to find out proper employments for it in its  
relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose  
to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent  
diversions. I must confess I think it is below rea-  
sonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such  
diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing  
else to recommend them but that there is no hurt in  
them. Whether any kind of gaming has even this  
much to say for itself I shall not determine; but I  
think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best  
sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuf-  
fling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other  
conversation but what is made up of a few game  
phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or  
red spots ranged together in different figures. Would  
not a man laugh to hear any one of this species com-  
plaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of  
the most noble and useful entertainments, were it  
under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably  
as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There  
is indeed no blessing of life that is any way com-  
parable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous  
friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and  
improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and  
knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution,  
soothes and allays the passions, and finds employ-  
ments for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular pe-  
son, one would endeavour after a more general con-  
versation with such as are able to entertain and  
improve those with whom they converse, which a  
qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful employments of life  
which one would endeavour to multiply, that one  
might on all occasions have recourse to something  
rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run ad-  
rift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting,  
architecture, is like one that has another sense  
when compared with such as have no relish of the  
arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the  
husbandman, when they are only as accom-  
plishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to  
country life, and many ways useful to those who are  
possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none  
proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of  
useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall  
only touch upon, because it in some measure in-  
terferes with the third method, which I shall propose  
in another paper, for the employment of our de-  
unactive hours, and which I shall only mention  
general to be the pursuit of knowledge.—L.

No. 94.] MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1711.

Hoc est

Vivere bis, vita posse priore frui.—MART. Epig. xxiii. 10.  
The present joys of life we doubly taste,  
By looking back with pleasure to the past.

THE last method which I proposed in my Sat-  
day's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of  
which are so tedious and burdensome to idle peo-  
ple, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of know-  
ledge. I remember Mr. Boyle, speaking of a c



tain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge; nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind; nor on the methods of attaining it; nor recommend any particular branch of it; all which have been the topics of many other writers; but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long, but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, "That we get the idea of time or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas which succeed one another in our minds: that for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seems to have no distance." To which the author adds, "and so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man if it were possible for him to keep only one idea in his mind, without variation, and the succession of others: and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is."

We might carry this thought farther; and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly, Monsieur Mallebranche, in his Inquiry after Truth (which was published several years before Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding), tells us, "that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age."

This notion of Monsieur Mallebranche is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of: and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the

Alcoran, was that Mahomet and took up down at the vied him away

There is a which relates tor, and bea now upon.

used to laugh life, as what but conversin law, who had told him he v of this passa would consen Upon this th by a huge tul and as he s great men, t into the wate cordingly thr same time fo on the sea-sh rage against and witchera vain to be at methods for country. A people whom wood: these stood at a lit some advent beauty and f long, that b daughters. H and forced t porter for his alone by the lancholy refle state of life, him, he thre himself, acco before he said

After his t raised his he standing by of his court side. He in having sent betrayed him itude; but v that the state lusion; that he then stood into the wate

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\* The Spect passage is to b in some of the



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1711.

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us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward sign of sorrow; and the natural history of our bodies will teach us that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some constitutions. We observe in the tender bodies of children, when crossed in their little wills and expectations, how dissolvable they are into tears. If this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to support them in the excess of it for one moment. Add to this observation, how quick is their transition from this passion to that of their joy! I will not say we see often, in the next tender things to children, tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed tears without much sorrow, and as common to suffer much sorrow without shedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions; but, I believe, never in their highest excesses. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, so neither does weeping from profound sorrow. The sorrow which appears so easily at the eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart distended with grief, stops all the passages for tears or lamentations.

"Now, Sir, what I would incline you to in all this is, that you would inform the shallow critics and observers upon sorrow, that true affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a stranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear friend, for whom I have not yet shed a tear, and for that reason your animadversions on that subject would be the more acceptable to,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

"B. D."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

June the 15th.

"As I hope there are but few who have so little gratitude as not to acknowledge the usefulness of your pen, and to esteem it a public benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the secret and incomparable pleasure of doing good, and be a great sharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your labours, and even your intentions more particularly for our service. If it be true, as it is sometimes said, that our sex have an influence on the other, your paper may be a yet more general good. Your directing us to reading is certainly the best means to our instruction; but I think with you, caution in that particular very useful, since the improvement of our understandings may or may not be of service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so ignorant as ill-taught; or that our sex does not so often want wit, judgment, or knowledge, as the right application of them. You are so well-bred, as to say your fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaux, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at Will's. This may possibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even supposing your comparison to reach Tom's and the Grecian. Surely you are too wise to think that the real commendation of a woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own sphere, and approved ourselves better daughters, better wives, mothers, and friends?

"I cannot but agree with the judicious trader in Cheapside (though I am not at all prejudiced in his favour) in recommending the study of arithmetic; and must dissent even from the authority which you mention, when it advises the making our sex scholars.

Indeed a little more philosophy, in order to the subduing our passions to our reason might be sometimes serviceable, and a treatise of that nature I should approve of, even in exchange for Theodosius, or the Force of Love; but as I well know you want not hints, I will proceed no farther than to recommend the Bishop of Cambray's Education of a Daughter, as it is translated into the only language I have any knowledge of, though perhaps very much to its disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that piece, that its instructions are not of general use, but only fitted for a great lady: but I confess I am not of that opinion; for I do not remember that there are any rules laid down for the expenses of a woman—in which particular only I think a gentleman ought to differ from a lady of the best fortune, or highest quality, and not in their principles of justice, gratitude, prudence, or modesty. I ought perhaps to make an apology for this long epistle; but as I rather believe you a friend to sincerity than ceremony, shall only assure you I am,

"Sir, your most humble servant,

T. "ANNABELLA."

No. 96.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 20, 1711.

Amicum

*Mancipium domino, et frugi*—HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 2.

The faithful servant, and the true.—CREECH.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE frequently read your discourse upon servants, and as I am one myself, have been much offended that in that variety of forms wherein you considered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is, however, one observation of yours I approve, which is, 'That there are men of wit and good sense among all orders of men, and that servants report most of the good or ill which is spoken of their masters.' That there are men of sense who live in servitude, I have the vanity to say I have felt to my woeful experience. You attribute very justly the source of our general iniquity to board-wages, and the manner of living out of a domestic way; but I cannot give you my thoughts on this subject any way so well as by a short account of my own life, to this the forty-fifth year of my age—that is to say, from my first being a foot-boy at fourteen, to my present station of a nobleman's porter in the year of my age abovementioned.

"Know then, that my father was a poor tenant to the family of Sir Stephen Rackrent. Sir Stephen put me to school, or rather made me follow his son Harry to school, from my ninth year; and there, though Sir Stephen paid something for my learning, I was used like a servant, and was forced to get what scraps of learning I could by my own industry, for the schoolmaster took very little notice of me. My young master was a lad of very sprightly parts; and my being constantly about him, and loving him, was no small advantage to me. My master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a distance. He used always to say, that when he came to his estate I should have a lease of my father's tenement for nothing. I came up to town with him to Westminster-school; at which time he taught me at night all he learnt, and put me to find out words in the dictionary when he was about his exercise. It was the will of Providence that master Harry was taken very ill of a fever, of which he died within ten days after his first falling sick. Here was the first sorrow I ever knew;

SPECTATOR—Nos. 15 & 16,

and I assure you, a beautiful action, as fresh as if it were a new thing, it must be any thing fall, would cry, 'I am some more joyful than you are.' He would cry when he saw I was in danger, and could not have a good heart.' In the mouth, he fell down, and I hear him quickly turned, and beat my head with his hand, for grief I was in. I thought it would be days my old lady would be in the world, though I put her in a proposed putting in an excellent manner, throw away his sense enough to see her discarded, had loved so much, ramble wherever

"The third I was strolling in the Temple. A young man (as I heard he was) starved and was ready to his hands. Did I want a horse, so, and in a very pious creature, in carrying letters to ladies of my master from tavern to berry-garden, my master engaged which and drove had money. the pleasure of a night, playing like idleness. was generally pieces of poets, life held till the prudence secret of his in

"I was uttered when at last one of his misadventures happening at, clothed me for a sharp fellow. times I was to pitched upon. turn, I was to. She would of change;† and she would set humble servant came immediately home; then s

\* The mulberry ment near Buckle what like the mo

† The New Ed and York-build of millinery ware dwelling-houses

No. 97.] THURSDAY, JUNE, 21, 1711.

Projicere animas.—VIRG. ÆN. VI. 436.

They prodigally threw their lives away.

Among the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between Pharamond and Eucrate upon the subject of duels, and the copy of an edict issued in consequence of that discourse.

Eucrate argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive punishment, such as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the most exquisite torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a crime which had so long prevailed, and was so firmly fixed in the opinion of the world as great and laudable. The king answered, "that indeed instances of ignominy were necessary in the cure of this evil; but, considering that it prevailed only among such as had a nicety in their sense of honour, and that it often happened that a duel was fought to save appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other, it was evident that turning the mode another way would effectually put a stop to what had been only as a mode; that to such persons poverty and shame were torments sufficient; that he would not go farther in punishing in others, crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his displeasure sooner." Besides which the king said, "he was in general averse to tortures, which was putting human nature itself, rather than the criminal, to disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this means where the crime was but an ill effect arising from a laudable cause, the fear of shame." The king, at the same time, spoke with much grace upon the subject of mercy; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful consequences in the example. "Mercy to particulars," he observed, "was cruelty in the general. That though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that should die by the evil example; or answer to himself for the partiality in not pardoning the next as well as the former offender.—As for me," says Pharamond, "I have conquered France, and yet have given laws to my people. The laws are my methods of life; they are not a diminution but a direction to my power. I am still absolute to distinguish the innocent and the virtuous, to give honours to the brave and generous; I am absolute in my good will; none can oppose my bounty, or prescribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I please, reward the good, I am under no pain that I cannot pardon the wicked; for which reason," continued Pharamond, "I will effectually put a stop to this evil, by exposing no more the tenderness of my nature to the importunity of having the same respect to those who are miserable by their fault, and those who are so by their misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the king, smiling) repeat to us princes, that we are heaven's viceregents; let us be so, and let the only thing out of our power be to do ill."

Soon after the evening wherein Pharamond and Eucrate had this conversation, the following edict was published against duels.

PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

*"Pharamond, King of the Gauls, to all his loving subjects sendeth greeting:*

*"Whereas it has come to our royal notice and*

signs to me  
ad—it was  
xt turning,  
in his way  
ices of this  
ters; some  
at such a  
ing the ter-  
—others ex-  
ts was such  
was willing  
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enough in  
reatest mo-  
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ose families  
ur servants,  
ide upon a  
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well to think  
retended to  
that my fa-  
ith a bounty

single man,  
half. Most  
for when I  
ore than he  
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ever had, by

s of my life;  
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ld had such  
e unluckiest  
forth. All  
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us too gene-  
we are, ac-  
ors. In the  
one sin but  
n my gown  
all day long,  
ors, and my  
I am to let  
et abroad, a  
ps time with  
the gallery  
so properly  
are staring  
nt incidents.  
right place,  
speech, or a  
the people:  
by, Sir,  
vant,  
TRUSTY."

tion, that, in contempt of all laws divine and  
it is of late become a custom among the  
and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight  
as well as great and urgent provocations,  
teach other into the field—there, by their  
nds, and of their own authority, to decide  
atrocities by combat; we have thought fit  
the said custom into our royal consideration  
upon inquiry into the usual causes whereon  
al decisions have arisen, that by this wicked  
maugre all the precepts of our holy religion  
rules of right reason, the greatest act of the  
mind, forgiveness of injuries, is become vile  
amoral; that the rules of good society and  
conversation are hereby inverted; that the  
e vain, and the impudent, insult the careful,  
rest, and the modest; that all virtue is sup-  
and all vice supported, in the one act of  
apable to dare to the death. We have also  
with great sorrow of mind, observed that  
adful action, by long impunity (our royal at-  
being employed upon matters of more gene-  
era), is become honourable, and the refusal  
re in it ignominious. In these our royal  
inquiries we are yet farther made to under-  
that the persons of most eminent worth, and  
peful abilities, accompanied with the strong-  
ion for true glory, are such as are most liable  
involved in the dangers arising from this li-  
—Now, taking the said premises into our se-  
rideration, and well weighing that all such  
icies (wherein the mind is incapable of com-  
itself, and where the injury is too sudden  
equisite to be borne) are particularly pro-  
by laws heretofore enacted; and that the  
of less injuries, like those of ingratitude,  
nice and delicate to come under general  
re do resolve to blot this fashion, or wanton-  
anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by  
d resolutions declared in this edict as follow:  
person who either sends or accepts a chal-  
the posterity of either, though no death en-  
reupon, shall be, after the publication of this  
t, capable of bearing office in these our  
as.

person who shall prove the sending or  
g a challenge, shall receive to his own use  
perty the whole personal estate of both pa  
nd their real estate shall be immediately  
n the next heir of the offenders, in as ample  
as if the said offenders were actually deceased.  
cases where the laws (which we have already  
to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood;  
ie criminal is condemned by the said appeal,  
not only suffer death, but his whole estate,  
ked, and personal, shall from the hour of  
b be vested in the next heir of the person  
lood he spill.

it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, or our successors, to pardon the said offences, nor the offenders in their estates, honour, or life ever.

en at our court of Blois, the 8th of February, 120, in the second year of our reign."—T.

p. 98.] FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1711.

*Tanta est querendi cura decoris.*—Juv. Sat. vi. 500.  
As for their persons they adorn.

It is not so variable a thing in nature as a bad dress. Within my own memory, I have it rise and fall above thirty degrees. About

ten years ago it shot us  
somuch that the fem  
much taller than the  
such an enormous st  
grasshoppers before the  
sex is in a manner dw  
of beauties that seem  
remember several lad  
seven foot high, that a  
five. How they came  
learn; whether the w  
any penance which we  
they have cast their he  
us with something in  
tirely new; or whether  
being too cunning for  
method to make themse  
secret; though I find  
at present like trees i  
will certainly sprout u  
heads than before. F  
love to be insulted by  
myself, I admire the s  
sent humiliation, which  
natural dimensions, th  
their persons and len  
formidable and gigant  
to the beautiful edific  
any whimsical supers  
must therefore repeat  
with the coiffure now  
the good sense which  
among the valuable p  
serve that women in  
than men to adorn the  
indeed I very much ad  
fects, who raise such w  
bands, lace, and wire,  
their respective invent  
been as many orders i  
in those which have b  
times they rise in the s  
like a tower, and somet  
nal's time the building  
stories, as he has ver

Tot premit ordinibus, t  
Ædificat caput; Andre  
Post minor est: aliam

With curls on curls the  
And mount it with a fo  
A giantess she seems;  
And then she dwindles

But I do, not remember that the head-dress as gance as in the four built up in a couple of so exceedingly high on woman, who was but dress, appeared like a Monsieur Paradin say fontanges rose an ell ab pointed like steeples, a crape fastened to the t riously fringed, and h streamers."

The women might po

\* This refers to the com-  
tange"), a kind of head-dre-  
ning of the last century, wh  
hair and fore-part of the ca-  
lace, to a prodigious height  
opposite extrema was very

† Numb. xlii, §3.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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23, 1711.

, Sat. vi. 63.

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this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider them as the sentiments of the club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of Pharamond.

The great point of honour in men is courage, and in women chastity. If a man loses his honour in one encounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another: a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinion of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than courage; whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet; or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels; or that courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes women more esteemed by the opposite sex than chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at; or that nothing beside chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-abbey to the late Duke and Duchess of Newcastle. "Her name was Margaret Lucas, youngest sister to the Lord Lucas of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous."

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on chastity and courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and, did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must waste many years in the desert, before her virgin heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after seven years' rambling returns to his mistress, whose chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are still great remains of this romantic humour, it is a transporting favour for a lady to cast an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three stories high; as it is usual for a lover to assert his passion for his mistress, in a single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation, in point of honour from man to man, is giving the lie. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of courage so much as the making a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching

him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot admit under this head what Herodotus tells us of the ancient Persians—that from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things, to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer who has not long been dead,\* used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and after great professions of respect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in short, amounted to this—that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's name who jostled him as he came out from the opera: but before he would proceed, he begged his lordship that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him, he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends:—upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is a pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it some particular circumstances of shame and infamy: that those who are slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society.

L.

No. 100.] MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1711.

*Nihil est contulerim jucundo sanus amico.*—*HOR.* 1 Sat. v. 44

The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend.

A MAN advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and call that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy. Sickness, ill-humour and idleness will have robbed him of a great share of that space we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant aptitude for the satisfactions of his being. In-

stead of this in proportion. An affected meet with others. Thelves, but false pleasures. tudinarians come into the air. If a ment to meet ber. When plains he is some posset sort of people tion in other when he is p

It is a w not reckoned they conver pains and ad quota of the meanest he think at all when he find by another' Mutual goo in whenever tion of wha matters whe indeed ther selves in no such are the sons. Indol between ple coming any nurse's arms constant we make existe descends fro that being His life cons of a body, world, migh habitation o

Of this couple, Har the days of who have n Mrs. Rebec that the fire towards ma people of se and, passion sense in ei stand; their their fortune loss of taste we talk of t not mean, t should be al chaplets of ancients are sidering the too much de serve a dis delight in a

This port the parts at manner, th all pass wit of loads (w

\* The editor has been told this was William Cavendish, the first duke of Devonshire, who died August 18, 1707.



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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T.

6, 1711.

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nities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow Cæsar to be a great man, without derogating from Pompey; and celebrate the virtues of Cato, without detracting from those of Cæsar. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing.

According to Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years. In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus aditis* (as Tacitus expresses it)—with the passions and prejudices of a contemporary author—but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of Anne the first, and introducing it with a preface to his reader that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such a one (says the historian), though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity: nor was such a one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

It was under this reign, says he, that the Spectator published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very short face, extremely addicted to silence,



and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to grand Cairo for no other reason but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir Roger de Coverley, a whimsical country knight—and a Templar, whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow-woman, and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show; that they attested their principles by their patches; that an audience would sit out an evening, to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand: that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage: that a promiscuous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masks within the verge of the court; with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must, therefore, in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author: but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any objections that could be made to this paper. If we consider his style with that indulgence which we must show to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several critical dissertations, moral reflections,

The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it.—L.

No. 102.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1711.

—*Locus animi debent aliquando dari,*

*Ad cogitandum melior ut redeat sibi.*—*PRÆD. Fab. xiv. 3.*

The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may return the better to thinking.

I do not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but, as it is, I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Women are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end, therefore, that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the exercise of the fan, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who carry fans under me are drawn up twice a-day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and exercised by the following words of command: Handle

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Ground your  
fans. By the  
words of com-  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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88, 1711.

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incerity, from  
he preached,

on this occasion, and treats it with a more than or-  
dinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an  
example. With what command of himself does he  
lay before us, in the language and temper of his  
profession, a fault which, by the least liberty and  
warmth of expression, would be the most lively wit  
and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and  
the good man chastised the great wit in such a man-  
ner, that he was able to speak as follows:

"—Amongst too many other instances of the  
great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein  
we live, the great and general want of sincerity in  
conversation is none of the least. The world is  
grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that  
men's words are hardly any signification of their  
thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his  
heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express  
more kindness to every man than men usually have  
for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of  
want of breeding. The old English plainness and  
sincerity—that generous integrity of nature, and  
honesty of disposition, which always argues true  
greatness of mind and is usually accompanied with  
undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great mea-  
sure lost amongst us. There hath been a long en-  
deavour to transform us into foreign manners and  
fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of  
none of the best of our neighbours, in some of the  
worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversa-  
tion is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and com-  
pliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expres-  
sions of kindness and respect, that if a man that  
lived an age or two ago should return into the world  
again, he would really want a dictionary to help him  
to understand his own language, and to know the  
true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion—and  
would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the  
highest strains and expressions of kindness, ima-  
ginable do commonly pass in current payment; and  
when he should come to understand it, it would be  
a great while before he could bring himself with a  
good countenance and a good conscience to converse  
with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

"And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should  
more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear  
what solemn expressions of respect and kindness  
will pass between men, almost upon no occasion;  
how great honour and esteem they will declare for  
one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how  
entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his  
service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely  
and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit; and  
how extremely they will be concerned for him, yet,  
and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in  
justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that  
there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but  
the matter is well enough, so long as we understand  
one another; *et verba valent ut nummi*, "words are  
like money;" and when the current value of them  
is generally understood, no man is cheated by them.  
This is something, if such words were any thing;  
but being brought into the account, they are mere  
ciphers. However it is still a just matter of com-  
plaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion,  
and that our language is running into a lie; that  
men have almost quite perverted the use of speech,  
and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest  
part of the conversation of mankind is little else  
but driving a trade of dissimulation; insomuch that  
it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the  
world, to see the little security that is in use and  
practice among men."

When the vice is placed in this contemptuous light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the author of them.

"If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, are lost."

In another part of the same discourse he goes on to shew, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him that practises it.

"Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood."—R.

#### No. 104.] FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1711.

Qualis equos Threissa fatigat  
Harpalyce.—VIRG. *Æn.* l. 316.

With such array Harpalyce bestrode  
Her Thracian courser.—DRYDEN.

It would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call good-breeding, if nothing were to pass amongst us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called decorum, or a regard to decency. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage which no haughty soul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase.

Tully says, virtue and decency are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is decency concomitant to virtue. As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does decency of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not only show you arrogant, but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another. As it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In the last particular lies the whole force of what is called decency; to this purpose that excellent moralist above-mentioned talks of decency; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expressed with all his eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed

among all of them though themselves often very masters of life. It was his behaviour, if ever actions, were daughter, or seemed in of themselves. Women are lured to courted to do. Nothing can preservation of their own equestrian meets in and would take the tion. In order not be wholly

"Mr. S.

"Going late beautiful even was admiring hours of the every way an off from these horsemen I saw of them escape son that my youth who had have been drawn. His features, able effeminate appeared in his dered, hung ders, and was mistress, in a streamer behind of blue camlet a cravat of cock, a little more sprightly was a pacer, ner, and seen. As I was pity who appeared an object of proach, and of the equipage petticoat of. After this day the fair Amazon thought those by their soft proper a bold mouth seemed. I am not certain was a very handsome very indifferent.

"There is itself against tures of dress upon that principle which the best and if they are present, would blies into a general Amazonian it, first impresses the quality anything, so help thinking modesty. T

nk fit to go  
y, they ought  
eir triumph

ly the man-  
are pleased  
more honour  
their own ex-  
deceive us  
to be repre-  
d a spaniel;  
rthy family,  
dress and air  
d those who  
ght never to  
is so large a  
the fair sex  
d into these  
me occasion  
needs to be  
hemselves—  
d to see their  
t them look  
feminacy of  
appear to us  
f a man.  
e servant.”

00, 1711.

act. I, Sc. 1.  
e too much ad-

-Eno. Prov.

himself very  
of mankind,  
youth; for  
as met with  
among the  
es he should  
e not broke  
rbed honest  
beat up a  
oung fellow.  
e Will calls  
e knowledge  
Will inge-  
fe his head  
men over-  
nder certain  
e, that with-  
ainted with  
oks upon as  
ds all other  
of one whom  
philosopher.  
ed company,  
o out of his  
making his  
Our club  
ripping, at  
For as Will  
e town, we  
our know-  
three letters  
lady. The  
ough for a  
kily, several  
aughed this

off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the Templar, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked pedantry in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar: upon this Will had recourse to his old topic of shewing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of pedants; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it to every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater pedant than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favorites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions, in a game of *ombre*. When he has gone thus far, he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments; his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but rank pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of colleges.

I might here mention the military pedant, who always talks in a camp—and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles, from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the law pedant, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most different circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The state pedant is wrapped up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the king of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the Gazette,\* you drop him. In short a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid pedantic character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of pedants which I have mentioned, the book pedant is much the most supportable: he has at least an exercised understanding, a head which is full, though confused—so that a man who converses with him may often receive from his hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of pedants among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes

\* A newspaper, so called from gazette, the name of a piece of current money, which was the stated price at which it was originally sold.

se, so it makes a silly man ten thousand  
e insufferable, by supplying variety of mat-  
s impertinence, and giving him an oppor-  
abounding in absurdities.

pedants cry up one another much more  
of solid and useful learning. To read the  
y give an editor, or collator of a manu-  
u would take him for the glory of the com-  
h of letters, and the wonder of his age!  
haps upon examination you find that he  
rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a  
tence in proper commas.

re obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their  
hat they may keep one another in counte-  
nd it is no wonder if a great deal of know-  
ch is not capable of making a man wise, has  
tendency to make him vain and arrogant.

L.

106.] MONDAY, JULY 2, 1711.

—Hinc tibi copia  
it ad plenum, benigno  
onorum opulenta cornu.—HON. 1 Od. xvii. 14.  
lenty's liberal horn shall pour  
ts for thee a copious show'r,  
mours of the quiet plain.

is often received an invitation from my  
Roger de Coverley, to pass away a month  
in the country, I last week accompanied  
er, and am settled with him for some time  
ntry-house, where I intend to form several  
using speculations. Sir Roger, who is  
acquainted with my humour, lets me rise  
bed when I please, dine at his own table  
chamber as I think fit, sit still and say  
without bidding me be merry. When the  
of the country come to see him, he only  
at a distance. As I have been walking in  
I have observed them stealing a sight of  
a hedge, and have heard the knight de-  
mand not to let me see them, for that I hated  
ed at.

more at ease in Sir Roger's family, be-  
consists of sober and staid persons; for as  
t is the best master in the world, he seldom  
is servants; and as he is beloved by all  
his servants never care for leaving him;  
means his domestics are all in years, and  
I with their master. You would take his  
hambre for his brother, his butler is gray-  
his groom is one of the gravest men that I  
see, and his coachman has the looks of  
unseller. You see the goodness of the  
en in his old house-dog, and in a gray pad-  
pt in the stable with great care and ten-  
ut of regard to his past services, though  
useless for several years.

not but observe with a great deal of plea-  
joy that appeared in the countenances of  
nt domestics upon my friend's arrival at  
seat. Some of them could not refrain  
at the sight of their old master; every  
one pressed forward to do something for  
seemed discouraged if they were not em-  
at the same time the good old knight, with  
of the father and the master of the family,  
he inquiries after his own affairs with se-  
questions relating to themselves. This  
nd good-nature engages every body to  
at when he is pleasant upon any of them,  
ly are in good humour, and none so much  
on whom he diverts himself with: on the

contrary, if he coughs  
old age, it is easy for  
cret concern in the too

My worthy friend has  
care of his butler, who  
as well as the rest of  
fully desirous of pleas-  
often heard their master  
friend.

My chief companion,  
himself in the woods or  
man who is ever with  
his house in the nature  
years. This gentleman  
and some learning, of a  
ing conversation: he  
knows that he is very  
teem, so that he lives in  
tion than a dependant.

I have observed in se-  
friend Sir Roger, amid  
something of a humor  
well as imperfections, at-  
tain extravagance, which  
his, and distinguishes th-  
This cast of mind, as it  
itself, so it renders his  
able, and more delight-  
sense and virtue would  
ordinary colours. As I  
night, he asked me how  
I have just now menti-  
for my answer, told me  
insulted with Latin and  
which reason he desired  
the university to find his  
plain sense than much le-  
clear voice, a sociable  
man that understood a l-  
friend," says Sir Roger,  
who, besides the endow-  
they tell me, a good s-  
shew it. I have given  
parish; and because I k-  
upon him a good annui-  
me, he shall find that b-  
than perhaps he thinks h-  
me thirty years; and t-  
have taken notice of it,  
asked any thing of me fo-  
day soliciting me for son-  
other of my tenants h-  
not been a lawsuit in th-  
among them; if any dis-  
selves to him for the d-  
quiesce in his judgment,  
pened above once or tw-  
me. At his first settlin-  
present of all the good  
printed in English, and  
every Sunday he would  
the pulpit. Accordingly  
such a series, that they fo-  
and make a continued sy-

As Sir Roger was going  
tlemen we were talking of  
the knight's asking him  
(for it was Saturday night)  
St. Asaph\* in the morn-  
afternoon. He then she-

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

a great deal of  
Saunderson,  
living authors  
tical divinity.  
in the pulpit,  
and's insisting  
ect and a clear  
e gracefulness  
with the dis-  
I never passed  
A sermon re-  
composition of  
r.  
f our country  
nd instead of  
impositions of  
ndsome elocu-  
are proper to  
great masters.  
to themselves,

3, 1711.

tlei,  
si,  
m.  
br. Epilog. 1. 2.  
Esop, and placed  
to show, that the

ce, undisturbed  
th here in the  
union I always  
anners in serv-  
sters. The as-  
so much satis-  
happy lot which  
of it. There  
m seen but at  
aces, that serv-  
through which  
ary, here they  
way; and it is  
as a visit, when  
This proceeds  
of the man of  
knows how to  
omy as ever to  
his own mind  
to vent peevish  
nsistent orders  
and love go to  
n performance  
ion of the lower  
nt is called be-  
ith an expecta-  
e trivial fault,  
with any other  
masters often  
often to know,  
eadily back ac-  
ed by such a  
in good health;  
ove to him, or  
nded on his be-  
rather like a  
his orders are  
s; and the dis-  
t of the reward  
him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants: a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and, for that reason, goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir Roger's estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who stayed in the family was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as I was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness of those minds which can be pleased, and I barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might, on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependants, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes, and shown to their undone patrons that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a general admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go on of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir Roger's family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir Roger's kindness extends to their children's children; and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to practice. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing by a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to show in his face exquisite joy and



other. I thought the fainting figure re-  
 friend Sir Roger; and looking at the  
 stood by me, for an account of it, he in-  
 that the person in the livery was a serv-  
 Roger's, who stood on the shore while  
 was swimming, and observing him taken  
 sudden illness and sink under water,  
 and saved him. He told me Sir Roger  
 e dress he was in as soon as he came  
 by a great bounty at that time, followed  
 ur ever since, had made him master of  
 seat which we saw at a distance as we  
 his house. I remembered, indeed, Sir  
 , there lived a very worthy gentleman, to  
 as highly obliged, without mentioning any  
 er. Upon my looking a little dissatisfied  
 rt of the picture, my attendant informed  
 was against Sir Roger's will, and at the  
 quest of the gentleman himself, that he  
 in the habit in which he had saved his  
 R.

.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1711.

ma, multa agendo nihil agens.—*PURBA*. Fab. v. 2  
 a to no purpose, and very busy about nothing.

as yesterday morning walking with Sir  
 ore his house, a country fellow brought him  
 b, which, he told him, Mr. William Winn-  
 caught that very morning; and that he  
 it with his service to him, and intended to  
 dine with him. At the same time he de-  
 tetter, which my friend read to me as soon  
 senger left him.

ROGER,  
 e you to accept of a jack, which is the best  
 aught this season. I intend to come and  
 ou a river, and see how the perch bite in  
 river. I observed with some concern, the  
 I saw you upon the bowling-green, that  
 wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a  
 me that I twisted last week, which I hope  
 you all the time you are in the country.  
 st been out of the saddle for six days last  
 ag been at Eton with Sir John's eldest son.  
 to his learning hugely.

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,  
 "WILL WIMBLE."

ctraordinary letter, and message that ac-  
 d it, made me very curious to know the  
 and quality of the gentleman who sent  
 ich I found to be as follow:—Will Wimble  
 r brother to a baronet, and descended of  
 it family of the Wimbles. He is now be-  
 ty and fifty; but being bred to no busi-  
 born to no estate, he generally lives with  
 rother as superintendent of his game. He  
 pack of dogs better than any man in the  
 and is very famous for finding out a hare.  
 emely well-versed in all the little handi-  
 an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a  
 and furnishes the whole country with angle-  
 he is a good-natured officious fellow, and  
 e esteemed upon account of his family, he  
 ome guest at every house, and keeps up a  
 spondence among all the gentlemen about  
 carries a tulip root in his pocket from one  
 ; or exchanges a puppy between a couple

beho gentleman, whose name was Mr. Thomas

of friends that live perha  
 the country. Will is a p  
 the young heirs, whom he  
 net that he has weaved, o  
 made himself. He now a  
 garters of his own knitting  
 ters; and raises a great d  
 by inquiring as often as h  
 wear!" These gentlema  
 obliging little humours, a  
 the country.

Sir Roger was proceedi  
 when he saw him make u  
 hazle twigs in his hand  
 Roger's woods, as he cam  
 to the house. I was ver  
 on one side the hearty a  
 which Sir Roger received  
 secret joy which his guest  
 the good old knight. A  
 over, Will desired Sir Ro  
 servants to carry a set of  
 him in a little box, to a h  
 off, to whom it seems he h  
 for above this half-year.  
 sooner turned, but honest  
 large cock pheasant that  
 the neighbouring woods,  
 ventures of the same nat  
 characters are the game t  
 light in; for which reas  
 with the novelty of the p  
 he could be for his life wi  
 saut, and therefore liste  
 ordinary attention.

In the midst of his disc  
 ner, where the gentlema  
 had the pleasure of seei  
 caught served up for the  
 tuous manner. Upon ou  
 us a long account how  
 with it, foiled it, and at l  
 bank—with several othe  
 the first course. A dish  
 terward furnished conve  
 dinner, which concluded  
 Will's for improving the

Upon withdrawing int  
 was secretly touched wi  
 honest gentleman that ha  
 not but consider with a g  
 so good a heart and su  
 employed in trifles; tha  
 be so little beneficial to  
 try so little advantageous  
 per of mind and applica  
 recommended him to th  
 raised his fortune in and  
 good to his country or hi  
 a merchant have done w  
 nary qualifications!

Will Wimble's is the c  
 ther of a great family, w  
 dren starve like gentle  
 or profession that is be  
 humour fills several part  
 beggary. It is the hap  
 like ours, that the youn  
 of any liberal art or pr  
 such a way of life, as m  
 vie with the best of the  
 find several citizens tha



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

by an honest in-  
of their elder bro-  
will was formerly  
and that, finding  
parents gave him  
But certainly,  
been for studies  
y well turned for  
mmerce. As I  
e too much incul-  
compare what I  
have said in my

LY 5, 1711.

.2 Sat. ii. 3.

the schools.

the gallery, when  
posite to me, and  
as glad to meet  
erleys, and hoped  
n good company,  
ew he alluded to  
an who does not  
cient descent, I  
account of them.  
nd of the gallery,  
of the pictures,  
red into the mat-  
ings as they oc-  
lar introduction,  
chain of thought.  
e to consider the  
s of one age dif-  
y that only. One  
sion of one age  
set of people in  
rom one genera-  
etting coat and  
n Henry the Se-  
en of the guard;  
ew, because they  
alf broader—be-  
e expanded, and  
r to stand at the

see, is dressed  
would be no lar-  
I am. He was  
Tilt yard (which  
hitehall). You  
y his right foot.  
ry all to pieces;  
in this manner,  
the target of the  
and taking him  
n the pummel of  
urnament over,  
ather to perform  
is enemy: how-  
ake use of a vic-  
hed up to a gal-  
were rivals),  
ourtesy and par-  
but it might be  
w.

or was not only  
he arts of peace,  
as any gentle-

in being.

man at court; you see where his viol hangs by his  
basket-hilt sword. The action at the Tilt-yard, you  
may be sure, won the fair lady, who was a maid of  
honour and the greatest beauty of her time; but  
she stands, the next picture. You see, Sir, my great  
great grandmother has on the new-fashion  
petticoat; except that the modern is gathered at the  
waist; my grandmother appears as if she stood  
a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they  
were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred  
court, she became an excellent country-wife; she  
brought ten children, and when I show you the li-  
brary, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for  
the difference of the language) the best receipt  
in England both for a hasty-pudding and a white-p-

"If you please to fall back a little, because it  
necessary to look at the three next pictures at a  
view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand  
who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next  
her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against I  
will; this homely thing in the middle had both the  
portions added to her own, and was stolen by a nei-  
bouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and reso-  
tion; for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her  
and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her  
off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The loss  
of this romp, and so much money, was no great mat-  
ter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed  
it was this soft gentleman whom you see there. He  
serve the small buttons, the little boots, the lace  
the slashes about his clothes, and above all the pic-  
ture he is drawn in (which to be sure was his  
choosing): you see he sits with one hand on a de-  
writing, and looking as it were another way, like  
an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one  
those that had too much wit to know how to live  
the world; he was a man of no justice, but of  
good manners; he ruined every body that had a  
thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing  
his life; the most indolent person in the world,  
would sign a deed that passed away half his estate  
with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat be-  
fore a lady if it were to save his country. He  
said to be the first that made love by squeezing  
hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pound  
debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been  
informed, that he was every way the finest gen-  
tleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our  
house for one generation, but it was retrieved by  
gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen  
our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know  
Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that  
this man was descended from one of the ten children  
of the maid of honour I showed you above; but  
was never made out. We winked at the thing  
deed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed; he  
turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir Roger went on with his account of the gall-  
in the following manner: "This man (pointing  
him I looked at) I take to be the honour of  
house, Sir Humphry de Coverley; he was in  
dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as ge-  
racious as a gentleman. He would have thought his  
self as much undone by breaking his word, as if  
were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served  
country as knight of the shire to his dying day.  
found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity  
his words and actions, even in things that regard  
the offices which were incumbent upon him, in  
care of his own affairs and relations of life, and  
therefore dreaded (though he had great talents)

go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life, and great ability, were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and he used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which were superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir Roger ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "for," said he, "he was sent out of the field with a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity.

R.

## No. 110.] FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1711.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

VIRG. *Æn.* li. 755.All things are full of horror and affright,  
And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night.—DRYDEN.

At a little distance from Sir Roger's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his own creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the psalms,\* feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being haunted; for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me with a very grave face not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without a head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids, coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last week between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a churchyard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults that, if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from

time to time are exceedingly so, naturally raise the night heightened pours out her thing in it, I fill it with spec

Mr. Locke, Ideas, has very prejudice of e into the mind to one another several instan following: "I have really no yet let but a the mind of a possibly he sh again so long after bring wi shall be so join than the other.

As I was wa of the evening sions of terror from me, which tle might easi without a head lost his wits up

My friend great deal of estate, he four useless; that of being haun up; that noise so that he coe eight o'clock chambers was in the family the self in it; and age, had shut which either he died. The kn so small a cor out of his own ordered all the exorcised by h one after anoth fears which had

I should not ridiculous horre prevail in all time I think a imagination of sonable than or historians, sac and to the trad pearance of sp not I give my mankind, I sho sons who are n in other matte not only the hi poets, but like have favoured t by the course maintain that the body, mal ritious, and th death. This I pressed with th have the conf

\* Psal. civ. 12. *He shall feed the young ravens which call upon him.*

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

and uphilo-  
He tells us,  
actually flying  
ter another;  
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y that women  
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a third, nay,  
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rtality of the  
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is nature are

7, 1711.

2 Ep. li. 43.

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ays meditate  
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virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice

Thirdly, from the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity, are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the immortality of the soul, there is one drawn from the perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at the point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and, were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a human soul thus at a stand in her accomplishments; were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

—Hæres  
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.  
Hos. 2 Ep. li. 173.

—Their crowds heir, as in a rolling flood  
Wave urges wave. CRÆCH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silkworm, after having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterward to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity!

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the soul as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to

ever with new accessions of glory, and all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; car- something wonderfully agreeable to that which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see in for ever beautifying in his eyes, and dearer to him, by greater degrees of re-

is this single consideration of the progress spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to all envy in inferior natures, and all con- superior. That cherubim, which now ap- God to a human soul, knows very well eriod will come about in eternity, when soul shall be as perfect as he himself now hen she shall look down upon that degree on, as much as she now falls short of it. the higher nature still advances, and by preserves his distance and superiority in of being; but he knows that how high station is of which he stands possessed at e inferior nature will at length mount up shine forth in the same degree of glory.

hat astonishment and veneration may we ur own souls, where there are such hidden virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted perfection? We know not yet what we or will it ever enter into the heart of man e the glory that will be always in reserve The soul, considered with its Creator, is f those mathematical lines that may draw another for all eternity without a possi- ouching it;\* and can there be a thought ting, as to consider ourselves in these per- oaches to him, who is not only the stand- fection but of happiness!—L.

## 12.] MONDAY, JULY 9, 1711.

t, in obedience to thy country's rites,  
ship th' immortal gods.—PYTHAG.

always very well pleased with a country and think, if keeping holy the seventh day a human institution, it would be the best it could have been thought of for polishing ing of mankind. It is certain, the country uld soon degenerate into a kind of savages rians, were there not such frequent re- stated time, in which the whole village ther with their best faces, and in their habits, to converse with one another upon subjects, hear their duties explained to join together in adoration of the Supreme unday clears away the rust of the whole only as it refreshes in their minds the no- ligious, but as it puts both the sexes upon in their most agreeable forms, and exert- h qualities as are apt to give them a figure of the village. A country fellow distin- self as much in the churchyard, as a ci- upon the Change, the whole parish-poli- generally discussed in that place either in or before the bell rings.

nd Sir Roger, being a good churchman, sed the inside of his church with several own choosing. He has likewise given a pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-

nes are what the geometers call the asymp- topochia, and the allusion to them here is, per- the most beautiful that has ever been made.  
tor—Nos. 17 & 18.

table at his own expense that at his coming to his ioners very irregular: a them kneel and join in t one of them a hassock at and at the same time em- master, who goes about pose, to instruct them

Psalms; upon which th themselves, and indeed churches that I have eve

As Sir Roger is land- tion, he keeps them in suffer nobody to sleep in chance he has been sud- sermon, upon recovering looks about him, and if ding, either wakes them to them. Several other larities break out upon th he will be lengthening e Psalms half a minute af- tion have done with it pleased with the matter nounces amen three or prayer; and sometimes else is upon their knees, or see if any of his tenan

I was yesterday very old friend, in the midst of one John Matthews to m not disturb the congrega it seems is remarkable fo at that time was kicking

This authority of the kno odd manner which accom- cumstances of life, has a parish, who are not pol- ridiculous in his behavior good sense and worthine friends observe these litt rather set off than blemis

As soon as the sermo- sumes to stir till Sir Roge The knight walks down f between a double row of ing to him on each side; inquires how such a one' father do, whom he does understood as a secret re is absent.

The chaplain has often chising day, when Sir R a boy that answers well be given to him next d and sometimes accompan to his mother. Sir Roge pounds a year to the cler encourage the young fe perfect in the church ser death of the present inc bestow it according to me

The fair understanding his chaplain, and their n good, is the more remark village is famous for the that arise between the live in a perpetual state ways preaching at the sq revenged on the parson The squire has made a tithe-stealers; while the

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

and insinuates to that he is a better matter are come to he has not said his te this half year; he does not mend e face of the whole

so frequent in the nary people, who hes, that they pay nding of a man of ng; and are very h, how important ed to them, when of five hundred a L.

LY 10, 1711.

—VINO. *Æn.* iv. 4.  
heart.

mpany in which I embered, that I ch my friend Sir h; which was no ve. It happened ery pleasing walk soon as we came old man, looking ard, that any part one who has used id; and yet I am any bough of this reflect upon her ly the finest hand are to know, this use upon her; and ne into it but the my mind, as if I beautiful creature ol enough to carve of these trees; so n love, to attempt the methods which She has certainly he world."

ce; and I was not alling so naturally r before taken no- after a very long t of this great cir- r which I thought I had ever had e of that cheerful stroke which has actions. But he

enty-second year, f the most worthy d this spot of earth pitality and good ny fame; and in or the sake of my I was obliged to d in my servants, lged the pleasure nk ill of his own ion of showing my You may easily nce I made, who

am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well am at the head of a whole country, with music o me, a feather in my hat, and my horse wou as I can assure you I was not a little pleased wu kind looks and glances I had from all the aiics and windows as I rode to the hall where the as were held. But, when I came there, a deas creature in a widow's habit sat in court to bow event of a cause concerning her dower. This manding creature (who was born for the destru of all who beheld her) put on such a resignatic her countenance, and bore the whispers of all an the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I was you, and then recovered herself from one eye to ther, until she was perfectly confused by me something so wistful in all she encountered, the last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitz eye upon me. I no sooner met it but I bowed a great surprised booby; and knowing her can be the first which came on, I cried, like a captiv calf as I was, 'Make way for the defendant's nesses.' This sudden partiality made all the co immediately see the sheriff also was become a to the fine widow. During the time her came upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, such a deep attention to her business, took opp nities to have little billets handed to her cou then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasio you must know, by acting before so much comp that not only I but the whole court was prej in her favour; and all that the next heir to her band had to urge was thought so groundless an volous, that when it came to her counsel to n there was not half so much said as every one be in the court thought he could have urged to he vantage. You must understand, Sir, this per woman is one of those unaccountable creatures secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, bu dge themselves in no farther consequences. H it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, she removes from her slaves in town to those i country, according to the seasons of the year.

is a reading lady, and far gone in the pleasu friendship. She is always accompanied by a fidant, who is witness to her daily protesta against our sex, and consequently a bar to her steps towards love, upon the strength of her maxims and declarations.

"However, I must need say, this accompl mistress of mine has distinguished me above the and has been known to declare Sir Roger de Cov was the tamest and most humane of all the bas the country. I was told she said so by one thought he rallied me; but upon the strength o slender encouragement of being thought less d able, I made new liveries, new-paired my c horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and to throw their legs well, and move all together fore I pretended to cross the country, and wait- her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable i character of my fortune and youth, I set out hence to make my addresses. The particular of this lady has ever been to inflame your w and yet command respect. To make her miste this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, and good sense than is usual even among ex merit. Then she is beautiful beyond the w women. If you will not let her go on with a ce artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, sh arm herself with her real charms, and strik with admiration instead of desire. It is certain if you were to behold the whole woman, there is

her aspect, that composure in her motion, placency in her manner, that if her form I hope, her merit makes you fear. But then is such a desperate scholar, that no country I can approach her without being a jest. going to tell you, when I came to her house sitted to her presence with great civility; at time she placed herself to be first seen such an attitude, as I think you call the picture, that she discovered new charms, and came towards her with such an awe as speechless. This she no sooner observed made her advantage of it, and began a discourse concerning love and honour, as they followed by pretenders and the real votaries.

When she discussed these points in a disquisit, I verily believe, was as learned as the sophist in Europe could possibly make, she whether she was so happy as to fall in with me on these important particulars. Her sat by her, and upon my being in the last and silence, this malicious aid of her's to her, says, 'I am very glad to observe Sir says upon this subject, and seems resolved all his sentiments upon the matter when s to speak.' They both kept their countenance after I had sat half an hour meditating have before such profound casuists, I rose took my leave. Chance has since that time me very often in her way, and she as often ted a discourse to me which I could not understand.

This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance the most beautiful object my eyes ever. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, must make love to her as you would conquer a, by posing her. But were she like other and that there were any talking to her, how must the pleasure of that man be, who could with such a creature. But, after all, you are her heart is fixed on some one or other: I have been credibly informed—but who we half that is said?—after she had done to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and her tucker: then she cast her eyes a little on my beholding her too earnestly. They sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary is something in it inexpressibly sweet. You saw I dined with her at a public table the day first saw her, and she helped me to some the eye of all the gentlemen in the country.

certainly the finest haud of any woman in L. I can assure you, Sir, were you to be, you would be in the same condition; for speech is music, her form is angelic. But I saw irregular while I am talking of her; but would be stupidity to be unconcerned at action. Oh, the excellent creature! she is able to all women, as she is inaccessible to

and my friend begin to rave, and insensibly towards the house, that we might be joined other company; and am convinced that the secret cause of all that inconsistency appears in some part of my friend's discourse; he has so much command of himself as not to mention her, yet according to that of which one knows not how to render into *idum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this in that whole epigram, which represents with honour my honest friend's condition:—  
*id agit Rufus, nihil est, nisi Navia Rufo,*  
*tacet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur*

Conat, propinat, poscit.

Navia: si non sit Ne

Scriberet hesternam, patr

Navia lux, inquit, Na

Let Rufus weep, rejoice

Still he can nothing but

Let him eat, drink, ask

Still he must speak of N

He writ to his father, en

I am, my lovely Navia.

## No. 114 ] WEDNESDAY

—Paupertatis pudor

—The dread of

Than to be thought neces

ECONOMY in our affairs, and our fortunes which give conversation. There are in both cases, which instead renders them both miserable had yesterday, at Sir R's tablemen who dined with glass was taken, by thoughtfully. Among other tolerable good aspect, of liquor than any of thought he did not taste grew warm, he was said, and as he advanced his humour grew worse, sternness seemed to be raised in his own mind, than the company. Upon he to be a gentleman of a county, but greatly unhappy man this peevish estate is dipped, and is yet he has not the heart proud stomach, at the constant inquietudes, dangerous nameless inconvenience his fortune, rather than of fewer hundreds: a commonly reputed. Thus poverty, to avoid the you go to his house, you in a manner that she that the master's mind certain waste and carrying, and the whole ingence, a magnificent cheerfulness which attended within compass, is a wretched way of service.

This gentleman's way of management, it would be, who had but and should take the character rather than of a small and keep in a man's hand really has, is of all vanity, and must in the guilty of it to dishonour in any county of Great in this fatal error; if a name, which proceeds appearing what they real behaviour would in a condition which they p

Laertes has fifteen hundred is mortgaged for six thousand



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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hall  
RACE, 3 Oct. 1.

putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has no good sense for its direction, but is carried on by sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir Roger's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world; but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination as strong as to continue in these mansions so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. Cowley,

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat  
With any wish so mean as to be great;  
Continue, Heav'n, still from me to remove  
The humble blessings of that life I love.

T

No. 115.] THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1711.

—Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

Jev. Sat. x. 236

Pray for a sound mind in a sound body.

BODILY labour is of two kinds,—either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of these generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour—and for that reason gives a man a great stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. Consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or, to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves and arteries, but every muscle and every ligament which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and clean that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with cheerfulness.

I might here mention the effects which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits which are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours, which those of the other sex are so often subject to.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part as to



reduce those compressions, extensions, dilations, and all other kinds of motions necessary for the preservation of such aubes and glands as has been before mentioned that we might not want inducements as in such an exercise of the body as is its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing be procured without it. Not to mention honour, even food and raiment are come at without the toil of the hands and the brows. Providence furnishes materials, that we should work them up ourselves. must be laboured before it gives its in- when it is forced into its several pro- many hands must they pass through y are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, diture, naturally employ more than nine- of the species in twenty; and as for those obliged to labour, by the condition in are born, they are more miserable than mankind, unless they indulge themselves luntary labour which goes by the name

nd Sir Roger has been an indefatigable siness of this kind, and has hung several is house with the trophies of his former The walls of his great hall are covered orns of several kinds of deer that he has the chase, which he thinks the most va- niture of his house, as they afford him fre- cs of discourse, and shew that he has not

At the lower end of the hall is a large a stuffed with hay, which his mother or- hung up in that manner, and the knight n it with great satisfaction, because it as but nine years old when his dog killed ttle room adjoining to the hall is a kind filled with guns of several sizes and in- with which the knight has made great he woods, and destroyed many thousands ts, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable- atched with noses that belonged to foxes ight's own hunting down. Sir Roger one of them that for distinction sake has il struck through it, which cost him about riding, carried him through half a dozen killed him a brace of geldings, and lost his dogs. This the knight looks upon as e greatest exploits of his life. The per- ow, whom I have given some account of, leath of several foxes; for Sir Roger has hat in the course of his amours he patched n door of his stable. Whenever the widow the foxes were sure to pay for it. In pro- his passion for the widow abated and old on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is fe that sits within ten miles of his house. is no kind of exercise which I would so d to my readers of both sexes as this of there is none which so much conduces to d is every way accommodated to the body, to the idea which I have given of it. denham is very lavish in its praises; and glish reader would see the mechanical it described at length, he may find them in blished not many years since, under the edicina Gymnastica.\* For my own part, n in town, for want of these opportunities, myself an hour every morning upon a that is placed in a corner of my room,

and it pleases me the n thing that I require of it in My landlady and her acquainted with my hours come into my room to dist

When I was some year sent, I used to employ diversion, which I learned exercises that is written there called the fighting and consists in the brand grasped in each hand, and at either end. This open limbs, and gives a man without the blows. I could men would lay out that controversies and disput method of fighting with might conduce very much which makes them uneasy themselves.

To conclude, as I am a I consider myself as ob duties; and think I have the day when I do not th and exercise, as well as t temptation.

No. 116.] FRIDA

——— Vocat inges

Taygetique canes—

The echoing hills and

THOSE who have search serve that nothing so m the soul, as that its felici man has such an activ will find out something whatever place or state heard of a gentleman w ment in the Bastille sever he amused himself in s about his chamber, gat placing them in differ great chair. He often that unless he had found verily believed he should

After what has been s readers that Sir Roger, they are at present prett youth gone through the diversions which the cou seem to be extremely v industry a man may ob degree than in towns hinted at some of my frie youthful days taken for season; and tired many sisting of but a single and good wishes of the tended him on account o wards foxes; having de in one year, than it wa could have produced. scruple to own among that in order to establish has secretly sent for gre other counties, which he

\* This is Hieronymus Me Gymnasticæ apud Antiquos, See lib. iv. cap. 5, and lib. vi.

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some time afterward unravelling the whole track she  
had made, and following her through all her doubles.  
I was at the same time delighted in observing that  
deference which the rest of the pack paid to each  
particular hound, according to the character he had  
acquired among them. If they were at fault, and  
an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was  
immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw  
dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped  
his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three  
times, and being put up again as often, came still  
nearer to the place where she was at first started.  
The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by  
the jolly knight, who rode upon a white gelding,  
encompassed by his tenants and servants, and cheer-  
ing his hounds with all the gaiety of five-and-twenty.  
One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me  
that he was sure the chase was almost at an end,  
because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind  
now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right.  
Our hare took a large field just under us, followed  
by the full cry in view. I must confess the bright-  
ness of the weather, the cheerfulness of every thing  
around me, the chiding of the hounds, which we  
returned upon us in a double echo from two neigh-  
bouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen  
and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into  
a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged be-  
cause I was sure it was innocent. If I was unde-  
r any concern, it was on account of the poor hare, that  
was now quite spent, and almost within the reach  
of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward  
threw down his pole before the dogs. They were  
now within eight yards of that game which they had  
been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the  
signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden  
stand, and though they continued opening as much  
as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the  
pole. At the same time Sir Roger rode forward  
and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; when  
he soon after delivered her up to one of his servants  
with an order if she could be kept alive, to let her  
go in his great orchard; where it seems he has sev-  
eral of these prisoners of war, who live together in  
very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleas-  
ed to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-  
nature of the knight, who could not find in his heart  
to murder a creature that had given him so much  
diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that  
Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse  
on the Misery of Man, tells us, that all our endeavours  
after greatness proceed from nothing but  
desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons  
and affairs that may hinder us from looking in  
ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear. He after-  
wards goes on to shew that our love of sports comes  
from the same reason, and is particularly severe  
upon hunting. "What," says he, "unless it be  
drown thought, can make them throw away so much  
time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might  
buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflec-  
tion is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole  
mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether  
loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those  
who propose a far more laudable end from this ex-  
ercise, I mean the preservation of health, and keep  
all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute  
her orders. Had that incomparable person whom  
I last quoted been a little more indulgent to him-  
self in this point, the world might probably have

joyed him much longer; whereas, through too great an application to his studies in his youth, he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir Roger; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. Dryden:

The first physicians by debauch were made;  
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.  
By chase our long-liv'd fathers earn'd their food;  
Till strung the nerves, and purify'd the blood;  
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,  
Are dwindled down to three-score years and ten.  
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend;  
God never made his work for man to mend.

X.

No. 117.] SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1711.

— Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt.—VINO. Ecl. viii. 108.

With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon his determination, is absolutely necessary in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider the subject of witchcraft. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination—and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call witches, my mind is divided between two opposite opinions, or, rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been, such a thing as witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway:

In a close time, as I pursu'd my journey,  
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double.

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6, 1711.

En. iv. 73.

—DRYDEN.

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Themista, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of, whom she speaks to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confidant shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confidant. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented, and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that — Sir Roger was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, "What, not one smile?" We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. William, Sir Roger's master of the game. The knight whispered me, "Hist, these are lovers." The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream—"Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear Betty herself with any mention of her unfortunate William, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish—yet let me talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest Betty thou dost not more depend upon her than does her William; her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee—herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again. Still do you hear me without one smile.—It is too much to bear." He had no sooner spoken these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She, half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, "I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you will not drown yourself till you have taken your leave of Susan Holiday." The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, "Do not, my dear, believe a word Kate Willow says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake." "Look you there," quoth Sir Roger, "do you see there, all mischief comes from confidants! But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. Kate Willow is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant in her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they have ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was

never, the saucy thing said the other day to Sir Roger and I must make a match, both despised by those we loved.' The great deal of power wherever she comes, and her share of cunning.

When I reflect upon this woman, I do not, in the main, I am the worse for her: whenever she is recalled to my mind, my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten my veins. This affliction in my life has been my conduct with a softness, of which I have been incapable. It is owing to this dear image in my heart that I am not, that I easily forgive, and that many things are grown into my temper, which I have arrived at by better motives than that of being one day hers. I am pretty much such a passion as I have had is never far from me, and between you and me, I am often sure it has had some whimsical effect upon me. I frequently find, that in my most serious I let fall some comical familiarity of words, which makes the company laugh. I cannot but allow she is a most excellent friend. When she is in the country, I warrant she is in dairies, but reads upon the nature of the soil, but has a glass hive, and comes into the house of books to see them work, and observe the progress of their commonwealth. She understands, I would give ten pounds to hear her talk. My friend Sir Andrew Freeport about her, no, for all she looks so innocent as it may be, for word for it she is no fool."—T.

## 9.1 TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1711.

*a dicunt Romani, Melibiose, putavi  
me autem nostrum similem.*—VIRG. *Ecl. l. 20.*  
*we call Rome, unskilful clown,  
resembled this our humble town.*—WARTON.

and most obvious reflections which arise from the change of the city for the country, are the different manners of the people whom he meets in those two different scenes of life. By the one we do not mean morals, but behaviour and conversation, as they shew themselves in the town and country.

In the first place I must observe a very great change that has happened in this article of conversation. Several obliging deferences, compliments, and submissions, with many outward ceremonious that accompany them, were brought up among the politer part of the world in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species of men on occasions acted bluntly and naturally. Mutual complaisance and intercourse of these forms of conversation by degrees grew troublesome; the modish world set a constraint in them, and have therefrom most of them aside. Conversation, like religion, was so encumbered with show, that it stood in need of a reformation in its superfluities, and restore it to its nature and beauty. At present, therefore, a plain carriage, and a certain openness of conversation are the height of good-breeding. The world is grown free and easy; our manners are loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as to be negligent. In a word, good conversation is itself most, where to an ordinary eye it is least.

If after this we look out into the country, we find in them the same. They have no sooner felt the influence of the fashions of the polite world, than they are nearer to the same refinements which are in the court, and still prevailed. We now know a man that never was by his excess of good-breeding. An esquire shall make you a visit an hour, as would serve a country gentleman is infinitely more to do all in a meeting of justices' or of duchesses.

This rural politeness is a great part of my temper, who generally next me, and walk first or last, as chance directs. Sir Roger's dinner almost always could adjust the ceremony to sit down; and have heard when I have seen him for guests, as they sat at the table, that he might drink their health in their respective ranks and qualities, who I should have thought infected with ceremony, and trouble in this particular. Being all the morning, he was never until I am served. When he is in the hall, he runs behind the scenes, where we were walking in the fields, and I came up to it, and upon my return to get over, told me with a great deal of belief they had no manner of ceremony.

There has happened a great deal of point of good-breeding, which is a great point of conversation among men of modish look upon as very extraordinary. One of the first distinctions of conversation express every thing that is the appearance of being obscene and vulgar phrases; whilst the delicacy of conception and the ideas in those plain homely expressions are obvious and natural. This was perhaps carried to an excess, and conversation too stiff, formal, and reason (as hypocrisy is succeeded by atheism in another great measure relapsed into that at present several of particularly those who have made use of the most common language, and utter it in a manner as a clown would.

This infamous piece of conversation reigns among the coxcombs, and made its way into the country, and is so sensible for such an irrational creature last long among a people of religion, or show of modesty. Men get into it, they will not lurch. Their good-breeding is in them, and they will be the clowns, while they fancy they like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of good conversation hitherto insisted upon, conversation, there is a third. In this, too, the country and the rural beaux are not yet

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Y 18, 1711.

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with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this natural love in brutes much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what a very remarkable circumstance in this part of instinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it; as we may see in birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This natural love is not observed in animals ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in proportion, as it spreads itself downward; for in family affection, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men dispute for the reason of animals, and telling us it is on our pride and prejudices that will not allow the the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take the brute out of his instinct, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the hen provide herself nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! when she has laid her eggs in such manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! when she leaves the nest to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the



chill the principles of life, and destroy one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When she approaches, with how much nicety and does she help the chick to break its prison! notice of her covering it from the injurious weather, providing it proper nourishment, and helping it to help itself; not to mention her forethought, if after the usual time of reckoning one does not make its appearance. A generation could not be followed with greater patience, than is seen in the hatching of a egg, though there are many birds that shew an greater sagacity in all the forementioned

at the same time the hen, that has all this gentility (which is indeed absolutely necessary for propagation of the species), considered in all respects, is without the least glimmering of common sense. She mistakes a piece of straw for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner as if it were; is insensible of any increase or diminution of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another bird, and when the birth appears of never so odd a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all instances, which do not carry an immediate advantage to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

It is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious than this instinct in animals, which is above reason, and falls infinitely short of what is not to be accounted for by any properties in the matter, but at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an inferior being. For my own part, I look upon this as the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities in the bodies themselves, nor from the laws of natural philosophy, but according to the best notions of the great philosophers, is an immediate impression of the first mover, and the divine energy actuates.—L.

1. THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1711.

— Jovis omnia plena.—VIRG. Ecl. iii. 60.

— All things are full of Jove.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard of my friend's country house, I was very much pleased to see the different workings of nature in a hen followed by a brood of ducks. The hen, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran to the water, and huddled the step-mother, with all imaginary fondness, over the borders of it, to call them to the element that appeared to her so dangerous. As the different principle which actuates these different animals cannot be termed instinct, when we call it instinct, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my paper, it seems the immediate direction of the Supreme, and such an operation of the Supreme that which determines all the portions of the world to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, Monsieur Bayle in his learned treatise on the Souls of Brutes, delivers the same notion in a bolder form of words, where he says, *est anima brutarum*, "God himself is the instinct of the brute." Who can tell what to call that sagacity in animals, which directs them to do as is proper for them, and makes them avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome?

Tully has observed, that a child, though it has its mother, but immediately it applies itself to the teat, which tells us, that when seamed upon the unknown coasts of Asia, upon the fruit of any tree may appear, unless they are with the pecking of birds, fear or apprehension wherefore them.

But notwithstanding the use of reason, we find the parts of our nature, the greatest strength and power, worth our observation, the prey are wonderfully subduer, and all the other animals animate them in search of those that are incapable of annoying others, or whose flight, are suspicious, feel every thing they see or hear of assistance and use to be armed with something mild means are qualified for a the passions generally co the body. We do not find weak and defenceless and meekness of a lamb in a and assault as the lion. I find that particular animals, exquisite sharpness and senses which most turn to which their safety and well.

Nor must we here omit with which nature has diff of several kinds of animals, horns, teeth, and tusks, a proboscis. It is likewise that it must be some hidden what we call reason, while use of these their arms, and them to the best advantage defend themselves with strength lies, before the is remarkable in lambs, within doors and never a species, push at those who foreheads, before the first.

I shall add to these instances, which Mr. Locke dence even in the imper seems the meanest and in animal world. "We make of an oyster, or not so many nor so quick as other animals; nor in state and incapacity of place to another, be better would sight and hearing move itself to or from the stance it perceives good quickness of sensation animal that must be substituted it, and there warmer, clean or foul was to it?"

I shall add to this instance other out of the learned Cardan, in relation to ad dence has left defective, shewn its wisdom in the



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more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with, the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest; that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

Tully has given us an admirable sketch of natural history, in his second book concerning the Nature of the Gods; and that in a style so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.—L.

#### No. 122.] FRIDAY, JULY 20, 1711.

Comes Jucundus in via pro vehiculo est.—PONT. SYR. FRAG.

An agreeable companion upon the road is as good as a coach.

A MAN'S first care should be to avoid the reproaches of his own heart; his next, to escape the censures of the world. If the last interferes with the former, it ought to be entirely neglected; but otherwise there cannot be a greater satisfaction to an honest mind, than to see those approbations which it gives itself, seconded by the applauses of the public. A man is more sure of his conduct, when the verdict which he passes upon his own behaviour is thus warranted and confirmed by the opinion of all that know him.

My worthy friend Sir Roger is one of those who is not only at peace within himself, but beloved and esteemed by all about him. He receives a suitable tribute for his universal benevolence to mankind, in the returns of affection and good-will which are paid him by every one that lives in his neighbourhood. I lately met with two or three odd instances of that general respect which is shown to the good old knight. He would needs carry Will Wimble and myself with him to the county assizes. As we were upon the road, Will Wimble joined a couple of plain men who rid before us, and conversed with them for some time; during which my friend Sir Roger acquainted me with their characters.

"The first of them," says he, "that has a spaniel by his side, is a yeoman of about a hundred pounds a-year, an honest man. He is just within the game-act, and qualified to kill a hare or a pheasant. He knocks down a dinner with his gun twice or thrice a week; and by that means lives much cheaper than those who have not so good an estate as himself. He would be a good neighbour if he did not destroy so many partridges. In short, he is a very sensible man—shoots flying—and has been several times foreman of the petty-jury."

"The other that rides along with him is Tom Touchy, a fellow famous for taking 'the law' of every body. There is not one in the town where he lives that he has not sued at a quarter-sessions. The rogue had once the impudence to go to law with the widow. His head is full of costs, damages, and ejectments. He plagued a couple of honest gentlemen so long for a trespass in breaking one of his hedges, till he was forced to sell the ground it enclosed to defray the charges of the prosecution. His father left him fourscore pounds a year; but he has cast and been cast so often, that he is not now worth

I suppose he is going upon the old business blow-tree."

Roger was giving me this account of Tom Will Wimble and his two companions short till we came up to them. After having respects to Sir Roger, Will told him that chy and he must appeal to him upon a dis- arose between them. Will, it seems, had ing his fellow-traveller an account of his one day in such a hole; when Tom Touchy, of hearing out his story, told him that Mr. me, if he pleased, might "take the law of r fishing in that part of the river. My r Roger heard them both upon a round trot; r having paused some time, told them with of a man who would not give his judgment that "much might be said on both sides." ere neither of them dissatisfied with the determination, because neither of them self in the wrong by it. Upon which we best of our way to the assizes.

ourt was sat before Sir Roger came; but tanding all the justices had taken their on the bench, they made room for the old & the head of them; who for his reputation untry took occasion to whisper in the judge's t he was glad his lordship had met with so od weather in his circuit. I was listening roceedings of the court with much attention, itely pleased with that great appearance of y which so properly accompanies such a publi- cation of our laws; when, after about an iting, I observed, to my great surprise, in st of a trial, Sir Roger was getting up to I was in some pain for him, until I found he itted himself of two or three sentences with much business and great intrepidity. his first rising the court was hushed, and a whisper ran among the country people, that s "was up." The speech he made was so the purpose, that I shall not trouble my with an account of it; and I believe was not designed by the knight himself to inform t, as to give him a figure in my eye, and his credit in the country.

highly delighted, when the court rose, to see lemen of the country gathering about my old and striving who should compliment him t the same time that the ordinary people pon him at a distance, not a little admiring age, that he was not afraid to speak to the

r return home we met with a very odd acci- hich I cannot forbear relating, because it ow desirous all who know Sir Roger are of im marks of their esteem. When we were upon the verge of his estate, we stopped at a to rest ourselves and our horses. The man ouse had, it seems, been formerly a servant night's family; and to do honour to his old had some time since, unknown to Sir Roger, up in a sign-post before the door; so that plat's head hung out upon the road about a bre he himself knew anything of the matter. as Sir Roger was acquainted with it, finding servant's indiscretion proceeded wholly from and good-will, he only told him that he had m too high a compliment; and when the eemed to think that could hardly be, added ore decisive look, that it was too great an or any man under a duke; but told him at time, that it might be altered with a very

few touches, and that charge of it. According knight's directions to e face, and by a little ag change it to the Saracen known this story, had Roger's alighting, told honour's head was brot ations that he had ord this, my friend, with b the particulars above- head to be brought in bear discovering great ordinary upon the app under which, notwith and stare in a most e still discover a distant. Sir Roger, upon seeing him truly if I thought him in that disguise. I but upon the knight's whether it was not st Saracen, I composed manner I could, and be said on both sides."

These several adven- haviour in them, gave I met with in any of m

## No. 123.] SATUR

Doctrina sed vim pro  
Rectique cultus pect  
Utunque defecere n  
Dedecorant bene nat

Yet the best blood be  
And virtue arms the  
Whilst vice will stain  
And the paternal sta

As I was yesterday friend Sir Roger, we ruddy young man who couple of servants belong who he was, Sir Roger tleman of a considera- cated by a tender moth from the place where a lady, says my friend, h son's health, that she h She quickly found that and that writing made loose among the woods on horseback, or to ea To be brief, I found, b that he had got a great else; and that if it v live, there would not b fellow in the whole cot

The truth of it is, si I have seen and hear young heirs and elde their own reflecting up to, and therefore think unnecessary, or from quently inculcated to servants and domestic thought prevailing in their education, are of up their families, an houses in a line to pos

This makes me of heard of two friends, v

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sight of Eudoxus, who visited his friend very fre-  
quently, and was dictated by his natural affection, as  
well as by the rules of prudence, to make himself  
esteemed and beloved by Florio. The boy was now  
old enough to know his supposed father's circum-  
stances, and that therefore he had to make his way  
in the world by his own industry. This considera-  
tion grew stronger in him every day, and produced  
so good an effect, that he applied himself with more  
than ordinary attention to the pursuits of every thing  
which Leontine recommended to him. His natural  
abilities, which were very good, assisted by the di-  
rections of so excellent a counsellor, enabled him to  
make a quicker progress than ordinary through all  
the parts of his education. Before he was twenty  
years of age, having finished his studies and exercises  
with great applause, he was removed from the uni-  
versity to the inns of court, where there are very  
few that make themselves considerable proficient in  
the studies of the place, who know they shall arrive  
at great estates without them. This was not Florio's  
case; he found that three hundred a year was but a  
poor estate for Leontine and himself to live upon, so  
that he studied without intermission till he gained a  
very good insight into the constitution and laws of  
his country.

I should have told my reader that, whilst Florio  
lived at the house of his foster-father, he was always  
an acceptable guest in the family of Eudoxus, where  
he became acquainted with Leonilla from her in-  
fancy. His acquaintance with her by degrees grew  
into love, which in a mind trained up in all the sen-  
timents of honour and virtue became a very uneasy  
passion. He despaired of gaining an heiress of so  
great a fortune and would rather have died than at-  
tempted it by any indirect methods. Leonilla, who  
was a woman of the greatest beauty, joined with the  
greatest modesty, entertained at the same time a se-  
cret passion for Florio, but conducted herself with  
so much prudence that she never gave him the least  
intimation of it. Florio was now engaged in all  
those arts and improvements that are proper to raise  
a man's private fortune and give him a figure in  
his country, but secretly tormented with that pas-  
sion which burns with the greatest fury in a virtu-  
ous and noble heart, when he received a sudden  
summons from Leontine to repair to him in the  
country the next day: for it seems Eudoxus was so  
filled with the report of his son's reputation, that he  
could no longer withhold making himself known to  
him. The morning after his arrival at the house of  
his supposed father, Leontine told him that Eudoxus  
had something of great importance to communicate  
to him; upon which the good man embraced him,  
and wept. Florio was no sooner arrived at the great  
house that stood in his neighbourhood, but Eudoxus  
took him by the hand, after the first salutes were  
over, and conducted him into his closet. He there  
opened to him the whole secret of his parentage  
and education, concluding after this manner: "I  
have no other way left of acknowledging my grati-  
tude to Leontine, than by marrying you to his daugh-  
ter. He shall not lose the pleasure of being your  
father by the discovery I have made to you. Leon-  
illa, too, shall be still my daughter: her filial piety,  
though misplaced, has been so exemplary, that it  
deserves the greatest reward I can confer upon it.  
You shall have the pleasure of seeing a great estate  
fall to you, which you would have lost the relish of  
had you known yourself born to it. Continue only  
to deserve it in the same manner you did before you  
were possessed of it. I have left your mother in the

text room. Her heart yearns towards you. She is making the same discoveries to Leonilla which I have made to yourself." Florio was so overwhelmed with this profusion of happiness, that he was not able to make a reply, but threw himself down at his father's feet, and, amidst a flood of tears, kissed and embraced his knees, asking his blessing, and expressing in dumb show those sentiments of love, duty, and gratitude, that were too big for utterance. To conclude, the happy pair were married, and half Eudoxus's estate settled upon them. Leontine and Eudoxus passed the remainder of their lives together; and receiving in the dutiful and affectionate behaviour of Florio and Leonilla the just recompense, as well as the natural effects, of that care which they had bestowed upon them in their education.—L.

## No. 124.] MONDAY, JULY 23, 1711.

A great book is a great evil.

A MAN who publishes his works in a volume, has an infinite advantage over one who communicates his writings to the world in loose tracts and single pieces. We do not expect to meet with any thing in a bulky volume, till after some heavy preamble, and several words of course, to prepare the reader for what follows. Nay, authors have established it as a kind of rule, that a man ought to be dull sometimes; as the most severe reader makes allowances for many rests and nodding-places in a voluminous writer. This gave occasion to the famous Greek proverb, which I have chosen for my motto, that, "a great book is a great evil."

On the contrary, those who publish their thoughts in distinct sheets, and as it were by piece-meal, have none of these advantages. We must immediately fall into our subject, and treat every part of it in a lively manner, or our papers are thrown by as dull and insipid. Our matter must lie close together, and either be wholly new in itself, or in the turn it receives from our expressions. Were the books of our best authors thus to be retailed by the public, and every page submitted to the taste of forty or fifty thousand readers, I am afraid we should complain of many flat expressions, trivial observations, beaten topics, and common thoughts, which go off very well in the lump. At the same time, notwithstanding some papers may be made up of broken hints and irregular sketches, it is often expected that every sheet should have been a kind of treatise, and make out in thought what it wants in bulk: that a point of humour should be worked up in all its parts; and a subject touched upon in its most essential articles, without the repetitions, tautologies, and enlargements, that are indulged in longer labours. The ordinary writers of morality prescribe to their readers after the Galenic way; their medicines are made up in large quantities. An essay-writer must practise in the chemical method, and give the virtue of a full draught in a few drops. Were all books reduced thus to their quintessence, many a bulky author would make his appearance in a penny-paper. There would be scarce such a thing in nature as a folio; the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves; not to mention millions of volumes that would be utterly annihilated.

I cannot think that the difficulty of furnishing out separate papers of this nature has hindered authors from communicating their thoughts to the world after such a manner: though I must confess I am amazed that the press should be only made

use of in this manner of parties; as if mankind, to be instructed, were to be taught in politics by bands and societies. Had the philosophers who took so much pains to be so kind, and leave the world to find out what they found it; had the art of printing, which has made such a difference in their lectures, would be of good use to diffuse good sense, and clear up their ideas with virtue, discretion, or unbend the rigid maxims, with intelligence, instead of being confined in libraries and the public; which has exposed us to reflecting upon the dominion of the streets; she cries in the opening of her words, saying love simplicity, scorning? And

The many lessons of the best sense of their character little encourage undertaking: the demand for is at his instance, calculations to the made up separate those relating to or subjects of.

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Black night

To these I must after having come of his sight, was spectacles; but of them, his most spectacles, though could be of no for the benefit daily essays.

But besides there are other it is said in the wolf to another is a mole to and discover beautiful eyes only for see the light, and their namesake them; they in and withdraw

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En. vi. 832.

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DRYDEN.

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ject). answers to that great rule which was dictated to the world about a hundred years before this philosopher wrote;\* but instead of that, I shall only take notice, with a real grief of heart, that the minds of many good men among us appear soured with party principles, and alienated from one another in such a manner as seems to me altogether inconsistent with the dictates either of reason or religion. Zeal for a public cause is apt to breed passions in the hearts of virtuous persons, to which the regard of their own private interest would never have betrayed them.

If this party-spirit has so ill an effect on our morals, it has likewise a very great one upon our judgments. We often hear a poor insipid paper or pamphlet cried up, and sometimes a noble piece deprecated, by those who are of a different principle from the author. One who is actuated by this spirit is almost under an incapacity of discerning either real blemishes or beauties. A man of merit in a different principle, is like an object seen in two different mediums, that appears crooked or broken however straight and entire it may be in itself. For this reason there is scarce a person of any figure in England, who does not go by two contrary characters, as opposite to one another as light and darkness. Knowledge and learning suffer in a particular manner from this strange prejudice, which at present prevails amongst all ranks and degrees in the British nation. As men formerly became eminent in learned societies by their parts and acquisition; they now distinguish themselves by the warmth and violence with which they espouse their respective parties.—Books are valued upon the like considerations. An abusive, scurrilous style passes for satire and a dull scheme of party notions is called fine writing.

There is one piece of sophistry practised by both sides—and that is, the taking any scandalous story that has been ever whispered or invented of a private man for a known undoubted truth, and raising suitable speculations upon it. Calumnies that have never been proved, or have been often refuted, as the ordinary postulatums of these infamous scribbles upon which they proceed as upon first principles granted by all men, though in their hearts they know they are false, or at best very doubtful. When they have laid these foundations of scurrility, it is no wonder that their superstructure is every way answerable to them. If this shameless practice of the present age endures much longer, praise and reproach will cease to be motives of action in good men.

There are certain periods of time in all governments, when this inhuman spirit prevails. Italy was long torn in pieces by the Guelfs and Ghibelines, and France by those who were for and against the League; but it is very unhappy for a man to be born in such a stormy and tempestuous season. It is the restless ambition of artful men that they break a people into factions, and draws severe well-meaning persons to their interest by a specious concern for their country. How many honest minds are filled with uncharitable and barbarous notions out of their zeal for the public good? What cruelties and outrages would they not commit against men of an adverse party, whom they would honour and esteem, if, instead of considering them as they are represented, they knew them as they are? They are persons of the greatest probity seduced into shameful errors and prejudices, and made bad men even by that noblest of principles, "the love of

\* Viz. by Jesus Christ, See Luke vi. 27—32, &c.

try." I cannot here forbear mentioning a Spanish proverb, "If there were neither knaves in the world, all people would be ind."

own part, I could heartily wish that all men would enter into an association, for the defence of one another against the endeavours of men they ought to look upon as their common enemies, whatsoever side they may belong to. I see such an honest body of neutral forces, I never see the worst of men in great figures because they are useful to a party; nor the best guarded, because they are above practising the methods which would be grateful to their faces should then single every criminal out of the crowd and hunt him down, however formidable he might appear: on the contrary, I see the shelter distressed innocence, and defend it never beset with contempt or ridicule, envy or flattery. In short, we should not any longer regard our fellow-subjects as whigs or tories, but take the man of merit out friend, and the man of enmity.—C.

#### 6.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 25, 1711.

Rubascive fuat, nullo discrimine habebat  
VIRG. *Æn.* x. 168.  
Whigs, Trojans, are the same to me.—DRYDEN.

In yesterday's paper I proposed, that the end of all parties should enter into a kind of association for the defence of one another, and the defence of their common enemies. As it is desired that a neutral body should act with a regard to truth and equity, and divest themselves of all partial heats and prepossessions that cleave to all kinds, I have prepared for them the form of an association, which may express itself in the most plain and simple manner: whose names are hereunto subscribed do declare, that we do in our consciences believe and two make four; and that we shall advise any man whatsoever to be our enemy who tries to persuade us to the contrary. We are ready to maintain with the hazard of all our dear and dear to us, that six is less than ten all times and in all places; and that ten be more three years hence than it is at present. We do also firmly declare, that it is our reason as long as we live to call black black, and white white. And we shall upon all occasions oppose persons that upon any day of the year call black white, or white black, with the utility of our lives and fortunes."

There such a combination of honest men, without any regard to places would endeavour to subvert all such furious zealots as would sacrifice the public good to the passion and interest of the other; as also such infamous hypocrites for promoting their own advantage under the name of the public good; with all the profligate retainers to each side, that have nothing to do with them but an implicit submission to their will. We should soon see that furious party-spirit, which may in time expose us to the contempt of all the nations about us. I am of this society that would thus carefully employ himself in making room for merit, by driving down the worthless and depraved part of the nation from those conspicuous stations of life to which they have been sometimes advanced, and all

this without any regard to the merit of the person, be no small benefactor to the public.

I remember to have seen the account of a very active man, who he calls the ichneumon, the business of his life to breed upon which he is always in search of the more remarkable, he feeds upon the eggs he finds his account in the incessant labours of this insect. Says the historian, would the Egyptians are so pernicious creatures, that they should be destroyed.

If we look into the lives of the ancients, we shall find the disinterested animal; as the example of the wild Tarshish destroying a man of talents and accomplishments, and cease the same talents, and him for, enter of course.

As in the whole train of endeavours, as much as that pernicious spirit of rage with the same view the more desirous of doing particular, because I observe reigns more in the country here contracts a kind of madness, to which men of wholly strangers. It is the turn of the bow and the arrow that the heads of parties rather an outward show of a perpetual intercourse are dispersed in these much as mingle together. Mour fills the country with the Whig jockeys and mention the innumerable persons it produces at a quarter.

I do not know whether my former papers that I have verley and Sir Andrew's principles—the first of which and the other to the moderate in each party is so moderate in each party farther than to an age often diverts the rest of the country that the knight is a much more country than in town, which ear, is absolutely necessary interest. In all our houses, we did not so much as if by chance the country place, one of Sir Roger's master full of speed, master of the house of the last election. This often and bad cheer; for we the inn as the innkeeper's lord's principles were of the staleness of his party the more inconvenient was, the worse generally the fellow knowing very friends would take up lodging. For these upon the road I dreaded one that Sir Roger had.

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26, 1711.

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proper invention. But as we do not hear any parti-  
cular use in this petticoat, or that it contains any  
thing more than what was supposed to be in those of  
scantier make, we are wonderfully at a loss about it.

"The women give out, in defence of these wide  
bottoms, that they are airy, and very proper for the  
season; but this I look upon to be only a pretence,  
and a piece of art, for it is well known we have not  
had a more moderate summer these many years, so  
that it is certain the heat they complain of cannot  
be in the weather. Besides, I would fain ask these  
tender-constituted ladies, why they should require  
more cooling than their mothers before them?"

"I find several speculative persons are of opinion  
that our sex has of late years been very saucy, and  
that the hoop-petticoat is made use of to keep us at  
a distance. It is most certain that a woman's honour  
cannot be better intrenched than after this manner  
in circle within circle, amidst such a variety of out-  
works and lines of circumvallation. A female who  
is thus invested in whalebone, is sufficiently secured  
against the approaches of an ill-bred fellow, who  
might as well think of Sir George Etherege's way of  
making 'Love in a Tub,'\* as in the midst of so  
many hoops.

"Among these various conjectures there are men  
of superstitious tempers, who look upon the hoop-  
petticoat as a kind of prodigy. Some will have it  
that it portends the downfall of the French king, and  
observe that the farthingal appeared in England a  
little before the ruin of the Spanish monarchy. Others  
are of opinion that it foretels battle and  
bloodshed, and believe it of the same prognostication  
as the tail of a blazing star. For my part, I am ap-  
to think it is a sign that multitudes are coming into  
the world rather than going out of it.

"The first time I saw a lady dressed in one of  
these petticoats, I could not forbear blaming her in  
my own thoughts for walking abroad when she was  
'so near her time,' but soon recovered myself out of  
my error, when I found all the modish part of the  
sex 'as far gone' as herself. It is generally thought  
some crafty women have thus betrayed their com-  
panions into hoops, that they might make them ac-  
cessary to their own concealments, and by that  
means escape the censure of the world; as war-  
generals have sometimes dressed two or three dozen  
of their friends in their own habit, that they might  
not draw upon themselves any particular attack  
from the enemy. The strutting petticoat smooths  
all distinctions, levels the mother with the daughter,  
and sets maids and matrons, wives and widows, upon  
the same bottom. In the meanwhile, I cannot but  
be troubled to see so many well-shaped innocent  
virgins bloated up, and waddling up and down like  
big-bellied women.

"Should this fashion get among the ordinary  
people, our public ways would be so crowded, that  
we should want street-room. Several congregations  
of the best fashion find themselves already very  
much straitened; and if the mode increase, I wish  
it may not drive many ordinary women into meeting  
and conventicles. Should our sex at the same time  
take it into their heads to wear trunk breeches (&  
who knows what their indignation at this fustian  
treatment may drive them to?) a man and his wife  
would fill a whole pew.

\* See his play so called, act iv. scene 6, where Dufoy, a  
Frenchman, is thrust into a tub without a bottom, which he  
carries about the stage on his shoulders, his head coming  
through a hole at the top.

† Viz in 1558.



"You know, Sir, it is recorded of Alexander the Great, that in his Indian expedition he buried several suits of armour, which by his directions were made much too big for any of his soldiers, in order to give posterity an extraordinary idea of him, and make them believe he had commanded an army of giants. I am persuaded that if one of the present petticoats happens to be hung up in any repository of curiosities, it would lead into the same error the generations that lie some removes from us; unless we can believe our posterity will think so disrespectfully of their great-grandmothers, that they made themselves monstrous to appear amiable.

"When I survey this new-fashioned rotunda in all its parts, I cannot but think of the old philosopher, who after having entered into an Egyptian temple, and looked about for the idol of the place, at length discovered a little black monkey inscribed in the midst of it, upon which he could not forbear crying out, to the great scandal of the worshippers, 'What a magnificent place is here for such a ridiculous inhabitant!'

"Though you have taken a resolution, in one of your papers, to avoid descending to particularities of dress, I believe you will not think it below you, on so extraordinary an occasion, to unhoop the fair sex, and cure this unfashionable tympany that is got among them. I am apt to think the petticoat will shrink of its own accord at your first coming to town; at least a touch of your pen will make it contract itself like the sensitive plant, and by that means oblige several who are either terrified or astonished at this portentous novelty, and among the rest,

C. "Your humble servant," &c.

No. 128.] THURSDAY, JULY 27, 1711.

Concordia discors.—LUCAN l. 98.

Harmonious discord.

WOMEN in their nature are much more gay and jocular than men; whether it be that their blood is more refined, their fibres more delicate, and their animal spirits more light and volatile; or whether, as some have imagined, there may not be a kind of sex in the very soul, I shall not pretend to determine. As vivacity is the gift of women, gravity is that of men. They should each of them therefore keep a watch upon the particular bias which nature has fixed in their minds, that it may not draw too much, and lead them out of the paths of reason. This will certainly happen, if the one in every word and action affects the character of being rigid and severe, and the other of being brisk and airy. Men should beware of being captivated by a kind of savage philosophy, women by a thoughtless gallantry. Where these precautions are not observed, the man often degenerates into a cynic, the woman into a coquette; the man grows sullen and morose, the woman impertinent and fantastical.

By what I have said, we may conclude, men and women were made as counterparts to one another, that the pains and anxieties of the husband might be relieved by the sprightliness and good-humour of the wife. When these are rightly tempered, care and cheerfulness go hand in hand; and the family, like a ship that is duly trimmed, wants neither sail nor ballast.

Natural historians observe (for, whilst I am in the country, I must fetch my allusions from thence) that only the male birds have voices; that their songs begin a little before breeding-time, and end a little

after; the male gender, though wiser, amuses a whole time.

This continues till a brood is hatched, the feathered married couple, the female man and the male, the main given all ment to the her compa- cation to the educa- ever is ne- duties we both part- have been different bestowed.

But when we were made, the conduct rather to resembles that is natural moderate complaint fore the man and talk may vent Noise and cannot wi- ordinary v- love diver- the lover a- not know mankind,

Our t- And c-

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S. 1711.

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as a gentleman did his friend who was hunting about the whole town after a rambling fellow.—If you follow him you will never find him, but if you place yourself at the corner of any one street, I will engage it will not be long before you see him.

I have already touched upon this subject in a speculation which shews how cruelly the country are led astray in following the town; and equipped in a ridiculous habit, when they fancy themselves in the height of the mode. Since that speculation I have received a letter (which I there hinted at) from a gentleman who is now on the western circuit.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Being a lawyer of the Middle-Temple, a Cornishman by birth, I generally ride the western circuit\* for my health; and as I am not interrupted with clients, have leisure to make many observations that escape the notice of my fellow-travellers.

“One of the most fashionable women I met with in all the circuit was my landlady at Staines, where I chanced to be on a holiday. Her comode was not half a foot high, and her petticoat within some yards of a modish circumference. In the same place I observed a young fellow with a tolerable periwig, had it not been covered with a hat that was shaped in the Ramilie-cock. As I proceeded in my journey, I observed the petticoat grew scantier and scantier, and about threescore miles from London was so very unfashionable, that a woman might walk in it without any manner of inconvenience.

“Not far from Salisbury I took notice of a justice of peace's lady, who was at least ten years behind hand in her dress, but at the same time as fine as hands could make her. She was flounced and fur belowed from head to foot; every ribbon was wrinkled, and every part of her garments in curl so that she looked like one of those animals which in the country we call a Friezland hen.

“Not many miles beyond this place I was informed that one of the last year's little muffs had by some means or other straggled into those parts, and that all the women of fashion were cutting their old muffs in two, or retrenching them, according to the little model which was got among them. I cannot believe the report they have there, that it was sent down franked by a parliament-man in a little packet but probably by next winter this fashion will be at the height in the country, when it is quite out at London.

“The greatest beau at our next country session was dressed in a most monstrous flaxen periwig, that was made in King William's reign. The wearer of it goes, it seems, in his own hair when he is at home and lets his wig lie in a buckle for a whole half-year that he may put it on upon occasion to meet the judges in it.

“I must not here omit an adventure which happened to us in a country church upon the frontier of Cornwall. As we were in the midst of the service, a lady who is the chief woman of the place and had passed the winter at London with her husband, entered the congregation in a little head-dress and a hooped petticoat. The people, who were wonderfully wroth at such a sight, all of them rose up. Some stared at the prodigious bottom, and some at the little top of this strange dress. In the meantime the lady of the manor filled the area of the church, and walked up to her pew with an unspeakable satisfaction, amidst the whispers, conjectures and astonishments of the whole congregation.

\* Counsellors generally go on the circuits through the counties in which they are born and bred.

"Upon our way from hence we saw a young fellow riding towards us full gallop, with a bob wig and a black silken bag tied to it. He stopped short at the coach, to ask us how far the judges were behind us. His stay was so very short, that we had only time to observe his new silk waistcoat, which was unbuttoned in several places, to let us see that he had a clean shirt on, which was ruffled down to his middle.

"From this place, during our progress through the most western parts of the kingdom, we fancied ourselves in King Charles the Second's reign, the people having made very little variations in their dress since that time. The smartest of the country 'squires appears still in the Monmouth-cock, and when they go a wooing (whether they have any post in the militia or not) they generally put on a red coat. We were, indeed, very much surprised, at the place we lay at last night, to meet with a gentleman that had accoutred himself in a night-cap wig, a coat with long pockets and slit sleeves, and a pair of shoes with high scollop tops; but we soon found by his conversation that he was a person who laughed at the ignorance and rusticity of the country people, and was resolved to live and die in the mode.

"Sir, if you think this account of my travels may be of any advantage to the public, I will next year trouble you with such occurrences as I shall meet with in other parts of England. For I am informed there are greater curiosities in the northern circuit than in the western; and that a fashion makes its progress much slower into Cumberland than into Cornwall. I have heard in particular, that the Steenkirk\* arrived but two months ago at Newcastle, and that there are several commodores in those parts which are worth taking a journey thither to see."

C.

No. 130.] MONDAY, JULY 30, 1711.

Semperque recentes  
Convectare Juvat prædas, et vivere rapto.  
VINO. ÆN. vii. 748.

A plundering race, still eager to invade,  
On spoil they live, and make of theft a trade.

As I was yesterday riding out in the fields with my friend Sir Roger, we saw at a little distance from us a troop of gipsies. Upon the first discovery of them, my friend was in some doubt whether he should not exert the justice of the peace upon such a band of lawless vagrants; but not having his clerk with him, who is a necessary counsellor with him on these occasions, and fearing that his poultry might fare the worse for it, he let the thought drop—but at the same time gave me a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country, in stealing people's goods and spoiling their servants. "If a stray piece of linen hangs upon a hedge," says Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it; if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one but he becomes their prey: our geese cannot live in peace for them; if a man prosecutes them with severity, his hen-roost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year; and set the heads of our servant-maids so agog for husbands, that we do not expect to have any business done as it should be whilst they are in the country. I have an honest dairy-maid who crosses their bands with a piece of silver every summer, and never fails being

promised for her part enough to be sure to lose his fortune in the patch hour once things they fully upon You see among the eyes."

Sir Roger's attention to tirely new should tell pleased with communic the crew, gently, to corner, the other part late. My and expos him, they scanned when one burnt than in his line "Go, go, same time was not d farther in constant, a My old fri gipsy told be so long than he th was an idl master," s makes a pr simpler abo gibberish darkness to it. To her that he again on h As we w he knew s gipsies no and for ha than ordin meeting a no conjuro pocket was at which t I might remarks on the counte vernments But instea nature, I, with a stor printed in years ago, which carr was putting canal desi the boat re enough to chant bein

\* The Steenkirk was a kind of military cravat of black silk; probably first worn at the battle of Steenkirk, fought August 2, 1672.

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difficulty in the country is to find sport, and in town to choose it. In the mean time, as I have given a whole month's rest to the cities of London and Westminster, I promise myself abundance of new game upon my return thither.

It is indeed high time for me to leave the country, since I find the whole neighbourhood begin to grow very inquisitive after my name and character; my love of solitude, taciturnity, and particular way of life, having raised a great curiosity in all these parts.

The notions which have been framed of me are various: some look upon me as very proud, some as very modest, and some as very melancholy. Will Wimble, as my friend the butler tells me, observing me very much alone, and extremely silent when I am in company, is afraid I have killed a man. The country people seem to suspect me for a conjurer; and some of them, hearing of the visit which I made to Moll White, will needs have it that Sir Roger has brought down a cunning man with him, to cure the old woman, and free the country from her charms. So that the character which I go under in part of the neighbourhood, is what they call here a *White Witch*.

A justice of peace, who lives about five miles off, and is not of Sir Roger's party, has, it seems, said twice or thrice at his table, that he wishes Sir Roger does not harbour a Jesuit in his house, and that he thinks the gentlemen of the country would do very well to make me give some account of myself.

On the other side, some of Sir Roger's friends are afraid the old knight is imposed upon by a designing fellow; and as they have heard that he converses very promiscuously when he is in town, do not know but he has brought down with him some discarded whig, that is sullen, and says nothing because he is out of place.

Such is the variety of opinions which are here entertained of me, so that I pass among some for a disaffected person, and among others for a popish priest; among some for a wizard, and among others for a murderer; and all this for no other reason that I can imagine, but because I do not hoot, and halloo, and make a noise. It is true, my friend Sir Roger tells them,—"That it is my way," and that I am only a philosopher;—but this will not satisfy them. They think there is more in me than he discovers, and that I do not hold my tongue for nothing.

For these and other reasons I shall set out for London to-morrow, having found by experience that the country is not a place for a person of my temper, who does not love jollity, and what they call good neighbourhood. A man that is out of humour when an unexpected guest breaks in upon him, and does not care for sacrificing an afternoon to every chance comer—that will be the master of his own time, and the pursuer of his own inclinations,—makes but a very unsociable figure in this kind of life. I shall therefore retire into the town, if I may make use of that phrase, and get into the crowd again as fast as I can, in order to be alone. I can there raise what speculations I please upon others without being observed myself, and at the same time enjoy all the advantages of company with all the privileges of solitude. In the mean while, to finish the month, and conclude these my rural speculations, I shall here insert a letter from my friend Will Honeycomb, who has not lived a month for these forty years out of the smoke of London, and rallies me after his way upon my country life.

"DEAR SPEC.

"I suppose this letter will find thee picking of

daisies, or smelling to a lock of hay, or passing away thy time in some innocent country diversion of the like nature. I have however orders from the club to summon thee up to town, being all of us cursedly afraid thou wilt not be able to relish our company, after thy conversations with Moll White and Will Wimble. Pr'ythee do not send us up any more stories of a cock and a bull, nor frighten the town with spirits and witches. Thy speculations begin to smell confoundedly of woods and meadows. If thou dost not come up quickly, we shall conclude that thou art in love with one of Sir Roger's dairy-maids. Service to the knight. Sir Andrew is grown the cock of the club since he left us, and if he does not return quickly will make every mother's son of us commonwealth's-men.

"Dear Spec.,

"Thine eternally,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

C.

No. 132.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 1, 1711.

*Qui, sat tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostendit, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, in ineptus esse dicitur.—FELIX.*

That man may be called impertinent, who considers not the circumstances of time, or engrosses the conversation, or makes himself the subject of his discourse, or pays no regard to the company he is in.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county-town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young 'Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me. The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer, the captain's equipage, was very loud, "that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled;" upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness

he believed yet had but very little desertion, there fare in the sea a word," content plain is my ch sound, and im give me to her, am a soldier by a vain laugh all the rest of it but to fall fa "Come," said a wedding at the sant companion man; and," ge he concluded, you, understand widow, shall ge who happened

"Friend, I take me the author virtuous child have the giving Thy mirth, fr person of a lig it soundeth bec thy fulness, bu this day. Fri in partnership city; we cann mother must follies; we ca wilt, we must understanding thy courageous peace.—Thou ter to us, who flee at our fri said nothing; taineth? If hearing of this an outrage ag get from thee obliged to hear public vehicle high road."

Here Ephraim happy and un convicted and "Faith, friend little impertinent Come, thou ar be very orderl was going to pardon."

The captain company was ruffle, that Ep in being agree assumed their the company. commodation, looked to all d haviour of our taking place, coming from t were ordinary entertain by t sidered the c small good-for spent in imper

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

No 137.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 7, 1711.

At hæc etiam servis semper libera fuerunt. Amertum, pauperem, dolentem, suo potius quam alterius arbitrio. Tell. Ep.

Even slaves were always at liberty to fear, rejoice, grieve, at their own rather than another's pleasure.

It is no small concern to me; that I find so many complaints from that part of mankind whose portion it is to live in servitude, that those whom they depend upon will not allow them to be even as happy as their condition will admit of. There are, as the unhappy correspondents inform me, masters who offend at a cheerful countenance, and think the servant is broke loose from them, if he does not preserve the utmost awe in their presence. There is one who says, if he looks satisfied his master at him, "What makes him so pert this morning?" a little sour, "Hark ye, sirrah, are not you paid your wages?" The poor creatures live in the most extreme misery together; the master knows nothing to preserve respect, nor the servant how to give it. It seems this person is of so sullen a nature that he knows but little satisfaction in the midst of a plentiful fortune, and secretly frets to see any appearance of content in one that lives upon the hundredth part of his income, while he is unhappy in the possession of the whole. Uneasy persons, who cannot possess their own minds, vent their spleen upon all who depend upon them; which, I think, is expressed in a lively manner in the following letters:—

"Sir,

August 2, 1711.

"I have read your Spectator of the third of the last month, and wish I had the happiness of being preferred to serve so good a master as Sir Roger. The character of my master is the very reverse of that good and gentle knight's. All his directions are given, and his mind revealed by way of contraries: as when any thing is to be remembered, he has a peculiar cast of face he cries, 'Be sure to forget now.' If I am to make haste back, 'Do not come these two hours; be sure to call by the way upon some of your companions.' Then another excellent way of his is, if he sets me any thing to do, which knows must necessarily take up half a day, he calls ten times in a quarter of an hour to know whether I have done yet. This is his manner; and the same perverseness runs through all his actions, according as the circumstances vary. Besides all this, he is suspicious, that he submits himself to the drudgery of a spy. He is as unhappy himself as he makes his servants; he is constantly watching us, and we did no more in pleasure and liberty than as a gaol and a prisoner. He lays traps for faults; and as soon as he makes a discovery, but falls into such language, as I am more ashamed of for coming from him, than for being directed to me. This, Sir, is a short sketch of a master I have served upwards of nine years; and though I have never wronged him, I confess my despair of pleasing him has very much abated my endeavour to do it. If you will give me leave to steal a sentence out of my master's Character, I shall tell you my case in a word, 'being worse than I deserved, I cared less to deserve what I had done.'

"I am, Sir, your humble servant,

"RALPH VALET."

"DEAR MR. SPECTER,

"I am the next thing to a lady's woman; and am under both my lady and her woman. I am so used by them both, that I should be very glad to see this in the Specter. My lady herself is of no mind

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for that reason her woman is of twenty oment. My lady is one that never do with herself; she pulls on and thing she wears twenty times before upon it for that day. I stand at one so, and reach things to her woman. asks for a thing, I hear, and have half on the woman meets me in the middle to receive it, and at that instant she so will not have it. Then I go back, so comes up to her, and by this time that and two or three things more in the woman and I run to each other; I delivering the things to her, when my what's none of all these things, and we t. creatures in the world, and she the man living; for she shall not be drest.

Thus we stand, not knowing what to good lady, with all the patience in the s as plain as she can speak, that she per because we have no manner of un- and begins again to dress, and see if out, of ourselves, what we are to do. dressed she goes to dinner, and after and every thing there, she calls for her commands it in again, and then she will all, and then will go, too, and orders Now, good Mr. Specter, I desire you behalf of all who serve froward ladies, your paper, that nothing can be done ring time for it, and that one cannot be with what one was sent for, if one is before one can go a step for what they if you please, let them know that all as like as all servants.

"I am your loving friend,

"PATIENCE GIDDY."

great calamities; but I met the other re fields, towards Chelsea, a pleasanter ither of the above represented. A fat sing on in his open waistcoat; a boy of a livery, carrying after him his cloak, st, wig, and sword. The poor lad was with the weight, and could not keep aster, who turned back every half furd- ndered what made the lazy young dog

something very unaccountable, that t. put themselves in the condition of the re them, when they consider the com- pive. But there is nothing more com- see a fellow (who if he were reduced to t be hired by any man living) lament xabled with the most worthless dogs in

perhaps, be running too far out of com- rge, that he who is not master of him- wn passions, cannot be a proper master Equanimity in a man's own words and easily diffuse itself through his whole philio has the happiest household of any, and that proceeds from the humane s to them in their private persons, as poet that they are his servants. If there ion, wherein they may in themselves be be unfit to attend to their master's con- son of any attention to their own, he is place himself in their condition. I rry becoming in him, when at dinner, he made an apology for want of more He said, "One of my footmen is gone g of his sister, and the other I do not

expect to wait, because he days ago."—T.

# No. 138.] WEDNESDA

Utitur in re non dubia testibus

He uses unnecessary proofs in

ONE meets now and then extremely learned and know cases. Tully tells us of an pages to prove that general great enterprises which he tritious, if they had not had it seems, that a minister a commander abroad, could de men were his instruments a occasion he produces the ex Pericles, Cyrus, and Alex denies to have been capable did, except they had been f pleasant enough to see such opponents, and triumph with

The author above ment placed for ever in a very ridic every day in conversation a kind of renown, for troubling converse with the like certain I have always thought to de ration in this kind are you who are most religiously c truth in every particular tion, whether it concerns the gentleman whom I had the with the other day, upon se pleased to take, said, he re repartee made by a very wit time upon the like occasion he, upon entering into the time of Oates's plot, that and I were at the Bear in it was at the Cross-keys; there, for he was very great made the answer. But I somewhere thereabouts, for neighbourhood every evening that, the thing is the same;

He was going on to set jest when I left the room, w of head, which can play awa nothing to the purpose, still tinences, and yet proceed question but he informed who had more patience the rentage, as well as the co family who made the repar voked him to it.

It is no small misfortune value for their time, when very circumstantial, and pens to shew itself in a m them to attend his proofs th like. But this is augmented gets into authority, as it o known it more than once One of this sort taking it, admirer of Dr. Tillotson a failed of proving out of th which no man living woul his own single authority. come to the point in hand that excellent divine" I w



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r. Beveridge, page 4th  
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versy. One of these  
aid he saw Mr. Such-  
e of the clock towards  
beg your pardon for  
th to have any dispute  
e liberty to tell you it  
St. James's." When  
far gone in learning,  
at snow is white, and  
can say that there is  
in nature; in a word,  
wledge they have into  
ubts; into a capacity  
always unanswerable.

this impertinent and  
aid, " one of these fel-  
e other holds the pail."

ENT.

-box, according to the  
tions, in opposition to  
e taught with the best  
Charles Lillie's, per-  
ort's buildings, in the  
for the benefit of the  
exchange for two hours  
aturdays, at a toy-shop  
There will be like-  
the snuff-box, or rules  
er, a friend, or a mis-  
s of familiarity or dis-  
the careless, the scoru-  
pinch, and the gestures

es not question but in  
body of regular snuff-  
ke head against all the  
een lately disciplined,

AUGUST 9, 1711.

um propagatur; ficta omnia  
nt, nec simulatum potest

reads; all false pretences,  
an any counterfeit last long-

attend human life, the  
at. According as this

is cultivated in princes, it produces the great-  
or the greatest evil. Where sovereigns have  
impressions received from education only, it  
an ambitious rather than a noble mind: wh  
the natural bent of the prince's inclination, it  
him to the pursuit of things truly glorious.  
greatest men now in Europe (according to th  
mon acceptance of the word great) are Lew  
of France, and Peter Emperor of Russia.  
certain that all fame does not arise from th  
tice of virtue, it is, methinks, no unpleasing  
ment to examine the glory of these potentia  
distinguish that which is empty, perishing,  
volous, from what is solid, lasting, and impos-

Lewis of France had his infancy attended b  
and worldly men, who made extent of terri-  
most glorious instance of power, and mist  
spreading of fame for the acquisition of  
The young monarch's heart was by such ex-  
tion easily deluded into a fondness for val-  
and upon these unjust principles to form o  
with suitable projects of invasion, rapine,  
and all the guilts that attend war when it is  
At the same time this tyranny was laid, scie  
arts were encouraged in the most generous  
as if men of higher faculties were to be b  
permit the massacre of the rest of the world.  
superstructure which the court of France bu  
their first designs, which were in themselves  
was suitable to its false foundation. The ost  
of riches, the vanity of equipage, shame of  
and ignorance of modesty, were the commo  
life; the generous love of one woman was  
into gallantry for all the sex, and friendships  
men turned into commerces of interest, o  
professions. " While these were the rules  
perjuries in the prince, and a general corru  
manners in the subject, were the snares in  
France has entangled all her neighbours."  
such false colours have the eyes of Lewis b  
chanted, from the debauchery of his early  
the superstition of his present old age. I  
is, that he has the patience to have statues er  
his prowess, his valour, his fortitude, and in-  
ness and luxury of a court to be applauded  
nanimity and enterprise in military achievers

Peter Alexovitz of Russia, when he came  
of manhood, though he found himself empe  
vast and numerous people, master of an end  
ritory, absolute commander of the lives and  
of his subjects, in the midst of this unbounde  
and greatness, turned his thoughts upon him  
people with sorrow. Sordid ignorance and  
manner of life, this generous prince beheld a  
temned, from the light of his own genu  
judgment suggested this to him, and his  
prompted him to amend it. In order to this  
not send to the nation from whence the res  
world has borrowed its politeness, but himsel  
diadem to learn the true way to glory, and  
and application to useful arts, wherein to em-  
laborious, the simple, the honest part of his  
Mechanic employments and operations we  
justly the first objects of his favour and obse  
With this glorious intention he travelled into  
nations in an obscure manner, above receiv  
honours where he sojourned, but prying in  
was of more consequence, their arts of peac  
war. By this means has this great prince  
foundation of a great and lasting fame, by  
labour, personal knowledge, personal val  
would be injury to any of antiquity to nam

Who but himself ever left a throne to sit in it with more grace? Who ever thought an in absolute power, till he had learned

consider this wonderful person, it is per- know where to begin his encomium. in a metaphorical or philosophic sense command themselves, but this emperor is ly under his own command. How gene- ow good was his entering his own name as an in the army he raised, that none in it ect to outrun the steps with which he him- ed! By such measures this godlike prince conquer, learned to use his conquests. ble has he appeared in battle, how gentle

Shall then the base arts of the French- old polite, and the honest labours of the barbarous? No; barbarity is the ignorance our, or placing anything instead of it. prince is ignoble and barbarous, the good renowned and glorious.

men may impose upon themselves what by their corrupt imaginations, truth will its station: and as glory is nothing else dow of virtue, it will certainly disappear irtue of virtue. But how carefully ought ions of it to be preserved, and how in- ould we be to encourage any impulses! The Westminster school-boy that said ay he could not sleep or play for the colours, ought to be free from receiving a blow

is consider what is truly glorious according or I have to-day quoted in the front of

section of glory, says Tully, consists in particulars: "That the people love us; ave confidence in us; that being affected ain admiration towards us, they think we our." This was spoken of greatness in nwealth. But if one were to form a con- lory under our constitution, one must add e mentioned felicities a certain necessary e, and disrelish of all the rest, without the our. He should, methinks, have riches, our, command, glory; but riches, power, mmand, and glory, should have no charms, mpanied with the affection of his prince. e, methinks, be popular because a favourite, ourite because popular. Were it not to character too imaginary, I would give him y over some foreign territory, and make s that an empty addition without the kind his own prince. One may merely have a man thus composed and circumstan- if he were so made for power without an e of giving jealousy, he would be also oughout possibility of receiving disgrace. lity and this importance must make his ortal.

thoughts are apt to draw me beyond the th of this paper; but if I could suppose odies could outlive the common fate of ings, I would say these sketches and faint glory were drawn in August, 1711, when e of Marlborough, made that memorable erein he took the French lines without -T.

urs taken at Blenheim, in 1704, were fixed up in hall, after having been carried in procession lity. e seems to require "without a capacity," but all id as here.

No. 140.] FRIDAY

—Animum curis sus

This way and that the

WHEN I acquaint my other letters not yet acki own what I have a mit have no small charge up some consequence in this employ the present hour the order as follows:—

"MR. SPECTATOR, "I have lost so much upon the receipt hereof, diately and give me your of you whether a pretend As well as I can, I will de he sees me he is always ouchsafes to visit me but is always in haste to be g hear he says he is might comes nor sends, because, with a sigh, he does not power I have over him, a him to live without me.

he writes once in six week complains of the torment of tortures, languishings, a cant of an impatient love lukewarm one. You know he does, and to move at counting a great clock. rich, and my mother says he will love me long, if he peal to you whether he lo humble servant,

"All these fellows who saucy and cold; pray, Sir

"MR. SPECTATOR, "I have been delighted the whole course of your tial account you lately ga you would take some oth further the corrupt taste I am chiefly apt to attrib few popular authors, wh has given a sanction to the the imitators of Milton seleny of that sort of wri or antique words, or some vicious, though pardona The admirers of what w upon it as the particular Ovid, and others, owe the endeavour to imitate the What is just, proper, and be the question with the quaint antithesis may be word may be made to loo be the consequence of though such authors appe who make themselves fi dressed, or graceful: yet beauties in them, which I to proceed from luxuriant of good sense. In one w ter of being too witty; h

\* So Philips in his Cyder "echat, sovran," after Milton

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

l, you would,

ent reader,

"R. D."

skoned pretty;  
trouble you to  
ousin of mine,  
ause he under-  
e spelt with a

le servant,

SAUNTER."

kind Querist,  
not care to be  
ir, again, your

several of your  
e often so nice  
ned there is no  
to do with our

RTHENOPE."

he Park, I met  
'k,' says one of  
of wine, for I  
upon reflecting  
pen in conver-  
e bottle to re-  
p and awakens  
y thing than to  
n others which  
Sir, declare in  
ome companion  
one to others.  
ood humour be-  
their friends.  
upon this sub-  
d, as to argue  
hat can swallow  
ble servant."

on your paper  
You are very  
se who are not  
hing so gently  
do not think it  
e in that diver-  
you say some-  
of the female

ll other respects  
very pinks of  
ombre-table is  
siness, are im-  
riests wasps in

mp, and win  
ance to take it,  
e pleased, dear  
etter grace, and

HEL BASTO."

of your papers,  
myself the ho-  
egard you have  
and improve-

ment of our sex will, I hope, in your own opinion  
sufficiently excuse me from making any apology for  
the impertinence of this letter. The great desire I  
have to embellish my mind with some of those graces  
which you say are so becoming, and which you as-  
sert reading helps us to, has made me uneasy and  
I am put in a capacity of attaining them. This  
Sir, I shall never think myself in, until you shall be  
pleased to recommend some author or authors to my  
perusal.

"I thought indeed, when I first cast my eye on  
Leonora's letter, that I should have had no occasion  
for requesting it of you; but to my very great con-  
cern, I found on the perusal of that Spectator,  
was entirely disappointed, and am as much at a loss  
how to make use of my time for that end as ever.  
Pray, Sir, oblige me at least with one scene, as you  
were pleased to entertain Leonora with your pro-  
logue. I write to you not only my own sentiment  
but also those of several others of my acquaintance  
who are as little pleased with the ordinary manner  
of spending one's time as myself: and if a fervent  
desire after knowledge, and a great sense of our pre-  
sent ignorance, may be thought a good presage as  
earnest of improvement, you may look upon your  
time you shall bestow in answering this request as  
thrown away to no purpose. And I cannot but add  
that, unless you have a particular and more than or-  
dinary regard for Leonora, I have a better title to  
your favour than she: since I do not content myself  
with a tea-table reading of your papers, but it is my  
entertainment very often when alone in my closet.  
To shew I am capable of improvement, and not  
flattery, I acknowledge I do not like some of your  
papers; but even there I am readier to call in ques-  
tion my own shallow understanding than Mr. Spec-  
tator's profound judgment.

"I am, Sir, your already (and in hopes of being  
more your) obliged servant,

"PARTHENIA."

This last letter is written with so urgent and im-  
portant an air, that I cannot but think it incumbent  
upon me to comply with her commands, which  
shall do very suddenly.—T.

No. 141.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 11, 1711.

—Migravit ab aure voluptas  
Omnia.—HOR. l Ep. ii. 187.

Taste, that eternal wanderer, that flies  
From head to ears, and now from ears to eyes.—POPE.

In the present emptiness of the town, I have se-  
veral applications from the lower part of the play-  
ers to admit suffering to pass for acting. They in re-  
sponse to the obliging terms desire me to let a fall on the ground  
or a stumble, or a good slap on the back, be reckon-  
ed a jest. These gambols I shall tolerate for a season  
because I hope the evil cannot continue longer than  
until the people of condition and taste return to  
town. The method, some time ago, was to en-  
tain that part of the audience who have no faculty  
above that of eye-sight with rope-dancers and tum-  
blers; which was a way discreet enough, because  
it prevented confusion and distinguished such as could  
show all the postures which the body is capable of  
from those who were to represent all the passions  
which the mind is subject to. But though this was  
prudently settled, corporeal and intellectual action  
ought to be kept at a still wider distance than to ap-  
pear on the same stage at all; for which reason  
I must propose some methods for the improvement

garden, by dismissing all bodily actors to their.

of greater moment, where men appear in the consequence and importance of the thing rather than their out. And though a pleader or a speaker is hoarse or awkward, the weight of his commands respect and attention; but in the speaking, if the performer is not exactly and graceful, he is utterly ridiculous. In mere there is little else expected but the of the ears and eyes, the least diminution of that pleasure is the highest offence. In barely to perform the part is not commendable to be the least out is contemptible. To these difficulties and delicacies, I am informed, if I was out of town, the actors have flown, and played such pranks, and run such that none but the servants of the fire-office, and masons, could have been able to perform.

The author of the following letter, it has been of the audience at one of these entertainments, and has accordingly complained to me.

but I think he has been to the utmost degree against what is exceptionable in the play, without dwelling so much as he might on the author's most excellent talent of drawing the pleasant pictures he has drawn of the world have been more kindly mentioned, at the time that he banishes his witches, who are too good to be attacked with so much warmth.

MR. SPECTATOR,

In a report that Moll White had followed me, and was to act a part in the Lancashire Witches, I went last week to see that play. It was my lot to sit next to a country justice of the peace (as he said) of Sir Roger's, who desired to show her to us in one of the dances. I was so much struck by the witchcraft enough in the entertainment to incline me to believe him; Ben Jonson† is so famous: young Bullock† narrowly saved his life: the audience was astonished; and an old friend of mine, a person of worth, whom I have bowed to in the pit, at two yards distance, said, "I do not know me."

You were what the country people reported of the white witch—I could have wished you had been able to have exercised that rabble of broomstick which we were haunted for above three years. I could have allowed them to set Clod in the air, and have scared the sportsmen, plagued the land and employed honest Teague with his holy water.

This was the proper use of them in comedy, if the author had stopped here; but I cannot connect the relation the sacrifice of the black lamb, the ceremonies of their worship to the devil,† to the business of mirth and humour.

The gentleman who writ this play, and has so many characters in it very justly, appears to me to be misled in his witchcraft by an unwary folio inimitable Shakspeare. The incantations which he has a solemnity admirably adapted to the occasion of that tragedy, and fill the mind with a horror; besides that the witches are a story itself, as we find it very particularly in Hector Boetius, from whom he seems to have taken it. This therefore is a proper machine for business is dark, horrid, and bloody; but

ing to Shadwell's comedy of the Lancashire Witches, which has been lately acted several times, and was advertised for the night in which this Spectator is dated. The names of two actors then upon the stage. The incidents in the play of the Lancashire Witches. From—Nos. 21 & 22.

it is extremely foreign to the Subjects of this kind, and agreeable, can at no time be passing through an imagination; for which I allow even Beaumont to be tating him.

But Shakspeare's  
Within that circle

"I should not, however, these remarks, if there were this comedy, which was the witches: I mean to which I should have over that those jests can raise they are painful to right modesty.

"We must attribute that age: but indeed by sacrifices the best part of and, as one would think to the orange-wench.

"I must not conclude the moral with which the young ladies having given witting those who had a and marrying without the injured parties, who up all with this remark.

Design  
There is a fate which

"We are to suppose merit, but if they had been have served as well. By the same principle, but has which shows she is not a sort of humorous philosophy of her guilt, and says,

That if weak women  
Their stars are made

"This no doubt is a fine the audience with very. "These things fall

partly pursued already, animadversion, for the entertainment as that of the that all who write for genius, by the ambitious best understanding; and nothing of the human their diversion at the privileged place, where have no right to disturb "August 8, 1711."

No. 142.] MONDAY

Irrupta tenet copula—  
Whom love's unbroke

The following being a worthy passion, I am admonition to myself, and own happiness, a place.

"MR. SPECTATOR,  
"I am now in the situation and read you with appro do not strike at the root which is the false notion

\* The concluding

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

but I who  
bred up in a  
happy, see  
Sir, when I  
vices of the  
fantastical  
The tapes-  
simpli-  
effects than  
Bacchus and  
the gentleman  
apture, but it  
of honour,  
comb. This  
you an idea  
to you seve-  
o, when my  
ter so many  
nt,  
OMACHE."

st 7, 1671.

ad wishes for  
y force, you  
very good an-  
thoughts ever  
every acci-  
d to send up  
you; I say,  
er, is what I  
ch, and calls  
You are now  
to flow with  
my gushing  
, and yearns  
thou, oh my  
my attention  
d my friends  
at from your  
for your tri-  
make happy  
ould consider  
change in dis-  
receive the  
ar the former  
ive in chains  
inflicts them,  
getting the

servant."

in his favour,  
it this in the

er 3, 1671.

ned upon the  
of its return,  
of joy to me,  
n its cheerful  
ast night. If  
l with all the  
your person  
charmer, talk  
earts; I con-  
ot a thought  
h confidence  
me in. May  
ward your in-  
our prudent  
ontinuance of  
unusual lan-

guage to ladies; but you have a mind elevated above the giddy notions of a sex ensnared by flattery, and misled by a false and short adoration into a solid and long contempt. Beauty, my fairest creature, palls in the possession, but I love also your mind: your soul is as dear to me as my own; and if the advantages of a liberal education, some knowledge, and as much contempt of the world, joined with the endeavours towards a life of strict virtue and religion, can qualify me to raise new ideas in a breast so well disposed as yours is, our days will pass away with joy; and old age, instead of introducing melancholy prospects of decay, give us hope of eternal youth in a better life. I have but few minutes from the duty of my employment to write in, and without time to read over what I have writ; therefore beseech you to pardon the first hints of my mind, which I have expressed in so little order.

"I am, dearest creature,

"Your most obedient, most devoted servant."

"The two next were written after the day for our marriage was fixed:—

"MADAM,

September 25th, 1671.

"It is the hardest thing in the world to be in love, and yet attend business. As for me, all that speak to me find me out, and I must lock myself up, or other people will do it for me. A gentleman asked me this morning, 'What news from Holland?' and I answered, 'She is exquisitely handsome.' Another desired to know when I had been last at Windsor; I replied, 'She designs to go with me.' Pr'ythee, allow me at least to kiss your hand before the appointed day, that my mind may be in some composure. Methinks I could write a volume to you, but all the language on earth would fail in saying how much, and with what disinterested passion,

"I am ever yours."

"DEAR CREATURE,

September 30, 1671,  
seven in the morning.

"Next to the influence of heaven, I am to thank you that I see the returning day with pleasure. It pass my evenings in so sweet a conversation, as I have the esteem of a woman of your merit, has it a particularity of happiness no more to be expressed than returned. But I am, my lovely creature contented to be on the obliged side, and to employ all my days in new endeavours to convince you of all the world of the sense I have of your condescension in choosing,

"Madam, your most faithful,  
most obedient humble servant."

"He was, when he writ the following letter, an agreeable and pleasant a man as any in England:—

"MADAM,

October 20, 1671.

"I beg pardon that my paper is not finer, but am forced to write from a coffee-house where I am attending about business. There is a dirty crowd of busy faces all around me talking of money, while all my ambition, all my wealth, is love: love, which animates my heart, sweetens my humour, enlarges my soul, and affects every action of my life. It is to my lovely charmer I owe that many noble ideas are continually affixed to my words and actions: it is the natural effect of that generous passion to create in the admirers some similitude of the object admired; thus, my dear, am I every day to improve from so sweet a companion. Look up, my fair one

\* Richard Steele.

ven which made thee such, and join with  
 more its influence on our tender innocent  
 beseech the author of love to bless the  
 ordained, and mingle with our happiness  
 of our transient condition, and a resig-  
 is will, which only can regulate our minds  
 endeavour to please him and each other.  
 I am, for ever, your faithful servant."\*

not trouble you with more letters at this  
 if you saw the poor withered hand which  
 these minutes, I am sure you would smile  
 hat there is one who is so gallant as to  
 still as so welcome a present, after forty  
 session of the woman whom he writes to.

DAM,

June 23, 1711.

tily beg your pardon for my omission to  
 rday. It was no failure of my tender  
 you; but having been very much per-  
 my thoughts on the subject of my last,  
 termine to suspend speaking of it until  
 self. But, my lovely creature, know it is  
 power of age, or misfortune, or any other  
 hich hangs over human life, to take from  
 asing esteem I have for you, or the me-  
 e bright figure you appeared in, when you  
 hand and heart to,  
 lam, your most grateful husband,  
 and obedient servant."\*†

.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 14, 1711.

*rivero, sed valere, vital.*—MARTIAL, *EPIG.* LXX. 6.  
 only life, when blest with health.

unreasonable thing some men expect of  
 instance. They are ever complaining that  
 of order, or displeased, or they know  
 d are so far from letting that be a reason  
 to their own homes, that they make it  
 sent for coming into company. What has  
 do with accounts of a man's being indis-  
 is physician? If a man laments in com-  
 e the rest are in humour enough to enjoy  
 he should not take it ill if a servant is  
 resent him with a porringer of caudle or  
 t, by way of admonition that he go home  
 at part of life which we ordinarily un-  
 the word conversation, is an indulgence  
 ble part of our make; and should incline  
 our proportion of good-will or good-hu-  
 g the friends we meet with, and not to  
 n with relations which must of necessity  
 to a real or feigned affliction. Cares,  
 diseases, uneasinesses, and dislikes of our  
 y no means to be obtruded upon our  
 we would consider how little of this vi-  
 motion and rest, which we call life, is  
 atisfaction, we should be more tender of  
 than to bring them little sorrows which  
 ng to them. There is no real life but  
 ; therefore valetudinarians should be  
 re they enter into company, not to say a  
 nselves until the meeting breaks up. It  
 retended that we should be always sit-  
 plets of flowers round our heads, or be  
 h roses in order to make our entertain-  
 able to us; but if (as it is usually ob-

served) they who resolve  
 so; it will be much more  
 pleased, if they are admi-  
 plaining they are sad. V  
 keep up the cheerfulness  
 let them sink below an in-  
 pleased. The way to this  
 exercise, our minds at  
 wherein neither are in vig  
 any part of our portion  
 the satisfaction of some  
 suit of some laudable desig  
 of life, of human life. I  
 pointments enough, and  
 firmities enough, without  
 side of our account by  
 Poor Cottilus, among so  
 cal distemper and a narro  
 to complain. That equal  
 man may have, that, like  
 vanity, and affectation, an  
 be broken, because it has  
 To be anxious for nothing  
 as necessary, if it is not th  
 way to what men aim at b  
 temper will preserve healt  
 tranquillity in the mind.  
 a hurry, with the same  
 sees a man drunk. Had  
 what he ought to have bee  
 a one have met with such  
 other had valued his miste  
 have loved her, he had no  
 her virtue had had a part  
 had been his cure; she  
 false and amiable at the se

Since we cannot promise  
 let us endeavour at such  
 best support in the decay  
 at that composure of soul  
 to such a neglect of every  
 nerality of mankind is en  
 acute pains can give him  
 those too he will tell his  
 secret which gives him pre  
 thoroughly persuaded of  
 vours so sincerely to secure  
 looks upon pain but as a q  
 home, where he shall be be  
 his present apartment. In  
 views which others are a  
 will tell you that he has for  
 he think of himself as such  
 of his birth he entered into  
 the short article of death  
 ruption of life; since that  
 duration as his ordinary  
 one uniform and consistent  
 sions and moderate cares, v  
 turity. Health to him is  
 another man, and sickness  
 indisposition is to others.

I must confess, if one d  
 this manner, none but idio  
 any tolerable patience. T  
 a delicate frame, and you  
 hour she rises, a certain we  
 about her. I know more t  
 nice to be quite alive. They  
 frightful people they meet;  
 another so disagreeable, tha  
 to breathe the same air with

\* Richard Steele.

in this No. 142, are all genuine, written origi-  
 and actually sent, with but little variation, to  
 afterward Lady Steele. See Steele's Letters,  
 seq. cr. 8vo. 1789, 2 vols.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

le servant.  
ple, and here  
y; pray de-  
proficients  
."

en who pass  
bliged by the  
mercenary  
ng us an old  
The fellow  
us, therefore  
l-bred. His  
atches kisses  
ks, tears our  
s out of our  
d a thousand  
re of you is,  
f he does not  
e all agreed,  
ry, to affront  
In the name  
o, and am as

l-wisher."

male readers  
even to our  
has reduced  
able circum-  
quilted one  
ether uncon-  
dition Mr.  
ar. But we  
tice, by imi-  
kirt of your  
amference as  
h whalebone,  
d sustain a  
ch side; and  
st proportion  
r figure, but  
e to the form  
ere Gothic,  
therefore if  
be less than  
servant."

17, 1711.

am fruit.—TULL.  
inspiration.

er minds are  
hen we read  
by men of  
e entertain-  
arts of Cice-  
ave there so  
dly be more  
of poetical  
This ancient  
len into my  
impressions  
resent quite  
modern is that  
Theory of  
e lately been  
finity; they  
the thoughts  
ove those of

the former, in proportion to his advantages of scrip-  
ture and revelation. If I had a mind to it, I could  
not at present talk of any thing else; therefore I  
shall translate a passage in the one, and transcribe  
a paragraph out of the other, for the speculation of  
this day. Cicero tells us,\* that Plato reports So-  
crates, upon receiving his sentence, to have spoken  
to his judges in the following manner:

"I have great hopes, O my judges, that it is infi-  
nitely to my advantage that I am sent to death; for  
it must of necessity be, that one of these two things  
must be the consequence. Death must take away  
all these senses, or convey me to another life. If  
all sense is to be taken away, and death is no more  
than that profound sleep without dreams, in which  
we are sometimes buried, oh, heavens! how desir-  
able it is to die! How many days do we know in  
life preferable to such a state? But if it be true  
that death is but a passage to places which they who  
live, before us do now inhabit, how much still hap-  
pier is it to go from those who call themselves judges  
to appear before those that really are such; before  
Minos, Rhadamanthus, Æacus, and Triptolemus,  
and to meet men who have lived with justice and  
truth! Is this, do you think, no happy journey?  
Do you think it nothing to speak with Orpheus, Mu-  
sæus, Homer, and Hesiod? I would, indeed, suffer  
many deaths to enjoy these things. With what par-  
ticular delight should I talk to Palamedes, Ajax,  
and others, who like me have suffered by the in-  
iquity of their judges. I should examine the wisdom  
of that great prince who carried such mighty forces  
against Troy; and argue with Ulysses and Sisyphus  
upon difficult points, as I have in conversation here,  
without being in danger of being condemned. But  
let not those among you who have pronounced me  
an innocent man be afraid of death. No harm can  
arrive at a good man, whether dead or living; his  
affairs are always under the direction of the gods;  
nor will I believe the fate which is allotted to me  
myself this day to have arrived by chance; nor have  
I ought to say either against my judges or accusers,  
but that they thought they did me an injury.—  
But I detain you too long; it is time that I retire to  
death, and you to your affairs of life; which of us has  
the better is known to the gods, but to no mortal man."

The divine Socrates is here represented in a figure  
worthy his great wisdom and philosophy, worthy the  
greatest mere man that ever breathed. But the  
modern discourse is written upon a subject no less  
than the dissolution of nature itself. Oh how glori-  
ous is the old age of that great man, who has spent  
his time in such contemplations as has made this  
being, what only it should be, an education for hea-  
ven! He has, according to the lights of reason and  
revelation which seemed to him clearest, traced the  
steps of Omnipotence. He has, with a celestial  
ambition, as far as it is consistent with humility and  
devotion, examined the ways of Providence, from  
the creation to the dissolution of the visible world.  
How pleasing must have been the speculation, to  
observe Nature and Providence move together, the  
physical and moral world march the same pace: to  
observe paradise and eternal spring the seat of inno-  
cence, troubled seasons and angry skies the portion  
of wickedness and vice! When this admirable au-  
thor has reviewed all that is past, or is to come,  
which relates to the habitable world, and run through  
the whole fate of it, how could a guardian angel,  
that had attended it through all its courses or chan-

\* Tusculan Question. lib. 1.



ges, speak more emphatically at the end of his charge, than does our author when he makes, as it were, a funeral oration over this globe, looking to the point where it once stood?

"Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect upon this occasion on the vanity and transient glory of this habitable world. How, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men are reduced to nothing. All that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? shew me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name. What remains, what impressions, what difference, or distinction, do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose domination and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous. 'She glorified herself and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow.' But her hour is come, she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in everlasting oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands; but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and 'their place is no where found.' Here stood the Alps, the load of the earth that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds; there was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Inaus, and the mountains of Asia; and yonder, towards the north, stood the Rhiphaean hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropt away as the snow upon their heads. 'Great and marvellous are thy works, just and true are thy ways, thou King of saints! hallelujah.' "s

T.

## No. 147.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 18 1711.

*Pronunciatio est vocis, et vulnus est gestus moderatio cum venustate.*—TELL.

Good delivery is a graceful management of the voice, countenance, and gesture.

MR. SPECTATOR,

"THE well reading of the Common-prayer is of so great importance, and so much neglected, that I take the liberty to offer to your consideration some particulars on that subject. And what more worthy your observation than this? A thing so public, and of so high consequence. It is indeed wonderful, that the frequent exercise of it should not make the performers of that duty more expert in it. This inability, as I conceive, proceeds from the little care that is taken of their reading while boys, and at school, where, when they have got into Latin, they are looked upon as above English, the reading of which is wholly neglected, or at least read to very little purpose, without any due observations made to them of the proper accent and manner of reading;

by this means will not easily know of to read of great ability, ample being not as well as instructed.

"You must frequent of for above the day was seven degree, the

When, being heard the servant and so fervent to be inattent not wander as I then consider might, and reflected on I found I had comparison to charged it. I vent wishes as was read with tion with such givings with those affection before. To complained of reader, upon the clergy of tions, should those that are spoiling their clearness, loud affect a rakish and lolling behaviour, and that read so learn to speak of persons, confined to no six words with subsequent of part of a sentence latter part with one sort of a very different of my admiration very; and a tions, but read did not understood of the how to place cent to each cording to t certainly a ve a prayer and a set of reader tie man-like f language as they and absolve often pretty unpardonable little taste as

"This endeavour of the false notion

\* Or Garlick was Mr. Philip whose excellent remembered by

\* *Barnet's Theory of the Earth, 1684, fol. book III. chap 12 p 110, 111.*

of this word. one Andrew minister in exercise and of talking in said he was gation, and t's time, it and signifies usual tones, like the un- pe a proper accent, are So that our byterians as ch as I have it is with gher part of skill, that d muttering. properly, that ant particle, proprieties ve see they e service of rs that ever at affecting, t wants, and ip, disposed confusion; s have, were and apposite e concluded with such an to prayer? anaged, in fificant words ace; in our eciated, by er to have he Common as any thing a who err in many plea- recite good on to think, s, in them- their own re- with what in one who g? If you le servant."

20, 1711.

una.  
Ep. ii. 212.  
ain.

e enormities ublished an ed, that new onversation, who writes informs me a voluntary ore musical and has not ed up to the

glass in the middle of the room, and practised minute steps to his own humming. The incorrigible creature has gone still farther, and in the open coffee-house, with one hand extended as leading a lady in it, he has danced both French and country-dances, and admonished his supposed partner by smiles and nods to hold up her head and fall back, according to the respective facings and evolutions of the dance. Before this gentleman began this his exercise, he was pleased to clear his throat by coughing and spitting a full half hour; and as soon as, he struck up, he appealed to an attorney's clerk in the room, whether he hit as he ought, "Since you from death have saved me?" and then asked the young fellow (pointing to a chancery-bill under his arm), whether that was an opera score he carried or not?—without staying for an answer, he fell into the exercise above mentioned; and practised his airs to the full house who were turned upon him, without the least shame or repentance for his former transgressions.

I am to the last degree at a loss what to do with this young fellow, except I declare him an outlar, and pronounce it penal for any one to speak to him in the said house which he frequents, and direct that he be obliged to drink his tea and coffee without sugar, and not receive from any person whatsoever any thing above mere necessaries.

As we in England are a sober people, and generally inclined rather to a certain bashfulness of behaviour in public, it is amazing whence some fellows come whom one meets with in this town; they do not at all seem to be the growth of our island; the pert, the talkative, all such as have no sense of the observation of others, are certainly of foreign extraction. As for my own part, I am as much surprised when I see a talkative Englishman, as I should be to see the Indian pine growing on one of our quickset hedges. Where these creatures get sun enough, to make them such lively animals and dull men, is above my philosophy.

There are another kind of impertinents which a man is perplexed with in mixed company, and these are your loud speakers. These treat mankind as if we were all deaf; they do not express but declare themselves. Many of these are guilty of this outrage out of vanity, because they think all they say is well; or they have their own persons in such veneration, that they believe nothing which concerns them can be insignificant to any body else. For these people's sake, I have often lamented that we cannot close our ears with as much ease as we can our eyes. It is very uneasy that we must necessarily be under persecution. Next to these bawlers, is a troublesome creature who comes with the air of your friend and your intimate, and that is your whisperer. There is one of them at a coffee-house which I myself frequent, who observing me to be a man pretty well made for secrets, gets by me, and with a whisper tells me things which all the town knows. It is no very hard matter to guess at the source of this impertinence, which is nothing else but a method or mechanic art of being wise. You never see any frequent in it, whom you can suppose to have any thing in the world to do. These persons are worse than bawlers, as much as a secret enemy is more dangerous than a declared one. I wish that my coffee-house friend would take this for an intimation, that I have not heard a word he has told me for these several years; whereas he now thinks, me the most trusty repository of his secrets. The whisperers have a pleasant way of ending the close conversation with saying aloud, "Do not you think so?" Then whis-

in, and then aloud, "But you know that per-  
 hen whisper again. The thing would be  
 ough, if they whispered to keep the folly of  
 ey say among friends; but, alas, they do it  
 ve the importance of their thoughts. I am  
 ould name you more than one person whom  
 living ever heard talk upon any subject in  
 or ever saw in his whole life with a book in  
 d, that, I know not how, can whisper some-  
 ke knowledge of what has and does pass in  
 ld; which you would think he learned from  
 miliar spirit that did not think him worthy  
 ve the whole story. But in truth whisperers  
 ly in half accounts of what they entertain  
 h. A great help to their discourse is, "That  
 n says, and people begin to talk very freely,  
 y had it from persons too considerable to be  
 what they will tell you when things are

My friend has winked upon me any day  
 came to town last, and has communicated to  
 secret, that he designed in a very short time  
 a secret; but I shall know what he means,  
 assures me, in less than a fortnight's time.  
 I must not omit the dearer part of mankind,  
 the ladies, to take up a whole paper upon  
 ces which concern the men only; but shall  
 propose, that we change fools for an experi-  
 ally. A certain set of ladies complain they  
 gently perplexed with a visitant, who affects  
 iber than they are; which character he hopes  
 ve by an obstinate gravity, and great guard  
 discovering his opinion upon any occasion  
 ver. A painful silence has hitherto gained  
 farther advantage, than that as he might, if  
 behaved himself with freedom, been excepted  
 but as to this and that particular, he now  
 in the whole. To relieve these ladies, my  
 ends and correspondents, I shall exchange  
 cing outlaw for their dumb visitant, and  
 he silent gentleman all the haunts of the  
 in order to which, I have sent them by the  
 ost the following letters for their conduct in  
 w conversations:—

MR,  
 ive, you may be sure, heard of your irregu-  
 without regard to my observations upon you;  
 I not treat you with so much rigour as you  
 If you will give yourself the trouble to  
 the place mentioned in the postscript\* to  
 ter at seven this evening, you will be con-  
 into a spacious room well-lighted, where there  
 ies and music. You will see a young lady  
 g next the window to the street; you may  
 out, for she loves you as well as she does  
 i, though she never saw you before. She  
 ought in her life, any more than yourself.  
 I not be surprised when you accost her, nor  
 ed when you leave her. Hasten from a  
 ere you are laughed at, to one where you  
 admired. You are of no consequence, there-  
 where you will be welcome for being so.

"Your humble servant."

MR,  
 ladies whom you visit, think a wise man  
 impertinent creature living, therefore you  
 e offended that they are displeased with you.  
 ll you take pains to appear wise, where you  
 t be the more esteemed for being really so?  
 us; forget the gigglers; let your inclina-  
 along with you whether you speak or are

silent; and let all such  
 sisterhood, go their o  
 you in that company  
 of the sex.

"For women b  
 Stoop to the fo  
 Affect the haug  
 The gay, the f

T.

No. 149.] TUESDAY

Cui in manu sit que  
 Quem sapere, quem  
 Quem contra amari,

Who has it in her p  
 Or wise, or sick, or  
 The object of her a

THE following letter  
 up the present specula

"MR. SPECTATOR

"I am the young w  
 who has left me enti  
 which he agreed to as  
 in our years. In these  
 ordinary to have a cro  
 abridged in my own  
 couple of candidates  
 of them disagreeable  
 the common way of  
 more than deserves my  
 tune more than deser  
 sider the first, I own  
 avoid being delighted  
 great; but then he s  
 of courage from the  
 he looks as if he was  
 on me; and the readi  
 me jealous I am onl  
 same things he has sai  
 When I consider the o  
 with so much modesty  
 of himself, as betrays,  
 and a belief at the sam  
 be the only gainer by  
 ceptionable husband c  
 since that is impossib  
 your opinion. It is  
 dispose of

"Your

"MADAM,

"You do me great  
 me on this important  
 talk to you with the te  
 tude for your giving m  
 do not seem to make a  
 these gentlemen as to  
 tion lies upon their  
 If the one is less resp  
 the other more obsequi  
 are in that point move  
 consideration of fortun  
 in each other's circum  
 of their inclination.  
 ing this point, I will  
 and the other Florio.  
 Strephon's estate wou  
 now, Florio is certainl

\* No postscript in the Spect, in f.

would be as  
your own  
men are  
be a reason  
dear child,  
their circum-  
ted, that he  
poor, is the  
is haughty

to consider  
will please,  
e you make  
arning, they  
and Florio  
on account  
mercenary  
ing to Stre-  
ly; you are  
ther oblige,

ipid, a vex-  
s, when two  
selves meet  
een thought  
ers from an  
oth parties.  
no more re-  
ents in pur-  
her fortune,  
se make up  
up the lum-  
nce towards  
those above  
nt, and use-  
f kindness,  
legant satis-  
ae.

junction of  
t, put toge-  
ds, in which  
ry think the  
hem riches,  
ople live in  
ad too great  
ain observa-  
behaviour;  
erson and  
atory, when

ersons meet  
her without  
circumstances  
ill love in  
er we may  
the other is  
you have a  
r humour of  
magination,  
o with state,  
a pleasure,  
w or pomp.  
your lovers  
ll bear with  
your way to  
n you value  
udge which  
ing you for

ense of the  
e disdain at  
ou cry out,

What an unexceptionable husband could I make out of both!" It would, therefore, methinks, be a good way to determine yourself. Take him in whom what you like is not transferable to another; for if you choose otherwise, there is no hopes your husband will ever have what you liked in his rival; but intrinsic qualities in one man may very probably purchase every thing that is adventitious in another. In plainer terms; he whom you take for his personal perfections will sooner arrive at the gifts of fortune, than he whom you take for the sake of his fortune attain to personal perfections. If Strephon is not as accomplished and agreeable as Florio, marriage to you will never make him so; but marriage to you may make Florio as rich as Strephon. Therefore to make a sure purchase, employ fortune upon certainties, but do not sacrifice certainties to fortune.

"I am, your most obedient,  
T. humble servant."

No. 150.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1711.

*Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se  
Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.*

Juv. Sat. iii. 152.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rage is turn'd to ridicule.—DARDEX.

As I was walking in my chamber the morning before I went last into the country, I heard the haw-ers with great vehemence crying about a paper, entitled, The Ninety-nine Plagues of an Empty Purse. I had indeed some time before observed, that the orators of Grub-street had dealt very much in plagues. They have already published in the same month, The Plagues of Matrimony, The Plagues of a Single life, The Nineteen Plagues of a Chambermaid, The Plagues of a Coachman, The Plagues of a Footman, and The Plague of Plagues. The success these several plagues met with, probably gave occasion to the above-mentioned poem on an empty purse. However that be, the same noise so frequently repeated under my window, drew me insensibly to think on some of those inconveniences and mortifications which usually attend on poverty, and, in short, gave birth to the present speculation; for after my fancy had run over the most obvious and common calamities which men of mean fortunes are liable to, it descended to those little insults and contempts which, though they may seem to dwindle into nothing when a man offers to describe them, are perhaps in themselves more cutting and insupportable than the former. Juvenal with a great deal of humour and reason tells us, that nothing bore harder upon a poor man in his time, than the continual ridicule which his habit and dress afforded to the beaux of Rome:

*Quid, quod materiam præbet causasque jecorum  
Omnibus hic idem; si fada et scissa lacerna,  
Si toga sordidula est, et rupta calceus alter  
Pelle patet, vel si consuto vulnere crassum  
Atque recens linum ostendit non una cicatrix.*

Juv. Sat. iii. 147.

Add that the rich have still a gibe in store,  
And will be monstrous witty on the poor;  
For the torn surtout and the tatter'd vest,  
The wretch and all his wardrobe are a jest:  
The greasy gown sully'd with often turning,  
Gives a good hint to say the man's in mourning;  
Or if the shoe be ript, or patch is put,  
He's wounded, see the plaster on his foot.—DARDEX.

It is on this occasion that he afterwards adds the reflection which I have chosen for my motto.

Want is the scorn of every wealthy fool,  
And wit in rage is turn'd to ridicule.—DARDEX.

senary be in compliance to those narrow  
is can have no notion of the same persons  
different accomplishments; or that it is  
sacrifice which some men are contented to  
calumny, by allowing it to fasten on one  
sair character, while they are endeavouring  
sh another.

never unaccountable this foolish custom is,  
did it could plead a long prescription; and  
gave too much occasion for the vulgar  
still remaining among us of a heathen  
ser.

seen the speed of a *Terra flux*, spoken  
Charles the Second's reign; in which he  
two very eminent men, who were perhaps  
est scholars of their age; and after having  
d the entire friendship between them, com-  
st, "they had but one mind, one purse,  
ber, and one hat." The men of business  
infected with a sort of singularity little  
in this. I have heard my father say, that  
rimmed hat, short hair, and unfolded hand-  
were in his time absolutely necessary to  
"notable man;" and that he had known  
ree, who aspired to the character of "very  
wear shoe-strings with great success.

honour of our present age, it must be  
that some of our greatest geniuses for wit  
ses have almost entirely broken the neck of  
ardities.

after having dispatched the most import-  
s of the commonwealth, has appeared at  
bly, where all the ladies have declared him  
sest man in the company; and in Atti-  
ugh every way one of the greatest geniuses  
has produced, one sees nothing particular  
as or carriage to denote his pretensions to  
learning: so that at present a man may  
to cock up his hat, and wear a fashionable  
out being taken for a rake or a fool.

edium between a fop and a sloven is what  
sense would endeavour to keep; yet I re-  
dr. Osborn advises his son to appear in his

or brown sugar; which  
that after several oblig  
rascal, he asked him a  
pany, "why he must be  
that fop there?" point  
gentleman who was de  
table. The boy of the  
deal of pertness, "that  
customers, and that the  
had given him many  
shoes." By this time  
found his honour conce  
the eyes of the whole  
had thrown aside a pa  
was coming towards us,  
what haste we could to g  
quarrel, but were all o  
he approached nearer pe  
respect. To whom the  
sirrah, I will pay off y  
more, but will take effe  
your prodigality shall  
cals to insult your father.

Though I by no mea  
dence of the servants or  
I cannot but think the  
measure justly served  
I mean in appearing in  
quality and estate.—X.

#### No. 151.] THURSDAY

Maximas virtutes Jacere o  
ante.—TULL. de Fin.

Where pleasure prevails, o  
their power.

I know no one char  
greater shock, at the s  
good ridiculous image to  
of a man of wit and ple  
description of a man o  
with a mixture of scorn  
great gravity as a law

and simple  
and pleasure;  
ible wicked-  
ly the addi-  
tional. Will  
at we do not  
e coxcombs,  
cribes as the  
relation to

rsuit of life,  
sters as these  
such bland-  
ce of reason  
lace a gene-  
nt prurency

rpose, disap-  
on to it palls  
ves the sense  
a disrelish of  
te seasons of  
an one would  
ke him when  
ch, or disap-  
nan without  
ose being is  
e is an utter  
e evening of  
art or quick-  
ound sleep or  
e any longer  
e without his  
with the re-  
ch a one the  
What has he  
ly of her for  
est honour?  
e man whom  
ast willingly

addicts him-  
for any good  
y of the pre-  
in people of  
sence of all  
concerned life  
e your secret  
find that he  
to the crav-  
s the perfect  
gratifications  
re as she ap-  
ecommenda-  
eful motion;  
his presence  
me, and con-  
youth inglo-

timations in  
im was given  
ue to himself  
ood women."  
is heart, and  
y of past in-  
! No, there  
a vice makes  
of two old  
arrantable  
hat she once  
at he was the  
stead of ap-

plauses; but, on the other side, consider the old age of those who have passed their days in labour, industry, and virtue; their decays make them but appear the more venerable, and the imperfections of their bodies are beheld as a misfortune to human society that their make is so little durable.

But to return more directly to my man of wit and pleasure. In all orders of men, wherever this is the chief character, the person who wears it is a negligent friend, father, and husband, and entails poverty on his unhappy descendants. Mortgages, diseases, and settlements, are the legacies a man of wit and pleasure leaves to his family. All the poor rogues that make such lamentable speeches after every session at Tyburn, were, in their way, men of wit and pleasure before they fell into the adventures which brought them thither.

Irresolution and procrastination in all a man's affairs, are the natural effects of being addicted to pleasure. Dishonour to the gentleman, and bankruptcy to the trader, are the portion of either whose chief purpose of life is delight. The chief cause that this pursuit has been in all ages received with so much quarter from the soberer part of mankind, has been, that some men of great talents have sacrificed themselves to it. The shining qualities of such people have given a beauty to whatever they were engaged in, and a mixture of wit has recommended madness. For let any man who knows what it is to have passed much time in a series of jollity, mirth, wit, or humorous entertainments, look back at what he was all that while a-doing, and he will find that he has been at one instant sharp to some man he is sorry to have offended, impertinent to some one it was cruelty to treat with such freedom, ungracefully noisy at such a time, unskillfully open at such a time, unmercifully calumnious at such a time; and, from the whole course of his applauded satisfactions, unable in the end to recollect any circumstance which can add to the enjoyment of his own mind alone, or which he would put his character upon with other men. Thus it is with those who are best made for becoming pleasures; but how monstrous is it in the generality of mankind who pretend this way, without genius or inclination towards it! The scene, then, is wild to an extravagance: this is, as if fools should mimic madmen. Pleasure of this kind is the intemperate meals and loud jollities of the common rate of country gentlemen, whose practice and way of enjoyment is to put an end, as fast as they can, to that little particle of reason they have when they are sober. These men of wit and pleasure dispatch their senses as fast as possible, by drinking until they cannot taste, smoking until they cannot see, and roaring until they cannot hear.—T.

#### No. 152.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 24, 1711.

Like leaves on trees the race of man is found.—Pope's *Hou*

THERE is no sort of people whose conversation is so pleasant as that of military men, who derive their courage and magnanimity from thought and reflection. The many adventures which attend their way of life makes their conversation so full of incidents, and gives them so frank an air in speaking of what they have been witnesses of, that no company can be more amiable than that of men of sense who are soldiers. There is a certain irregular way in their narrations or discourse, which has something more warm and pleasing than we meet with among men who are used to adjust and methodize their thoughts.

I was this evening walking in the fields with my friend Captain Sentry, and I could not, from the many relations which I drew him into of what passed when he was in the service, forbear expressing my wonder, that the "fear of death," which we, the rest of mankind, arm ourselves against with so much contemplation, reason, and philosophy, should appear so little in camps, that common men march into open breaches, meet opposite battalions, not only without reluctance, but with alacrity. My friend answered what I said in the following manner: "What you wonder at may very naturally be the subject of admiration to all who are not conversant in camps; but when a man has spent some time in that way of life, he observes a certain mechanic courage which the ordinary race of men become masters of from acting always in a crowd. They see indeed many drop, but then they see many more alive; they observe themselves escape very narrowly, and they do not know why they should not again. Besides which general way of loose thinking, they usually spend the other part of their time in pleasures upon which their minds are so entirely bent, that short labours or dangers are but a cheap purchase of jollity, triumph, victory, fresh quarters, new scenes, and uncommon adventures. Such are the thoughts of the executive part of an army, and indeed of the gross of mankind in general; but none of these men of mechanical courage have ever made any great figure in the profession of arms. Those who are formed for command, are such as have reasoned themselves, out of a consideration of greater good than length of days, into such a negligence of their being, as to make it their first position, that it is one day to be resigned;—and since it is, in the prosecution of worthy actions and service of mankind, they can put it to habitual hazard. The events of our designs, say they, as it relates to others, is uncertain; but as it relates to ourselves it must be prosperous, while we are in the pursuit of our duty, and within the terms upon which Providence has ensured our happiness, whether we die or live. All that nature has prescribed must be good; and as death is near to us, it is absurdity to fear it. Fear loses its purpose when we are sure it cannot preserve us, and we should draw resolution to meet it from the impossibility to escape it. Without a resignation to the necessity of dying, there can be no capacity in man to attempt any thing that is glorious; but when they have once attained to that perfection, the pleasures of a life spent in martial adventures are as great as any of which the human mind is capable. The force of reason gives a certain beauty mixed with conscience of well-doing and thirst of glory to all which before was terrible and ghastly to the imagination. Add to this, that the fellowship of danger, the common good of mankind, the general cause, and the manifest virtue you may observe in so many men who made no figure until that day, are so many incentives to destroy the little consideration of their own persons. Such are the heroic part of soldiers, who are qualified for leaders. As to the rest whom I before spoke of, I know not how it is, but they arrive at a certain habit of being void of thought, insomuch that on occasion of the most imminent danger they are still in the same indifference. Nay, I remember an instance of a gay Frenchman,\* who was led on in battle by a superior officer (whose conduct it was his custom to speak of

always with a beginning of sensible was not was, 'I wish I blundering con-

"I remember same squadrons together; they a word, all the tend the same to each other evening to make gentlemen believe ferry-boat, as it was now in the with others by the boat. A an unruly horse rein of his he forced into the The friend on is drowned, tr 'Your friend replied; 'Ay, thet from such me, at that opinion of the affection and equality rooted them; they are supplied by an out delicacy, well as he who To such the of inhabitants silent sorrow objects; their cations of the of compassion, shame; their hope of meeting people who make the fine gentle one as I have danger to which friends and company and gentlemen they are of behold him. their ranks, to him at their of the files was for himself and manner should offended. Such and feels their Just in distributing himself below clothes in lac rapacious agents own pay. Go fortune, and i

No. 153.] S

Habet natura senectus autem per fatigationem fugit

Life, as well as nature; and its age, the fatigue of our appetites are

Of all the

\* The Frenchman here alluded to was the Chevalier de Florilles, a lieutenant-general under the Prince of Conde, at the battle of Seneff, in 1674.



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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 ral education,  
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being—the conscience of a good fame, the contem-  
 plation of another life, the respect and commerce of  
 honest men, our capacities for such enjoyments are  
 enlarged by years. While health endures, the latter  
 part of life, in the eye of reason, is certainly the  
 more eligible. The memory of a well-spent youth  
 gives a peaceable, unmixed, and elegant pleasure to  
 the mind; and to such who are so unfortunate as  
 not to be able to look back on youth with satisfac-  
 tion, they may give themselves no little consolation  
 that they are under no temptation to repeat their  
 follies, and that they at present despise them. It was  
 prettily said, "He that would be long an old man  
 must begin early to be one;" it is too late to resign  
 a thing after a man is robbed of it; therefore it is  
 necessary that before the arrival of age we bid adieu  
 to the pursuits of youth, otherwise sensual habit  
 will live in our imaginations, when our limbs cannot  
 be subservient to them. The poor fellow who lost  
 his arm last siege, will tell you, he feels the finger  
 that are buried in Flanders ache every cold morning  
 at Chelsea.

The fond humour of appearing in the gay and  
 fashionable world, and being applauded for trivial  
 excellences, is what makes youth have age in con-  
 tempt, and makes age resign with so ill a grace the  
 qualifications of youth; but this in both sexes is in-  
 verting all things, and turning the natural course of  
 our minds, which should build their approbation  
 and dislikes upon what nature and reason dictate  
 into chimaera and confusion.

Age in a virtuous person, of either sex, carries it  
 as an authority which makes it preferable to all the  
 pleasures of youth. If to be saluted, attended, and  
 consulted with deference, are instances of pleasure  
 they are such as never fail a virtuous old age. In  
 the enumeration of the imperfections and advan-  
 tages of the younger and later years of man, the  
 are so near in their condition, that, methinks, it  
 should be incredible we see so little commerce and  
 kindness between them. If we consider youth and  
 age with Tully, regarding the affinity to death, youth  
 has many more chances to be near it than age: what  
 youth can say more than an old man, "he shall  
 live until night?" Youth catches distempers more  
 easily, its sickness is more violent, and its recovery  
 more doubtful. The youth indeed hopes for many  
 more days, so cannot the old man. The youth  
 hopes are ill-grounded; for what is more foolish  
 than to place any confidence upon an uncertainty? But  
 the old man has not room so much as to hope  
 he is still happier than the youth; he has already  
 enjoyed what the other does but hope for. One  
 wishes to live long, the other has lived long. But  
 alas! is there any thing in human life, the duration  
 of which can be called long? There is nothing  
 which must end, to be valued for its continuance.  
 If hours, days, months, and years pass away, it is  
 no matter what hour, what day, what month, or what  
 year we die. The applause of a good actor is due to  
 him at whatever scene of the play he makes his exit.  
 It is thus in the life of a man of sense; a short life  
 is sufficient to manifest himself a man of honour  
 and virtue; when he ceases to be such he has lived  
 too long; and while he is such, it is of no conse-  
 quence to him how long he shall be so, provided it  
 is so to his life's end.—T.

No. 154.] MONDAY, AUGUST 27, 1711.

Nemo repente fuit turpissimus— Jov. Sat. li. 82.

No man e'er reach'd the heights of vice at first.—TAYL.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You are frequent in the mention of matters which concern the feminine world, and take upon you to be very severe against men upon all those occasions: but all this while I am afraid you have been very little conversant with women, or you would know the generality of them are not so angry as you imagine at the general vices among us. I am apt to believe (begging your pardon) that you are still what I myself was once, a queer modest fellow; and therefore, for your information, shall give you a short account of myself, and the reasons why I was forced to wench, drink, play, and do every thing which are necessary to the character of a man of wit and pleasure, to be well with the ladies.

"You are to know, then, that I was bred a gentleman, and had the finishing part of my education under a man of great probity, wit, and learning, in one of our universities. I will not deny but this made my behaviour and mien bear in it a figure of thought rather than action; and a man of a quite contrary character who never thought in his life, rallied me one day upon it, and said, 'he believed I was still a virgin.' There was a young lady of virtue present, and I was not displeased to favour the insinuation; but it had a quite contrary effect from what I expected. I was ever after treated with great coldness both by that lady and all the rest of my acquaintance. In a very little time I never came into a room but I could hear a whisper, 'Here comes the maid.' A girl of humour would on some occasion say, 'Why, how do you know more than any of us?' An expression of that kind was generally followed by a loud laugh. In a word, for no other fault in the world than that they really thought me as innocent as themselves, I became of no consequence among them, and was received always upon the foot of a jest. This made so strong an impression upon me, that I resolved to be as agreeable as the best of the men who laughed at me; but I observed it was nonsense for me to be impudent at first among those who knew me. My character for modesty was so notorious wherever I had hitherto appeared, that I resolved to shew my new face in new quarters of the world. My first step I chose with judgment; for I went to Astrop,\* and came down among a crowd of academics, at one dash, the impudentest fellow they had ever seen in their lives. Flushed with this success, I made love, and was happy. Upon this conquest I thought it would be unlike a gentleman to stay long with my mistress, and crossed the country to Bury.† I could give you a very good account of myself at that place also. At these two ended my first summer of gallantry.—The winter following, you would wonder at it, but I relapsed into modesty upon coming among people of figure in London, yet not so much but that the ladies who had formerly laughed at me, said, 'Bless us, how wonderfully that gentleman is improved!' Some familiarities about the play-houses towards the end of the ensuing winter, made me conceive new hopes of adventures. And instead of returning the next summer to Astrop or Bury, I thought myself qualified to go to Epsom, and fol-

lowed a young man of my place in the country. I tried my point, to Tunbridge, and made my appeal the way of talking. I had a vast acquaintance proved to the contrary at that time, and soon found a modest man was as a precise young man. It was 'ordinaire' to have good company, and I could speak of it next to the greatest of the world with a blow off. I was angry lady still in her countenance, a wicked fellow, swears, receives, not know he is often see men throw at once commend them long experience abandoned bel tensions to women given to people off the remainder. In the above- I always kept at large; and pretty rake among the wretched melancholy hours of my fortune gave me the opportunity of marrying a fellow.

"When I was twenty-seven, and became the seventh of my family, I was wasting very much of my company of a disposal. I was gallantry gentlemen, watch jealous husbands, young thing who knew the world. Desdemona, a strange, it was saw the improvement a very little of me. There is beauty, that have been in entered into it.

"What I said to you, farther with them some less. It is that I am natural way, to bring this and poverty time tell the they take too little things. proper audacity and graceful virtue and

\* Astrop-wells, in Oxfordshire—into which Doctor Radcliffe put a road."

† Bury-fair. A place of fashionable resort.

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28, 1711.

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udent countenance and gesture, will appear, they may come to some sense of themselves, and the insults they are guilty of towards me.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,

"THE IDOL."

This representation is so just, that it is hard to speak of it without an indignation which perhaps would appear too elevated to such as can be guilty of this inhuman treatment, where they see they affront a modest, plain, and ingenuous behaviour. This correspondent is not the only sufferer in this kind, for I have long letters both from the Royal and New Exchange on the same subject. They tell me that a young fop cannot buy a pair of gloves, but he is at the same time straining at some ingenious ribaldry to say to the young woman who helps them on. It is no small addition to the calamity that the rogues buy as hard as the plainest and modestest customers they have; besides which, they loiter upon their counters half an hour longer than they need, to drive away other customers, who are to share their impertinences with the milliner, or go to another shop. Letters from 'Change-alley are full of the same evil; and the girls tell me, except I can chase some eminent merchants from their shops they shall in a short time fail. It is very unaccountable, that men can have so little deference to all mankind who pass by them, as to bear being seen toying by twos and threes at a time, with no other purpose but to appear gay enough to keep up a light conversation or common-place jests, to the injury of her whose credit is certainly hurt by it, though their own may be strong enough to bear it. When we come to have exact accounts of these conversations, it is not to be doubted but that their discourses will raise the usual style of buying and selling. Instead of the plain downright lying, and asking and bidding so unequally to what they will really give and take, we may hope to have from these fine folks an exchange of compliments. There must certainly be a great deal of pleasant difference between the commerce of lovers, and that of all other dealers, who are in a kind, adversaries. A sealed bond, or a bank-note, would be a pretty gallantry to convey unseen into the hands of one whom a director is charmed with; otherwise the city-loiterers are still more unreasonable than those at the other end of the town. At the New-Exchange they are eloquent for want of cash, but in the city they ought with cash to supply their want of eloquence.

If one might be serious on this prevailing folly, one might observe that it is a melancholy thing, when the world is mercenary even to the buying and selling our very persons; that young women, though they have never so great attractions from nature, are never the nearer being happily disposed of in marriage; I say, it is very hard under this necessity, it shall not be possible for them to go into a way of trade for their maintenance, but their very excellences and personal perfections shall be a disadvantage to them, and subject them to be treated as if they stood there to sell their persons to prostitution. There cannot be a more melancholy circumstance to one who has made any observation in the world, than one of those erring creatures exposed to bankruptcy. When that happens, none of those toying fools will do any more than any other man they meet, to preserve her from infamy, insult, and distemper. A woman is naturally more helpless than the other sex; and a man of honour and sense should have this in his view in all manner of commerce with her. Were this well weighed, inconsideration; ribaldry,

and nonsense, would not be more natural to entertain women with, than men; and it would be as much impertinence to go into a shop of one of these young women without buying, as into that of any other trader. I shall end this speculation with a letter I have received from a pretty milliner in the city.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have read your account of beauties, and was a little surprised to find no character of myself in it. I do assure you I have little else to do but to give audience, as I am such. Here are merchants of no small consideration, who call in as certainly as they go to 'Change, to say something of my roguishness. And here is one who makes me once or twice a week tumble over all my goods, and then owns it as only gallantry to see me act with these pretty wits: then lays out three-pence in a little riband for his wristbands, and thinks he is man of great vicinity. There is an ugly thing not far off me, whose shop is frequented only by people of business, that all day long as busy as possible. Must I that am beautiful be treated with for nothing but my beauty? I am pleased to assign rates to my kind glances, or take all pay who come to see me, or I shall be undone by my admirers for want of customers. Albanda, Eudasia, and all the rest, would be used just as we are, if they were in our condition; therefore may consider the distress of us the lower order of beauties, and I shall be

T. "Your obliged humble servant."

No. 156.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 29, 1711.

Sed tu simul obligasti  
Perfidum votis caput, entescis  
Pulchrior multo.—Hos. 2 Od. viii. 5.

But thou,  
When once thou hast broke some tender vow,  
All perjur'd, dost more charming grow!

I do not think any thing could make a pleasanter entertainment, than the history of the reigning favourites among the women from time to time about the town. In such an account we ought to have a faithful confession of each lady for what she liked such and such a man, and he ought to tell us by what particular action or dress he believed he should be most successful. As for my part, I have always made as easy a judgment when a man dresses for the ladies, as when he is equipped for hunting or coursing:—the woman's man is a person in his air and behaviour quite different from the rest of our species; his garb is more loose and negligent, his manner more soft and indolent;—that is to say, in both these there is an apparent endeavour to appear unobserved and careless. In catching birds the fowling men have a method of imitating their voices to bring them to the snare; and your women's men are always a similitude of the creature they hope to trap in their own conversation. A woman's man is very knowing in all that passes from one family to another, has pretty little officiousnesses, is not at all what is good for a cold, and it is not amiss if he has a bottle of spirits in his pocket in case of any sudden indisposition.

Curiosity having been my prevailing passion, and indeed the sole entertainment of my life, I have sometimes made it my business to examine the course of intrigues as well as the manners and accomplishments of such as have been most successful at way. In all my observation, I never knew a

man of good understanding, who by some singularity of way of life, and behaviour, was successful among the other sex.

people so fortunate, but let any one look for the man of the telling impertinence, unlike the rest of an insipid assiduous figure he made, and must have the women, to please you are to know among the light the dominion of comb says it was suspicious that he (that is, some rival) A little spite is not ordinary to snap at; other should have fares well among for no other reason skill to keep the other. Did they in her heart, each next moment; because it is the fast brings them into other. What adds the pleasant thief constant creature and humour, and sides all which, tongue if you should

To make a woman of sense, or a fool, it is much better to have a capacity of judging all the women's of these are volunteers of pay or preference lead out from a party on a public day, part of that heaven of the fair. But those who are known these are the choice. We have several among us when the lows are accompanied ordinary occurrences that sort of good morality, and consequently dissolute.

It is wonderful how a woman can carry a regard to a profession, scarce one of all gallantries ever has a common sense of sobriety a continual round of themselves their own conduct to others. It is a fame for falsehood and the coxcomb others, is received as a vice, to be a vice.

If you see a

loud upon no occasion, round him, and yet lay at negligence, you may has ruined many a fair presses himself wholly strutting. An elevated surable step, and a sly looks of him. Now and with all these accomplishments of them is enough to a gentleman with such per- turning, there should be once in town, that we daughters. It happens an has read all the mis- comedies, and has the as by heart. "Oh if it could be as true as he much, the women will a: a little gallantry to indulge one's self in, let e's fan, say something en call one so many his learning has at his some excuse for frailty, against a weak woman," any a lady one might those who makes it no to day in the sin of

are got into a way of overlooking the most the most trivial excel- from expecting to be judicious silly animal, her features and her e object of desire; and on, from reading frivo- volous company, each tion, and arrive at the river and the Perjured

AUGUST 30, 1711.

temperat astrum.  
is in unum  
Hoc. 2 Ep. ii. 187.

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trains our will.—POPE.

to express by any word guage, that which is n. The natural dispo- science, profession, or nsulted in the care of for their own conduct s any scheme of life. for a man to judge of

That may look great tle to another; and I towards myself so far, for my talents and ac- ot, methinks, so very udgment of the abili- those who are in their book directs me on dawning of greatness ed in his youth to con- ic games, answered he

would, if he had kings to run against him. ( who was one of the conspirators against Cæsar as great a proof of his temper, when in his hood he struck a play-fellow, the son of Sæpius saying his father was master of the Roman Scipio is reported to have answered, when flatterers at supper were asking him why Romans should do for a general after his "Take Marius." Marius was then a very it had given no instances of his valour; but visible to Scipio, from the manners of, that he had a soul for the attempt and exec great undertakings. I must confess I ha often with much sorrow, bewailed the misfor the children of Great Britain, when I consi ignorance and undiscerning of the gener schoolmasters. The boasted liberty we tal but a mean reward for the long servitude, th heart-aches and terrors, to which our child exposed in going through a grammar-school. of these stupid tyrants exercise their cruel out any manner of distinction of the capar children, or the intention of parents in their There are many excellent tempers which are to be nourished and cultivated with all possi gence and care, that were never designed b quainted with Aristotle, Tully, or Virgil; as are as many who have capacities for unders every word those great persons have writ, were not born to have any relish of their w For want of this common and obvious discer those who have the care of youth, we have s hundred unaccountable creatures every age w up into great scholars, that are for ever near understanding, and will never arrive at it. are the scandal of letters, and these are ge the men who are to teach others. The s shame and honour is enough to keep the w self in order without corporal punishment, more to train the minds of uncorrupted an cent children. It happens, I doubt not, mor once in a year, that a lad is chastised for a head, when it is good apprehension that mak incapable of knowing what his teacher mea brisk imagination very often may suggest an which a lad could not have fallen into, if been as heavy in conjecturing as his master plaining. But there is no mercy even tow wrong interpretation of his meaning; the ful of the scholar's body are to rectify the mist his mind.

I am confident that no boy, who will not be to letters without blows, will ever be brought thing with them. A great or good mind m cessarily be the worse for such indignities; is a sad change, to lose of its virtue for the in ment of its knowledge. No one who has through what they call a great school, but n member to have seen children of excellent s genuous natures (as has afterward appeared i manhood): I say no man has passed throu way of education but must have seen an ing creature, expiring with shame—with pale loe seething sorrow, and silent tears, throw up its eyes, and kneel on its tender knees to an ing blockhead to be forgiven the false quantity of in making a Latin verse. The child is pu and the next day he commits a like crime, a third with the same consequence. I would f any reasonable man, whether this lad, in t plicity of his native innocence, full of shan capable of any impression from that grace

ter for any purpose in this life, than after of virtue is extinguished in him, though to write twenty verses in an evening? says, after his exalted way of talking, immortal gods never learnt any virtue, ey are endued with all that is good; so some men who have so natural a pro- what they should follow, that they learn is soon as they hear it." Plants and ve- re cultivated into the production of finer they would yield without that care; and not entertain hopes of producing a ten- ous spirit into acts of virtue, without the hods as are used to cut timber, or give new piece of stone.

olly to this dreadful practice, that we may certain hardihood and ferocity which some gh liberally educated, carry about them ur behaviour. To be bred like a gentle- punished like a malefactor, must, as we produce that illiberal sauciness which we mes in men of letters.

artan boy who suffered the fox (which he and hid under his coat) to eat into his dare say had not half the wit or petulance learn at great schools among us: but the sense of honour, or rather fear of shame, demonstrated in that action, was worth all ing in the world without it.

rethinks, a very melancholy consideration, the negligence can spoil us, but great in- necessary to improve us; the most excel- res are soon depreciated, but evil tempers before they are exalted into good habits. his by punishments, is the same thing as man to cure him of a distemper; when he suffer punishment in that one circumstance, ight below the existence of a rational crea- is in the state of a brute that moves only monition of stripes. But since this custom ing by the lash is suffered by the gentry of itain, I would prevail only that honest ls may be dismissed from slavery sooner y are at present, and not whipped on to tenth or fifteenth year, whether they ex- progress from them or not. Let the child's be forthwith examined, and he sent to some way of life, without respect to his birth, e designed him for nothing higher: let him e he has innocently suffered, and is debased ereliction of mind for being what it is no e, a plain man. I would not here be sup- have said, that our learned men of either have been whipped at school, are not still ble and liberal minds; but I am sure they ve been much more so than they are, had er suffered that infamy.

ough there is so little care, as I have ob- ken, or observation made of the natural men, it is no small comfort to me, as a r, that there is any right value set upon the les of other animals; as appears by the fol- dvertisement handed about the county of and subscribed by Enos Thomas, a person ave not the honour to know, but suppose to ndly learned in horse-flesh:—

esnut horse called Cæsar, bred by James quire, at Sedbury, near Richmond, in the f York; his grandam was his old royal d got by Blunderbuss, which was got by Turk, and he got by Mr. Courant's Ara- ch got Mr. Minshul's Jew's-Trump. Mr.

Cæsar sold him to a nob old, when he had but one guineas. A guinea a les the man.

T.

No. 158.] FRIDAY

—Nos hæc novimus e

We know these things to

OUT of a firm regard to letters, let them make for

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have observed that your rhapsodies (as you call them) are very industrious in your superiors, who have made their rule of writing and sixty, and had the first men of taste and genius of Charles the Second. I presume, as good understanding now can pretend to. As you seem with the utmost the very fundamentals to ourselves. It is monstrous wit, and yet deny that anything else but peevishness the best rule of life, or else but health and disease but to put a lady into could wish followed of Tully, and your discourse very bane of mirth and not value thyself on the rate, and the dignity of word for it, a setting-down man in England. Had one would think you do in town, you should have passion and appetite; yet every pretty mouth in the tiches had been the max to walk by: but, alas, from entertaining people make them like themselves fore they read you? Had to describe Corinna charged to find something in her Zoilus excuse himself for make every man in good reflections, you had done please; but indeed, Sir, for disapproving us. I have to you, but I shall sum. In short, Sir, you do not

"I am, Sir, your

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The other day we were at table, and according to custom had the Spectator read, per wherein you are pleased to show that character which we gave up all the kindness except those who, you say, I was upon the occasion pany to write to you and part with the men we have

\* Spect. in folio. Altered was left out.



No. 159.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1711

—Omnen, quæ nunc obducta tuenti  
 Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum  
 Caligat, nubem eripiam— VIKO. *Æn.* ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,  
 Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blinds thy mortal sight,  
 I will remove —

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Vision of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which according to the custom of my forefathers I always keep holy after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' While I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of genius; and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strain I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy solitary quies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it—'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.'—'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.'—'Thou valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.'—'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thin mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thin mist at the other?'—'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning

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lady's girdle.





## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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class, who was  
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conceptions of things and noble sallies of imagin-  
tion. At the same time, can any thing be more ri-  
diculous than for men of a sober and moderat  
fancy to imitate this poet's way of writing, in those  
monstrous compositions which go among us under  
the name of Pindarics? When I see people copy-  
ing works, which, as Horace has represented them  
are singular in their kind, and inimitable; when  
see men following irregularities by rule, and by the  
little tricks of art straining after the most unbounde  
flights of nature, I cannot but apply to them the  
passage in Terence:

—Incerta hæc si tu postules  
Ratione certa facere, nihilo plus agas.  
Quam si des operam, ut cum ratione insanias.

Eux. act. 1. sc. 1.

You may as well pretend to be mad and in your senses at  
the same time, as to think of reducing these uncertain things  
to any certainty by reason.

In short, a modern Pindaric writer, compared  
with Pindar, is like a sister among the Camisars<sup>\*</sup>  
compared with Virgil's Sibyl: there is the distor-  
tion, grimace, and outward figure, but nothing of  
that divine impulse which raises the mind above  
itself, and makes the sounds more than human.

There is another kind of great geniuses which I  
shall place in a second class, not as I think them  
inferior to the first, but only for distinction's sake, as  
they are of a different kind. The second class of  
great geniuses are those that have formed themselves  
by rules, and submitted the greatness of their nat-  
ural talents to the corrections and restraints of art.  
Such among the Greeks were Plato and Aristotle;  
among the Romans, Virgil and Tully; among the  
English, Milton and Sir Francis Bacon.

The genius in both these classes of authors may  
be equally great, but shows itself after a different  
manner. In the first, it is like a rich soil in a happy  
climate, that produces a whole wilderness of noble  
plants rising in a thousand beautiful landscapes  
without any certain order or regularity. In the other  
it is the same rich soil under the same happy cli-  
mate, that has been laid out in walks and parterres,  
and cut into shape and beauty by the skill of the  
gardener.

The great danger in the latter kind of geniuses is,  
lest they cramp their own abilities too much by imi-  
tation, and form themselves altogether upon models,  
without giving the full play to their own natural  
parts. An imitation of the best authors is not to  
compare with a good original; and I believe we  
may observe that very few writers make an extraor-  
dinary figure in the world, who have not something  
in their way of thinking or expressing themselves  
that is peculiar to them, and entirely their own.

It is odd, to consider what great geniuses at  
sometimes thrown away upon trifles.

"I once saw a shepherd," says a famous Italian  
author, "who used to divert himself in his solitude  
with tossing up eggs and catching them again with-  
out breaking them: in which he had arrived to a  
great degree of perfection, that he would keep it  
four at a time for several minutes together playit

<sup>\*</sup> More commonly known by the name of the French Pro-  
phets, a set of enthusiasts originally of the Cevennes in France  
who came into England about the year 1707, and had at first  
considerable number of votaries. A fuller account of their  
and progress of this strange sect may be gained from the  
pamphlets; one in French, entitled, "Le Theatre sacré  
Cevennes, ou Recit de diverses Merveilles nouvelles  
operees dans cette Partie de la Province de Languedoc. Le  
1707, 12mo." The other in English, viz. "A Brand pluckt  
from the Burning; exemplified in the unparalleled case  
Samuel Keimer. &c. London, 1718, 12mo."

and falling into his hands by turns. I says the author, "I never saw a greater man in this man's face; for by his wonder-ful strength and application, he had contracted a swiftness and gravity of a privy-counsellor; and could not but reflect with myself, that the duty and attention, had they been rightly might have made him a greater mathematician than Archimedes."

## TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1711.

*is agit festos, fususque per herbam,  
ubi in medio et socii cratera coronant,  
nos, lenæ, vocat; pectorisque magistra  
jaculi certamina ponit in ulmo,  
aque agresti nudat prædura palæstra.  
iam veteres vitam coluere Sabini,  
amamus et frater. Sic fortis Etruria crevit,  
et rerum facta est pulcherrima Roma.*  
VIRG. Georg. li. 527.

'tis a rustic pomp, on hollydays,  
And pow'rs a just oblation pays;  
The green his careless limbs displays:  
Earth is in the midst: the herdsmen, round  
A useful fire, provoke his health in goblets crown'd.  
On Bacchus, and propounds the prize,  
On his fellow-groom at butts defies,  
And his bow, and levels with his eyes:  
Yet for wrestling, smears his limbs with oil,  
And catches with a trip his foe to foil:  
As the life the frugal Sabines led;  
As and his brother king were bred:  
Whom the austere Etrurian virtue rose:  
A rude life our homely fathers chose:  
We from such a race deriv'd her birth,  
And of empire, and the conquer'd earth.—DRAKE.

And that my late going into the country has the number of my correspondents, one of us me the following letter:

SIR,  
If you are pleased to retire from us so the city, I hope you will not think the country altogether unworthy of your for the future. I had the honor of seeing your face at Sir Roger de Coverley's, and since thought your person and writings extraordinary. Had you stayed there a few days, you would have seen a country wake, which I know in most parts of England is the custom of the dedication of our churches. I was at one of these assemblies which was held in a neighbouring parish; where I found their green with a promiscuous multitude of all ages and sexes, who esteem one another more or less according to the rank of the year, according as they have themselves at this time. The whole was in their holiday clothes, and divided into several parties, all of them endeavouring to excel in those exercises wherein they expect to gain the approbation of the lookers-on. And a ring of cudgel players, who were breaking other's heads in order to make some impression on their mistresses' hearts. I observed a lusty fellow, who had the misfortune of a broken heart, what considerably added to the anguish and pain, was his overhearing an old man who had said, 'That he questioned now whether he should marry him these three years.' I was diverted from a farther observation of these sports by a foot-ball match, which was on the green: where Tom Short behaved so well, that most people seemed to agree, that it was possible that he should remain a bachelor next wake. Having played many a match

myself, I could have looked on him as a great man, had I not observed a countenance on an eminence at some distance, making so many odd gestures, and so much of a distorted her whole body, as made me very desirous to see him. Upon my coming up to him, I was overlooking a young man, my sweetheart, a person of stature, with a huge brawny fellow, who was shaking the little man, and showing a secret sympathy of heart in the person of the man, say, like Celia in Shakspeare's play, could have wished her a strong fellow by the leg. He treats the whole company with ale; and proposes a bet to him who gives most for a spirit of emulation in the some of them have rendered at this exercise! and I wish my fellow's heels fly up, by so smartly that I could see that the old wrestlers sell some one was grown for two or three of his opposers as it were a reserve, which is always hung up in one of the most conspicuous places, and looked upon by the world much more to their honor. There was a fellow who had all the ceremonies, and an air of importance in his language, inquiring who he was, answered, 'That he did nothing, for that he and his many hats, that his partner was a dasher's shop.' However, they all was the reason, 'lord of the ring' for about among them.

"The young maids who were at these exercises, were the diversion; and upon my inquiring of my own parish what he had given much attention, he told me of Betty Welch, whom I knew to 'pitch a bar.'

"In short, I found that the women they were in the whole company strived to excel to each other, by making all in a perfect state of any fatigues of bodily labour.

"Your judgment upon gallantry, as it is at present in the country, will very much interest me.

If I would here put on a new suit, I might inform my readers of some new exercises or games were formed in the commonwealths of Greece, and afterwards borrowed by the Romans, composed of running, wrestling, and boxing, though the only thing but a crown of cypress being in fashion in those times, which obliges a man having such an estate, to

stors excelled upon, and we at the inconvenience I once met the author contrit of emulation among our t be directed, all our hand-prizes set up lent in their these political e to pass the eatest benefit these country ple together, ewing them. A country back, has geon mistress; nimble-footed time that she e the natural ies. I must od by which ndeavours to othing seems spring, or a d may assure een many a xchange her and several d with a ten-

g love made meetings, as e intent for s we are in- with whose per.

limitation of t established eat, who, in e orders that ies made up es round the

om of wakes ice Puritans at of popery: ew so popu- Chief Baron ession of all ning of this ed the order

BER 5, 1711.

et.  
Poet. v. 126.

akes a man e eyes of the it regards ases, though hanging his by those he by those he

In these great articles of life, therefore, a man's conviction ought to be very strong, and if possible so well timed, that worldly advantages may seem to have no share in it, or mankind will be ill-natured enough to think he does not change sides out of principle, but either out of levity of temper, or prospects of interest. Converts and renegadoes of all kinds should take particular care to let the world see they act upon honourable motives; or, whatever approbations they may receive from themselves, and applauses from those they converse with, they may be very well assured that they are the scorn of all good men, and the public marks of infamy and derision.

Irresolution on the schemes of life which offer themselves to our choice, and inconstancy in pursuing them, are the greatest and most universal causes of all our disquiet and unhappiness. When ambition pulls one way, interest another, inclination a third, and perhaps reason contrary to all, a man is likely to pass his time but ill who has so many different parties to please. When the mind hovers among such a variety of allurements, one had better settle on a way of life that is not the very best we might have chosen, than grow old without determining our choice, and go out of the world as the greatest part of mankind do, before we have resolved how to live in it. There is but one method of setting ourselves at rest in this particular, and that is by adhering steadfastly to one great end as the chief and ultimate aim of all our pursuits. If we are firmly resolved to live up to the dictates of reason, without any regard to wealth, reputation, or the like considerations, any more than as they fall in with our principal design, we may go through life with steadiness and pleasure; but if we act by several broken views, and will not only be virtuous, but wealthy, popular, and every thing that has a value set upon it by the world, we shall live and die in misery and repentance.

One would take more than ordinary care to guard one's self against this particular imperfection, because it is that which our nature very strongly inclines us to; for if we examine ourselves thoroughly, we shall find that we are the most changeable beings in the universe. In respect of our understanding, we often embrace and reject the very same opinions; whereas beings above and beneath us have probably no opinions at all, or, at least, no wavering and uncertainties in those they have. Our superiors are guided by intuition, and our inferiors by instinct. In respect of our wills, we fall into crimes and recover out of them, are amiable or odious in the eyes of our great Judge, and pass our whole life in offending and asking pardon. On the contrary, the beings underneath us are not capable of sinning, nor those above us of repenting. The one is out of the possibilities of duty, and the other fixed in an eternal course of sin, or an eternal course of virtue.

There is scarce a state of life, or stage in it, which does not produce changes and revolutions in the mind of man. Our schemes of thought in infancy are lost in those of youth; these too take a different turn in manhood, until old age often leads us back into our former infancy. A new title or an unexpected success throws us out of ourselves, and in a manner destroys our identity. A cloudy day, or a little sunshine, have as great an influence on many constitutions, as the most real blessing or misfortunes. A dream varies our being, and changes our condition while it lasts; and every passion, not

health and sickness, and the greater al-  
body and mind, makes us appear almost  
atures. If a man is so distinguished  
r beings by this infirmity, what can we  
ch as make themselves remarkable for it  
g their own species? It is a very trifling  
o be one of the most variable beings of  
rable kind, especially if we consider that  
he great standard of perfection has in him  
of change, but "is the same yesterday,  
d for ever."

instability of temper and inconsistency of himself is the greatest weakness of human nature. It makes the person who is remarkable for any particular manner, more ridiculous than his infirmity whatsoever, as it sets him in a variety of foolish lights, and distinguishes himself by an opposition of party-coloured humours. The most humorous character in Horace is a man who is distinguished by his unevenness of temper, and irregularity of conduct :

Sardus habebat  
effugas hoc: Caesar, qui cogere posset,  
et per amicitiam patriæ, atque suam, non  
an proficeret: si collibuisse, ab ovo  
id facili citaret, lo Bacche, modo summa  
sedo hæc, resonat que chordis quatuor ima,  
iule homini fuit illi: sæpe velut qui  
et fugiens locum: persæpe velut qui  
i sacra ferret: habebat sæpe ducentos,  
ecern servos: modo reges atque tetrachas,  
imagis loquens: modo sit mihi mensa tripes, et  
i salis puri, et toga, que defendere frigis,  
in crassa, quæst. Deces cenæ dedisses  
arco, paucis contentis, quique diebus  
t in loculia. Noctes vigilabat ad ipsum  
diem totum stertebat. Nil fuit unquam  
ar sibi ————— Hor. I Sat. iii

Hon. I Sat. iii.

of translating this passage in Horace, I retain my English reader with the descriptive-parallel character, that is wonderfully well by Mr. Dryden, and raised upon the same

first rank of these did Zimri stand :

so various, that he seemed to be  
 1, but all mankind's epitome.  
 opinions, always in the wrong;  
 very thing by starts and nothing long:  
 the course of one revolving moon,  
 peasant, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon:  
 fit for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
 ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.  
 sadman who could every hour employ,  
 something new to wish, or to enjoy.<sup>18</sup>

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1711.

—Si quid ego adjuero, curamve levasso  
nunc te coquit, et versat sub pectore fixa,  
id erit pretii?—**ENV.** apud **TULLIUM.**

will you thank me if I bring you rest,  
ease the torture of your troubled breast?

res after happiness, and rules for attaining  
so necessary and useful to mankind as the  
consolation, and supporting one's self under

The utmost we can hope for in this sentiment; if we aim at any thing higher, meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and exertions to making himself easy now, and happy

th of it is, if all the happiness that is dis-  
ough the whole race of mankind in this  
e drawn together, and put into the posses-

ryden's "Absalom and Achitophel." Perhaps it is  
 mention, that this character was meant for George  
 e of Buckingham, author of the Rehearsal.

sion of any single man, happy being. Though, miseries of the whole species, they would make

I am engaged in this letter, which, though subs

I have reason to believe i

"MR. SPECTATOR.

"I am one of your disciples, and I will live up to your rules, which are the only ones that can save the world."

to pity my condition. I  
very few words. About  
man, whom, I am sure, y

proved, made his address  
thing to recommend him  
friends, who all of them a

For my own part, I resign  
the direction of those who  
better than myself but still

whom, in my heart, I prize  
being determined, if I could

nobody else. About three  
letter from him, acquaint  
of an uncle he had a cor

which he said was welcome account, but as he hoped culties that lay in the way

You may well suppose, received this letter, which others filled with those ex-

which I verily believed  
nor knew better how to  
man I am speaking of.  
able to tell it, and by

ceived a letter from an  
happy gentleman, acqu  
just settled his affairs.

journey, he fell sick of a possible to express to you this occasion. I can only

votions, and to the reading  
consolation; and as I always  
light in those frequent

which you give the public  
piece of charity in you to  
this conjuncture. If, after

you find yourself in a hu-  
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throw it into the fire, and  
if you are touched with

greater than I know how  
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afflicted

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which is natural to her;  
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who does not approve of

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ER 7, 1711.

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ardinary wit  
father, who,

having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius \* was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and pleasing conversation, made such an impression on her heart as it was impossible for time to efface. He was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbade him his house, and charged his daughter, upon her duty, never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, whom he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was overawed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions, which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia:

"The thought of my Constantia, which for some years has been my only happiness, is now become a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. Must I then live to see you another's? The streams, the fields, and meadows, where we have so often talked together, grow painful to me; life itself is become a burden. May you long be happy in the world, but forget that there was ever such a man in it as

"THEODOSIUS."

This letter was conveyed to Constantia that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning she was much more alarmed by two or three messengers, that came to her father's house, one after another, to inquire if they had heard any thing of Theodosius, who it seems had left his chamber about midnight, and could nowhere be found. The deep melancholy which had hung upon his mind some time before, made them apprehend the worst that could befall him. Constantia, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to such extremities, was not to be comforted. She now accus-

\* The Theodosius and Constantia of Dr. Langhorne, a collection of letters, in 2 vols. 12mo., takes its rise from this paper.



himself for having so tamely given an ear to the proposal of a husband, and looked upon the new over as the murderer of Theodosius. In short, she vowed to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly, in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to inquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia, kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out into tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. "My behaviour," says she, "has, I fear, been the death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death."

She here paused, and her face was streaming with tears. The father, moved with the sight, and by the only command of his duty, and sobbings, followed his daughter, and poured out her sorrows, not forbear weeping at the agonies of his daughter, Constantia, who then, by his compassion, confessed of her guilt, and acquainted him with the state she was going to, and atonement for her sins, could make to her father, who by his own example, burst into tears, and name to which she was now upon receiving fidelity from others, since given her. Amidst the interstices of her penitent overwork, to bid her from her that her sister was not so good, should not suffer. After weeping, give her the absolution at the same time, that he might comfort she had taken, for her behaviour the next morning, Theodosius, having finished his reflections, and reflections, the best manner, the course of her life, out of her mind, sions which had with a promise, continue his address upon her the holy orders," said he, "I see you, but you have a place frequent instructions, letters. Go on, have undertaken peace and satisfaction in the power of God."

Constantia's course of Father Francis entered upon the of her reception with the abbe.

The abbe, of all that had Father Francis, her the following.

"As the first which you may engaged in, I whose death still alive; and the fessed yourself so much lamer one another with pointment that Providence has though not acc



self of one  
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BANCIS."

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fecting on  
and above all,  
ng her con-  
every parti-  
joy, "It is  
in being: I  
"

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Constantia  
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Theodosius.  
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a short La-  
g purpose:  
s and Sister  
lives, and in  
D.

ER 8, 1711.

enter.  
Poet. v. 48.

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o tell us what  
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n of phrases,  
ed enemies.  
n secretaries,  
to tell their

story for them in plain English, and to let us know  
in our mother tongue what it is our brave country-  
men are about. The French would indeed be in the  
right to publish the news of the present war in the  
English phrases, and make their campaigns unin-  
telligible. Their people might flatter themselves  
that things are not so bad as they really are, were  
they thus palliated with foreign terms, and throw  
into shades and obscurity; but the English cannot  
be too clear in their narrative of those actions which  
have raised their country to a higher pitch of glory  
than it ever yet arrived at, and which will be still  
the more admired the better they are explained.

For my part, by that time a siege is carried on  
two or three days, I am altogether lost and bewil-  
dered in it, and meet with so many inexplicable dif-  
ficulties, that I scarce know which side has the  
better of it, until I am informed by the Tower guns  
that the place is surrendered. I do indeed make  
some allowances for this part of the war: fortifica-  
tions have been foreign inventions, and upon that  
account abound in foreign terms. But when we  
have won battles which may be described in our own  
language, why are our papers filled with so many  
unintelligible exploits, and the French obliged to  
lend us a part of their tongue before we can know  
how they are conquered? They must be made ac-  
cessory to their own disgrace, as the Britons were  
formerly so artificially wrought in the curtain of the  
Roman theatre, that they seemed to draw it up in  
order to give the spectators an opportunity of seeing  
their own defeat celebrated upon the stage: for so  
Mr. Dryden has translated that verse in Virgil:

*Purpurea intexti tollunt aulæ Britannæ.—GEORGE. III. 25.*  
Which interwoven Britons seem to raise,  
And shew the triumph that their shame displays.

The histories of all our former wars are trans-  
mitted to us in our vernacular idiom, to use the  
phrase of a great modern critic.\* I do not find in  
any of our chronicles, that Edward the Third ever  
'reconnoitred' the enemy, though he often discovered  
the posture of the French, and as often vanquished  
them in battle. The Black Prince passed many a  
river without the help of 'pontoons,' and filled a ditch  
with fagots as successfully as the generals of our  
times do it with 'fascines.' Our commanders lose  
half their praise, and our people half their joy, by  
means of those hard words and dark expressions in  
which our newspapers do so much abound. I have  
seen many a prudent citizen, after having read  
every article, inquire of his next neighbour what  
news the mail had brought.

I remember in that remarkable year, when our  
country was delivered from the greatest fears and  
apprehensions, and raised to the greatest height of  
gladness it had ever felt since it was a nation,—I  
mean the year of Blenheim,—I had the copy of a  
letter sent me out of the country, which was written  
from a young gentleman in the army to his father,  
a man of good estate and plain sense. As the letter  
was very modishly checkered with this modern mi-  
litary eloquence, I shall present my reader with a  
copy of it.

"SIR,

"Upon the junction of the French and Bavarian  
armies, they took post behind a great morass, which  
they thought impracticable. Our general the next  
day sent a party of horse to 'reconnoitre' them from  
a little 'hauteur,' at about a quarter of an hour's  
distance from the army, who returned again to the

\* Dr. Richard Bentley.

unobserved, through several 'defiles,' in one of which they met with a party of French that had been 'marauding,' and made them all prisoners at discretion. The day after a drum arrived at our camp, with a message which he would communicate to none but the general; he was followed by a trumpet, who they say behaved himself very saucily, with a message from the Duke of Bavaria. The next morning our army, being divided into two corps, made a movement towards the enemy. You will hear in the public prints how we treated them, with the other circumstances of that glorious day. I add the good fortune to be in that regiment that crushed the 'gens d'armes.' Several French battalions, which some say were a 'corps de reserve,' made a show of resistance; but it only proved a gasconade, for upon our preparing to fill up a little 'fosse,' in order to attack them, they beat the chamade, and sent us a 'carte blanche.' Their commandant, with a great many other general officers, and troops without number, are made prisoners of war, and will, I believe, give you a visit in England, the 'cartel' not being yet settled. Not questioning but these particulars will be very welcome to you, I congratulate you upon them, and am your most dutiful son," &c.

The father of the young gentleman, upon the perusal of the letter, found it contained great news, but could not guess what it was. He immediately communicated it to the curate of the parish, who, upon the reading of it, being vexed to see any thing he could not understand, fell into a kind of passion, and told him, that his son had sent him a letter that was neither fish, flesh, nor good red-herring. "I wish," says he, "the captain may be 'compos mentis': he talks of a saucy trumpet, and a drum that carries messages; then who is this 'carte blanche?' He must either banter us, or he is out of his senses." The father, who always looked upon the curate as a learned man, began to fret inwardly at his son's rage, and producing a letter which he had written to him about three posts before, "You see here," says he, "when he writes for money he knows how to speak intelligibly enough; there is no man in England can express himself clearer, when he wants new furniture for his horse." In short, the old man was so puzzled upon the point, that it might have fared ill with his son, had he not seen all the prints about three days after filled with the same terms of art, and that Charles only writ like other men.—L.

No. 166.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1711.

Quod nec Jovis ira, nec ignis,  
Nec poterit ferrum, nec edax abolere vetustas.

OVID. MET. XV. 871.

Which nor dreads the rage  
Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age.—WELSH.

ARISTOTLE tells us, that the world is a copy or transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of the first Being, and that those ideas which are in the mind of man are a transcript of the world. To this we may add, that words are the transcript of those ideas which are in the mind of man, and that writing or printing is the transcript of words.

As the Supreme Being has expressed, and as it were, printed his ideas in the creation, men express their ideas in books, which by this great invention of these latter ages may last as long as the sun and moon, and perish only in the general wreck of nature. Thus Cowley in his poem on the Resurrec-

tion, mentioning these admirable

Now all  
And all  
And Vig

There is no other way which arise and transmitting the other method of and preserving the son, when his body of matter, and spirits. Books, leaves to mankind generation to generation of those who are

All other arts but a short time sands of years, fewer than edifices Raphael, will he and Apelles are tuiaries, architects lost. The several materials. Nature to support the id

The circumstance above all the multiply their of their works, shall be as valuable. This gives a greater of eternity, but those other advantages an artist finds great fame. What a or a Homer, as their works, like to be confined to a party of a single

If writings age to age through careful should as to print that minds of men great talents, immorality, and wit and humour of society, and leave books behind die in distemper their own species their posterity.

Confucius or a sent into the world sink it into the

I have seen so us that vicious as the influence posterity: "for else but a clean said to be done operate, and cor say they, "sin continues to sin, so Though the Roman indeed very ridiculous the soul after passes in this world receive much more ing, than satisfy his surviving ad

speculation,  
an atheis-  
dangerously  
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eat contri-  
heart than  
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ly to con-  
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In all but this, a man of sober life,  
Fond of his friend, and civil to his wife;  
Not quite a madman, though a pasty fell,  
And much too wise to walk into a well.  
Him the damn'd doctor and his friends immur'd;  
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd, in short they cur'd,  
Whereat the gentleman began to stare—  
"My friends!" he cry'd: "poor take you for your care!  
That from a patriot of distinguish'd note,  
Have bled and purg'd me to a simple vote."—*POPE.*

The unhappy force of an imagination unguided by the check of reason and judgment, was the subject of a former speculation. My reader may remember that he has seen in one of my papers a complaint of an unfortunate gentleman, who was unable to contain himself (when any ordinary matter was laid before him) from adding a few circumstances to enliven plain narrative. That correspondent was a person of too warm a complexion to be satisfied with things merely as they stood in nature, and therefore formed incidents which should have happened to have pleased him in the story. The same ungoverned fancy which pushed that correspondent on, in spite of himself, to relate public and notorious falsehoods, makes the author of the following letter do the same in private; one is a prating, the other a silent liar.

There is little pursued in the errors of either of these worthies, but mere present amusement: but the folly of him who lets his fancy place him in distant scenes untroubled and uninterrupted, is very much preferable to that of him who is ever forcing a belief, and defending his untruths with new inventions. But I shall hasten to let this liar in soliloquy, who calls himself a castle-builder, describe himself with the same unreservedness as formerly appeared in my correspondent above mentioned. If a man were to be serious on this subject, he might give very grave admonitions to those who are following any thing in this life, on which they think to place their hearts, and tell them they are really castle-builders. Fame, glory, wealth, honour, have in the prospect pleasing illusions; but they who come to possess any of them will find they are ingredients towards happiness, to be regarded only in the second place: and that when they are valued in the first degree they are as disappointing as any of the phantoms in the following letter:—

"MR. SPECTATOR, September 6, 1711.

"I am a fellow of a very odd frame of mind, as you will find by the sequel; and think myself fool enough to deserve a place in your paper. I am unhappily far gone in building, and am one of that species of men who are properly denominated castle-builders, who scorn to be beholden to the earth for a foundation, or dig in the bowels of it for materials; but erect their structures in the most unstable of elements, the air; fancy alone laying the line, marking the extent, and shaping the model. It would be difficult to enumerate what august palaces and stately porticos have grown under my forming imagination, or what verdant meadows and shady groves have started into being by the powerful force of a warm fancy. A castle-builder is even just what he pleases, and as such I have grasped imaginary sceptres, and delivered uncontrollable edicts, from a throne to which conquered nations yielded obedience. I have made I know not how many inroads into France, and ravaged the very heart of that kingdom; I have dined in the Louvre, and drank champagne at Versailles; and I would have you take notice, I am not only able to vanquish a people already 'cowed' and accustomed to flight.

ER 11, 1711.

2 Ep. ii. 128.

light, perhaps, be  
examiner, to have  
reasons, proba-

I could, Almanzor-like,\* drive the British general from the field, were I less a Protestant, or ever been affronted by the confederates. There is art or profession, whose most celebrated master I have not eclipsed. Wherever I have afforded salutary presence, fevers have ceased to burn, agues to shake the human fabric. When an patient fit has been upon me, an apt gesture and per cadence have animated each sentence, and angry crowds have found their passions worked up to rage, or soothed into a calm. I am short, and very well made; yet upon sight of a fine woman, I have stretched into proper stature, and killed with a good air and mien. These are the gay automata that dance before my waking eyes, and impose my day-dreams. I should be the most contented happy man alive, were the chimerical happiness which springs from the paintings of fancy so fleeting and transitory. But alas! it is with grief of mind I tell you, the least breath of wind has ten demolished my magnificent edifices, swept away my groves, and left no more trace of them than if they had never been. My exchequer has sunk and vanished by a rap on my door; the salvation of a friend has cost me a whole continent; and in the same moment I have been pulled by the sleeve, my crown has fallen from my head. The consequence of these reveries is inconceivably great, seeing the loss of imaginary possessions makes oppressions of real woe. Besides, bad economy is visible and apparent in builders of invisible mansions. My tenants' advertisements of ruins and lapidations often cast a damp on my spirits, even the instant when the sun, in all his splendour, bids my eastern palaces. Add to this, the pensive rudery in building, and constant grasping aerial owls, distracts and shatters the mind, and the old builder of Babels is often cursed with an incoherent diversity and confusion of thoughts. I do not know to whom I can more properly apply myself for relief from this fantastical evil, than to yourself; hence I earnestly implore to accommodate me with method how to settle my head and cool my brain-pan. A dissertation on castle-building may not only be serviceable to myself, but all architects, who display their skill in the thin element. Such a favour would oblige me to make my next soliloquy not contain the praises of my dear self, but of the Spectator, who shall, by complying with this, make me

T.

"His obliged humble servant,  
"VITRUVIUS."

No. 168.] WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 12, 1711.

— *Pectus præceptis format amicis.*—Hos. 2 Ep. l. 128.  
Forms the soft bosom with the gentlest art.—POPE.

It would be arrogance to neglect the application of my correspondents so far, as not sometimes to insert their animadversions upon my paper; that of this day shall be therefore wholly composed of the hints which they have sent me.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I send you this to congratulate your late choice of a subject, for treating on which you deserve public thanks; I mean that on those licensed tyrants the schoolmasters. If you can disarm them of their rods, you will certainly have your old age rewarded by all the young gentlemen of great Britain who are now between seven and seventeen years.

\*Alluding to a furious character in Dryden's *Conquest of Granada*.

You may boast of a  
lian and you as  
'*Si cui est (says)*  
*tione non corrigat*  
*quæque municipia*  
of so disingenuous  
rected by reproach  
will be hardened  
And afterward, '*homines isto cæde*  
to say how shame  
power of correction

"I was bred in  
of which the mass  
descended from  
appeared from his  
leave you to judge  
Welshman ingrate  
So very dreadful  
although it is a  
heavy hand, yet  
of him, so strong  
mind. It is a sign  
who still continues

"And yet I  
business of the so  
difficulty; and I  
yet such was the  
month, or oftener  
satisfied the law.

"Many a white  
mother had passed  
thousand times,  
covered with blood  
ing a yard and a  
an o for an A, or  
great faults! Ma  
been there broke  
and were never b  
attempt to under  
and it is a noble  
the list against e  
pity but we had  
viour and metho  
into a condition o  
the parents of th  
possibly see lea  
dren delighting  
abhor for coming  
What would be s  
the care of such i  
have no more pe  
had not genius fo

"I am, with  
"Your

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a boy,  
for this last year  
of divinity, who  
under his care.†  
derness to me an  
happy in learning  
leave off our divers  
at hours of play w  
possible for any o  
than we do him.

† Dr. Charles Rod  
and afterward master

† This was Dr. Nic  
sion of the Psalms,  
sermons

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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T. S."

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wears it dis-  
footman.  
le servant."

Sept. 1, 1711.

body calls a  
course with a  
a spaniel or  
ing, and have  
se to refresh  
you set up for  
dogs you will  
pots of ale to  
n a day, and  
all the sports-  
of coursing is

EDGEWORTH."

w of those times.  
ed at the lower  
dresses, nymphs,  
at water, and fire  
evening between

No. 169.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 13, 17...

Sic vita erat: facile omnes perferre ac pati:  
Cum quibus erat cuncte una, his sese dedere,  
Eorum obsequi studiis: adversus nemini:  
Nunquam præponens se aliis; Ita facilitæ  
Sine invidia invenias laudem

TER. AND. act. i. sc. 1.

His manner of life was this: to bear with every body's ha-  
mours; to comply with the inclinations and pursuits of those  
he conversed with; to contradict nobody; never to assume a  
superiority over others. This is the ready way to gain ap-  
plause without exciting envy.

MAN is subject to innumerable pains and sorrows  
by the very condition of humanity, and yet, as if  
nature had not sown evils enough in life, we are  
continually adding grief to grief, and aggravating  
the common calamity by our cruel treatment of one  
another. Every man's natural weight of afflictions  
is still made more heavy by the envy, malice, trea-  
chery, or injustice of his neighbour. At the same  
time that the storm beats upon the whole species,  
we are falling foul upon one another.

Half the misery of human life might be extin-  
guished, would men alleviate the general curse they  
lie under, by mutual offices of compassion, benevo-  
lence, and humanity. There is nothing, therefore,  
which we ought more to encourage in ourselves and  
others, than that disposition of mind which in our  
language goes under the title of good-nature, and  
which I shall choose for the subject of this day's  
speculation.

Good-nature is more agreeable in conversation  
than wit, and gives a certain air to the countenance,  
which is more amiable than beauty. It shows virtue  
in the fairest light, takes off in some measure from  
the deformity of vice, and makes even folly and im-  
pertinence supportable.

There is no society or conversation to be kept up  
in the world without good-nature, or something  
which must bear its appearance, and supply its  
place. For this reason mankind have been forced  
to invent a kind of artificial humanity, which is what  
we express by the word good-breeding. For if we  
examine thoroughly the idea of what we call so, we  
shall find it to be nothing else but an imitation and  
mimicry of good-nature, or, in other terms, affabi-  
lity, complaisance, and easiness of temper reduced  
into an art.

These exterior shows and appearances of huma-  
nity render a man wonderfully popular and beloved,  
when they are founded upon a real good-nature;  
but without it, are like hypocrisy in religion, or a  
bare form of holiness, which, when it is discovered,  
makes a man more detestable than professed impiety.

Good-nature is generally born with us; health,  
prosperity, and kind treatment from the world are  
great cherishers of it where they find it; but no-  
thing is capable of forcing it up, where it does not  
grow of itself. It is one of the blessings of a happy  
constitution, which education may improve, but not  
produce.

Xenophon, in the life of his imaginary prince,  
whom he describes as a pattern for real ones, is al-  
ways celebrating the philanthropy or good-nature of  
his hero, which he tells us he brought into the world  
with him, and gives many remarkable instances of  
it in his childhood, as well as in all the several parts  
of his life.\* Nay, on his death-bed, he describes  
him as being pleased, that while his soul returned to  
him who made it, his body should incorporate with  
the great mother of all things, and by that means

\* Xenoph. De Cyri Instit. lib. viii. cap. vii. ec. 2. edit. J. A.  
Ern. 8vo. tom. i. p. 560.

essential to all mankind. For which reason  
sons a positive order not to enshrine it  
silver, but to lay it in the earth as soon  
was gone out of it.

ance of such an overflowing of humanity,  
abundant love to mankind, could not have  
o the imagination of a writer, who had  
filled with great ideas, and a general be-  
to mankind.

celebrated passage of Sallust, where  
Cato are placed in such beautiful, but  
ghts,\* Caesar's character is chiefly made  
nature, as it showed itself in all its forms  
s friends or his enemies, his servants or  
s, the guilty or the distressed. As for  
acter, it is rather awful than amiable.  
ms most agreeable to the nature of God,  
to that of man. A being who has no  
ardon in himself, may reward every man  
to his works; but he whose very best ac-  
be seen with grains of allowance, cannot  
dd, moderate, and forgiving. For this  
engall the monstrous characters in human  
ere is none so odious, nor indeed so exqui-  
sitive, as that of a rigid severe temper in  
a man.

art of good-nature, however, which con-  
pardon and overlooking of faults, is  
vised only in doing ourselves justice, and  
the ordinary commerce and occurrences  
r in the public administrations of justice,  
one may be cruelty to others.

rown almost into a maxim, that good-  
en are not always men of the most wit.  
vation, in my opinion, has no foundation.  
The greatest wits I have conversed with,  
eminent for their humanity. I take,  
this remark to have been occasioned by  
e. First, because ill-nature among ordi-  
ners passes for wit. A spiteful saying  
many little passions in those who hear  
generally meets with a good reception.  
rises upon it, and the man who utters it  
pon as a shrewd satirist. This may be  
why a great many pleasant companions  
surprisingly dull, when they have endeav-  
merely merry in print; the public being more  
ivate clubs or assemblies, in distinguish-  
en what is wit, and what is ill-nature.

reason why the good-natured man may  
bring his wit in question, is, perhaps, be-  
s apt to be moved with compassion for  
rtunes or infirmities, which another would  
ridicule, and by that means gain the re-  
f a wit. The ill-natured man, though but  
arts, gives himself a larger field to ex-  
pales those failings in human nature  
ther would cast a veil over, laughs at vices  
ther either excuses or conceals, gives utter-  
ations which the other stifles, falls indiffer-  
friends or enemies, exposes the person who  
him; and, in short, sticks at nothing that  
ish his character as a wit. It is no wonder,  
that he succeeds in it better than the man  
ty,† as a person who makes use of indi-  
ids is more likely to grow rich than the  
—L.

bell. Catil. es liv. 2. diff. sic loquitur. *Quis enim  
vitiis vitis was to be subjected to this scrutiny, it  
unscripted within a very narrow compass. The  
from which it sprung was the indignation that  
wart.*

FOR—Nos. 25 & 26.

No. 170.] FRIDAY.

In amore hæc omnia insunt  
Suspiciones, inimicitia, inc  
Bellum, pax rursum—

In love are all these ills:—  
Wrongs, reconcilements, w

UPON looking over the  
respondents, I find several  
ing of jealous husbands,  
testing their own innocen-  
vice on this occasion.  
subject into my consid-  
lingly, because I find the  
who, in his Advice to a  
wife how to behave here  
temperate, a choleric, a  
husband, has not spoken  
band.

"Jealousy is that pain  
the apprehension that he  
the person whom he ent-  
our inward passions are  
make themselves visible,  
lous man to be thorough-  
His thoughts hang at be-  
and uncertainty; and are  
any satisfaction on the  
his inquiries are most suc-  
nothing. His pleasure  
ments, and his life is so  
that destroys his happine-

An ardent love is alw-  
his passion; for the same  
the jealous man's desire  
loved so beautiful a figure  
him believe she kindles t  
and appears as amiable  
jealousy thus arises from  
is of so delicate a nature  
with any thing less than  
Not the warmest express  
and most tender hypoc  
satisfaction where we an  
affection is real, and the  
the jealous man wishes  
the person he loves. He  
sure of her senses, the en  
and is angry at every th  
delight in, besides himsel-

Phædra's request to h  
ing her for three days, a  
natural:

Cum milite isto præsens,  
Dies noctesque me ames:  
Me somnia: me expectes  
Me speres: me te oblectes  
Meus fac sis postremo an-

Be with yon soldier presen  
All night and day love me  
Dream, ponder still "on"  
Delight in me: be all in a  
Give your whole heart, f

The jealous man's di-  
nature, that it converts  
nourishment. A cool b  
rack, and is interpreted  
or indifference; a fond  
and looks too much like  
If the person he loves  
must be employed on a



thing that looks young, or gay, turns their thoughts upon their wives.

A second sort of men, who are most liable to the passion, are those of cunning, wary, and distrustful tempers. It is a fault very justly found in histories composed by politicians, that they leave nothing to chance or humour, but are still for deriving every action from some plot or contrivance, for drawing up a perpetual scheme of causes and events, and preserving a constant correspondence between the camp and the council-table. And thus it happens in the affairs of love with men of too refined thought. They put a construction on a look, and find out a design in a smile; they give new sense and significations to words and actions; and are ever tormenting themselves with fancies of their own raising. They generally act in a disguise themselves, and therefore mistake all outward show and appearances for hypocrisy in others; so that believe no men see less of the truth and reality of things, than these great refiners upon incidents who are so wonderfully subtle and overwise in their conceptions.

Now what these men fancy they know of women by reflection, your lewd and vicious men believe they have learned by experience. They have seen the poor husband so misled by tricks and artifices and in the midst of his inquiries so lost and bewildered in a crooked intrigue, that they still suspect an under-plot in every female action; and especially where they see any resemblance in the behaviour of two persons, are apt to fancy it proceeds from the same design in both. These men therefore bear hard upon the suspected party, pursue her close through all her turnings and windings and are too well acquainted with the chase, to be flung off by any false steps, or doubles. Besides their acquaintance and conversation has lain wholly among the vicious part of womankind, and therefore it is no wonder they censure all alike, and look upon the whole sex as a species of impostors. But if, notwithstanding their private experience, they can get over these prejudices, and entertain a favourable opinion of some women; yet their own loose desires will stir up new suspicions from another side, and make them believe all men subject to the same inclinations with themselves.

Whether these or other motives are most predominant, we learn from the modern histories of America, as well as from our own experience in this part of the world, that jealousy is no northern passion, but rages most in those nations that lie nearest the influence of the sun. It is a misfortune for a woman to be born between the tropics; for there lie the hottest regions of jealousy, which as you come northward cools all along with the climate, till you scarce meet with any thing like it in the polar circle. Our own nation is very temperately situated in this respect; and if we meet with some few disorders with the violence of this passion, they are not the proper growth of our country, but are many degrees nearer the sun in their constitutions than in their climate.

After this frightful account of jealousy, and the persons who are most subject to it, it will be but fair to show by what means the passion may be best allayed, and those who are possessed with it set at ease. Other faults, indeed, are not under the wife's jurisdiction, and should, if possible, escape her observation; but jealousy calls upon her particularly for its cure, and deserves all her art and application in the attempt. Besides, she has

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is for her encouragement, that her endeavours will always please, and that she will still find the affection of her husband rising towards her in proportion as his doubts and suspicions vanish; for, as we have seen all along, there is so great a mixture of love and jealousy as is well worth the separating. In this shall be the subject of another paper.—L.

1711.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1711.

*Credula res amor est*———Ovid, *Met.* vii. 826.

Love is a credulous passion.

HAVING in my yesterday's paper discovered the nature of jealousy, and pointed out the persons who are most subject to it, I must here apply myself to fair correspondents, who desire to live well with calous husbands, and to ease his mind of its unjust suspicions.

The first rule I shall propose to be observed is, that you never seem to dislike in another what the jealous man is himself guilty of, or to admire anything in which he himself does not excel. A jealous man is very quick in his applications; he knows how to find a double edge in an invective, and to turn a satire on himself out of a panegyric on another. He does not trouble himself to consider the man, but to direct the character; and is secretly pleased or confounded, as he finds more or less of himself in it. The commendation of any thing in other stirs up his jealousy, as it shows you have value for others besides himself; but the commendation of that, which he himself wants, inflames him more, as it shows that in some respects you prefer him before him. Jealousy is admirably described in his view by Horace in his ode to Lydia:

*Quum tu, Lydia, Telephi  
Cervicem roseam, et cerea Telephi  
Laudas brachia, vix meum  
Fervens difficillime tumet jecur:  
Tunc nec mens mihi, nec color  
Certa sede manet; humor et in genas  
Furtim labitur, arguens  
Quam lentis peditus macerer ignibus.—1 Od. xlii. l.*  
When Telephus his youthful charms,  
His rosy neck and winding arms,  
With endless rapture you recite;  
And in the pleasing name delight;  
My heart inflamed by jealous heats,  
With numberless resentments beats;  
From my pale cheek the colour flies,  
And all the man within me dies:  
By turns my hidden grief appears  
In rising sighs and falling tears,  
That shew too well the warm desires,  
The silent, slow, consuming fires,  
Which on my inmost vitals prey,  
And melt my very soul away.

The jealous man is not indeed angry if you dislike another; but if you find those faults which are to be found in his own character, you discover not your dislike of another but of himself. In this he is so desirous of engrossing all your love, that he is grieved at the want of any charm, which he believes has power to raise it; and if he finds your censures on others that he is not so agreeable in your opinion as he might be, he naturally concludes you could love him better if he had other qualifications, and that by consequence your affection does not rise so high as he thinks it ought. If therefore his temper be grave or sullen, you must be too much pleased with a jest, or transported in any thing that is gay and diverting. If his wit be none of the best, you must be a professed mistress of prudence, or any other quality he is master of, or at least vain enough to think he is.

In the next paper I shall open in you the signs, and discover the indifference. A man's aversion to wink and see to the bottom beyond it in his fondness expect to be your finds himself kept is more in it than great concern, to your sincerity once finds a false he quickly suspicion immediately off with it into se has proved very misery.

If both these let him see you for the ill opinion quietudes he him are many who take the jealousy of the an aching heart which are able to

*Ardeat ipsa licet*

Though equal  
A lover's torment

But these often affected coldness and fondness of a lover their turn with all due to so insolent it is very probable the usual effects of the jealous husband the wrong he does those fears and is happy. At least he will keep his private, either because he will or because he will may produce in diverting it to another.

There is still a you can once get practised by women. This is to change man, and to turn take some occasion to follow the example of counterfeit jealousy of pleasure, if he experimentally how passion, and will satisfaction of a revenge his own tortures, difficult, and at the it ought never to have skill enough cence to render it.

I shall conclude Herod and Maria Josephus;\* which to whatever can be Mariamne had

\* Antiquities of the Jews, chap. 7. sect. 1. 2, &c.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

and Herod all to raise in a midst of this brother to years after. sent to Mark Herod into as there laid summons to therefore, be- stody of his put her to to himself. Mariamne's his art and passion for and incred- certain in- te orders he wed, accord- could neither pus instance at out, for a he still had lly taken up e could not n, and there- ation, rather than a lover. dismissed by n flames for g he was not heard of his h her in his discourse he and it no easy last he ap- ce, that from ars and em- rly at their s whole soul ve and con- anguishings ders he left of such an was immedi- n, and con- amiliar with ch a secret. d very diffi- Mariamne. journey into the care of he had be- efel himself. on Sohemus on, that she n Herod had when he flew nd love, she ars, and all n. This re- that he had had not he the greater is, when he him: Mari- hom he en- all possible she declined ndness with her, and her

brother. This behaviour so incensed Herod, that he very hardly refrained from striking her; when in the heat of their quarrel there came in a witness, suborned by some of Mariamne's enemies, who accused her to the king of a design to poison him. Herod was now prepared to hear any thing in her prejudice, and immediately ordered her servant to be stretched upon the rack; who in the extremity of his torture confessed, that his mistress's aversion to the king arose from something Sohemus had told her; but as for any design of poisoning, he utterly disowned the least knowledge of it. This confession quickly proved fatal to Sohemus, who now lay under the same suspicions and sentence that Joseph had before him, on the like occasion. Nor would Herod rest here; but accused her with great vehemence of a design upon his life, and, by his authority with the judges, had her publicly condemned and executed. Herod soon after her death grew melancholy and dejected, retiring from the public administration of affairs into a solitary forest, and there abandoning himself to all the black considerations, which naturally arise from a passion made up of love, remorse, pity, and despair. He used to rave for his Mariamne, and to call upon her in his distracted fits: and in all probability would soon have followed her, had not his thoughts been seasonably called off from so sad an object by public storms, which at that time very nearly threatened him.—L.

## No. 172.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1711.

Non solum scientia, quæ est remota à justitia, calliditas potius quam sapientia est appellanda; verum etiam animus paratus ad periculum, si sua cupiditate, non utilitate communi, impellitur, audacia potius nomen habent, quam fortitudo. PLATO apud TUL.

As knowledge, without justice, ought to be called cunning, rather than wisdom; so a mind prepared to meet danger, if excited by its own eagerness, and not the public good, deserves the name of audacity, rather than that of fortitude.

THERE can be no greater injury to human society than that good talents among men should be held honourable to those who are endowed with them without any regard how they are applied. The gifts of nature and accomplishments of art are valuable but as they are exerted in the interests of virtue, or governed by the rules of honour. We ought to abstract our minds from the observation of an excellence in those we converse with, till we have taken some notice, or received some good information of the disposition of their minds; otherwise the beauty of their persons, or the charms of their wit, may make us fond of those whom our reason and judgment will tell us we ought to abhor.

When we suffer ourselves to be thus carried away by mere beauty or mere wit, Omniamante, with all her vice, will bear away as much of our good will as the most innocent virgin, or discreetest matron; and there cannot be a more abject slavery in this world, than to dote upon what we think we ought to condemn. Yet this must be our condition in all the parts of life, if we suffer ourselves to approve any thing but what tends to the promotion of what is good and honourable. If we would take true pains with ourselves to consider all things by the light of reason and justice, though a man were in the height of youth and amorous inclinations, he would look upon a coquette with the same contempt, or indifference, as he would upon a coxcomb. The wanton carriage in a woman would disappoint her of the admiration which she aims at; and the vain dress or discourse of a man would destroy the

sa of his shape, or goodness of his undressing. I say the goodness of his undressing, for it is no less common to see men of immense cockcombs, than beautiful women of immodest. When this happens in either, if we are naturally inclined to give to the duties they have from nature should abate. But however just it is to measure of men by the application of their talents, by the eminence of those qualities abstract from their use: I say, however just such a judging is, in all ages as well as this, the has prevailed upon the generality of man. How many lewd devices have been promoted from one age to another, which had perished as they were made, if painters and sculptors were esteemed as much for the purpose as the nature of their designs? Modest and well-governed imaginations have by this means lost the reputation of ten thousand charming portraiture, of images of innate truth, generous zeal, courage, and tender humanity; instead of which furies, and monsters are recommended by us to a shameful eternity.

Just application of laudable talents is to the general opinion of men, not only in cases as are here mentioned, but also in matters which concern ordinary life. If a lawyer were esteemed only as he uses his parts in conducting justice, and were immediately despicable if he appeared in a cause which he could not win, was an unjust one, how honourable would his act be? And how honourable is it in our country, who follow the profession no other than as labouring to protect the injured, to the oppressor, to imprison the careless and do right to the painful artificer? But this excellent character are overlooked by the number; who affect covering a weak client's title, diverting the course of an action, or finding a skilful refuge to palliate a fault: yet it is still called eloquence in the latter thus unjustly employed: but resolution is according to reason quite as laudable as knowledge and wisdom exercised in the defence of an ill cause.

The intention steadfastly considered as the object of approbation, all falsehood would soon be countenance; and an address in imposing language, would be as contemptible in one life as another. A couple of courtiers making professions of esteem, would make the same breach of promise, as two knights of the sword of perjury. But conversation is low in point of morality, that—as they say again, “let the buyer look to it”—so in point of honour, he is the man in danger who is most apt to be deceived. He is the more likely to suffer in the end, who begins with the obligation of being ready to enter into it.

Those men only are truly great, who place ambition rather in acquiring to themselves the success of worthy enterprises, than in the prosperity which attends them. These exalted souls would rather be secretly the authors of events more serviceable to mankind, than, without chance, to have the public fame of it. Where an eminent merit is robbed by artifice or flattery, it does but increase by such endeavours. The impotent pains which are taken to conceal, or diffuse it among a crowd to the injury of a single person, will naturally produce the

contrary effect; the flattery will only set up all that attempt to distinguish.

There is but one thing that is a session of true glory, which is to be won of it with patience, and which is to be acquired. When we are persuaded that he ought not to pursue any thing but what is in the power of self to diminish his value. We can neglect the applause of the world, and be himself independent of all other views, and an arduous task; but it is the high spirit, that it is the high nature can arrive. Truths are dear to the mind of the philosopher, to the exquisite delight to say well, than to hear the words of you glorious, except in them in your own reflection, and uniform may be admired and followers, hence by souls like itself endure all the seasons of the year, and fall off in autumn; and with the returning spring.

## No. 173.] TUESDAY

—Remove fera monstra  
Saxifraga vultus, quæcunq;

Hence with those monstrous  
That Gorgon's look and

In a late paper I mentioned a very ingenious author for the craft prizes to be contested for, and the influence of the improvement of our service since that been very much improved, and the advertisement, while the 11th instant, and again of the 15th:—

“On the 9th of October, 1781, upon Colsehill-heath, in six guineas value, three or gelding, that hath run 54; the winning horse ten stone weight, if four or under to carry or be and to be entered Friday, Colsehill, before six in of less value to be run a gold ring to be grinn

The first of these divided by the 101. race-horses, but the two last in which concerned, seem to me unaccountable. Why asses at Colsehill, or horse count in Warwickshire, of England, I cannot cover all the Olympic game in them like an animal. However it be, asses are now kept in every morning upon the country fellows within an hour or two in the order to qualify themselves. The prize which is proposed

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common people many very and spoil most a Warwick- as Roman by his tail. of deformity, that was for- should carry

of the com-

utch painter of faces, in remarkable

which I lately ches from a ve-mentioned use with the of Namur, hat occasion, tice of peace tor that en- chman, who ng a man na- eatures, pro- laced upon a ooking upon

on each side th at a grin, a foreigner ay; but upon r only of the

as a malecon- in the whole elled in the ll, that he is en miscarry; no stood near is face was a affected per- looked upon e ordered the s quitting the was set aside several other selves, which I must not in the further cky in a pair to such a hi- it appeared ole company ed grin, and n, had it not , that he had e before, and very time of es of grinning as not to be efore ordered

on a cobbler, d several new

grins of his own invention, having been used to and faces for many years together over his last. At the very first grin he cast every human feature out of his countenance, at the second he became the face of a spout, at the third a baboon, at the fourth the head of a bass viol, and at the fifth a pair of nut-crackers. The whole assembly wondered at his accomplishments, and bestowed the ring on him unanimously; but, what he esteemed more than all the rest, a country wench, whom he had wooed in vain for above five years before, was so charmed with his grins, and the applauses which he received on all sides, that she married him the week following, and to this day wears the prize upon her finger, the cobbler having made use of it as his wedding ring.

This paper might perhaps seem very impertinent, if it grew serious in the conclusion. It would nevertheless leave to the consideration of those who are the patrons of this monstrous trial of skill, whether or no they are not guilty, in some measure, of an affront to their species, in treating after this manner the "human face divine," and turning that part of us, which has so great an image impressed upon it, into the image of a monkey; whether the raising such silly competitions among the ignorant, proposing prizes for such useless accomplishments, filling the common people's heads with such senseless ambitions, and inspiring them with such absurd ideas of superiority and pre-eminence, has not in it something immoral, as well as ridiculous.—L.

No. 174.] WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 19, 1711.

Hæc meminî et victum frustra contendere Thyrsin.

VIRG. Ecl. vii. 60.

The whole debate in memory I retain,  
When Thyrsis argued warmly, but in vain.—P

THERE is scarce any thing more common than animosities between parties that cannot subsist but by their agreement: this was well represented in the sedition of the members of the human body in the old Roman fable.\* It is often the case of lesser confederate states against a superior power, which are hardly held together though their unanimity is necessary for their common safety; and this is always the case of the landed and trading interests of Great Britain: the trader is fed by the product of the land, and the landed man cannot be clothed but by the skill of the trader; and yet those interests are ever jarring.

We had last winter an instance of this at our club, in Sir Roger de Coverley and Sir Andrew Freeport, between whom there is generally a constant, though friendly, opposition of opinions. It happened that one of the company, in an historical discourse, was observing that Carthaginian ~~this~~ was a proverbial phrase to intimate breach of leagues. Sir Roger said it could hardly be ~~delu~~ wise: that the Carthaginians were the greatest traders in the world; and as gain is the chief aim of such a people, they never pursue any other; ~~th~~ means to it are never regarded: they will, if it ~~com~~ easily, get money honestly; but if not, they will ~~my~~ scruple to attain it by fraud, or cozenage: and ~~is~~ deed, what is the whole business of the trader's account, but to overreach him who trusts to his memory? But were that not so, what can there ~~grat~~ and noble be expected from him whose attention is for ever fixed upon balancing his books, and ~~watc~~ ing over his expenses? And at best, let ~~frugali~~

\* Livii Hist. Dec. I. lib. ii. cap. ii.

and parsimony be the virtues of the merchant, how much is his punctual dealing below a gentleman's liberality to the poor, or hospitality among his neighbours!

Captain Sentry observed Sir Andrew very diligent in hearing Sir Roger, and had a mind to turn the discourse, by taking notice—in general, from the highest to the lowest parts of human society, there was a secret, though unjust way, among men, of indulging the seeds of ill-nature and envy, by comparing their own state of life to that of another, and judging the approach of their neighbour to their own happiness; and, on the other side, he, who is less at his ease, repines at the other, who he thinks is unjustly the advantage over him. Thus the civil and military lists look upon each other with much ill-nature; the soldier repines at the courtier's power, and the courtier rallies the soldier's honour; or, to come to lower instances, the private men in the horse and foot of an army, the carmen and coachmen in the city streets, mutually look upon each other with ill-will, when they are in competition for quarters, or the way in their respective motions.

"It is very well, good captain," interrupted Sir Andrew: "you may attempt to turn the discourse if you think fit; but I must however have a word or two with Sir Roger, who, I see, thinks he has paid me off, and been very severe upon the merchant. I shall not," continued he, "at this time remind Sir Roger of the great and noble monuments of charity and public spirit, which have been erected by merchants since the reformation, but at present content myself with what he allows us, parsimony and frugality. If it were consistent with the quality of so ancient a baronet as Sir Roger, to keep an account, or measure things by the most infallible way, that of numbers, he would prefer our parsimony to his hospitality. If to drink so many hogsheads is to be hospitable, we do not contend for the fame of that virtue: but it would be worth while to consider whether so many artificers at work ten days together by my appointment, or so many peasants made merry on Sir Roger's charge, are the men more obliged? I believe the families of the artificers will thank me more than the household of the peasants shall Sir Roger. Sir Roger gives to his men, but I place mine above the necessity or obligation of my bounty. I am in very little pain for the Roman proverb upon the Carthaginian traders; the Romans were their professed enemies; I am only sorry no Carthaginian histories have come to our hands; we might have been taught perhaps by them some proverbs against the Roman generosity, in fighting for, and bestowing, other people's goods. But since Sir Roger has taken occasion, from an old proverb, to be out of humour with merchants, it should be no offence to offer one not quite so old in their defence. When a man happens to break in Holland, they say of him, that 'he has not kept true accounts.' This phrase, perhaps, among us would appear a soft or humorous way of speaking, but with that exact nation it bears the highest reproach. For a man to be mistaken in the calculation of his expense, in his ability to answer future demands, or to be impudently sanguine in putting his credit to too great adventure, are all instances of as much infamy, as with gay nations to be failing in courage, or common honesty.

"Numbers are so much the measure of every thing that is valuable, that it is not possible to demonstrate the success of any action; or the prudence

of any undertaking, answer to what little that is true who is ever poor his accounts." abroad, I can't but think, the profits ought also to be making it, either of other people that my return expense and hazard without the skill to trade to Turkey demand of our their silks, in that are given to have a clear knowledge that I may preserve the charge freight and assure the queen, and besides all the myself. Now What has the little in the good down no man's corn; his labourer; he communicates the comparison of his returns, he fulfills to greater number even the noble foreign market for making a profit it is certain that done by him numbers.

"This is the conduct of the steward shall be no more than help of number action, or the instance, the returns must be and the fox's doubt Sir Roger turns; and charges of the would certainly would never be to the kennel like a blast, or been the consequence truly have been his family had merchant had estate to purchase of the Coverley maid of honour that the merchant is the misfortune out of the seat such new mistakes accounts than the estate a good industry, than

ER 20, 1711.

n. Am. v. 625.

ard.—TATE.

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er which he

hardly seems to dream of, and is too far gone in it to receive advice. However, I shall annuadvert in due time on the abuse which he mentions, having myself observed a nest of Jezebels near the Temple, who make it their diversion to draw up the eyes of young Templars, that at the same time they may see them stumble in an unlucky gutter which runs under the window.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have lately read the conclusion of your forty-seventh speculation upon butts with great pleasure, and have ever since been thoroughly persuaded that one of those gentlemen is extremely necessary to enliven conversation. I had an entertainment last week upon the water for a lady to whom I make my addresses, with several of our friends of both sexes. To divert the company in general, and to show my mistress in particular my genius for railery, I took one of the most celebrated butts in town along with me. It is with the utmost shame and confusion that I must acquaint you with the sequel of my adventure. As soon as we were got into the boat, I played a sentence or two at my butt, which I thought very smart, when my ill genius, who I verily believe inspired him purely for my destruction, suggested to him such a reply, as got all the laughter on his side. I was dashed at so unexpected a turn; which the butt perceiving, resolved not to let me recover myself, and pursuing his victory, rallied and tossed me in a most unmerciful and barbarous manner until we came to Chelsea. I had some small success while we were eating cheese-cakes; but coming home, he renewed his attacks with his former good fortune, and equal diversion to the whole company. In short, Sir, I must ingenuously own that I never was so handled in all my life; and to complete my misfortune, I am since told that the butt, flushed with his late victory, has made a visit or two to the dear object of my wishes, so that I am at once in danger of losing all my pretensions to wit, and my mistress into the bargain. This, Sir, is a true account of my present troubles, which you are the more obliged to assist me in, as you were yourself in a great measure the cause of them, by recommending to us an instrument, and not instructing us at the same time how to play upon it.

"I have been thinking whether it might not be highly convenient, that all butts should wear an inscription affixed to some part of their bodies, showing on which side they are to be come at, and that if any of them are persons of unequal tempers, there should be some method taken to inform the world at what time it is safe to attack them, and when you had best let them alone. But, submitting these matters to your more serious consideration,

"I am, Sir, yours," &c.

I have, indeed, seen and heard of several young gentlemen under the same misfortune with my present correspondent. The best rule I can lay down for them to avoid the like calamities for the future is thoroughly to consider, not only whether their companions are weak, but whether themselves are wits.

The following letter comes to me from Exeter and being credibly informed that what it contains is matter of fact, I shall give it my readers, as it was sent to me:

"MR. SPECTATOR, Exeter, Sept. 7.

"You were pleased in a late speculation to take notice of the inconvenience we lie under in this country, in not being able to keep pace with the



speech to the greatest fi  
sink away again, and al  
not love them enough ; t  
us so heartily, that they  
should be able to love t  
which makes them take  
good-natured man, who  
hen-pecked, shall fall in  
with his dear life, and a  
wholly put on; and yet  
to tell the dear good cre

"This sort of good man is not so plentiful in the populous and wealthy cities as in the country. He is a hen-pecked man. The wife is the head of the household. He is a man through his kindnesses and gentleness. He has a planation with the tendency to comfort her when she is not angry with him, when she is not angry with him when he knows she does not love him. He is uneasy for a whole month. Hard-hearted men the spirit of the woman takes to come to stand out.

"There are indeed some hen-pecked, and in my opinion the best subjects the reason I take it to be your contempt.

"I do not know what stood in the representation but I shall take leave to self, and my own spouse am reckoned no fool, has tried whether I will take has been to my advantage such a slave in Turkey has a good share of wit pretty agreeable woman

my affection to her given  
in vain but that of jeal-  
ousy, I take, as the  
heart, to be the reason  
though it be never so much  
there is still left some-  
thing amiable. She will  
assume grandeur, and  
have not had respect  
an instance in company  
pretty anger she is in,  
used like a child. In

used like a child. In which has the superiority. She is eternally forming which I very indolently pretty.' To this she says you think I have as much to say to her, 'Indeed there is no patience; she is about her, stamp, and

'Fye, my dear,' say I, sense fall into such an argument that never says she, 'you make me with the silly way you pretty idiot.' Well, whether in good humour I convince her of my good and then I am to give ready money, and, for dislike all she dislikes, approves. I am so exact that I seldom see any of all companies till I see

100

not deny but you appear in many of your  
understand human life pretty well; but  
very many things which you cannot pos-  
a true notion of, in a single life, these are  
respect the married state; otherwise I can-  
not for your having overlooked a very good  
people, which are commonly called in scorn-  
i-peaked.' You are to understand that I  
f those innocent mortals who suffer derision  
at word, for being governed by the best of  
it would be worth your consideration to  
o the nature of affection itself, and tell us,  
to your philosophy, why it is that our  
ill do as they will with us, shall be froward, ill-  
assuming, sometimes whine, at others rail,  
in away, then come to life, have the use of



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HENROOST."

22, 1711.

L. XV. 140.

TATE.

ated of good-  
tion; I shall  
the first may  
ble to others,  
essed of it.  
this account,  
or a good di-  
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tution, which Mr. Dryden somewhere calls a "milki-  
ness of blood," is an admirable groundwork for the  
other. In order, therefore, to try our good-nature,  
whether it arises from the body or the mind, whe-  
ther it be founded in the animal or rational part of  
our nature; in a word, whether it be such as is en-  
titled to any other reward, besides that secret satis-  
faction and contentment of mind which is essential  
to it, and the kind reception it procures us in the  
world, we must examine it by the following rules:

First, whether it acts with steadiness and uni-  
formity in sickness and in health, in prosperity and  
in adversity; if otherwise, it is to be looked upon as  
nothing else but an irradiation of the mind from  
some new supply of spirits, or a more kindly circula-  
tion of the blood. Sir Francis Bacon mentions a  
cunning solicitor, who would never ask a favour of  
a great man before dinner; but took care to prefer  
his petition at a time when the party petitioned had  
his mind free from care, and his appetites in good  
humour. Such a transient temporary good-nature  
as this, is not that philanthropy, that love of man-  
kind, which deserves the title of a moral virtue.

The next way of a man's bringing his good-na-  
ture to the test, is, to consider whether it operates  
according to the rules of reason and duty: for if,  
notwithstanding its general benevolence to man-  
kind, it makes no distinction between its objects,  
if it exerts itself promiscuously towards the deserv-  
ing and the undeserving, if it relieves alike the idle  
and the indigent, if it gives itself up to the first  
petitioner and lights upon any one rather by accident  
than choice, it may pass for an amiable instinct, but  
must not assume the name of a moral virtue.

The third trial of good-nature will be the exa-  
mining ourselves, whether or no we are able to  
exert it to our own disadvantage, and employ it on  
proper objects, notwithstanding any little pain,  
want, or inconvenience which may arise to ourselves  
from it. In a word, whether we are willing to risk  
any part of our fortune, our reputation, or health,  
or ease, for the benefit of mankind. Among all  
these expressions of good-nature, I shall single out  
that which goes under the general name of charity,  
as it consists in relieving the indigent; that being  
a trial of this kind which offers itself to us almost  
at all times, and in every place.

I should propose it as a rule, to every one who is  
provided with any competency of fortune more than  
sufficient for the necessities of life, to lay aside a  
certain portion of his income for the use of the poor.  
This I would look upon as an offering to Him who  
has a right to the whole, for the use of those whom  
in the passage hereafter mentioned, he has de-  
scribed as his own representatives upon earth. At  
the same time we should manage our charity with  
such prudence and caution, that we may not hurt  
our own friends or relations, whilst we are doing  
good to those who are strangers to us.

This may possibly be explained better by an ex-  
ample than by a rule.

Eugenius is a man of a universal good-nature  
and generous beyond the extent of his fortune,  
but withal so prudent in the economy of his affairs  
that what goes out in charity is made up by good  
management. Eugenius has what the world calls  
200*l.* a year; but never values himself above a pin-  
score, as not thinking he has a right to the tenth  
part, which he always appropriates to charitable  
uses. To this sum he frequently makes other vol-  
untary additions, insomuch that in a good year, if  
such he accounts those in which he has been ab-

to make greater bounties than ordinary, he has given above twice that sum to the sickly and indigent. Eugenius prescribes to himself many particular days of fasting and abstinence, in order to increase his private bank of charity, and sets aside what would be the current expenses of those times for the use of the poor. He often goes afoot where his business calls him; and at the end of his walk has given a shilling, which in his ordinary methods of expense would have gone for coach-hire, to the first necessitous person that has fallen in his way. I have known him, when he has been going to a play or an opera, divert the money, which was designed for that purpose, upon an object of charity whom he has met with in the street; and afterward pass his evening in a coffee-house, or at a friend's fire-side, with much greater satisfaction to himself, than he could have received from the most exquisite entertainments of the theatre. By these means, he is generous without impoverishing himself, and enjoys his estate by making it the property of others.

There are few men so cramped in their private affairs, who may not be charitable after this manner, without any disadvantage to themselves, or prejudice to their families. It is but sometimes sacrificing a diversion or convenience to the poor, and turning the usual course of our expenses into a better channel. This is, I think, not only the most prudent and convenient, but the most meritorious piece of charity, which we can put in practice. By this method, we in some measure share the necessities of the poor at the same time that we relieve them, and make ourselves not only their patrons, but their fellow-sufferers.

Sir Thomas Brown, in the last part of his *Religio Medici*, in which he describes his charity in several heroic instances, and with a noble heat of sentiment, mentions that verse in the Proverbs of Solomon, "He that giveth to the poor, lendeth to the Lord:"\* There is more rhetoric in that one sentence, says he, than in a library of sermons; and, indeed, if those sentences were understood by the reader, with the same emphasis as they are delivered by the author, we needed not those volumes of instructions, but might be honest by an epitome.†

This passage of Scripture is, indeed, wonderfully persuasive; but I think the same thought is carried much farther in the New Testament, where our Saviour tells us, in a most pathetic manner that he shall hereafter regard the clothing of the naked, the feeding of the hungry, and the visiting of the imprisoned, as offices done to himself, and reward them accordingly.‡ Pursuant to those passages in Holy Scripture, I have somewhere met with the epitaph of a charitable man, which has very much pleased me. I cannot recollect the words, but the sense of it is to this purpose: What I spent I lost; what I possessed is left to others; what I gave away remains with me.§

Since I am thus insensibly engaged in sacred writ, I cannot forbear making an extract of several

\* Prov. xix. 17.

† Brown's *Rel. Medici*, part II. sect. 13. f. 1659. p. 29.

‡ Matt. xxv. 31. et seqq.

§ The epitaph alluded to is (or was) in St. George's Church at Doncaster in Yorkshire, and runs in old English thus:—

How now, who is here? That I spent, that I had;  
I Robin of Doncastere, That I gave, that I have;  
And Margaret my feare, That I left, that I lost.

A. D. 1579.

Quoth Robertus Byrks, who in this world did reign threescore years and seven, and yet lived not one.

passages which light in the Bible that holy man his prosperity, composition, is good-natured other author.

"Oh that days when G shined upon walked through yet with me; when I washe poured me out

"When the and when the Because I del fatherless, and blessing of him me, and I cau I was eyes to I was a father

knew not I se that was in the the poor? Le that God may spise the cause servant when shall I do whe

siteth, what sh made me in the fashion us in the poor from the the widow to alone, and th

If I have seen any poor with blessed me, a fleece of my s against the fa gate; then le blade, and mi

I have rejoice me, or lifted (neither have a curse to his the street; bu If my land cry wise therefore thereof without thereof to lose

of wheat, and

No. 178.] M

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\* Job xxxix.

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distinct speculation, and I shall observe for a day or two the behaviour of two or three happy pairs I am acquainted with, before I pretend to make a system of conjugal morality. I design in the first place to go a few miles out of town, and there I know where to meet one who practises all the parts of a fine gentleman in the duty of a husband. When he was a bachelor much business made him particularly negligent in his habit; but now there is no young lover living so exact in the care of his person. One who asked why he was so long washing his mouth, and so delicate in the choice and wearing of his linen, was answered: "Because there is a woman of merit obliged to receive me kindly, and I think it incumbent upon me to make her inclination go along with her duty."

If a man would give himself leave to think, he would not be so unreasonable as to expect debauchery and innocence could live in commerce together: or hope that flesh and blood is capable of so strict an alliance, as that a fine woman must go on to improve herself till she is as good and impassive as an angel, only to preserve fidelity to a brute and a satyr. The lady who desires me for her sake to end one of my papers with the following letter, I am persuaded thinks such a perseverance very impracticable:

"HUSBAND,

"Stay more at home. I know where you visited at seven of the clock on Thursday evening. The colonel, whom you charged me to see no more, is in town.

T.

"MARTHA HOUSEWIFE."

No. 179.] TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1711.

Centurie seniorum agitant expertia frugis:  
Celsi prætereunt austera poemata rhanæ,  
Omne tulit punctum qui miscuit utile dulci,  
Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. ART. POET. v. 341.

Old age is only fond of moral truth,  
Lectures too grave disgust aspiring youth;  
But he who blends instruction with delight,  
Wins every reader, nor in vain shall write.—P

I MAY cast my readers under two general divisions, the mercurial and the saturnine. The first are the gay part of my disciples, who require speculations of wit and humour; the others are those of a more solemn and sober turn, who find no pleasure but in papers of morality and sound sense. The former call every thing that is serious, stupid; the latter look upon every thing as impertinent that is ludicrous. Were I always grave, one half of my readers would fall off from me; were I always merry, I should lose the other. I make it, therefore, my endeavour to find out entertainments for both kinds, and by that means, perhaps, consult the good of both, more than I should do, did I always write to the particular taste of either. As they neither of them know what I proceed upon, the sprightly reader, who takes up my paper in order to be diverted, very often finds himself engaged unawares in a serious and profitable course of thinking; as, on the contrary, the thoughtful man who perhaps may hope to find something solid, and full of deep reflection, is very often insensibly betrayed into a fit of mirth. In a word, the reader sits down to my entertainment without knowing his bill of fare, and has therefore at least the pleasure of hoping there may be a dish to his palate.

I must confess, were I left to myself, I would rather aim at instructing than diverting; but if we

useful to the world, we must take it as we

Authors of professed severity discourage a part of mankind from having any thing in their writings. A man must have virtue before he will enter upon the reading of a or an Epictetus. The very title of a moral has something in it austere and shocking to less and inconsiderate

his reason several unthinking persons fall in who would give no attention to lectures de- with a religious seriousness or a philosophic

They are insnared into sentiments of wis- d virtue when they do not think of it; and it means they arrive only at such a degree of ration as may dispose them to listen to more and elaborate discourses, I shall not think culations useless. I might likewise observe, gloominess in which sometimes the minds est men are involved, very often stands in such little incitements to mirth and laughter, up to disperse melancholy, and put our fa- in good humour. To which some will add, British climate, more than any other, makes inments of this nature in a manner necessary. hat I have here said does not recommend, it least excuse, the variety of my speculations. I not willingly laugh but in order to instruct, sometimes fail in this point, when my mirth to be instructive, it shall never cease to be nt. A scrupulous conduct in this particular rhaps, more merit in it than the generality ders imagine; did they know how many ts occur in a point of humour, which a dis- author in modesty suppresses; how many of raillery present themselves, which could to please the ordinary taste of mankind, but led in their birth by reason of some remote cy which they carry in them to corrupt the of those who read them: did they know how places of ill-nature are industriously avoided of doing injury to the reputation of another, could be apt to think kindly of those writers deavour to make themselves diverting, with- ing immoral. One may apply to these authors ssage in Waller:

ets lose half the praise they would have got, ere it but known what they discreetly blot.

thing is more easy than to be a wit, with all ove-mentioned liberties, it requires some ge- ad invention to appear such without them.

at I have here said is not only in regard to blic, but with an eye to my particular corres- st, who has sent me the following letter, I have castrated in some places upon these erations:

Sir,

aving lately seen your discourse upon a match nging, I cannot forbear giving you an account histing match, which, with many others, I was ined with about three years since at the Bath. ize was a guinea, to be conferred upon the Whistler, that is, on him who could whistle it, and go through his time without laughing, ch at the same time he was provoked by the postures of a merry-andrew, who was to stand he stage and play his tricks in the eye of the mer. There were three competitors for the t. The first was a ploughman of a very pro- aspect; his features were steady, and his is composed in so inflexible stupidity, that is first appearance every one gave the guinea

for lost. The pickled- to shake him; for upon this unlucky wag dan of distortions and gr could not forbear sm means spoiled his whi

"The next that mo citizen of the Bath, a inferior people of that and his broad band. with much gravity, a mind to be more seric tune of the Children is part of it with good s wit at his elbow, wh grave and attentive fo upon the left shoulder, with so bewitching a g his fibres into a kind out into an open laugh lists was a footman, w andrew and all his art an Italian sonata, with he bore away the prize some hundreds of per were present at this humbly conceive, wh the grinners, the whi not only as their art but as it improves cou and teaches ordinary nances, if they see an ters; besides that it particularly adapted t rider to whistle to his his water pass.

"After having dis points of grinning a oblige the world with as I have seen it prac other Christmas gam worthy gentleman, wh at that time of the ye cheese, and begin ab company is disposed widest, and at the sa duce the most yawns home the cheese. If ought, I question not the kingdom a yawn it will never make a

No. 180.]—WEDN

—Delirant reges, p  
The monarch's folly

THE following let good sense, that I though it relates to have very little ho XIV. of France.

"MR SPECTAT

"Amidst the var have treated, I coul way to expose the thought would natu king, who has been g conqueror of our ag

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charity to believe, they have not done all the ser-  
vice they were capable of doing in their genera-  
tion. In so long a course of years great part of  
them must have died, and all the rest must go off  
at last, without leaving any representatives behind.  
By this account he must have lost not only 800,000  
subjects, but double that number, and all the in-  
crease that was reasonably to be expected from it.

"It is said in the last war there was a famine in  
his kingdom, which swept away two millions of his  
people. This is hardly credible. If the loss was  
only one-fifth part of that sum, it was very great.  
But it is no wonder there should be famine, where  
so much of the people's substance is taken away for  
the king's use, that they have not sufficient left to  
provide against accidents; where so many of the  
men are taken from the plough to serve the king  
in his wars, and a great part of the tillage is left to  
the weaker hands of so many women and children.  
Whatever was the loss, it must undoubtedly be  
placed to the account of his ambition.

"And so must also the destruction or banish-  
ment of 3 or 400,000 of his reformed subjects; he  
could have no other reasons for valuing those lives  
so very cheap but only to recommend himself to the  
bigotry of the Spanish nation.

"How should there be industry in a country  
where all property is precarious? What subject  
will sow his land, that his prince may reap the  
whole harvest? Parsimony and frugality must be  
strangers to such a people; for will any man save  
to-day, what he has reason to fear will be taken  
from him to-morrow? And where is the encourage-  
ment for marrying? Will any man think of rais-  
ing children without any assurance of clothing for  
their backs, or so much as food for their bellies?  
And thus, by his fatal ambition, he must have less-  
ened the number of his subjects, not only by  
slaughter and destruction, but, by preventing their  
very birtas, he has done as much as was possible  
towards destroying posterity itself.

"Is this then the great, the invincible Louis?  
This the immortal man, the *tout puissant*, or the al-  
mighty, as his flatterers have called him? Is this  
the man that is so celebrated for his conquests?  
For every subject he has acquired, has he not lost  
three that were his inheritance? Are not his  
troops fewer, and those neither so well fed, or  
clothed, or paid, as they were formerly, though he  
has now so much greater cause to exert himself?  
And what can be the reason of all this, but that his  
revenue is a great deal less, his subjects are either  
poorer, or not so many to be plundered by constant  
taxes for his use?

"It is well for him he had found out a way to  
steal a kingdom; \* if he had gone on conquering  
as he did before, his ruin had been long since fi-  
nished. This brings to my mind a saying of King  
Pyrrhus, after he had a second time beat the Ro-  
mans in a pitched battle, and was complimented by  
his generals: 'Yes,' says he, 'such another vic-  
tory, and I am quite undone.' And since I have  
mentioned Pyrrhus, I will end with a very good  
though known story of this ambitious madman.  
When he had shewn the utmost fondness for his  
expedition against the Romans, Cincus, his chief  
minister, asked him what he proposed to himself by  
this war? 'Why,' says Pyrrhus, 'to conquer the

\* The kingdom of Spain, seized by Louis XIV. in 1701, for  
his grandson, as left him by the will of Charles II. which the  
enemies of France looked upon as forged, or made when  
Charles was "non compos."

Romans, and reduce all Italy to my obedience.' 'What then?' says Cineas. 'To pass over into Sicily,' says Pyrrhus, 'and then all the Sicilians must be our subjects.' 'And what does your majesty intend next?' 'Why truly,' says the king, 'to conquer Carthage, and make myself master of all Africa.' 'And what, Sir,' says the minister, 'is to be the end of all your expeditions?' 'Why then,' says the king, 'for the rest of our lives we will sit down to good wine.' 'How, Sir,' replied Cineas, 'to better than we have now before us? Have we not already as much as we can drink?'

"Riot and excess are not the becoming characters of princes; but if Pyrrhus and Louis had debauched like Vitellius, they had been less harmful to their people."

"Your humble servant,

T.

"PHILARITHMUS."

No. 181.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 27, 1711.

*His lacrymis vitam damus, et miserescimus ultro.*

*Virg. Æn. ii. 145.*

Mov'd by these tears, we pity and protect.

I AM more pleased with a letter that is filled with touches of nature than of wit. The following one is of this kind:

"SIR,

"Among all the distresses which happen in families, I do not remember that you have touched upon the marriage of children without the consent of their parents. I am one of these unfortunate persons. I was about fifteen when I took the liberty to choose for myself; and have ever since languished under the displeasure of an inexorable father, who, though he sees me happy in the best of husbands, and blessed with very fine children, can never be prevailed upon to forgive me. He was so kind to me before this unhappy accident, that indeed it makes my breach of duty in some measure inexcusable; and at the same time creates in me such a tenderness towards him, that I love him above all things, and would die to be reconciled to him. I have thrown myself at his feet, and besought him with tears to pardon me; but he always pushes me away, and spurns me from him. I have written several letters to him, but he will neither open nor receive them. About two years ago I sent my little boy to him, dressed in new apparel; but the child returned to me crying, because he said his grandfather would not see him, and had ordered him to be put out of his house. My mother is won over to my side, but dares not mention me to my father, for fear of provoking him. About a month ago he lay sick upon his bed, and in great danger of his life; I was pierced to the heart at the news, and could not forbear going to inquire after his health. My mother took this opportunity of speaking in my behalf: she told him, with abundance of tears, that I was come to see him, that I could not speak to her for weeping, and that I should certainly break my heart if he refused at that time to give me his blessing, and be reconciled to me. He was so far from relenting towards me, that he bid her speak no more of me, unless she had a mind to disturb him in his last moments; for, Sir, you must know that he has the reputation of an honest and religious man, which makes my misfortune so much the greater. God be thanked he has since recovered: but his severe usage has given me such a blow that I shall soon sink under it, unless I

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28, 1711.  
Sat vi. 180

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Sir, that I

myself am a woman who have been one of the un-  
happy that have fallen into this misfortune, and that  
by the insinuation of a very worthless fellow, who  
served others in the same manner, both before my  
ruin and since that time. I had, as soon as the  
rascal left me, so much indignation and resolution  
as not to go upon the town, as the phrase is, but  
took to work for my living in an obscure place, out  
of the knowledge of all with whom I was before ac-  
quainted.

"It is the ordinary practice and business of life  
with a set of idle fellows about this town to write  
letters, send messages, and form appointments with  
little raw unthinking girls, and leave them after  
possession of them, without any mercy, to shame,  
infamy, poverty, and disease. Were you to read  
the nauseous impertinences which are written on  
these occasions, and to see the silly creatures sigh-  
ing over them, it could not but be matter of mirth  
as well as pity. A little 'prentice girl of mine has  
been for some time applied to by an Irish fellow,  
who dresses very fine, and struts in a lace coat,  
and is the admiration of seamstresses, who are  
under age in town. Ever since I had some know-  
ledge of the matter, I have debarred my 'prentice  
from pen, ink, and paper. But the other day he  
bespoke some cravats of me: I went out of the  
shop, and left his mistress to put them up in a  
band-box in order to be sent to him when his man  
called. When I came into the shop again, I took  
occasion to send her away, and found in the bottom  
of the box written these words, 'Why would you  
ruin a harmless creature that loves you?' then in  
the lid, 'There is no resisting Strephon.' I  
searched a little further, and found in the rim of the  
box, 'At eleven o'clock at night come in a hack-  
ney-coach at the end of our street.' This was  
enough to alarm me; I sent away the things, and  
took my measures accordingly. An hour or two  
before the appointed time, I examined my young  
lady, and found her trunk stuffed with impertinent  
letters and an old scroll of parchment in Latin,  
which her lover had sent her as a settlement of fifty  
pounds a year. Among other things, there was  
also the best lace I had in my shop to make him a  
present for cravats. I was very glad of this last  
circumstance, because I could very conscientiously  
swear against him that he had enticed my servant  
away, and was her accomplice in robbing me: I  
procured a warrant against him accordingly. Every-  
thing was now prepared, and the tender hour of  
love approaching, I who had acted for myself in my  
youth the same senseless part, knew how to ma-  
nage accordingly; therefore, after having locked  
up my maid, and not being so much unlike her in  
height and shape, as in a huddled way not to pass  
for her, I delivered the bundle designed to be car-  
ried off, to her lover's man, who came with the  
signal to receive them. Thus I followed after to  
the coach, where when I saw his master take them  
in, I cried out, thieves! thieves! and the constable  
with his attendants seized my expecting lover. I  
kept myself unobserved until I saw the crowd suf-  
ficiently increased, and then appeared to declare  
the goods to be mine; and had the satisfaction to  
see my man of mode put into the round-house, with  
the stolen wares by him, to be produced in evidence  
against him the next morning. This matter is co-  
toriously known to be fact; and I have been co-  
tented to save my 'prentice, and take a year's rest  
of this mortified lover, not to appear further in the  
matter. This was some penance; but, Sir, is this



though for a villany of much more pernicious consequence than the trifles for which he was to have been indicted? Should not you, and all men of any parts or honour, put things upon so right a foot, that such a rascal should not laugh at the imputation of what he was really guilty, and dread being accused of that for which he was arrested.

"In a word, Sir, it is in the power of you, and such as I hope you are, to make it as infamous to such a poor creature of her honour as her clothes. I leave this to your consideration, only take leave (which I cannot do without sighing) to remark to you that if this had been the sense of mankind thirty years ago, I should have avoided a life spent in poverty and shame.

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
"ALICE THREADNEEDLE."

"MR. SPECTATOR, Round House, Sept. 9.

"I am a man of pleasure about town, but by the stupidity of a dull rogue of a justice of peace, and an insolent constable, upon the oath of an old hardidan, am imprisoned here for theft, when I designed only fornication. The midnight magistrate as he conveyed me along had you in his mouth, and said his would make a pure story for the Spectator. I hope, Sir, you won't pretend to wit, and take the part of dull rogues of business. The world is so altered of late years, that there was not a man who would knock down a watchman in my behalf, but I was carried off with as much triumph as if I had been a pickpocket. At this rate there is an end of all the wit and humour in the world. The time was, when all the honest whoremasters in the neighbourhood would have rose against the cuckolds in my rescue. If fornication is to be scandalous, half the fine things that have been writ by most of the wits of the last age may be burned by the common hangman. Harkee, Mr. Spec., do not be queer: after having done some things pretty well, don't begin to write at that rate that no gentleman can read thee. Be true to love, and burn your Seneca. You do not expect me to write my name from hence, but I am,

T. "Your unknown humble servant," &c.

No. 183.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1711.

Sometimes fair truth in fiction we disguise;  
Sometimes present her naked to men's eyes.—POPE'S HOM.

FABLES were the first pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been still highly valued not only in times of the greatest simplicity, but among the most polite ages of mankind. Jotham's fable of the trees\* is the oldest that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made since that time. Nathan's fable of the poor man and his lamb† is likewise more ancient than any that is extant, besides the above mentioned, and had so good an effect, as to convey instruction to the ear of a king, without offending it, and to bring a man after God's own heart to a right sense of his guilt and his duty. We find Æsop in the most distant ages of Greece; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of Rome,‡ we see a mutiny among the common people appeased by a fable of the belly and the limbs, which was indeed very proper to gain the attention of an incensed rabble, at a time when perhaps they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the same doctrine

to them in an open way. They took their birth never flourish in its greatest beauty, shall put my reason to wit and critic in the most correct mention La Fontaine come more into times.

The fables I together upon bring their own species might hath so required there is another virtues, vices, like nature. So it, that the Iliad of this nature; and heroes are the mind in a they tell us, the presents anger, ture; that upon perior in a full name for reason that occasion; him upon the h upon as the sea the poem. As that Horace co fables, by the n veral parts of applied themselves of fables. Spe series of them admirable work authors of anti phon, and man likewise their further observe made any cons of Hercules t which was inve Socrates, and He used to tra fable, which p the market tow soon as he had

After this sh such materials gest to me, be of this kind, of the present the occasion of

In the accou versation and he was to die,

When Socr (as was usual demned perso in the midst o legs over the o he began to ru iron; and wh with which he preaching dea take every oc useful subject sensation whi his leg, that by the fetter.

\* Judges ix. 8—15.

† 2 Sam. xii. 1—4.

‡ Liv. Hist. lib. ii. sect. 32, &c. Florus, lib. i. c. 23.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

er constantly added, that if to represent way of writing together after sible for the ing followed

ht it proper unching out ce with the larged upon ne beautiful t done it, I the spirit of

om the be- to each other em lived' in oungest de- e, who was the child of ds. These, in heaven. s Pain, who hild of Vice, 'The habita-

en these two ch was inha- ither so vir- e other, but of these two g that the too virtuous happy; that e good and above-men- daughter of a of Misery, nature which g promised they could are mankind

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But upon ividual they them had a t they had ere was no in him, nor n some evil. upon search, e might lay in the most t least two- endless dis- old come to here was a d at length e find plea- ells; and ther, or are o a heart, he if Pleasure off.

e was very ot seem to

answer the intention of Jupiter in sending them among mankind. To remedy, therefore, this inconvenience, it was stipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the consent of each family, that notwithstanding they here possessed the species indifferently; upon the death of every single person, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he should be dispatched into the infernal regions by a passport from Pain, there to dwell with Misery, Vice, and the Furies. Or, on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he should be dispatched into heaven by a passport from Pleasure, there to dwell with Happiness, Virtue, and the Gods."

No. 184.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1711.

—Opere in longo fas est obrepere somnum.

Hon. Ars. Poet. v. 350.

—Who labours long may be allowed sleep.

WHEN a man has discovered a new vein of humour, it often carries him much further than he expected from it. My correspondents take the hint I give them, and pursue it into speculations which I never thought of at my first starting it. This has been the fate of my paper on the match of grinning, which has already produced a second paper on parallel subjects, and brought me the following letter by the last post. I shall not premise anything to it further, than that it is built on matter of fact, and is as follows:

"SIR,

"You have already obliged the world with a discourse upon grinning, and have since proceeded to whistling, from whence you at length came to yawning; from this I think you may make a very natural transition to sleeping. I therefore recommend to you for the subject of a paper the following advertisement, which about two months ago was given into every body's hands, and may be seen, with some additions, in the Daily Courant of August the 9th.:

"Nicholas Hart, who slept last year in St. Bartholomew's Hospital, intends to sleep this year at the Cock and Bottle in Little-Britain."

"Having since inquired into the matter of fact, I find that the above-mentioned Nicholas Hart is every year seized with a periodical fit of sleeping, which begins upon the fifth of August, and ends on the eleventh of the same month: That

On the first of that month he grew dull;

On the second, appeared drowsy;

On the third, fell a yawning;

On the fourth, began to nod;

On the fifth, dropped asleep;

On the sixth, was heard to snore;

On the seventh, turned himself in his bed;

On the eighth, recovered his former posture;

On the ninth, fell a stretching;

On the tenth, about midnight, awaked;

On the eleventh in the morning, called for a little small beer.

"This account I have extracted out of the journal of this sleeping worthy, as it has been faithfully kept by a gentleman of Lincoln's-inn, who has undertaken to be his historiographer. I have sent it to you, not only as it represents the actions of Nicholas Hart, but as it seems a very natural picture of the life of many an honest English gentleman, whose whole history very often consists of yawning, nodding, stretching, turning, sleeping, drinking

like extraordinary particulars. I do not, Sir, that if you pleased, you could put an argument not unlike the above mentioned, of men of figure; that Mr. John Such-a-one, an, or Thomas Such-a-one, esquire, who the country last summer, intends to sleep this winter. The worst of it is, that the part of our species is chiefly made up of most gentlemen, who live quietly among their neighbours, without ever disturbing the public. They are drones without stings. I could wish, that several turbulent, restless, ambitious, would for a while change places with good men, and enter themselves into Nicholas's fraternity. Could one but lay asleep a few days which I could name, from the first of every next to the first of May ensuing,\* I not but it would very much redound to the particular persons, as well as to the benefit of the public.

To return to Nicholas Hart: I believe, Sir, think it a very extraordinary circumstance in to gain his livelihood by sleeping, and should procure a man sustenance as well try; yet so it is, that Nicholas got last year to support himself for a twelvemonth. I am informed that he has this year had a very comfortable nap. The poets value themselves very much sleeping on Parnassus, but I never heard of a great by it. On the contrary, our friend gets more by sleeping than he could by any other way, and may be more properly said, than ever was, to have had golden dreams. Juvenal mentions a drowsy husband who raised an yawn, but then he is represented to put what the common people call a dog's snore, or if his sleep was real, his wife was awake, at her business. Your pen, which loves to ram upon all subjects, may raise something, upon this circumstance also, and point out a set of men, who, instead of growing rich by honest industry, recommend themselves to the notice of the great, by making themselves companions in the participations of luxury and dissipation.

To further acquaint you, Sir, that one of the eminent pens in Grub-street is now employed in the dream of this miraculous sleep, which I hear will be of a more than ordinary length, as it must contain all the particulars supposed to have passed in his imagination during so long a sleep. He is said to have gone through three days and three nights of it, and have comprised in them the most remarkable of the four first empires of the world. If sleep free from party-strokes, his work may be great; but this I much doubt, having been in company one of his friends and confidants, that he has seen some things of Nimrod with too great

"I am ever, Sir," &c.

35.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 2, 1711.

antem animis ecclesiasticis ire?—Vico. *Æn.* l. 15.  
wells such fury in celestial breasts?

There is nothing in which men more deceive themselves than in what the world calls zeal. There are many passions which hide themselves under the name of many mischiefs arising from it, that some

The time in which the parliament usually sits.

have gone so far as to consider the benefit of mankind in the catalogue of virtues, once laudable and prudent, and now criminal and erroneous. We consider that it opens all religions, however of another, and in all the in particular.

We are told by some that the first murder was occasioned by a controversy; and if we had from the days of Cain, we see it filled with so much bloodshed, as would make how he suffers himself in principle when it only concerns and speculation.

I would have every man heart thoroughly, and, that what he calls a zeal, pride, interest, or ill-will, from another in opinion, his own judgment, and tends to be the wiser perception to the proud man to what he calls his zeal. Very often, we may observe some of the most zealous often great friendships, immoral men, provided in the same scheme of cause the vicious believe the virtuous man, and be the worthier person, cannot come up to his simplified in that trite phrase in almost every system on other occasion:

—Video meliora  
Deteriora sequor—  
I see the right, and I  
Condemn the wrong.

On the contrary, it is common and genuine, we should be a sinner than a heretic in cases which may excuse a Judge, but none which

Interest is likewise a man on persecution upon this reason we find not the true worship by first find their present account the word interest to a man generally given it, as safety and welfare, as a man is glad to gain numbers to strengthen his Every proselyte is like establishment of his faith that his principles carry are the more likely to be conformable to the real his own. And that this man very often into an appear from the common who maintains and so much heat as those who of a passion for God's

Ill-nature is another Many a good man may malice in his heart, who

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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were not too coarse a simile, I should say, Hyæna, in the figure she affects to appear in, is a spider in the midst of a cobweb, that is sure to destroy every fly that approaches it. The net Hyæna throws is so fine, that you are taken in it before you can observe any part of her work. I attempted her for a long and weary season, but I found her passion went no further than to be admired; and she is of that unreasonable temper, as not to value the inconstancy of her lovers, provided she can boast she once had their addresses.

"Biblis was the second I aimed at, and her vanity lay in purchasing the adorers of others, and not in rejoicing in their love itself. Biblis is no man's mistress, but every woman's rival. As soon as I found this, I fell in love with Chloe, who is my present pleasure and torment. I have writ to her, danced with her, and fought for her, and have been her man in the sight and expectation of the whole town these three years, and thought myself near the end of my wishes; when the other day she called me into her closet, and told me, with a very grave face, that she was a woman of honour, and scorned to deceive a man who loved her with so much sincerity as she saw I did, and therefore she must inform me that she was by nature the most inconstant creature breathing, and begged of me not to marry her; if I insisted upon it, I should; but that she was lately fallen in love with another. What to do or say I know not, but desire you to inform me, and you will infinitely oblige,

"Sir, your humble servant,

C.

"CHARLES YELLOW."

ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Sly, haberdasher of hats, at the corner of Devereux-court, in the Strand, gives notice, that he has prepared very neat hats, rubbers, and brushes, for the use of young tradesmen in the last year of apprenticeship, at reasonable rates.—T.

No. 188.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1711.

*Letus sum laudari a te laudato viro.—TULL.*

It gives me pleasure to be praised by you, whom all men praise.

He is a very unhappy man who acts his heart upon being admired by the multitude, or affects a general and undistinguishing applause among men. What pious men call the testimony of a good conscience, should be the measure of our ambition in this kind; that is to say, a man of spirit should condemn the praise of the ignorant, and like being applauded for nothing but what he knows in his own heart he deserves. Besides which, the character of the person who commends you is to be considered before you set a value upon his esteem. The praise of an ignorant man is only good-will, and you should receive his kindness as he is a good neighbour in society, and not as a good judge of your actions in point of fame and reputation. The satirist said very well of popular praise and acclamations, "Give the tinkers and cobblers their presents again, and learn to live of yourself." \* It is an argument of a loose and ungoverned mind to be affected with the promiscuous approbation of the generality of mankind and a man of virtue should be too delicate for a coarse an appetite of fame. Men of honour should endeavour only to please the worthy, and the man of merit should desire to be tried only by his peers. I thought it a noble sentiment which I heard yet

\* *Tollat sua munera cerdo:*

*Tecum habita. — PRÆF. SAT. IV. 31.*

tered in conversation: "I know," said a man, "a way to be greater than any man; worth in him, I can rejoice in his superiority; and that satisfaction is a greater actual in me, than any in him which can possibly be to me." This thought could proceed but amidst an ardent and generous spirit; and the approval of such minds is what may be esteemed true for with the common race of men there is something commendable but what they themselves are to be partakers of, and arrive at; but the truly glorious is, when the mind is set rather to things laudable, than to purchase reputation. There is that sincerity as the foundation of a name, the kind opinion of virtuous men will be sought, but a necessary consequence. The Romans, though a plain people, and no pretence to politeness, had a certain delicacy in their glory, and sacrificed to the Muses when entered upon any great enterprise. They have the commemoration of their actions bestowed by the purest and most untainted medals. The din which attends victories and triumphs, is by far less eligible than the recollection of great men by honest and wise men. It is a frivolous pleasure to be the admiration of gaping crowds; but to have the approval of a good man in the cool reflections of his is a gratification worthy a heroic spirit. The noise of the crowd makes the head giddy, but the station of a reasonable man makes the heart

it makes the love of popular or general praise so ridiculous, is, that it is usually given for instances which are foreign to the persons addressed.

Thus they are the ordinary attendants on riches, which may be taken out of one hands, and put into another's. The application, and not the possession, makes those things honourable. The vulgar and men agree in admiring men for having what they would rather be possessed of; the wise applaud him whom he thinks most virtuous, not of the world him who is most wealthy.

As a man is in this way of thinking, I do not think that can occur to one more monstrous, than persons of ingenuity address their services and performances to men no way addicted to liberal arts. In these cases, the praise on one hand, and the promise on the other, are equally the objects of ridicule. Dedications to ignorant men are as common as any of the speeches of Bulfinch in the country.

Such an address one is apt to translate into words; and when the different parties are fairly considered, the panegyric generally does no more than if the author should say to the addressee; "My very good lord, you and I can never be intimate friends for the future."

A rich man may as well ask to borrow of the poor, or a man of virtue or merit hope for addition to his character from any but such as himself. He who recommends another engages so much of his own opinion as he gives to that person commended; that has nothing laudable in himself is not of much use to be such a surety. The wise Phocion was sensible how dangerous it was to be touched with the multitude approved, that upon a general approbation made when he was making an oration, he said to an intelligent friend who stood near him and asked in a surprised manner, "What slip made?"

I shall conclude this letter, which has fallen into my hands from a gentleman who commended. The author is a lover. When all possible, I shall return them on the subject of so handsomely of him a letter.

"MADAM,

"I should be sensible to forbear making you any late mention of me with I think, your fate to you formerly inspired love, so do you now. As desire had the least before professed towards in the glory to which innocence, knowledge, and discretion, are the consequences, has said this of me. I arrived at the highest commendation of the most

No. 189.] SATURDAY

— Patrice pietas  
An image of paternal love

THE following letter, which I have just received from a seller, upon a subject since, I shall publish in the letter that was enclosed.

"MR. BUCKLEY

"Mr. Spectator has the cruelty of parents induced (at the request of admirers) to enclose to me the original from a standing the latter gentleman. It would be wonderful if Mr. Spectator would not come of his speculation (Buckley)

"SIRRAH,

"You are a saucy and mad, and I cannot comply or no; that of course of your insolence and the next day to inconsistencies, such as I have proved. To be brief, face; and, sirrah, if no disgrace to me for and if you starve in something underhand in something more of your head the first time are a stubborn beast giving you money? judgment, and give you to (I regret to say) you

"P.S. It's prudent sight; for to reproach right, on the outside a great knock on the

Was there ever a derness! It was used to make their slaves pose them to their ch

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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—Ecl. viii. 48.

WARTON.

Greek pro-

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writer of it  
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receiving of  
a good will,  
e conferring  
any person  
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benefactor  
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erfully con-

trived (as I have formerly observed) for the sup-  
port of every living species: but at the same time  
that it shows the wisdom of the Creator, it discovers  
the imperfection and degeneracy of the creature.

The obedience of children to their parents is the  
basis of all government, and set forth as the mea-  
sure of that obedience which we owe to those whom  
Providence hath placed over us.

It is father Le Compte, if I am not mistaken,  
who tells us how want of duty in this particular is  
punished among the Chinese, insomuch that if a  
son should be known to kill, or so much as to strike  
his father, not only the criminal, but his whole  
family would be rooted out, nay, the inhabitants of  
the place where he lived would be put to the sword,  
nay, the place itself would be razed to the ground,  
and its foundations sown with salt. For, say they,  
there must have been an utter depravation of man-  
ners in that clan or society of people who could  
have bred up among them so horrid an offender. To  
this I shall add a passage out of the first book of  
Herodotus. That historian, in his account of the  
Persian customs and religion, tells us, it is their  
opinion that no man ever killed his father, or that  
it is possible such a crime should be in nature; but  
that if any thing like it should ever happen, they  
conclude that the reputed son must have been illegi-  
timate, supposititious, or begotten in adultery. Their  
opinion in this particular shows sufficiently what a  
notion they must have had of undutifulness in  
general.

L.

No. 190.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1711.

Servitus crescit nova——— Hor., 2 Od. viii. 18.  
A slavery to former times unknown.

SINCE I made some reflections upon the general  
negligence used in the case of regard towards  
women, or, in other words, since I talked of wench-  
ing, I have had epistles upon that subject, which I  
shall, for the present entertainment, insert as they  
lie before me.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"As your speculations are not confined to any  
part of human life, but concern the wicked as well  
as the good, I must desire your favourable accep-  
tance of what I, a poor strolling girl about town,  
have to say to you. I was told by a Roman Catholic  
gentleman who picked me up last week, and who, I  
hope is absolved for what passed between us; I say,  
I was told by such a person, who endeavoured to  
convert me to his own religion, that in countries  
where popery prevails, besides the advantage of  
licensed stews, there are large endowments given  
for the *Incurabili*, I think he called them, such as  
are past all remedy, and are allowed such main-  
tenance and support as to keep them without further  
care until they expire. This manner of treating  
poor sinners has, methinks, great humanity in it;  
and as you are a person who pretend to carry your  
reflections, upon all subjects whatever that occur to  
you, with candour, and act above the sense of what  
misinterpretation you may meet with, I beg the  
favour of you to lay before all the world the unhappy  
condition of us poor vagrants, who are really in a  
way of labour instead of idleness. There are  
crowds of us whose manner of livelihood has long  
ceased to be pleasing to us: and who would will-  
ingly lead a new life, if the rigour of the virtuous  
did not for ever expel us from coming into the  
world again. As it now happens, to the eternal



of the male sex, falsehood among you is not  
ful, but credulity in women is infamous.

Let me leave, Sir, to give you my history,  
to know that I am a daughter of a man of  
reputation, tenant to a man of quality. The  
great house took it in his head to cast a  
de eye upon me, and succeeded. I do not  
to say he promised me marriage: I was  
silly enough to be taken by so foolish  
but he ran away with me up to this town,  
duced me to a grave matron, with whom  
for a day or two with great gravity, and  
a little pleased with the change of my con-  
from that of a country life to the finest  
y, as I believed, in the whole world. My  
servant made me understand that I should  
be kept in the plentiful condition I then  
; when after a very great fondness towards  
me day took his leave of me for four or five  
in the evening of the same day my good  
came to me, and observing me very pen-  
gan to comfort me, and with a smile told  
st see the world. When I was deaf to all  
d say to divert me, she began to tell me  
ery frank air that I must be treated as I  
nd not take these squeamish humours upon  
my friend had left me to the town; and, as  
case is, she expected I would see company,  
t be treated like what I had brought my-

This put me into a fit of crying; and I  
tely, in a true sense of my condition, threw  
n the floor, deploring my fate, calling upon  
was good and sacred to succour me. While  
all this agony, I observed a decrepit old  
me into the room, and looking with a sense  
re in his face at all my vehemence and trans-  
a pause of my distresses I heard him say  
ameless old woman who stood by me, 'She  
dy a new face, or else she acts it rarely.'  
t the gentlewoman, who was making her  
of me, in all the turns of my person, the  
f my passion, and the suitable changes  
osture, took occasion to commend my  
y shape, my eyes, my limbs. All this  
unpanied with such speeches as you may  
rd horse-courers make in the sale of nags,  
y are warranted for their soundness. You  
nd by this time that I was left in a brothel,  
sed to the next bidder who could purchase  
patroness. This is so much the work of  
pleasure in the possession of us wenches  
proportion to the degrees we go beyond  
is of innocence; and no man is gratified,  
nothing left for him to debauch. Well,  
first man, when I came upon the town, was  
ry Foible, who was extremely lavish to  
money, and took such a fancy to me that  
have carried me off, if my patroness would  
in any reasonable terms for me; but as he  
is covetousness was his strongest passion,  
I was soon left exposed to be the common  
all the rakes and debauchees in town. I  
ll whether you will do me justice or no,  
whether you print this or not; other-  
now live with Sal\*, I could give you a  
account of who and who is together in  
You perhaps won't believe it; but I  
one who pretends to be a very good Pro-  
ho lies with a Roman Catholic: but more  
after, as you please me. There do come  
se the greatest politicians of the age; and

abandoned courtesan and procuress of those times.

Sal is more shrewd than  
can believe that such  
houses out of idle peo-  
often talk of Augustus  
with the wives of se-  
but stratagem.

"It is a thousand p-  
virtuous as I fear you,  
or two, you would soon  
the town are not such  
may imagine: you ha-  
was a courtesan who dis-  
If you print this I'll  
mean time,

"Sir, your m-

"MR. SPECTATOR

"I am an idle young  
my livelihood, but that  
as I cannot stir out.  
fellow, who allows me  
but one shoe and one  
no upper petticoat. Al-  
I desire you would tak-  
and keep me yourself.

"MR. SPECTATOR

"I am to complain  
coxcombs, who visit th-  
the town, only, as they  
must confess to you, th-  
have an effect to cure t-  
noisy, and drunken fel-  
vice in themselves, as  
humorous, and at the sa-  
shall, Sir, hereafter fro-  
names of these wretche-  
houses merely as Spect-  
wit to use us ill: pray  
we are of such treatmen-  
guilty of it towards us  
this, and pity the oppre-  
to it, the innocent."

No. 191.] TUESDAY

—Deluding visi-

SOME ludicrous school  
if an ass were placed b-  
which affected his sense  
tempted him in the v-  
would be possible for  
generally determine th-  
tage of the ass, who t-  
midst of plenty, as not  
will to determine him  
other. The bundle of  
his sight and smell in  
keep him in perpetua-  
magnets, which travel-  
one of them in the roof,  
Mahomet's burying-pla-  
means, say they, pull th-  
such an equal attraction  
between both of them.  
in such nice circumstan-  
sooner than violate his  
of hay, I shall not pre-  
take notice of the condu-  
same perplexity. Whe-  
ture his money in a lotte-  
equally alluring, and as  
its fellows. They all o-  
tensions to good luck, st-



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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are the most  
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er, because,  
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any other,  
great prize.  
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the great lot,  
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No. 132. I  
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the ticket No. 132 in the lottery now drawing; which is a secret I have communicated to some friends, who rally me incessantly upon that account. You must know I have but one ticket, for which reason, and a certain dream I have lately had more than once, I resolved it should be the number I most approved. I am so positive that I have pitched upon the great lot, that I could almost lay all I am worth upon it. My visions are so frequent and strong upon this occasion, that I have not only possessed the lot, but disposed of the money which in all probability it will sell for. This morning in particular, I set up an equipage which I look upon to be the gayest in the town; the liveries are very rich, but not gaudy. I should be very glad to see a speculation or two upon lottery subjects, in which you would oblige all people concerned, and in particular,

"Your most humble Servant,

"GEORGE GOSLING.

"P. S. Dear Spec, if I get the 12,000 pounds, I'll make thee a handsome present."

After having wished my correspondent good luck, and thanked him for his intended kindness, I shall for this time dismiss the subject of the lottery, and only observe, that the greatest part of mankind are in some degree guilty of my friend Gosling's extravagance. We are apt to rely upon future prospects, and become really expensive while we are only rich in possibility. We live up to our expectations, not to our possessions, and make a figure proportionable to what we may be, not what we are. We outrun our present income, as not doubting to disburse ourselves out of the profits of some future place, project, or reversion that we have in view. It is through this temper of mind, which is so common among us, that we see tradesmen break, who have met with no misfortunes in their business; and men of estates reduced to poverty, who have never suffered from losses or repairs, tenants, taxes, or lawsuits. In short, it is this foolish sanguine temper, this depending upon contingent futurities, that occasions romantic generosity, chimerical grandeur, senseless ostentation, and generally ends in beggary and ruin. The man who will live above his present circumstances is in great danger of living in a little time much beneath them; or, as the Italian proverb runs, "The man who lives by hope, will die by hunger."

It should be an indispensable rule in life, to contract our desires to our present condition, and whatever may be our expectations, to live within the compass of what we actually possess. It will be time enough to enjoy an estate when it comes into our hands; but if we anticipate our good fortune, we shall lose the pleasure of it when it arrives and may possibly never possess what we have foolishly counted upon.—L.

No. 192.] WEDNESDAY, OCT. 10. 1711.

—Uno ore omnes omnia  
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,  
Qui gnatum habere tali ingenio præditum  
TER. Andr. act. 5. l. 1.

—All the world  
With one accord said all good things, and praised  
My happy fortune, who possess a son  
So good, so liberally disposed.—COLMAN.

I stood the other day, and beheld a father sitting in the middle of a room with a large family of children about him: and methought I could see

\* Disburse seems to stand here for reimburse.

his countenance different motions of desire he turned his eye towards the one or the other. The man is a person moderate in his desires for their preferment and welfare; and as an easy fortune he is not solicitous to make one. His eldest son is a child of a very easy disposition, and as much as the father loves him, I dare say he will never be a knave to his fortune. I do not know any man who can relish of life than the person I am going of, or keeps a better guard against the loss of what he has, or the hopes of gain. It is usual, in the case of children, for the parent to name out of a flock all the great officers of the kingdom. It is something so very surprising in the parts of a man's own, that there is nothing too good to be expected from his endowments. I know a woman who has but three sons, and there is nothing she expects with more certainty, that she shall see one of them a bishop, the judge, and the third a court-physician. The father is, that any thing which can happen to any child, is expected by every man for his own. A friend, whom I am going to speak of, does not suffer himself with such vain expectations, but fixes his eye more upon the virtue and disposition of his children than their advancement or wealth. His habits are what will certainly improve a fortune and reputation; but, on the other hand, the influence of fortune will not as probably produce affections of the mind.

It is very natural for a man of a kind disposition to promise himself with the promises his imagination represents to him of the future condition of his children, to represent to himself the figure they shall be in the world after he has left it. When his expectations of this kind are agreeable, his fondness for them is it were a longer date to his own life; and his favour of a worthy man in his son, is a pleasure scarce inferior to the hopes of the continuance of his own life. That man is happy who can be contented with his son, that he will escape the follies and vices of which he himself was guilty, and sue and improve every thing that was valuable to him. The continuance of his virtue is more to be regarded than that of his life; but the most lamentable of all reflections, to think that the heir of a man's fortune, is such a one as a stranger to his friends, alienated from the interests, and a promoter of every thing that he himself disapproved. An estate in possession of such a successor to a good man, is worse than waste; and the family, of which he is the head, in a more deplorable condition than that of extinct.

I visit the agreeable seat of my honoured friend Ruricola, and walk from room to room remembering many pleasing occurrences, and the expressions of many just sentiments I have heard him utter. I see the booby his heir in pain, while he transfers the honours of his house to the friend of his enemy, the heaviness it gives one is not to be denied. Want of genius is not to be imputed to a man, but want of humanity is a man's own fault. The son of Ruricola (whose life was one series of worthy actions, and gentleman-like manners) is the companion of drunken clowns, and has no sense of praise but in the flattery he receives from his own servants; his pleasures are dissipated and inordinate, his language base and filthy, his behaviour rough and absurd. Is this creature counted the successor of a man of virtue,

wit, and breeding? And this melancholy prospect of my old friend, I can assure you, is not far off, where he has a daughter of his body and mind, beauty and modesty person, who supplies the loss of his son, without his name, without his fortune, without his family, without his both. Such an offspring friend perpetuates his name, and the appearance of his father, Ruricola, but it is Ruricola's daughter.

I know not to what end which this young man is brought to a certain severity and used towards him, and I am sure a dislike to those who are not made amiable to him.

We may promise ourselves that a friend will appear in the world where the father lives, and his brother, and the sons. I did it for no other reason than that of their acquaintance with eminent traders, their mutual usefulness to each other is useful to them as to themselves; and their kind offices, are done for their fortune, so that they are not those who had not the turns from them all.

It is the most beautiful sight that can be beheld to see a man who has an entire unreserved confidence in the kindness and affection of his children, and a pressible satisfaction to see a sublime pleasure which is a sublime pleasure which is a sublime pleasure. It is as sacred as love, and as joyful as love. The mind does not only delight in it, but be extreme without it, it would otherwise be contented with a thing has its force spoke by a kind father who has its weight when it is known not how to express it a "transplanted self" and sufferings which are only as they concern him another. A man's virtue is due to him, when he is in the grave, it will be had in action was done by such considerations sweeten the soliloquy delights him. "No man can tell my father, and be my enemy, unmerciful, or unjust. A man who shall say to his father; and be my enemy ever."

It is not in the power of the most virtuous names or great families that they can very much exalt themselves, probity, valour, and

\* By the Cornelli, the S. family of the Eyles's, met Francis Eyles, Esq. the father of the India Company, and afterwards a member of the House of Commons. His eldest son, George I. His eldest son, Sir Joseph Eyles, knight.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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ER 11, 1711.

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WARRIOR, &c.

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mighty and their slaves, very justly represented, might do so much good, as to incline the great to regard business rather than ostentation; and make the little know the use of their time too well to spend it in vain applications and addresses. The famous doctor in Moorfields, who gained so much reputation for his horary predictions, is said to have had in his parlour different ropes to little bells which hung in the room above stairs, where the doctor thought fit to be oraculous. If a girl had been deceived by her lover, one bell was pulled; and if a peasant had lost a cow, the servant rung another. This method was kept in respect to all other passions and concerns, and the skilful waiter below sifted the inquirer, and gave the doctor notice accordingly. The levée of a great man is laid after the same manner, and twenty whispers, false alarms, and private intimations, pass backward and forward from the porter, the valet, and the patron himself, before the gaping crew, who are to pay their court, are gathered together. When the scene is ready, the doors fly open and discover his lordship.

There are several ways of making this first appearance. You may be either half-dressed, and washing yourself, which is indeed the most stately; but this way of opening is peculiar to military men, in whom there is something graceful in exposing themselves naked: but the politicians, or civil officers, have usually affected to be more reserved, and preserve a certain chastity of deportment. Whether it be hieroglyphical or not, this difference in the military and civil list, I will not say; but have ever understood the fact to be, that the close minister is buttoned up, and the brave officer open-breasted on these occasions.

However that is, I humbly conceive the business of a levée is to receive the acknowledgments of a multitude, that a man is wise, bounteous, valiant, and powerful. When the first shot of eyes is made, it is wonderful to observe how much submission the patron's modesty can bear, and how much servitude the client's spirit can descend to. In the vast multiplicity of business, and the crowd about him, my lord's parts are usually so great, that, to the astonishment of the whole assembly, he has something to say to every man there, and that so suitable to his capacity as any man may judge that it is not without talents men can arrive at great employments. I have known a great man ask a flag-officer, which way was the wind; a commander of horse the present price of oats: and a stock-jobber, at what discount such a fund was, with as much ease as if he had been bred to each of those several ways of life. Now this is extremely obliging; for at the same time that the patron informs himself of matters, he gives the person of whom he inquires an opportunity to exert himself. What adds to the pomp of those interviews is, that it is performed with the greatest silence and order imaginable. The patron is usually in the midst of the room, and some humble person gives him a whisper, which his lordship answers aloud, "It is well. Yes, I am of your opinion. Pray inform yourself further, you may be sure of my part in it." This happy man is dismissed, and my lord can turn himself to a business of a quite different nature, and off-hand give as good an answer as any great man is obliged to. For the chief point is to keep in generals; and there be any thing offered that is particular, to be in haste.

But we are now in the height of the affair, and my lord's creatures have all had their whispers round

keep up the farce of the thing, and the dumb-show is become more general. He casts his eye that corner, and there to Mr. Such-a-one; to the other, "And when did you come to town?" And perhaps just before he nods to another; and enters with him, "But, Sir, I am glad to see you, now I sink of it." Each of those are happy for the next four-and-twenty hours; and those who bow in sink undistinguished, and by dozens at a time, sink they have very good prospects if they may hope to arrive at such notices half a year hence.

The satirist says, there is seldom common sense in a high fortune; and one would think, to behold a levée, that the great were not only infatuated with their station, but also that they believed all below were seized too; else how is it possible they could sink of imposing upon themselves and others in such a degree, as to set up a levée for anything but direct farce? But such is the weakness of our nature, that when men are a little exalted in their condition, they immediately conceive they have additional senses, and their capacities enlarged not only above other men, but above human comprehension itself. Thus it is ordinary to see a great man attend one listening, bow to one at a distance, and call to a third at the same instant. A girl in new ribands is not more taken with herself, nor does she betray more apparent coquetties, than even a wise man in such a circumstance of courtship. I do not know anything that I ever thought so very distant as the affectation which is recorded of Cæsar; to wit, that he would dictate to three several writers at the same time. This was an ambition below the greatness and candour of his mind. He indeed (if any man had pretensions to greater faculties than any other mortal) was the person; but such a way of acting is childish, and inconsistent with the manner of our being. It appears from the very nature of things, that there cannot be anything effectually dispatched in the distraction of a public levée; but the whole seems to be a conspiracy of a set of servile slaves, to give up their own liberty to take away their patron's understanding.

T.

No. 194.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1711.

—Difficili tunc tuncetur Jecur.—Hos. 1 Od. xiii. 4.

With jealous pangs my bosom swells.

THE present paper shall consist of two letters which observe upon faults that are easily cured both in love and friendship. In the latter, as far as it merely regards conversation, the person who neglects visiting an agreeable friend is punished in the very transgression; for a good companion is not found in every room we go into. But the case of love is of a more delicate nature, and the anxiety is inexpressible, if every little instance of kindness is not reciprocal. There are things in this sort of commerce which there are not words to express, and a man may not possibly know how to represent what may yet tear his heart into ten thousand tortures. To be grave to a man's mirth, inattentive to his discourse, or to interrupt either with something that argues a disinclination to be entertained by him, has in it something so disagreeable, that the utmost steps which may be made in further enmity cannot give greater torment. The gay Corinna, who sets up for an indifference and becoming heedlessness,

gives her husband mere indolence, is to look as gay wife. It is no more grief, if it be he is convinced that she pines to death by deference to him. The author of the injury that is yet the source of

"MR. SPECTATOR

"I have read you and desire your say is not common. I am not in the satisfied she loves easiness as being. I know not whether than in that case heart, without the your observation who will not come of their innocence negligent of what upon their conduct when at the same viour, or regard them, would make such women desire they neglect to a usual practice of are thought guided most ordinary than the air with her the air of a secret thing of no consequence memory made her to dally with my of this behaviour and beseeched her to live with her most morose and It is no easy matter but it is miserable might be easily favoured. She received two in this letter me. If we attend to our future have our joint as much as I can do (thing), Sir,

"MR. SPECTATOR

"Give me leave to character not yet that of a man of odd variety who tises towards his friendship with The rogue I know my fondness for are by turns the imaginable. So parable; at other time, yet neither meet next by I seen me, is in evening; and it, I have known

\* Rarus enim ferme sensus communis in illa  
Partibus.—Juv. viii. 73.

then there is  
seldom cares  
with whom  
er how he

more fully.  
I have taken  
ing; for you  
of the year,  
friendship,

In March  
her; in May  
tliest fellow  
s much upon  
ble, but very  
changeable,  
th me, and  
have good  
you will lend  
ch will be a

Servant."

13, 1711.

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ights Tales of  
an ill habit  
remedies to  
a physician  
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veral drugs;  
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a mall, and  
ad that part  
them several  
e ball itself.  
is patient, to  
g with these  
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gh the wood  
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n allegory is  
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my hundred  
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shall in this  
ervative of  
ew the same  
measure, sup-  
exercise are  
eaking of is  
r advantages  
t it may be  
any season,  
en into which  
terruption to  
of time. If  
temperance  
vessels, tem-  
ns them; if  
umours, and  
temperance  
her to exert

herself in all her force and vigour; if exercise dis-  
sipates a growing distemper, temperance starves it.

Physic for the most part is nothing else but the  
substitute of exercise or temperance. Medicines  
are indeed absolutely necessary in acute distem-  
pers, that cannot wait the slow operations of these  
two great instruments of health; but did men live in  
an habitual course of exercise and temperance, there  
could be but little occasion for them. Accordingly  
we find that those parts of the world are the most  
healthy, where they subsist by the chase; and that  
men lived longest when their lives were employed  
in hunting, and when they had little food besides  
what they caught. Blistering, cupping, bleeding,  
are seldom of use but to the idle and intemperate;  
as all those inward applications which are so much  
in practice among us, are for the most part nothing  
else but expedients to make luxury consistent with  
health. The apothecary is perpetually employed in  
countermining the cook and the vintner. It is  
said of Diogenes, that meeting a young man who  
was going to a feast, he took him up in the street  
and carried him to his own friends, as one who was  
running into imminent danger, had not he prevented  
him.\* What would that philosopher have said, had  
he been present at the gluttony of a modern meal?  
would not he have thought the master of a family  
mad, and have begged his servants to tie down his  
hands, had he seen him devour a fowl, fish, and  
flesh; swallow oil and vinegar, wines and spices;  
throw down salads of twenty different herbs, sauces  
of a hundred ingredients; confections and fruits of  
numberless sweets and flavours? What unnatural  
motions and counter-ferments must such a medley  
of intemperance produce in the body? For my part,  
when I behold a fashionable table set out in all its  
magnificence, I fancy that I see gouts and dropsies,  
fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable dis-  
tempers, lying in ambuscade among the dishes.

Nature delights in the most plain and simple  
diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one dish.  
Herbs are the food of this species, fish of that, and  
flesh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that  
comes in his way; not the smallest fruit or ex-  
crescence of the earth; scarce a berry or a mush-  
room, can escape him.

It is impossible to lay down any determinate rule  
for temperance, because what is luxury in one may  
be temperance in another; but there are few that  
have lived any time in the world, who are not  
judges of their own constitutions, so far as to know  
what kinds and what proportions of food do best  
agree with them. Were I to consider my readers  
as my patients, and to prescribe such a kind of tem-  
perance as is accommodated to all persons, as  
such as is particularly suitable to our climate and  
way of living, I would copy the following rules of  
very eminent physician. "Make your whole repu-  
out of one dish. If you indulge in a second, avoid  
drinking any thing strong until you have finish'd  
your meal; at the same time abstain from all sauces  
or at least such as are not the most plain and  
simple." A man could not be well guilty of glu-  
tony, if he stuck to these few obvious and easy  
rules. In the first case there would be no variety  
of tastes to solicit his palate, and occasion excess  
nor in the second, any artificial provocatives to re-  
lieve satiety, and create a false appetite. Were  
to prescribe a rule for drinking, it should be form'd  
upon a saying quoted by Sir William Temple

\* Diög. Laert. Vitæ Philosoph. lib. vi. cap. 2. n. 6.

first glass for myself, the second for my  
the third for good-humour, and the fourth  
enemies." But because it is impossible  
who lives in the world to diet himself always  
philosophical a manner, I think every man  
save his days of abstinence according as his  
tion will permit. These are great reliefs to  
as they qualify her for struggling with hun-  
thirst whenever any distemper or duty of  
y put her upon such difficulties; and at the  
me give her an opportunity of extricating  
from her oppressions, and recovering the  
tones and springs of her distended vessels.  
that, abstinence well-timed often kills a  
is in embryo, and destroys the first seeds of  
exposition. It is observed by two or three an-  
others,\* that Socrates, notwithstanding he  
Athens during that great plague which has  
o much noise through all ages, and has been  
ted at different times by such eminent hands;  
notwithstanding that he lived in the times of  
rouring pestilence, he never caught the least  
a, which those writers unanimously ascribe  
uninterrupted temperance which he always  
ed.

here I cannot but mention an observation  
I have often made, upon reading the lives of  
losophers, and comparing them with any se-  
lings or great men of the same number. If  
sider these ancient sages, a great part of  
philosophy consisted in a temperate and ab-  
is course of life, one would think the life of  
sopher and the life of a man were of two dif-  
dates. For we find that the generality of  
rise men were nearer a hundred than sixty  
f age, at the time of their respective deaths.  
most remarkable instance of the efficacy of  
ance towards the procuring of long life, is  
e meet with in a little book published by  
Cornaro the Venetian; which I the rather men-  
cause it is of undoubted credit, as the late  
an ambassador, who was of the same family,  
more than once in conversation, when he  
in England. Cornaro, who was the author  
ittle treatise I am mentioning, was of an in-  
stitution, until about forty, when by obsti-  
perating in an exact course of temperance,  
vered a perfect state of health; insomuch  
four score he published his book, which has  
translated into English under the title of *Sure  
ertain Methods of Attaining a Long and  
y Life*. He lived to give a third or fourth  
of it; and after having passed his hundredth  
ied without pain or agony, and like one who  
esp. The treatise I mention has been taken  
f by several eminent authors, and is written  
h a spirit of cheerfulness, religion, and good  
s are the natural concomitants of temper-  
d sobriety. The mixture of the old man in  
her a recommendation than a discredit to it.  
ng designed this paper as the sequel to that  
ercise, I have not here considered temper-  
it, is a moral virtue, which I shall make the  
of a future speculation, but only as it is the  
f health.—L.

rees Laertius in Vit. Socratis.—Elian in Var. Hist.  
ap. 25; &c

No. 196.] MOND

Est Ulubris, animus

True happiness is to  
But still is found in

"MR. SPECTATO

"THERE is a part  
served in most of the  
is, that they are always  
teaching others, to be  
be arrived at in this  
mend to you to talk of  
predecessors have don  
to be happy, instruct  
thoughts of him who  
practicable things, sh  
pain, rather than pr  
quietude is to be avoid  
be attained. The gre  
gularity of spirit, whic  
and below mirth. C  
supported if a man is  
prudent man should a  
naturally arise out of  
seldom be laid for it;  
mirth to be pleased, a  
flag without the use  
let your precept be, 'I  
lute and ungoverned,  
itself by loud laughter  
be wholly inactive.

"There are a cou  
quaintance who meet  
and by their mutual  
have been men of bus  
enjoy a greater tranq  
worked himself into b  
dolence of body and  
more, is very frequen  
quiry after happiness,  
which a man who li  
meals, friendly conve  
gives himself no trou  
finement are talking o

"What I would by  
commend to you, Mr.  
speak of the way of  
pursue, to fill up the  
tion. It is a lamentab  
or, as you call it, phi  
only for the learned;  
philosopher to know  
agreeably. It would  
to place in a handsom  
nities among men, wh  
with each other so gra  
give but an impotent  
them. You may find  
which will render the  
as entertaining as you  
nature has an endless  
the representation of  
tural gratifications, in  
tions which are gen  
writings of the witty,  
society.

"The vicissitudes o  
part of mankind, mak  
that sort of relish wh  
comfort; and should b  
a spectator, as well as

destructive. In our thoughts most; and y, and tem- pty as much mtemplation.

servant,

"T. B."

y, Oct. 12.

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ELESS."

16, 1711.

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op. xviii. 15.

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es.—Pitt.

I way of life

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will require

his niceness to avoid. The several weaknesses to which youth, old age, and manhood are exposed, have long since been set down by many both of the poets and philosophers; but I do not remember to have met with any author who has treated of those ill habits men are subject to, not so much by reason of their different ages and tempers, as the particular professions or business in which they were educated and brought up.

I am the more surprised to find this subject so little touched on, since what I am here speaking of is so apparent, as not to escape the most vulgar observation. The business men are chiefly conversant in does not only give a certain cast or turn to their minds, but is very often apparent in their outward behaviour, and some of the most indifferent actions of their lives. It is this air diffusing itself over the whole man, which helps us to find out a person at his first appearance; so that the most careless observer fancies he can scarce be mistaken in the carriage of a seaman, or the gait of a tailor.

The liberal arts, though they may possibly have less effect on our external mien and behaviour, make so deep an impression on the mind, as is very apt to bend it wholly one way.

The mathematician will take little else than demonstration in the most common discourse, and the schoolman is as great a friend to definition and syllogisms. The physician and divine are often heard to dictate in private companies with the same authority which they exercise over their patients and disciples: while the lawyer is putting cases, and raising matter for disputation, out of every thing that occurs.

I may possibly some time or other animadvert more at large on the particular fault each profession is most infected with; but shall at present wholly apply myself to the cure of what I last mentioned, namely, that spirit of strife and contention in the conversations of gentlemen of the long robe.

This is the more ordinary, because these gentlemen, regarding argument as their own proper province, and very often making ready money of it, think it unsafe to yield before company. They are showing in common talk how zealously they could defend a cause in court, and therefore frequently forget to keep their temper, which is absolutely requisite to render conversation pleasant and instructive.

Captain Sentry pushes this matter so far, that I have heard him say, "he has known but few pleaders that were tolerable company."

The captain, who is a man of good sense, but dry conversation, was last night giving me an account of a discourse, in which he had lately been engaged with a young wrangler in the law. "I was giving my opinion," says the captain, "without apprehending any debate that might arise from it, of a general's behaviour in a battle that was fought some years before either the templar or myself were born. The young lawyer immediately took me up, and by reasoning above a quarter of an hour upon a subject which I saw he understood nothing of, endeavoured to show me that my opinions were ill-grounded. Upon which," says the captain, "to avoid any farther contests, I told him, that truly I had not considered those several arguments which he had brought against me, and that there might be a good deal in them." "Ay, but," says my antagonist, who would not let me escape so, "there are several things to be urged in favour of your opinion which you have omitted;" and thereupon began to shine



on the other side of the question. "Upon this," says the captain, "I came over to my first sentiments, and entirely acquiesced in his reasons for my so doing. Upon which the templar again recovered his former posture, and confuted both himself and me a third time. In short," says my friend, "I found he was resolved to keep me at sword's length, and never let me close with him; so that I had nothing left but to hold my tongue, and give my antagonist free leave to smile at his victory, who I found, like Hudibras, could still change sides, and still confute."\*

For my own part, I have ever regarded our inns of court as nurseries of statesmen and lawgivers, which makes me often frequent that part of the town with great pleasure.

Upon my calling in lately at one of the most noted Temple coffee-houses, I found the whole room, which was full of young students, divided into several parties, each of which was deeply engaged in some controversy. The management of the late ministry was attacked and defended with great vigour; and several preliminaries to the peace were proposed by some, and rejected by others; the demolishing of Dunkirk was so eagerly insisted on, and so warmly controverted, as had like to have produced a challenge. In short, I observed that the desire of victory, whetted with the little prejudices of party and interest, generally carried the argument to such a height, as made the disputants insensibly conceive an aversion towards each other, and part with the highest dissatisfaction on both sides.

The managing an argument handsomely being so nice a point, and what I have seen so very few excel in, I shall here set down a few rules on that head, which, among other things, I gave in writing to a young kinsman of mine, who had made so great a proficiency in the law, that he began to plead in company, upon every subject that was started.

Having the entire manuscript by me, I may, perhaps, from time to time, publish such parts of it as I shall think requisite for the instruction of the British youth. What regards my present purpose is as follows:

Avoid disputes as much as possible. In order to appear easy and well-bred in conversation, you may assure yourself that it requires more wit, as well as more good humour, to improve than to contradict the notions of another; but if you are at any time obliged to enter on an argument, give your reasons with the utmost coolness and modesty, two things which scarce ever fail of making an impression on the hearers. Besides, if you are neither dogmatical, nor show either by your actions or words that you are full of yourself, all will the more heartily rejoice at your victory. Nay, should you be pinched in your argument, you may make your retreat with a very good grace. You were never positive, and are now glad to be better informed. This has made some approve the Socratical way of reasoning, where, while you scarce affirm any thing, you can hardly be caught in an absurdity; and though possibly you are endeavouring to bring over another to your opinion, which is firmly fixed, you seem only to desire information from him.

In order to keep that temper which is so difficult, and yet so necessary to preserve, you may please to consider, that nothing can be more unjust or ridiculous, than to be angry with another because he is

not of your opinion; means by which you are very different, and think alike; and be angry with him to keep yourself yourself fairly, had you all the your adversary contend for the lay down this as not make a move a greater advantage a passion.

When an argument reasons does a violence made.

It is yet more cause he does reasons, or gives for reputation, he is certainly rather than at what you do, favours, who understanding.

You may play among your equity only preys upon find it not very your ease, to play with a fool or a

Lastly, if you argument, which able check to you after truth, it will you find it. I mention which I have procures a man the whole company moderator, with in a dispute. partial, furnish things to the he sometimes make of the contend

I shall close tion. When push it too far and your adversary you are too gen

No. 198.] W

Cervin\* lupor  
Sectamur  
Fallere e

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THERE is a tinguish by the mander is a kind upon fire, and bring hurt. A sex in those sh a stranger at rited as to obs

\* All the edited  
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this paper.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

mits a male him a whole two or three scandalized at the severity from such in- therefore a n admirer of reat stickler rt, the sala- mplicity and ed in a kind people mean o their worst. t ordeal, or he pretty in- oughshares, em. salamander, f life, that I such females d find them- re not of the uestly advise duct in their possible what d opportuni- thousands of d from inno- d how many ies, protest- reproaches, ld shun like e that might of guilt and e of the male he language

: ust him; ee. subject, but lately heard d which may o great fami-

tile, being a e, and of a d about the vedlock. In cast his eye g to recom- ucation, her t poverty by d that whole made his ad- ved together en at length y for him to les, where a oved him too had not been nluckily fell who carried them slaves. omfort to be ow dearly after their

been employed

liberty, demanded a most exorbitant price for their ransom. The Castilian, though he would rather have died in slavery himself, than have paid such a sum as he found would go near to ruin him, was moved with compassion for his wife, that he sent repeated orders to his friend in Spain (who happened to be his next relation), to sell his estate and transmit the money to him. His friend hoping that the terms of his ransom might be made more reasonable, and unwilling to sell an estate which himself had some prospect of inheriting, formed many delays, that three whole years passed away without any thing being done for the setting them at liberty.

There happened to live a French renegade in the same place where the Castilian and his wife were kept prisoners. As this fellow had in him all the vivacity of his nation, he often entertained the captives with accounts of his own adventures; to which he sometimes added a song or a dance, or some other piece of mirth, to divert them during their confinement. His acquaintance with the manner of the Algerines enabled him likewise to do them several good offices. The Castilian, as he was one day in conversation with this renegade, discovered to him the negligence and treachery of his correspondent in Castile, and at the same time asked his advice how he should behave himself in that exigency: he further told the renegade, that he found it would be impossible for him to raise the money, unless he might go over to dispose of his estate. The renegade, after having represented to him that his Algerine master would never consent to his release upon such a pretence, at length contrived a method for the Castilian to make his escape in the habit of a seaman. The Castilian succeeded in his attempt; and having sold his estate, being afraid lest the money should miscarry by the way, and determined to perish with it rather than lose one who was much dearer to him than his life, he returned himself in a little vessel that was going to Algiers. It is impossible to describe the joy he felt upon this occasion, when he considered that he should soon see the wife whom he so much loved, and endear himself more to her, by this uncommon piece of generosity.

The renegade, during the husband's absence, so insinuated himself into the good graces of his young wife, and so turned her head with stories of gallantry, that she quickly thought him the finest gentleman she had ever conversed with. To be brief, her mind was quite alienated from the honest Castilian, whom she was taught to look upon as a formal old fellow, unworthy the possession of so charming a creature. She had been instructed by the renegade how to manage herself upon his arrival; so that she received him with an appearance of the utmost love and gratitude, and at length persuaded him to trust their common friend the renegade with the money he had brought over for their ransom; as not questioning but he would beat down the terms and negotiate the affair more to their advantage than they themselves could do. The good man admired her prudence, and followed her advice. I wish I could conceal the sequel of this story; but since I cannot, I shall dispatch it in as few words as possible. The Castilian having slept longer than ordinary the next morning, upon his awaking found his wife had left him. He immediately arose and inquired after her, but was told that she was seen with the renegade about break of day. In a word, her lover having got all things

for their departure, they soon made their out of the territories of Algiers, carried away by, and left the Castilian in captivity; who through the cruel treatment of the incensed his master, and partly through the unkind of his unfaithful wife, died some few months L.

## 9.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1711.

—Scribere jussit amor.—Ovid. Ep. iv. 10.

Love bade me write.

following letters are written with such an sincerity that I cannot deny the inserting

FR. SPECTATOR,

ough you are every where in your writings a women, I do not remember that you have considered the mercenary practice of men choice of wives. If you will please to en-our thoughts upon that subject, you would receive the miserable condition many of us who not only from the laws of custom and are restrained from making any advances our wishes, but are also, from the circum-f fortune, out of all hopes of being addressed ose whom we love. Under all these disad-s I am obliged to apply myself to you, and shall prevail on you to print in your very per the following letter, which is a declara- passion to one who has made some faint s to me for some time. I believe he ap-oves me, but the inequality of my fortune im think he cannot answer it to the world, resues his designs by way of marriage; and s, as he does not want discerning, he dis-me looking at him the other day unawares, a manner, as has raised his hopes of gain-on terms the men call easier. But my is very full on this occasion, and if you hat love and honour are, you will pardon I use no further arguments with you, but o my letter to him, whom I call Oroon- because if I do not succeed, it shall look ance; and if I am regarded, you shall re- pair of gloves at my wedding, sent to you e name of Statira."

"To OROONDATES.

FR,

ir very much perplexity in myself, and re- how to acquaint you with my own senti- and expostulate with you concerning yours, hosen this way; by which means I can be revealed to you, or, if you please, lie con- If I do not within a few days find the effect hope from this, the whole affair shall be oblivion. But, alas! what am I going to I am about to tell you that I love you? I have done so, I am to assure you, that the passion which ever entered a tender know I can banish you from my sight for en I am convinced that you have no incli- towards me but to my dishonour. But, r, why should you sacrifice the real and happiness of life to the opinion of a world, es upon no other foundation but professed d prejudice? You all can observe that

abrated name in Mademoiselle Scudery's French (The Grand Cyrus, &c.

riches alone do not ma up every thing; else w with riches. Since th gion is left to us silly generally upon princip will talk to you without what may be most to the world. And I wi the case, supposing tha make me your mistress convince you that the l and will contribute mo

"We will suppose, you were now in expe evening wherein I was to what convenient cor fit, to consummate all tion has promised to who is in the bloom of of innocence. You y me, as I am sprightly, y fancy is sated, and fit itself false, where is charmed you? The fi will find that the pleas that of a destroyer. tastes; and where the there is nothing left w Reason resumes her cloyed: and I am with fusion to behold myse- tions to you, to be visit the future with two cor each other in the world) insist upon the shameful time in, nor run over fresh air, and free com be satisfied with, whose mination, but leave th have seen enough of th a mere idea.

"On the other hand generous as to make me yourself all the obedience gratitude can inspire ever gratifications you an agreeable person, wh easy temper, whatever friendship, you may ex- nerosity. What at p- promise yourself from distaste and satiety; b- ous love are the least/ raptures of innocent p- to the day; they rather pleasure of it. How ha where the highest plea lowest parts of its felicit

"Now am I to repea quest of taking me in- stands between me and daughter of a man who your fortune. But if y behaviour of her who- of your fortune, and that of her who enters obliged by that permis you choose? You, perh day abroad in the com of sense and fortune; s in that absence, and c proportioned to the app

and regard to  
the fortune  
commerce, be-  
cause of a bar-  
ill ever enter  
attend; may  
yourself, how  
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or say, when  
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19, 1711.

vi. 823.

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On the other hand, if it should please God to drop from heaven a new people, equal in number and riches to the city, I should be ready to thin their excises, customs, and house-rent would raise as great a revenue to the crown as would be lost in the former case. And as the consumption of this new body would be a new market for the fruits of the country, all the lands, especially those most adjacent, would rise in their yearly value, and pay greater yearly taxes to the public. The gain in this case would be as sensible as the former loss.

Whatsoever is assessed upon the general, is levied upon individuals. It were worth the while then to consider what is paid by, or by means of, the meanest subjects, in order to compute the value of every subject to the prince.

For my own part, I should believe that seven eighths of the people are without property in themselves, or the heads of their families, and forced to work for their daily bread; and that of this sort there are seven millions in the whole island of Great Britain; and yet one would imagine that seven eighths of the whole people should consume at least three-fourths of the whole fruits of the country. If this is the case, the subjects without property pay three-fourths of the rents, and consequently enable the landed men to pay three-fourths of their taxes. Now if so great a part of the land-tax were to be divided by seven millions, it would amount to more than three shillings to every head. And thus the poor are the cause, without which the rich could not pay this tax, even the poorest subject is, upon this account, worth three shillings yearly to the prince.

Again: one would imagine the consumption of seven-eighths of the whole people should pay two thirds of all the customs and excises. And if this sum too should be divided by seven millions, viz. the number of poor people, it would amount to more than seven shillings to every head: and therefore with this and the former sum, every poor subject, without property, except of his limbs or labour, is worth at least ten shillings yearly to the sovereign. So much then the queen loses with every one of her old, and gains with every one of her new subjects.

When I was got into this way of thinking, I presently grew conceited of the argument, and was just preparing to write a letter of advice to a member of parliament, for opening the freedom of our towns and trades, for taking away all manner of distinctions between the natives and foreigners, for repealing our laws of parish settlements, and removing every other obstacle to the increase of the people. But as soon as I had recollected with what inimitable eloquence my fellow-labourers had exaggerated the mischiefs of selling the birth-right of Britons for a shilling,\* of spoiling the pure British blood with foreign mixtures, of introducing a confusion of languages and religions, and of letting strangers to eat the bread out of the mouths of our own people, I became so humble as to let my project fall to the ground, and leave my country to increase by the ordinary way of generation.

As I have always at heart the public good, so am ever contriving schemes to promote it; and think I may without vanity pretend to have contrived some as wise as any of the castle-builders.

\* This is an ironical allusion to some of the popular arguments that had been urged in the year 1708, when a bill was brought in for the naturalization of foreign protestants; which on account of the odium raised against it, did not pass into a law.

owner given up my former project, but my present full of draining fens and marshes, out the sea, and joining new lands to my former, since it is thought impracticable to increase people to the land, I fell immediately to how much would be gained to the prince, and how much would be gained to the people.

The same omnipotent power which made the island should at this time raise out of the ocean, to Great Britain, an equal extent of land, with all the buildings, corn, cattle, and other conveniences and necessities of life, but no men, women, or children. I should hardly believe this would add to the riches of the people, or revenue of the prince, for since the present buildings are sufficient for the inhabitants, if any of them should forsake to inhabit the new part of the island, the increase of house-rent in this would be attended with a decrease of it in the other. Besides, we have a sufficiency of corn and cattle, that we need not import from our neighbours to take what they have from the former off our hands, and we will not import any of the latter to be imported upon us by our subjects; and for the remaining produce of the country, it is already equal to all our market. If all these things should be doubled to the buyers, the owners must be glad with half the present prices, the landlords with half their rents; and thus, by so great an enlargement of the country, the rents in the whole would decrease, nor the taxes to the public.

On the contrary, I should believe they would be much diminished; for as the land is only good for its fruits, and these are all perishable, the most part must either be used within the year, or perish without use, the owners will get rid of it at any rate, rather than they should waste their possession; so that it is probable the annual value of these perishable things, even of the first of them, beyond all possibility of use, will be one half of their value. It seems to be the reason that our neighbour merchants, who know all the spices, and know how great a quantity to the demand, destroy all that exceeds their natural use, then, to think that the annual produce of twice as much as can be used, must fill to an eighth part of their present prices; this extended island would not exceed one-eighth part of its present value, or pay more than one-eighth part of the present tax.

It is generally observed, that in countries of the plenty there is the poorest living; like the poor man's ass in one of my speculations, the poor man starves between two meals. The truth is, for which are the bulk of a nation, work but they may live; and if with two days' labour can get a wretched subsistence for a day, will hardly be brought to work the other day, but then with the wages of two days they will pay such prices for their provisions, nor does it seem to the government.

It is a paradox, therefore, in old Hesiod, that "half is more than the whole," is very applicable to the case; since nothing is more true in political economy, than that the same people with half a country is more valuable than with the whole. I think there was nothing absurd in Sir W. Temple, when he fancied that if all the highlands of Scotland, and the whole kingdom of Ireland were taken out of the ocean, so that the people were all saved out of the lowlands of Great Britain; though they were to be reimbursed the value

of their estates by the sovereign, and the sovereign enriched by the very labour.

If the people only made ten children is a greater benefit than he who has added land and no people. It is a contract of land to his domestic subjects as before; we are not being able to bring in the field, and for their being clothed, nor paid as for Lewis must needs have been by his loss of subjects and lands.—T.

## No. 201.] SATURDAY.

Religione esse oportet.

A man should be religious.

It is of the last importance of a child with devoted mind that has received. Though it may seem of the cares of the world, allurements of vice, it discovers itself again in moderation, age, or misfortune to himself. The fire may but cannot be entirely extinguished.

A state of temperance without devotion, is a cold of virtue; and is rather religion. Devotion operates upon the passions, and fills it with any that are to be met with science; and at the same time the soul more than sense.

It has been observed, more distinguished from than by reason, as seen in their actions something of reason, though they stand of their behaviour least affinity to devotion. The propensity of the mind to a natural tendency of the soul being for succour in gratitude to an invisible in us upon receiving expected good fortune, the passion with which the soul is fully transported in its perfections, and the nations under heaven adoration, plainly show worship must be the first founder of mankind to the natural light of from an instinct implanted in my own part, I look upon the current causes; but I assigned as the principle manifestly points to a first author of it.

I may take some other those particular forms which are taught us by observe into what error may sometimes lead us

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

as the guide

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and which take possession in the same manner, and are never to be driven out after they have been once admitted. I have seen the Pope officiate at St. Peter's, where, for two hours together, he was busied in putting on or off his different accoutrements, according to the different parts he was to act in them.

Nothing is so glorious in the eyes of mankind, and ornamental to human nature, setting aside the infinite advantages which arise from it, as a strong, steady, masculine piety; but enthusiasm and superstition are the weaknesses of human reason, that expose us to the scorn and derision of infidels, and sink us even below the beasts that perish.

Idolatry may be looked upon as another error arising from mistaken devotion; but because reflections on that subject would be of no use to an English reader, I shall not enlarge upon it.—L.

No. 202.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 22, 1711.

Sape decem vitia instructor, odit et horret.

Hon. 1 Ep. xviii. 23.

Tho' ten times worse themselves, you'll frequent view  
Those who with keenest rage will censure you.—P.

THE other day, as I passed along the street, I saw a sturdy 'prentice-boy disputing with a hackney-coachman; and in an instant, upon some word of provocation, throw off his hat and periwig, clench his fist, and strike the fellow a slap on the face; at the same time calling him rascal, and telling him he was a gentleman's son. The young gentleman was, it seems, bound to a blacksmith; and the debate arose about payment for some work done about a coach, near which they fought. His master, during the combat, was full of his boy's praises; and as he called to him to play with his hand and foot, and throw in his head, he made all us who stood round him of his party, by declaring the boy had very good friends, and he could trust him with untold gold. As I am generally in the theory of mankind, I could not but make my reflections upon the sudden popularity which was raised about the lad; and perhaps with my friend Tacitus, fell into observations upon it, which were too great for the occasion; or ascribed this general favour to causes which had nothing to do towards it. But the young blacksmith's being a gentleman, was, methought, what created him good-will from his present equality with the mob about him. Add to this, that he was so much a gentleman, as not, at the same time that he called himself such, to use as rough methods for his defence as his antagonist. The advantage of his having good friends, as his master expressed it, was not lazily urged; but he showed himself superior to the coachman in the personal qualities of courage and activity, to confirm that of his being well allied before his birth was of any service to him.

If one might moralize from this silly story, a man would say, that whatever advantages of fortune, birth, or any other good, people possess above the rest of the world, they should show collateral eminences besides those distinctions; or those distinctions will avail only to keep up common decency and ceremonies, and not to preserve a real place of favour or esteem in the opinion and common sense of their fellow-creatures.

The folly of people's procedure, in imagining that nothing more is necessary than property and superior circumstances to support them in distinction, appears in no way so much as in the domestic part of life. It is ordinary to feed their humour



natural excrescences, if I may so speak, and its whole being a wayward and uneasy contrivance, and want of the obvious reflection that all human life is a commerce. It is not only eager, and giving commands, that constitutes a family; but prudence, equal behaviour with readiness to protect and cherish them, entitles a man to that character in their eyes and sentiments. It is pleasant enough to see, that men expect from their dependants, for their sole motive of fear, all the good effects of liberal education, and affluent fortune, and their advantage, cannot produce in them-

A man will have his servant just, diligent, and chaste, for no other reason but the terror of his master's favour; when all the laws, divine and human, cannot keep him whom he serves honest, with relation to any one of those

But both in great and ordinary affairs, all  
ty, which is not founded on merit and vir-  
supported only by artifice and stratagem.  
I see flatterers are the agents in families of  
its, and those who govern themselves by any  
a reason. Make-bates, distant relations,  
smen, and indigent followers, are the fry  
support the economy of a humoursome rich  
le is eternally whispered with intelligence  
are true or false to him in matters of no  
nce, and he maintains twenty friends to  
him against the insinuations of one who  
perhaps cheat him of an old coat.  
I do not enter into further speculation upon  
ect at present, but think the following  
ed petition are made up of proper senti-  
this occasion.

## R. SPECTATOR.

a servant to an old lady who is governed  
 calls her friend, who is so familiar a one,  
 takes upon her to advise her without being  
 it, and makes her uneasy with all about  
 it, Sir, be pleased to give us some remarks  
 tary counsellors; and let these people  
 to give any body advice, is to say to that  
 I am your betters.' Pray, Sir, as near as  
 describe that eternal flirt and disturber of  
 Mrs. Tapety, who is always visiting, and  
 people in a way, as they call it. If you can  
 stay at home one evening, you will be a  
 benefactor of all the ladies' women in town,  
 icularly to.

Your loving friend, SUSAN CIVIL."

**R. SPECTATOR,**

a footman, and live with one of these  
 of whom is said to be one of the best  
 men in the world, but that he is par-  
 ticularly pleased to inform them, that he  
 is passionate, and takes no care to command  
 his passions, does more injury to his friends and  
 in one half hour, than whole years can  
 do. This master of mine, who is the best  
 man in common fame, disoblige somebody  
 every day he lives; and strikes me for the next  
 day, because he is out of humour at it. If  
 gentlemen knew that they do all the mischief  
 ever done in conversation, they would re-  
 frain. I who have been a Spectator of a gen-  
 tleman's dinner for many years, have seen that in-  
 deed does ten times more mischief than ill-  
 nature. But you will represent this better than

“Your abused humble servant,

of an hour on **THOMAS SMOKY.**

“То ти

"The humble petition  
Butler, Harry Cook,  
behalf of themselves  
to and dispersed in t  
the great families v  
and Westminster ;

" Showeth,

"That in many of the  
titioners live and are  
of them are wholly una  
ness, and are very little  
or ill used by us your s

"That for want of such  
and by indulgence of the  
they continually keep  
chievous animals called

"That whenever a son of that house is from the

"That spies never give  
vice, but represent our  
words, wantonness and

"That in all families is a general jealousy and

"That the masters all live in continual suspicion

of those who are false a

"That such masters  
spies, are no longer mo

families; and that we  
great disdain obliged to

" Your petitioners the

that you would represent  
sons of condition; a  
duty bound, shall for

No. 203.1 TUESDAY

Phœbe pater, si das hu  
Nec falsa Clymene cul  
Pignora da, genitor—

Illustrious parent! if  
The name of son, O re  
My mother's truth con  
By tender pledges of

THERE is a loose tribe yet taken notice of, that of this great city, in fortunate females as fallen abandoned profligates rather of the town, and ve consideration, father it up this means there are several little family in most and Westminster, and undone by a charge of

When a man once preying at large, and finds so much game in surprising to consider the times propagates. We who is scarce of age, the *ius trium liberorum*, or granted by the Roman fathers of three children rake, who was not quite himself the father of a decently determine to be. In short, the town is full



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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have raised  
marriage.  
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mattering of  
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and :

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eorg. ii. 80.  
p.

known  
DRYDEN.

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of it grew a  
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m, Will, and  
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rtuous than  
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make for their own crimes, and indeed the only  
method that is left for them to repair their past  
miscarriages.

I would likewise desire them to consider, whether  
they are not bound in common humanity, as well as  
by all the obligations of religion and nature, to  
make some provision for those whom they have not  
only given life to, but entailed upon them, though  
very unreasonably, a degree of shame and disgrace.  
And here I cannot but take notice of those depraved  
notions which prevail among us, and which must  
have taken rise from our natural inclination to  
favour a vice to which we are so very prone, namely,  
that bastardy and cuckoldom should be looked upon  
as reproaches; and that the ignominy which is  
only due to lewdness and falsehood, should fall in so  
unreasonable a manner upon the persons who are  
innocent.

I have been insensibly drawn into this discourse  
by the following letter, which is drawn up with such  
a spirit of sincerity, that I question not but the  
writer of it has represented his case in a true and  
genuine light.

"Sir,

"I am one of those people who by the general  
opinion of the world are counted both infamous and  
unhappy.

"My father is a very eminent man in this king-  
dom, and one who bears considerable offices in it.  
I am his son, but my misfortune is, that I dare not  
call him father, nor he without shame own me as  
his issue, I being illegitimate, and therefore de-  
prived of that endearing tenderness and unparal-  
leled satisfaction which a good man finds in the  
love and conversation of a parent. Neither have I  
the opportunities to render him the duties of a son,  
he having always carried himself at so vast a dis-  
tance, and with such superiority towards me, that  
by long use I have contracted a timorousness when  
before him, which hinders me from declaring my  
own necessities, and giving him to understand the  
inconveniences I undergo.

"It is my misfortune to have been neither bred  
a scholar, a soldier, nor to any kind of business,  
which renders me entirely incapable of making  
provision for myself without his assistance; and  
this creates a continual uneasiness in my mind,  
fearing I shall in time want bread; my father, if  
I may so call him, giving me but very faint as-  
surances of doing any thing for me.

"I have hitherto lived somewhat like a gentle-  
man, and it would be very hard for me to labour for  
my living. I am in continual anxiety for my future  
fortune, and under a great unhappiness in losing  
the sweet conversation and friendly advice of my  
parents; so that I cannot look upon myself other-  
wise than as a monster, strangely sprung up in  
nature, which every one is ashamed to own.

"I am thought to be a man of some natural parts,  
and by the continual reading what you have offered  
the world, become an admirer thereof, which has  
drawn me to make this confession; at the same  
time, hoping, if any thing herein shall touch you  
with a sense of pity, you would then allow me the  
favour of your opinion thereupon; as also what part  
I, being unlawfully born, may claim of the man's  
affection who begot me, and how far in your opinion  
I am to be thought his son, or he acknowledged as  
my father. Your sentiments and advice herein will  
be a great consolation and satisfaction to,

C. "Sir, your admirer, &c. W. B."

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1711.

Int grata protervitas,  
Et vitulus nimium lubricus aspicit.

HOA, l. Od. xix. 7.

Her face too dazzling for the sight  
Her winning coyness fires my soul,  
I feel a strange delight.

not at all displeased that I am become the  
of love, and that the distressed in that pas-  
sion convey their complaints to each other by my

The following letters have lately come to  
me, and shall have their place with great  
easiness. As to the reader's entertainment, he  
may, perhaps, appear frivolous, but are to  
be considered as the highest conse-

I shall not trouble you with the prefaces,  
preambles, and apologies, made to me before each  
letter, when it was desired to be inserted: but in  
they tell me, that the persons to whom they  
addressed have intimations, by phrases and al-  
lusions, from whence they came.

“TO THE SOTHADES.

word, by which I address you, gives you,  
I understand Portuguese,\* a lively image of the  
regard I have for you. The Spectator's late  
letter from Statira gave me the hint to use the same  
word of explaining myself to you. I am not  
at all at the design your late behaviour discovered  
in your addresses to me; but I impute it  
to the degeneracy of the age, rather than your par-  
ticular. As I aim at nothing more than being  
known, I am willing to be a stranger to your name,  
figure, or any figure which your wife might  
make in the world, provided my commerce  
with you is not to be a guilty one. I resign gay  
pleasures of visits, equipage, plays, balls,  
as, for that one satisfaction of having you  
mine. I am willing you shall industriously  
find the only cause of triumph which I can know  
of. I wish only to have it my duty, as well  
as my inclination, to study your happiness. If this  
be the effect this letter seems to aim at, you are  
to understand that I had a mind to be rid of you,  
the readiest way to pall you with an offer  
you would never desist pursuing while you  
were in my power. Be a true man; be my slave  
if you doubt me, and neglect me when you think  
of me. I defy you to find out what is your pre-  
sumption with me: but I know, while I  
live, this suspense.

“I am your admirer “BELINDA.”

ADAM,

a strange state of mind a man is in, when  
he considers the imperfections of the woman he loves turn  
into excellences and advantages. I do assure you,  
I am much afraid of venturing upon you. I  
know you in spite of my reason, and think it an  
insupportable task to owe one's happiness to nothing  
but chance. I can see you ogle all the young

Portuguese word Saudades (here inaccurately written  
Saudades, the most refined, most tender, and ardent  
solicitude, something absent, accompanied with a solicitude  
of regard, which cannot be expressed by one word  
in our language. “Saudade,” say the dictionaries,  
Finitimo sentimento del bien ausente, com de-  
sejo. Hence the word Saudades comprehends every  
kind of absent love, and Matas Saudades is the highest wish and com-  
plaint that can be paid to another. So if a person is ob-  
ject of melancholy, and is asked, “What ails him?” if  
he answers, “Tenho Saudades; it is understood to mean, “I  
am the most refined torment for the absence of my love;  
I am absent from my country,” &c.

fellows who look at you  
after new conquests  
public place; and yet  
your looks and gesture  
you in the very act of  
hearts of others. My  
that of the lover in the  
studied your faults so  
familiar to me, and I  
own. Look to it, Ma-  
you think this gay be-  
amiable when a hus-  
lover. Things are so  
proceed; and I hope  
will be becoming in me  
but not in you to be  
the matrimonial life is  
ceptionable in the ot-  
little hints, you will as-  
easiness of,

“Madam, you

“SIR,

“When I sat at the  
end of the room by my-  
self looking at you. Since  
which I am sure you shall  
by inadvertency, what  
it is too soon to confirm  
shall not subscribe my

“SIR,

“There were other ge-  
no necessity you were  
pant creature's fan last  
touch a stick of mine

“TO COLONEL R.

“Before this can reach  
the fondest lover, those  
more concern to me.  
you, to obey the dictate  
left me, has increased  
quainted by my physio-  
longer. At this time  
the ardent love I have  
yond my strength, and  
most painful thing in the  
I must part with you,  
you, that I have no guil-  
pented folly that retard  
last hours in reflection  
lived in together, and  
have an end. This is  
far from criminal, that  
piety in being so unwill-  
state which is the in-  
which we have lived ac-  
know no more of the ne-  
happy one to the good,  
why may we not please  
viate the difficulty of re-  
gining that we shall be  
below, and may possibly  
steps of those with whom  
when mortal? Why ma-  
usual work, and, though  
ant in all the conducts of

\* The person to whom this  
was first published.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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R 25, 1711.

Poet. v. 25.

MON.

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the compliments you pay our sex are innumerable and that those very faults which you represent in us, are neither black in themselves, nor, as you own universal among us. But, Sir, it is plain that these your discourses are calculated for none but the fashionable part of womankind, and for the use of those who are rather indiscreet than vicious. But Sir, there is a sort of prostitutes in the lower part of our sex, who are a scandal to us, and very well deserve to fall under your censure. I know it would debase your paper too much to enter into the behaviour of these female libertines: but, as your remarks on some part of it would be a doing of justice to several women of virtue and honour, whose reputations suffer by it, I hope you will not think it improper to give the public some accounts of this nature. You must know, Sir, I am provoked to write you this letter, by the behaviour of an infamous woman, who, having passed her youth in a most shameful state of prostitution, is now one of those who gain their livelihood by seducing others that are younger than themselves, and by establishing a criminal commerce between the two sexes. Among several of her artifices to get money, she frequently persuades a vain young fellow, that such woman of quality, or such a celebrated toast, entertains a secret passion for him, and wants nothing but an opportunity of revealing it. Nay, she has gone so far as to write letters in the name of a woman of figure, to borrow money of one of these foolish Roderigos,\* which she has afterward appropriated to her own use. In the mean time, the person who has lent the money, has thought a lady under obligations to him, who scarce knew his name; and wondered at her ingratitude when he has been with her, that she has not owned the favour, though at the same time he was too much a man of honour to put her in mind of it.

"When this abandoned baggage meets with a man who has vanity enough to give credit to relations of this nature, she turns him to very good account by repeating praises that were never uttered, and delivering messages that were never sent. As the house of this shameless creature is frequented by several foreigners, I have heard of another artifice, out of which she often raises money. The foreigner sighs after some British beauty, whom he only knows by fame; upon which she promises, if he can be secret, to procure him a meeting. The stranger, ravished at his good fortune, gives her a present, and in a little time is introduced to some imaginary title: for you must know that this cunning purveyor has her representatives upon this occasion, of some of the finest ladies in the kingdom. By this means, as I am informed, it is usual enough to meet with a German count in foreign countries, that shall make his boast of favours he has received from women of the highest ranks, and the most unblemished characters. Now, Sir, what safety is there for a woman's reputation, when a lady may be thus prostituted as it were by proxy, and be reputed an unchaste woman; as the Hero in the ninth book of Dryden's Virgil is looked upon as a coward, because the phantom which appeared in his likeness ran away from Turnus? You may depend upon what I relate to you to be matter of fact, and the practice of more than one of these female panders. If you print this letter, I may give you some further accounts of this vicious race of women.

"Your humble servant, BELVIDERA."

\* Alluding to the character so named in Shakespeare's Othello

add two other letters on different subjects to my paper.

**THE SPECTATOR,**

a country clergyman, and hope you will give your assistance in ridiculing some little insensibilities which cannot so properly be exposed from it.

A widow lady, who straggled this summer from the country into my parish for the benefit of the air, as she appears every Sunday at church with fashionable extravagances, to the great ascent of my congregation.

What gives us the most offence is her manner of singing the Psalms. She introduces fifty Italian airs into the hundredth and whilst we begin, 'All people' in the old tune of our forefathers, she in a quite different divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini: if she meets 'ce' or 'aye,' which are frequent in the Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to quaver them half a minute after us, to the light airs of the opera.

It is very far from being an enemy to church and state to fear this abuse of it may make my congregation ridiculous, who already look on the singing as an entertainment, and not part of their duty: besides I am apprehensive that the insubordination spread; for 'Squire Squeekum, who by the way seems (if I may use the expression) to be no more an Italian singer, was last Sunday practising the same airs.

Now the lady's principles, and that she will tolerate, which (as she fancies) allows of insubordination in this particular; but I beg you to inform her that singing the Psalms in a different tune to the rest of the congregation is a sort of insubordination tolerated by that act.

I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,  
" R. S."

**THE SPECTATOR,**

your paper upon temperance, you prescribe a rule for drinking out of Sir William Temple, following words: 'The first glass for myself, the second for my friends, the third for good humours, the fourth for mine enemies.' Now, Sir, I know, that I have read this your Spectator-club whereof I am a member; when our president told us there was certainly an error in the text, that the word glass should be bottle; and has ordered me to inform you of this mistake, to desire you to publish the following error in the paper of Saturday, Octob. 13, col. 1, for 'glass,' read 'bottle.'

" Yours,

" ROBIN GOODFELLOW."

**FRIDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1711.**

anto quisque sibi plura negaverit.

Mis plura feret. Hos. 3 Od. xvi. 21.

They that do much themselves deny,  
Receive more blessings from the sky.—CHURCH.

It is a call upon mankind to value and estimate what they set a moderate price upon their own self-denial is frequently attended with blessings, which in the end abundantly make up such losses as the modest seem to suffer from the ordinary occurrences of life. The curious determination in our favour or to our disadvantage is made upon our first appearance, even

before they know any thing of us from the intimations of our countenance. A man, they say, wears his countenance; and so to his, who looks at him, though that way of raising his beheld in public is very common to those, who by their words upon themselves, as the strict scrutiny of the account lessen every day his character, as a frugal either of them live to find losses, the other by him to make up. It to keep your desires, you the regard you observe and never, if it were in much as he possibly might reputation. My walks in the mercantile part of the world naturally from those who say then, he that in his or an habitual arrogance credit for the least art of goodness, or valour, though if he is called upon, will upon him, and consider them of all the esteem that This brings a commission and he that might have a prosperous way, by air is no longer proprietor of but his pretensions fare torn instead of being dignified.

There is no one living in the applause of an agreeable and possibly pretend that they are ably unforced and deliver all his sentiments were able to conceal the which he betrays in even they who converse with ties they could do to him could say to him, would expects; and therefore, in esteem they have for his only upon that they observe.

If you go among the world trip into a room with the her charms, Mirtilla with motion, Chloe with such Corinna with such a force with such a demand of of her entrance; you find stand themselves and at their absence, to tell you impose themselves upon carry in their behaviour more than they should what would otherwise be.

I remember the last time wonderfully taken with making the murderer of the moderation of the price to take away. He says of faculties so meekly; thence, that all divine join to avenge his death abstinent use of dominion power to do to advance and forbears, is so much

portion in prosperity. Advantages he prudential as so far the ours and gloom fate with have no such But if there effect which men to-desirable for faces our own y of it, than on; and that inquietudes is moderate and not re-appointment; The air, the ect, are in- he enjoys in mption from orld are be- fits and new with care, s not to him amed for, or s there is in can meet in sation. He l, but every perous man, pes he is as his fortune the unhappy

eloquence, with these world he is own among consummate ration, is in him if they panions are ured. There at meals, or thing extra- t. Want of are the com- life so easy, re wit, more an is neces- pleasure and

R 27, 1711.

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Alcibiades  
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nal's tenth satire, and to the second satire of Persius; as the last of these authors has almost transcribed the preceding dialogue, entitled Alcibiades the First, in his fourth satire.

The speakers in this dialogue upon prayer, are Socrates and Alcibiades; and the substance of it (when drawn together out of the intricacies and digressions) as follows:

Socrates meeting his pupil Alcibiades, as he was going to his devotions, and observing his eyes to be fixed upon the earth with great seriousness and attention, tells him, that he had reason to be thoughtful on that occasion, since it was possible for a man to bring down evils upon himself by his own prayers; and that those things which the gods send him in answer to his petitions, might turn to his destruction. This, says he, may not only happen when a man prays for what he knows is mischievous in its own nature, as Oedipus implored the gods to sow dissension between his sons; but when he prays for what he believes would be for his good, and against what he believes would be to his detriment. This the philosopher shows must necessarily happen among us, since most men are blinded with ignorance, prejudice, or passion, which hinder them from seeing such things as are really beneficial to them. For an instance, he asks Alcibiades, whether he would not be thoroughly pleased and satisfied if that god, to whom he was going to address himself, should promise to make him the sovereign of the whole earth? Alcibiades answers, that he should, doubtless, look upon such a promise as the greatest favour that could be bestowed upon him. Socrates then asks him, if after receiving this great favour he would be contented to lose his life? Or if he would receive it, though he was sure he should make an ill use of it? To both which questions Alcibiades answers in the negative. Socrates then shows him, from the examples of others, how these might very probably be the effects of such a blessing. He then adds, that other reputed pieces of good fortune, as that of having a son, or procuring the highest post in a government, are subject to the like fatal consequences; which nevertheless, says he, men ardently desire, and would not fail to pray for, if they thought their prayers might be effectual for the obtaining of them.

Having established this great point, that all the most apparent blessings in this life are obnoxious to such dreadful consequences, and that no man knows what in its event would prove to him a blessing or a curse, he teaches Alcibiades after what manner he ought to pray.

In the first place, he recommends to him, as the model of his devotions, a short prayer which a Grecian poet composed for the use of his friends, in the following words: "O Jupiter, give us those things which are good for us, whether they are such things as we pray for, or such things as we do not pray for: and remove from us those things which are hurtful, though they are such things as we pray for."

In the second place, that his disciple may ask such things as are expedient for him, he shows him that it is absolutely necessary to apply himself to the study of true wisdom, and to the knowledge of that which is his chief good, and the most suitable to the excellence of his nature.

In the third and last place he informs him, that the best methods he could make use of to draw down blessings upon himself, and to render his prayers acceptable, would be to live in a constant practice of his duty towards the gods, and toward

...these particulars? To this, says the oracle made the following reply: "I am pleased with the prayers of the Lacedæmonian, with all the oblations of the Greeks." The prayer implied and encouraged virtue in the man who made it; the philosopher proceeds to show the most vicious man might be devout, so victims could make him, but that his offerings regarded by the gods as bribes, and his peti- blasphemies. He likewise quotes on this two verses out of Homer,\* in which the ya, "that the scent of the Trojan sacrifices tied up to heaven by the winds; but that it is not acceptable to the gods, who were displeased with him and all his people."

The conclusion of this dialogue is very remarkable. Socrates having deterred Alcibiades from the sacrifice which he was going to offer, and set forth the above-mentioned difficulties of doing that duty as he ought, adds these words: "and therefore wait until such time as we know how we ought to behave ourselves towards the gods, and towards men." "But when will that be?" says Alcibiades, "and who is it that instructs us? for I would fain see this man, who is it?" "It is one," says Socrates, "who is one of you; but as Homer tells us, that Minerva removed the mist from Diomedes's eyes that he might plainly discover both gods and men,† so some mist that hangs upon your mind must be removed before you are able to discern what is good and what is evil." "Let him remove from my eyes," says Alcibiades, "the darkness and what pleases me, I am determined to refuse nothing to him, order me, whoever he is, so that I may become a better man by it." The remaining part of the dialogue is very obscure: there is something in it which would make us think Socrates hinted at himself, when he spoke of this divine teacher who was to instruct the world, did not he own that he himself in this respect as much at a loss, and in as great a state as the rest of mankind.

Learned men look upon this conclusion as a

which Socrates has should apply ourselves to things as are best for us, large in the doctrines taught in several instances of curses, which appear in the world; and, on the contrary, as blessings, which to appear as curses. The philosopher subscribed to us, we only have our chief good, and hence, when we petition for the coming of his kingdom, we ask for temporal blessings; but on the other side, we pray against evil in general, to determine what is the first of Socrates, he recommends the ancient poet, we find, intended, but very much wherein we pray to the will may be done: what that form which our Socrates against the most painful deaths, "Nevertheless done.† This comprehends the humble, as well as the offered up from the gods, supposes the Supreme, is for our good, and that ourselves what is so.—L.

No. 208.] MONDAY

—Veniant

To be themselves.

I HAVE several letters who lament the depravity of the town is fallen into with spectacles. A lady in is such a levity in the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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quaintance. If you think to print this, pray put it into a better style as to the spelling part. The town is now filling every day; and it cannot be deferred, because people take advantage of one another by this means, and break off acquaintance, and are rude. Therefore pray put this in your paper as soon as you can possibly, to prevent any future miscarriages of this nature. I am, as I ever shall be, dear Spectator,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,"

"MARY MEANWELL."

"Pray settle what is to be a proper notification of a person's being in town, and how that differs according to people's quality."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

October 20.

"I have been out of town, so did not meet with your paper, dated September the 28th, wherein you, to my heart's desire, exposed that cursed vice of ensnaring poor young girls, and drawing them from their friends. I assure you without flattery it has saved a 'prentice of mine from ruin; and in token of gratitude, as well as for the benefit of my family, I have put it in a frame and glass, and hung it behind my counter. I shall take care to make my young ones read it every morning, to fortify them against such pernicious rascals. I know not whether what you writ was matter of fact, or your own invention; but this I will take my oath on, the first part is so exactly like what happened to my 'prentice, that had I read your paper then, I should have taken your method to have secured a villain. Go on and prosper.

"Your most obliged humble Servant."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Without raillery, I desire you to insert this word for word in your next, as you value a lover's prayers. You see it is a hue and cry after a stray heart (with the marks and blemishes under-written); which whoever shall bring to you, shall receive satisfaction. Let me beg of you not to fail, as you remember the passion you had for her to whom you lately ended a paper:

"Noble, generous, great and good,  
But never to be understood;  
Fickle as the wind still changing.  
After every female ranging.  
Panting, trembling, sighing, dying,  
But addicted much to lying.  
When the Syren songs repeat,  
Equal measures still it beats;  
Whoe'er shall wear it, it will smart her,  
And whoe'er takes it, takes a tartar."

T.

No. 209.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 30 1711.

Of earthly goods, the best is a good wife;  
A bad, the bitterest curse of human life. SIMONIDES

THERE are no authors I am more pleased with than those who show human nature in a variety of views, and describe the several ages of the world in their different manners. A reader cannot be more rationally entertained, than by comparing the virtues and vices of his own times with those which prevailed in the times of his forefathers; and drawing a parallel in his mind between his own private character, and that of other persons, whether of his own age, or of the ages that went before him. The contemplation of mankind under these changed colours is apt to shame us out of any particular vice, or animate us to any particular virtue; to make us pleased or displeased with ourselves in the most proper points, to clear our minds of prejudice and prepossession, and to rectify that narrowness



ever it may appear; as there are no other whose province it is to enter so directly into the lives of men, and set their miscarriages in so plain a light.

Lucian, a poet famous in his generation, is, I think, the author of the oldest satire that is now extant; some say, of the first that was ever written. He who flourished about four hundred years after the fall of Troy, shows, by his way of writing, the simplicity, or rather coarseness, of the age in which he lived. I have taken notice, in my hundred-and-fifty-third speculation, that the rule of observing the French call the *Bien-séance* in an allusion, was found out of latter years; and that the authors of the *Contes* provided there was a likeness in their similes, did not much trouble themselves about the propriety of the comparison. The satires or iambics of Lucian, with which I shall entertain my readers in this paper, are a remarkable instance of the simplicity formerly advanced. The subject of this satire is the woman. He describes the sex in their several species, which he derives to them from a fanciful notion raised upon the doctrine of pre-existence. He tells us that the gods formed the souls of women from the same seeds and principles which compose the souls of animals and elements; and that their different dispositions arise in them according as such seeds and principles predominate in their constitutions. I have translated the author faithfully, and if not word for word (which our language would not bear), at least so as to comprehend every one of his sentiments, without adding anything of my own. I have already apologized for the author's want of delicacy, and must further apologize, that the following satire affects only some lower part of the sex, and not those who have been refined by a polite education, which was not the case in the age of this poet.

At the beginning God made the souls of women out of different materials, and in a separate manner their bodies.

The souls of one kind of women were formed

nothing but fury and

"The sixth species consists of those elements which compose a woman. These are naturally of the husband's exerting hard fare, and do ever are however far from pleasures, and seldom refuse

"The cat furnished with the claws of women, who are of a variable nature, and so ready that they fly in the face of the husband, and approaches them with the species of women are liars, cheats, and pilferings.

"The mare with a fluster broke to any servile the eighth species of women little regard for their beauty in time in dressing, but throw their hair into a confusion up with the fairest flow of this species is a vessel to look upon, but very unless it be a king or a prince to such a toy.

"The ninth species consists of the ape. These are servile, and have no nature, who have no mind, and endeavour to do nothing which appears sensible.

"The tenth and last species is the bee; and has a sting out of the bee; and has a one for his wife. She is unblameable. Her father by her good management and is beloved by him for her beautiful and virtuous herself among her sex for her graces. She never serves women, nor passes a moment in wanton discourses. Her defence and is the best

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ER 31, 1711.

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"Now let us consider what happens to us when we arrive at these imaginary points of rest. Do we stop our motion and sit down satisfied in the settlement we have gained? or are we not removing? boundary, and marking out new points of rest, which we press forward with the like eagerness, and which cease to be such as fast as we attain them. Our case is like that of a traveller upon the Alps who should fancy that the top of the next hill would end his journey, because it terminates his prospect; but he no sooner arrives at it, than he sees new ground and other hills beyond it, and continues to travel on as before.

"This is so plainly every man's condition in life that there is no one who has observed any thing but may observe, that as fast as his time wears away his appetite to something future remains. There is therefore I would make of it is, that since Nature (as some love to express it) does nothing in vain, to speak properly, since the Author of our being has planted no wandering passion in it, no desire which has not its object, futurity is the proper object of the passion so constantly exercised about it; and this restlessness in the present, this activity, ourselves over to further stages of duration, this successive grasping at somewhat still to come, appears to me (whatever it may be to others) as a kind of instinct, or natural symptom, which the mind of man has of its own immortality.

"I take it at the same time for granted, that the immortality of the soul is sufficiently established by other arguments: and, if so, this appetite, which otherwise would be very unaccountable and absurd, seems very reasonable, and adds strength to its conclusion. But I am amazed when I consider there are creatures capable of thought, who, in spite of every argument, can form to themselves a false satisfaction in thinking otherwise. There is something so pitifully mean in the inverted ambition, that man who can hope for annihilation, and persuade himself to think that his whole fabric shall crumble into dust, and mix with the mass of brute and mate beings, that it equally deserves our admiration and pity. The mystery of such men's passion is not hard to be penetrated; and indeed amounts to nothing more than a sordid hope that they shall not be immortal, because they dare not be so.

"This brings me back to my first observation, and gives me occasion to say further, that as worth actions spring from worthy thoughts, so worthy thoughts are likewise the consequence of worth actions. But the wretch who has degraded himself below the character of immortality, is very willing to resign his pretensions to it, and to substitute in its room a dark negative happiness in the extinction of his being.

"The admirable Shakspeare has given us a strong image of the unsupported condition of such a passion in his last minutes, in the second part of *King Henry the Sixth*, where Cardinal Beaufort, who had been concerned in the murder of the good Duke of Gloucester, is represented on his death-bed. After some confused speeches, which show an imagination disturbed with guilt, just as he is expiring, King Henry, standing by him full of compassion, says:

Lord Cardinal! if thou thinkest on heaven's bliss,  
Hold up thy hand, make signal of thy hope!—  
He dies and makes no sign! —

"The despair which is here shown, without word or action on the part of a dying person, is beyond what can be painted by the most forcible expressions whatever.

all not pursue this thought further, but only as annihilation is not to be had with a it is the most abject thing in the world to

What are honour, fame, wealth, or power, compared with the generous expectation of a without end, and a happiness adequate to

all trouble you no further; but with a certainty which these thoughts have given me, I upon some things people say of you (as they all men who distinguish themselves), which are not true, and wish you as good a man as an author.

at, Sir, your most obedient, humble Servant,

"T. D."

J THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1711.

meminerit nos jocari fabulis.—PHEDR. l. i. Prol.

be remembered that we sport in fabled stories.

very lately translated the fragment of an old which describes womankind under several rs, and supposes them to have drawn their manners and dispositions from those and elements out of which he tells us they apounded; I had some thoughts of giving their revenge, by laying together in another many vicious characters which prevail in the world, and showing the different ingredients go to the making up of such different and constitutions. Horace has a thought something akin to this, when, in order to himself to his mistress for an invective he had written against her, and to account unreasonable fury with which the heart of often transported, he tells us that, when he made his man of clay, in the kneading of heart, he seasoned it with some furious of the lion. But upon turning this plan over in my thoughts, I observed so many unble humours in man, that I did not know at animals to fetch them. Male souls are ed with so many characters, that the world variety of materials sufficient to furnish out different tempers and inclinations. The , with all its animals and elements, would large enough to supply their several extra-

ed therefore of pursuing the thought of Sir, I shall observe, that as he has exposed the part of women from the doctrine of pre- , some of the ancient philosophers have in r satirized the vicious part of the human a general, from a notion of the soul's post- , if I may so call it; and that as Simon- ribes brutes entering into the composition , others have represented human souls as into brutes. This is commonly termed ine of transmigration, which supposes that suls, upon their leaving the body, become of such kinds of brutes as they most re- their manners; or, to give an account of Dryden has described it, in his translation agoras's speech in the fifteenth book of ere that philosopher dissuades his hearers ing flesh:

Thus all things are but alter'd, nothing dies,  
And here and there th' unbodied spirit flies:  
By time, or force, or sickness disposess'd,  
And lodges where it lights, in bird or beast;  
It hunts without till ready limbs it find:  
And actuates those according to their kind:

ATCH.—Nov. 31 & 32.

From tenement to  
The soul is still the  
Then let not piety  
To please the taste  
But suffer inmate  
Lest from their seat  
With rabid hunger  
Or from a beast d

Plato, in the vision of I may possibly make culation, records some as that the soul of Or lancholy, and a woman the soul of Ajax, which into a lion; the soul rapacious and imper soul of Thersites, who into a monkey.

Mr. Congreve, in comedies, has touched great humour:

Thus Aristotle's soul  
May now be damn'd  
Or in this very hour  
Is doing painful pen

I shall fill up this part of my last Tuesday's speculation, following correspondents observed, that the speculation only the lower part of

"P"

"MR. SPECTATOR

"Upon reading your several symptoms in the bee. My shop, or, if I call it, is in that great hall, the name of the New Hall employed in gathering gain from the finest flock of the ladies and the best swarm of children, to which I am able. But, as I am married to a drone, without bringing any thing. Now, Sir, as on the other side, I behave myself towards the bee; for which reason, upon laying up provisions, I frequently represent to him, and negligence may be the cause. I must beg that you will give me advice upon this occasion, to oblige

"SIR,

"I am joined in with those fillies who are desirous that hard name you have has a flowing mane, and Sir, she passes half her time in ruins me in ribands. I am a plain handicraft man, and her laziness and expense of me in your next paper of her so much drudgery, family, and curry her

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

October 30.

mour of the subject.

ath,

HENPECK.

married to a

ber 31, 1711.

day last came

ed to call me

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When I am

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It is no mat-

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y, Mr. Spec-

er women, let

ade of, if you

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s; but, Sir, I

good passions

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TEMPEST."

R 2, 1711.

a. 2 Sat vii. 97.

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his mistress.

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to me, that I

was all the world to her, and she thought she ought to be all the world to me. 'If,' said she, 'my dear loves me as much as I love him, he will never be tired of my company.' This declaration was followed by my being denied to all my acquaintance; and it very soon came to that pass, that to give an answer at the door, before my face, the servant would ask her whether I was within or not; and she would answer no, with great stoutness, and tell me I was a good dear. I will not enumerate more little circumstances, to give you a livelier sense of my condition; but tell you in general, that from such steps as these at first, I now live the life of a prisoner of state; my letters are opened, and I have not the use of pen, ink, and paper, but in her presence. I never go abroad, except she sometimes takes me with her in her coach to take the air, if it may be called so, when we drive, as we generally do, with the glasses up. I have overheard my servants lament my condition, but they dare not bring me messages without her knowledge, because they doubt my resolution to stand by them. In the midst of this insipid way of life, an old acquaintance of mine, Tom Meggot, who is a favourite with her, and allowed to visit me in her company because he sings prettily, has roused me to rebel, and conveyed his intelligence to me in the following manner: My wife is a great pretender to music, and very ignorant of it; but far gone in the Italian taste. Tom goes to Armstrong, the famous fine writer of music, and desires him to put this sentence of Tully in the style of an Italian air, and write it out for my spouse from him. *An ille mihi Liber cui mulier imperat? Cui leges imponit, præscribit, jubet, vetat quod videtur? Qui nihil imperanti negare, nihil recusare audet? Poscit? dandum est. Vocat? veniendum. Ejicit? abeundum. Minuitur? extimiscendum.* 'Does he live like a gentleman who is commanded by a woman? He to whom she gives law, grants and denies what she pleases? who can neither deny her any thing she asks, or refuse to do any thing she commands?'

"To be short, my wife was extremely pleased with it; said the Italian was the only language for music; and admired how wonderfully tender the sentiment was, and how pretty the accent is of the language; with the rest that is said by rote on the occasion. Mr. Meggot is sent for to sing this air which he performs with mighty applause; and my wife is in ecstasy, on the occasion, and glad to find by my being so much pleased, that I was at her come into the notion of the Italian: 'for,' said she 'it grows upon one when one once comes to know a little of the language; and pray, Mr. Meggot sing again those notes, *Nihil Imperanti negare, nihil recusare.*' You may believe I was not a little delighted with my friend Tom's expedient to alarm me, and in obedience to his summons I give all the story thus at large; and I am resolved, when it appears in the Spectator, to declare for myself. The manner of the insurrection I contrive by yet means, which shall be no other than that Tom Meggot, who is at our tea-table every morning, shall read it to us; and if my dear can take the hint, and use not one word, but let this be the beginning of a new life without further explanation, it is very well; if as soon as the Spectator is read out, I shall, without more ado, call for the coach, name the hour when she shall be at home, if I come at all: if I do not, she may go to dinner. If my spouse only swells and says nothing, Tom and I go out together, and all well, as I said before; but if she begins to comma

ulate, you shall in my next to you receive account of her resistance and submission, for the dear thing must, to,

"Sir,

Your most obedient humble Servant,

"ANTHONY FREEMAN,

I hope I need not tell you that I desire to be in your very next."

] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1711.

*Memento sibi conscia recti.*—VIRG. *Æn.* i. 608.

(Intention.

the great art and secret of Christianity, if I that phrase, to manage our actions to the advantage, and to direct them in such a manner, every thing we do may turn to account at the day, when every thing we have done will force us.

er to give this consideration its full weight, cast all our actions under the division of one in themselves either good, evil, or indifferent.

If we divide our intentions after the manner and consider them with regard to our end, we may discover that great art and secret in which I have here mentioned.

A good intention, joined to a good action, gives it power and efficacy; joined to an evil action, it attenuates its malignity, and in some cases wholly away; and joined to an indifferent action, it turns it to a virtue, and makes it meritorious. human actions can be so.

In the next place, to consider in the same manner the influence of an evil intention upon our actions.

An evil intention perverts the best of actions, makes them, in reality, what the fathers of the church kind of zeal have termed the virtues of the devil's world, so many shining sins.\* It decreases the innocence of an indifferent action, and adds to it all possible blackness and horror, and gives it the emphatical language of sacred writ, "sin exceeding sinful."†

In the last place, we consider the nature of an action. In the first intention, we shall find that it destroys the goodness of a good action; abates, but never takes away the malignity of an evil action; and leaves an indifferent action in its natural state of indifference.

Therefore of unspeakable advantage to possess a good intention, is with an habitual good intention, and to direct our thoughts, words, and actions at some end, whether it be the glory of our Maker, the good of mankind, or the benefit of our own

house, is a sort of thrift or good husbandry in moral actions. It does not throw away any single action, but makes every one go as far as it can. It multiplies the means of salvation, increases the number of virtues and diminishes that of our vices.

It is something very devout, though not so devout as Acosta's answer to Limborch, who objects to the multiplicity of ceremonies in the Jewish law, as washings, dresses, meats, purgations, &c. The reply which the Jew makes upon occasion, is, to the best of my remembrance, as "There are not duties enough," says he, "the essential parts of the law, for a zealous and obedient person. Time, place, and person are therefore you have an opportunity of putting

a moral virtue into practice. He says he, "enlarged the law, made many things, which were indifferent, a part of our duty. On more occasions of showing his love, all the circumstances of his life, please him."

Monsieur St. Evremont relates the superstitions of the Jews, and compares them with the same kind of religion. He tends to consider the difference between the Jews and the Calvinists, as they disagree. He tells us that the Jews are motivated by love, and the Calvinists by their expressions of duty to the Supreme Being, the former is full to do every thing well, and the other to abstain from every thing which may possibly displease him.

But notwithstanding this, which both the Jew and the Calvinist excuse their respective religions, there is something in the kind, and destructive to the junction of superfluous duties, as were he means renders religion more difficult than it is in its own nature. The sins of omission which he is guilty of, and fixes the shadowy, unessential, and unweighty and more important.

This zealous and active person, in place in the great point of religion, if, instead of prescribing duties as duties, we apply the most indifferent actions to one continued act of obedience and amusements to please Him (who is all the circumstances of our life).

It is this excellent freedom of conscience (if I may be allowed) is recommended to us by the precept wherein he directs the glory of our Creator in our actions, "whether we do it or not."

A person, therefore, who has an habitual good intention, has been here speaking of, in every circumstance of life, with a view to please the great Almighty, and able to the dictates of reason in general, or to the dictates of Providence in particular, which Providence has given us a perpetual sense of the duty of himself as acting, in the obedience, under the obligation of that Being, who is privy to all his thoughts, who knows all his uprisings, who is about him, and spieth out all his words, and remembers that the eye of God is upon him, and in every action what is commanded of him, hereafter either reward or punishment. The character of those holy men, in the beautiful phrase of St. Paul, "walked with God."‡

*Splendida peccata.*

† Rom. vii. 13.

\* 1 Cor. x. 31.

† Psalm c.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

of morality, commend the precepts that means, greater add therefore better course re unreason- to a Pagan

ance of this of Socrates, great philoso- before the entertaining mortality of or no God ; but this I made it my a good hope ed by him." at man the here incul- pher always as, who was much tran- that he could int, and de- genious and in a much t on such a I can scarce pro nobis.'

R 5, 1711.

iii. 124.

RYDEN.

orld the un- of mankind, he dealings set of men assion than ents on great under their r friendship the homage s which are editors: and t, according charged.

I not be un- ss in them- ss into the

I speak of ve it not in assist their ere there is , and merit

y, I believe, of merit and out ninety- nt of ability however, I take up an- though he towards him,

is as unjust in his dealings as he who takes up good of a tradesman without intention or ability to pa him. Of the few of the class which I think fit consider, there are not two in ten who succeed insomuch that I know a man of good sense who put his son to a blacksmith, though an offer was mad him of his being received as a page to a man o quality. There are not more cripples come out o the wars than there are from those great services; some through discontent lose their speech, some their memories, others their senses, or their lives; and I seldom see a man thoroughly discontented, but I conclude he has had the favour of some great man. I have known of such as have been for twenty years together within a month of a good employment, but never arrived at the happiness of being possessed of any thing.

There is nothing more ordinary, than that a man, who has got into a considerable station, shall immediately alter his manner of treating all his friends, and from that moment he is to deal with you as if he were your fate. You are no longer to be consulted, even in matters which concern yourself; but your patron is of a species above you, and a free communication with you is not to be expected. This, perhaps, may be your condition all the while he bears office; and when that is at an end, you are as intimate as ever you were, and he will take it very ill if you keep the distance he prescribed you towards him in his grandeur. One would think this should be a behaviour a man could fall into with the worst grace imaginable; but they who know the world have seen it more than once. I have often, with secret pity, heard the same man who has professed his abhorrence against all kind of passive behaviour, lose minutes, hours, days, and years, in a fruitless attendance on one who had no inclination to befriend him. It is very much to be regretted, that the great have one particular privilege above the rest of the world, of being slow in receiving impressions of kindness, and quick in taking offence. The elevation above the rest of mankind, except in very great minds, makes men so giddy, that they do not see after the same manner they did before. Thus they despise their old friends, and strive to extend their interests to new pretenders. By this\* means it often happens, that when you come to know how you lost such an employment, you will find the man who got it never dreamed of it; but, forsooth, he was to be surprised into it, or perhaps solicited to receive it. Upon such occasions as these a man may perhaps grow out of humour. If you are so, all mankind will fall in with the patron, and you are a humourist and untractable if you are capable of being sour at a disappointment: but it is the same thing whether you do or do not resent ill-usage, you will be used after the same manner; as some good mothers will be sure to whip their children till they cry, and then whip them for crying.

There are but two ways of doing any thing with great people, and those are by making yourself either considerable or agreeable. The former is not to be attained but by finding a way to live without them, or concealing that you want them; the latter is only by falling into their taste and pleasures. This is, of all the employments in the world the most servile, except it happens to be of your own natural humour. For to be agreeable to another, especially if he be above you, is not to be pos

\* These.

of such qualities and accomplishments as render you agreeable in yourself, but such as are agreeable in respect to him. An imitation of his faults, or a compliance, if not subservient to his vices, must be the measure of your

it comes to that, the unnatural state a man when his patron pleases, is ended; and his d complaisance are objected to him, though who rejects him for his vices was not only mer, but seducer. Thus the client (like a woman who has given up the innocence which er charming) has not only lost his time, but virtue which could render him capable of the injury which is done him.

ould be endless to recount the tricks of turn-off from themselves to persons who have er to serve you, the art of being sorry for an unaccountable accident in your behaviour, h a one (who, perhaps, has never heard of poses your advancement; and if you have ing more than ordinary in you, you are I with a whisper, that it is no wonder people low in doing for a man of your talents, and

all this treatment, I must still add the test insolence of all, which I have once seen; to wit, that when a silly rogue has away one part in three of his life in unprofit- tendance, it is taken wonderfully ill that he ws, and is resolved to employ the rest for

n we consider these things, and reflect upon y honest natures (which one, who makes ob- n of what passes, may have seen) that have fed by such sort of applications, it is too me- y a scene to dwell upon; therefore I shall nother opportunity to discourse of good and distinguish such as have done their those who have depended upon them, and able to act without their favour. Worthy are like Plato's Guardian Angels, who are doing good to their wards; but negligent are like Epicurus's gods, that lie lolling on uds, and, instead of blessings, pour down and tempests on the heads of those that are incense to them.\*

## 15.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1711.

Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes  
Emollit mores, nec sinit esse feros.

OVID, de Ponto, II. ix. 47.

Ingenuous arts, where they an entrance find,  
Softens the manners, and subdues the mind.

SIDER a human soul without education like in the quarry, which shows none of its in- eanties, until the skill of the polisher fetches colours, makes the surface shine, and dis- every ornamental cloud, spot, and vein that ough the body of it. Education, after the anner, when it works upon a noble mind, et to view every latent virtue and perfection, rithout such helps are never able to make pearance.

reader will give me leave to change the al- o soon upon him, I shall make use of the stance to illustrate the force of education,

Spectator has not justly represented here the gods of they were supposed to be indolent and uninterested ains of men, but not malignant or cruel beings.

which Aristotle has br of substantial forms, lies hid in a block of the statuary only clea- ter, and removes the stone, the sculptor on- to a block of marble, The philosopher, the the good, or the great concealed in a plebeian might have disinterred I am, therefore, much accounts of savage na- those virtues which a see courage exerting in obstinacy, wisdom in- ness and despair.

Men's passions open different kinds of ac- more or less rectified a one hears of negroes, masters, or upon chang- selves upon the next t in our American plan- miring their fidelity, t dreadful a manner? greatness of soul w wretches on many oc- rightly cultivated? A there be for the conte- part of our species? t upon the common foot- only set an insignifi- murders them; nay, t us lies, cut them off fr in another world as w that which we look u attaining it?

Since I am engaged bear mentioning a sto- and which is so well at of reason to suspect t a kind of wild tragedy ago at St. Christopher islands. The negroes- cerned in it, were all man, who is now in E

This gentleman, an woman, who was look- nary beauty by those- had at the same time- likewise negroes and comeliness of their pe- which they bore to or happened that both of male negro above met- very glad to have tak- band, provided they w- which should be the- passionately in love v- would think of givin- the same time were- neither of them would- his friend's consent- lovers were the discou- belonged, who could- strange complication- the hearts of the poo- expressions of the un- how impossible it was- happy.

After a long struggl



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

No. 216.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1711

ok a walk to-  
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g person, ran  
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her, kissing  
beating their  
and despair  
nily with the  
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two negroes  
given them-

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he minds of  
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h the action  
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y would do  
ut my pub-  
nt instance  
.—C.

*Siquidem hercle possis, nil prius, neque fortius.  
Verum si incipies, neque perficies naviter.  
Atque, ubi pati non poteris, cum nemo expectet,  
Inflecta pace, ultro ad eam venies, indicans  
Te amare, et ferre non posse: actum est, illeceet,  
Peristi: eludet, ubi te victum senserit.*

TER. EOM. act. 1. sc. 1.

O brave! oh excellent! if you maintain it!  
But if you try, and can't go through with spirit,  
And finding you can't bear it, unaverted,  
Your peace unmade, all of your own accord,  
You come and swear you love, and can't endure it,  
Good night! all's over! ruin'd! and undone!  
She'll jilt you, when she sees you in her power.

COLMAN.

"TO MR. SPECTATOR.

"SIR,

"THIS is to inform you, that Mr. Freeman had no sooner taken coach, but his lady was taken with a terrible fit of the vapours, which it is feared will make her miscarry, if not endanger her life; therefore, dear Sir, if you know of any receipt that is good against this fashionable reigning distemper, be pleased to communicate it for the good of the public, and you will oblige Yours,

"A. NOEWILL."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The uproar was so great as soon as I had read the Spectator concerning Mrs. Freeman, that after many revolutions in her temper, of raging, swooning, railing, fainting, pitying herself, and reviling her husband, upon an accidental coming in of a neighbouring lady (who says she has writ to you also), she had nothing left for it but to fall into a fit. I had the honour to read the paper to her, and have pretty good command of countenance and temper on such occasions; and soon found my historical name to be Tom Meggot in your writings, but concealed myself until I saw how it affected Mrs. Freeman. She looked frequently at her husband, as often at me; and she did not tremble as she filled tea, until she came to the circumstance of Armstrong's writing out a piece of Tully for an opera tune. Then she burst out, she was exposed, she was deceived, she was wronged and abused. The tea-cup was thrown into the fire; and without taking vengeance on her spouse, she said to me, that I was a pretending coxcomb, a meddler that knew not what it was to interpose in so nice an affair as between a man and his wife. To which Mr. Freeman: 'Madam, were I less fond of you than I am, I should not have taken this way of writing to the Spectator to inform a woman, whom God and nature has placed under my direction, with what I request of her; but since you are so indiscreet as not to take the hint which I gave you in that paper, I must tell you, Madam, in so many words, that you have for a long and tedious space of time acted a part unsuitable to the sense you ought to have of the subordination in which you are placed. And I must acquaint you, once for all, that the fellow without'—'Ha, Tom!'—(here the footman entered and answered, Madam) 'Sirrah, don't you know my voice? Look upon me when I speak to you.'—'I say, Madam, this fellow here is to know of me myself, whether I am at leisure to see company or not. I am from this hour master of this house; and my business in it, and every where else, is to behave myself in such a manner, as it shall be hereafter an honour to you to bear my name; and your pride that you are the delight, the darling, and ornament of a man of honour, useful and esteemed by his friends; and I no longer one that has buried

merit in the world, in compliance to a froward  
which has grown upon an agreeable woman  
indulgence." Mr. Freeman ended this with  
earnestness in his aspect, and a downcast eye,  
showed he was extremely moved at the  
he saw her in; for she sat swelling with  
and her eyes firmly fixed on the fire; when  
he would lose all again, took upon me to  
her out of that amiable sorrow she was in,  
upon me; upon which I said very seasonably  
friend, that indeed Mr. Freeman was become  
amon talk of the town; and that nothing was  
a jest, as when it was said in company, Mr.  
an had promised to come to such a place.  
which the good lady turned her softness into  
ght rage, and threw the scalding tea-kettle  
our humble servant, flew into the middle of  
me, and cried out she was the unfortunatest  
women. Others kept family dissatisfactions  
rs of privacy and retirement. No apology  
be made to her, no expedient to be found, no  
s manner of breaking what was amiss in her;  
the world was to be acquainted with her  
without the least admonition. Mr. Freeman  
ug to make a softening speech, but I inter-  
"Look you, Madam, I have nothing to say  
matter, but you ought to consider you are  
st a chicken; this humour, which was well  
in a girl, is insufferable in one of your mo-  
character." With that she lost all patience,  
w directly at her husband's periwig. I got  
my arms, and defended my friend; he  
signs at the same time that it was too much;  
oning, nodding, and frowning over her  
t, that he was lost if he did not persist. In  
aner we flew round and round the room in  
ent, until the lady I spoke of above and  
entered; upon which she fell upon the  
breathless. I still kept up my friend: but  
a very silly air, bid them bring the coach  
oor, and we went off; I being forced to bid  
shman drive on. We were no sooner come  
edgings, but all his wife's relations came to  
after him; and Mrs. Freeman's mother  
ote, wherein she thought never to have seen  
; and so forth.

a word, Sir, I am afraid we are upon a  
we have no talents for; and I can observe al-  
my friend looks upon me rather as a man  
ows a weakness of him that he is ashamed of,  
s who has rescued him from slavery. Mr.  
or, I am but a young fellow, and if Mr.  
a submits, I shall be looked upon as an in-  
y, and never get a wife as long as I breathe.  
indeed sent word home he shall lie at  
ead to-night; but I believe fear of the first  
ter this rupture has too great a place in this  
on. Mrs. Freeman has a very pretty sister;  
I delivered him up, and artiled with her  
for her bringing him home. If he has not  
to stand it (you are a great casuist), is it  
ill thing to bring myself off as well as I can?  
akes me doubt my man is, that I find he  
reasonable to expostulate at least with her?  
tain Sentry will tell you, if you let your  
e disputed, you are no longer a commander.  
you could advise me how to get clear of this  
handsomely.

"Yours,

"TOM MEGGOT."

No. 217.] THURSDAY

—Tune for  
Et pariter toto re

Then unrestrain  
Th' assembled G

I SHALL entertain  
letters from my corre-  
is the description of  
inary I cannot deter-  
that the writer of it, a  
kind of nocturnal  
Whether this be so or  
to the amendment of  
represented in it, and  
enough in the world.

"MRS. SPECTATOR

"In some of your  
to give the public a ve-  
clubs and nocturnal a-  
of a society which has  
I mean a club of S-  
hackney-coach, and m-  
upper-chamber, which  
purpose; our landlors  
people, constantly con-  
club-night. We are  
we throw off all the  
with which our sex are  
in public places. I  
pleasure we enjoy from  
morning, in being as  
your lives. As our p-  
mediately filled with  
lappets, or head-dresse-  
and working-aprons.  
first, that besides the  
there is one which sta-  
our dead men, for so v-  
tatters with which the  
we pack up together i-  
aforesaid coach. It is  
meet the next night  
where every one is to  
from this confused bun-  
ribands. I have hith-  
our diversion on ordin-  
quaint you further, the  
a prude, that is, we ge-  
in among us, and unra-  
month's prude was so  
bone and buckram, the  
at her; but you would  
have seen how the sob-  
she was forced out of  
Sir, it is impossible to  
sport, unless you wou-  
us; and though it be  
our society to admit a  
much confidence in y-  
that it was agreed by  
meeting, to give you  
Spectator.

"I am

"P. S. We shall den-

Though I thank Ki-  
at present find in mys-  
my person with her at  
I should regard my

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

Bona Dea,  
as much as  
gentleman,  
to endure  
ay perhaps  
given me,  
ator; in the  
n words:

h a young  
lts, which,  
ess, I know  
quaint her  
, and good-  
or has no  
agreed to  
fter our re-  
ew herself  
re a large  
weat. She  
ched; and  
something  
th a basket  
ry greedily,  
her more.  
er I see her  
s not want  
y; if not, I  
hich shock  
will appear

urs," &c.  
ident whom  
he account

ranquillity,  
n old maid:  
n all that  
to contract  
your rail-  
n say with

spare your  
what is ridi-  
least one

nt,  
Frost."

cannot help  
character of  
I have no  
characters.

vant,  
"A. B."

9, 1711.

to.  
p. xvii. 68.

where.  
POOLEY.

way is, to  
dgate; and  
nsible men

were talking of the Spectator. One said, he had that morning drawn the great benefit ticket; another wished he had; but a third shook his head and said, It was a pity that the writer of that paper was such a sort of man, that it was no great matter whether he had it or no. He is, it seems, said the good man, the most extravagant creature in the world; has run through vast sums, and yet been in continual want: a man, for all he talks so well of economy, unfit for any of the offices of life by reason of his profuseness. It would be an unhappy thing to be his wife, his child, or his friend; and yet he talks as well of those duties of life as any one. Much reflection has brought me to so easy a contempt for every thing which is false, that this heavy accusation gave me no manner of uneasiness; but at the same time it threw me into deep thought upon the subject of fame in general; and I could not but pity such as were so weak, as to value what the common people say out of their own talkative temper to the advantage or diminution of those whom they mention, without being moved either by malice or good-will. It will be too long to expatiate upon the sense all mankind have of fame, and the inexpressible pleasure which there is in the approbation of worthy men, to all who are capable of worthy actions; but methinks one may divide the general word fame, into three different species, as it regards the different orders of mankind who have any thing to do with it. Fame therefore may be divided into glory, which respects the hero; reputation, which is preserved by every gentleman; and credit, which must be supported by every tradesman. These possessions in fame are dearer than life to those characters of men, or rather are the life of these characters. Glory, while the hero pursues great and noble enterprises, is impregnable; and all the assaults of his renown do but show their pain and impatience of its brightness, without throwing the least shade upon it. If the foundation of a high name be virtue and service, all that is offered against it is but rumour, which is too short-lived to stand up in competition with glory, which is everlasting.

Reputation, which is the portion of every man who would live with the elegant and knowing part of mankind, is as stable as glory, if it be as well founded; and the common cause of human society is thought concerned when we hear a man of good behaviour calumniated. Besides which, according to a prevailing custom among us, every man has his defence in his own arm; and reproach is soon checked, put out of countenance, and overtaken by disgrace.

The most unhappy of all men, and the most exposed to the malignity or wantonness of the common voice, is the trader. Credit is undone in whispers. The tradesman's wound is received from one who is more private and more cruel than the ruffian with the lantern and dagger. The manner of repeating a man's name,—As; "Mr. Cash; Oh! do you leave your money at his shop? Why, do you know Mr. Searoom? He is indeed a general merchant." I say, I have seen, from the iteration of a man's name hiding one thought of him, and explaining what you hide, by saying something to his advantage when you speak, a merchant hurt in his credit; and him who, every day he lived, literally added to the value of his native country, undone by one who was only a burden and a blemish to it. Since every body who knows the world is sensible of this great evil, how careful ought a man to be in

language of a merchant? It may possibly be in the power of a very shallow creature to lay the ruin of the best family in the most opulent city; and the more so, the more highly he deserves of his country; that is to say, the further he places his wealth out of his hands, to draw home that of another climate.

In this case an ill word may change plenty into want, and by a rash sentence a free and generous fortune may in a few days be reduced to beggary. How little does a giddy prater imagine, that an idle phrase to the disfavour of a merchant, may be as pernicious in the consequence, as the forgery of a deed to bar an inheritance would be to a gentleman? and stands where it did before a gentleman was humiliated, and the state of a great action is just as it was before calumny was offered to diminish it, if there is time, place, and occasion expected to unravel all that is contrived against those characters; but the trader who is ready only for probable demands upon him, can have no armour against the quisitive, the malicious, and the envious, who are prepared to fill the cry to his dishonour. Fire and sword are slow engines of destruction, in comparison of the babbling in the case of the merchant.

For this reason, I thought it an inimitable piece of humanity of a gentleman of my acquaintance, who had great variety of affairs, and used to talk with warmth enough against gentlemen by whom he thought himself ill dealt with; that he would never let anything be urged against a merchant with whom he had any difference) except in a spirit of justice. He used to say, that to speak ill of a merchant was to begin his suit with judgment and execution. One cannot, I think, say more on this occasion, than to repeat, that the merit of the merchant is above that of all other subjects: for while he is untouched in his credit, his hand-writing is a more portable coin for the service of his fellow-citizens, and his word the gold of Ophir to the country wherein he resides.—T.

o. 219.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 10, 1711.

Vix ea nostra voco.—Ovid, Met. xiii. 141.

These I scarce call our own.

THERE are but few men who are not ambitious of distinguishing themselves in the nation or country where they live, and of growing considerable among those with whom they converse. There is kind of grandeur and respect, which the meanest of most insignificant part of mankind endeavour to procure in the little circle of their friends and acquaintance. The poorest mechanic, nay, the man who lives upon common alms, gets him his set of hairers, and delights in that superiority which he enjoys over those who are in some respects beneath him. This ambition, which is natural to the soul of man, might, methinks, receive a very happy turn; and, if it were rightly directed, contribute as much to a person's advantage, as it generally does to his uneasiness and disquiet.

I shall therefore put together some thoughts on this subject, which I have not met with in other writers; and shall set them down as they have occurred to me, without being at the pains to connect or methodize them.

All superiority and pre-eminence that one man can have over another, may be reduced to the notion of quality, which, considered at large, is either, that of fortune, body, or mind. The first is

that which constitutes the most foreign; the least call our quality. In relation to health, strength, and more so, Quality, as it respects knowledge or wisdom, is essential to us, more than either of the

The quality of reason to value the body or mind, which makes the difference in the world.

As virtue is the source of honour and estimation of some commend men to possess. Holiness to kings; serenity of excellence or perfection in archbishops; honorable behaviour to is of the same in the clergy.

In the foundation of honour are the virtues of the persons in the descendant rather of grandeur of denomination than is frequently lost.

The death-bed is true light. A person under the apprehension; and is asked holiness does? to under the title lies under such as are the disgrace of such a time look than respect.

The truth of under no regular virtue is oppressed last day will receive every one a stable character. Randomness set right.

Methinks we advance ourselves to serve our post in virtue here, that state which is to

Men in Scripture journey upon earth, as well as the same kind of men as an inn, which with accommodation therefore very a rest before we can rather to take care to meet with, than conveniences at above another it.

Epictetus makes which is very to incline us to be Providence has as in a theatre,

in a man is indeed say, he could act as a philosopher, is concerned in is. If it be an in Him who great disposer

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in the little of Solomon, he like tem- pte among the possess- n and noble in the other will produce s. "Then boldness be- n, and made see it they nd shall be tion, so far they repent- t, shall say e had some roach. We is end to be among the saints!"† on of a life the shadows very finely a time, since n of things, ot up in the o enjoy the to surpass and by their r superiority neath them, e in meaner - may better st deference them happy has thought

R 12, 1711.  
n. xii. 228.

or my love?  
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sider the ill-consequence of such a match; you are fifty-five, I twenty-one. You are a man of business, and mightily conversant in arithmetic and making calculations; be pleased therefore to consider what proportion your spirits bear to mine; and when you have made a just estimate of the necessary decay on one side, and the redundancy on the other, you will act accordingly. This perhaps is such language as you may not expect from a young lady; but my happiness is at stake, and I must talk plainly. I mortally hate you; and so, as you and my father agree, you may take me or leave me: but if you will be so good as never to see me more, you will for ever oblige,

"Sir, your most humble Servant,  
"HENRIETTA."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"There are so many artifices and modes of false wit, and such a variety of humour discovers itself among its votaries, that it would be impossible to exhaust so fertile a subject, if you would think fit to resume it. The following instances may, if you think fit, be added by way of appendix to your discourses on that subject.

"That feat of poetical activity mentioned by Horace, of an author who could compose two hundred verses while he stood upon one leg, has been imitated (as I have heard) by a modern writer; who, priding himself on the hurry of his invention, thought it no small addition to his fame to have each piece minuted with the exact number of hours or days it cost him in the composition. He could taste no praise until he had acquainted you in how short space of time he had deserved it; and was not so much led to an ostentation of his art, as of his dispatch:

—Accipe, si vis.  
Accipe jam tabulas: detur nobis locus, hora,  
Custodes: videamus uter plus scribere possit.  
Hos. 1 Sat. iv. 14.

Here's pen and ink, and time, and place: let's try  
Who can write most, and fastest, you or I.—CHARRA.

"This was the whole of his ambition; and therefore I cannot but think the flights of this rapid author very proper to be opposed to those laborious nothings which you have observed were the delight of the German wits, and in which they so happily got rid of such a tedious quantity of their time.

"I have known a gentleman of another turn of humour, who, despising the name of an author, never printed his works, but contracted his talent, and by the help of a very fine diamond which he wore on his little finger, was a considerable poet upon glass. He had a very good epigrammatic wit; and there was not a parlour or tavern window where he visited or dined for some years, which did not receive some sketches or memorials of it. It was his misfortune at last to lose his genius and his ring to a sharper at play, and he has not attempted to make a verse since.

"But of all contractions or expedients for wit, I admire that of an ingenious projector whose book I have seen. This virtuoso being a mathematician has, according to his taste, thrown the art of poetry into a short problem, and contrived tables, by which any one, without knowing a word of grammar or sense, may to his great comfort be able to compose or rather to erect, Latin verses.\* His tables are

\* This is no fiction of the Spectator's, as might naturally be imagined. There was a projector of this kind named John Peter, who published a very thin pamphlet in 8vo entitled *Artificial Verifying, a New Way to make Latin verses*, Lond 1676.

kind of poetical logarithms, which being divided into several squares, and all inscribed with so many incoherent words, appear to the eye somewhat like a fortune-telling screen. What a joy must it be to the unlearned operator to find that these words being carefully collected and writ down in order according to the problem, start of themselves into hexameter and pentameter verses? A friend of mine, who is a student in astrology, meeting with this book, performed the operation, by the rules there set down; he showed his verses to the next of his acquaintance, who happened to understand Latin; and being informed they described a tempest of wind, very luckily prefixed them, together with a translation, to an almanac he was just then printing, and was supposed to have foretold the last great storm.\*

"I think the only improvement beyond this would be that which the late Duke of Buckingham mentioned to a stupid pretender to poetry, as a project of a Dutch mechanic, viz. a mill to make verses. This being the most compendious method of all which have been yet proposed, may deserve the thoughts of our modern virtuosi who are employed in new discoveries for the public good; and it may be worth the while to consider, whether in an island where few are content without being thought wits, it will not be a common benefit, that wit as well as labour should be made cheap.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant," &c.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I often dine at a gentleman's house where there are two young ladies in themselves very agreeable, but very cold in their behaviour, because they understand me for a person that is to 'break my mind,' as the phrase is, very suddenly to one of them. But I take this way to acquaint them that I am not in love with either of them, in hopes they will use me with that agreeable freedom and indifference which they do all the rest of the world, and not to drink to one another only, but sometimes cast a kind look, with their service to,

"Sir, your humble Servant."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young gentleman, and take it for a piece of good-breeding to pull off my hat when I see any thing peculiarly charming in any woman, whether I know her or not. I take care that there is nothing ludicrous or arch in my manner, as if I were to betray a woman into a salutation by way of jest or humour; and yet except I am acquainted with her, I find she ever takes it for a rule, that she is to look upon this civility and homage I pay to her supposed merit, as an impertinence or forwardness which she is to observe and neglect. I wish, Sir, you would settle the business of salutation; and please to inform me how I shall resist the sudden impulse I have to be civil to what gives an idea of merit; or tell these creatures how to behave themselves in return to the esteem I have for them. My affairs are such that your decision will be a favour to me, if it be only to save the unnecessary expense of wearing out my hat so fast as I do at present.

"I am, Sir, yours,

"T. D.

POSTSCRIPT.

"There are some that do know me, and won't bow to me."

\* Viz. November 20, 1703.

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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527, 2d edit.

degree, he preached before the university of Cam-  
bridge, upon the first verse of the first chapter of  
the first book of Chronicles, "in which," says he  
"you have the three following words;

'Adam, Sheth, Enosh.'

He divided this short text into many parts, and by  
discovering several mysteries in each word, made a  
most learned and elaborate discourse. The name  
of this profound preacher was Dr. Alabaster, to  
whom the reader may find a more particular ac-  
count in Dr. Fuller's book of English Worthies.  
This instance will, I hope, convince my readers that  
there may be a great deal of fine writing in the ca-  
pital letters which bring up the rear of my paper,  
and give them some satisfaction in that particular.  
But as for the full explication of these masters, I  
must refer them to time, which discovers all things.

C.

No. 222.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1711.

Cur alter fratrum cessare, et ludere, etungi.

Præferat Herodis palmæ pinguibus.

Hos. 2 Ep. II. 182.

Why, of two brothers, one his pleasure loves.

Prefers his sports to Herod's fragrant groves.—CAMEL.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"THERE is one thing I have often looked for in  
your papers, and have as often wondered to find  
myself disappointed; the rather, because I think it  
a subject every way agreeable to your design, and  
by being left unattempted by others, it seems re-  
served as a proper employment for you; I mean a  
disquisition, from whence it proceeds, that men of  
the brightest parts, and most comprehensive genius,  
completely furnished with talents for any province  
in human affairs; such as by their wise lessons of  
economy to others, have made it evident that they  
have the justest notions of life, and of true sense in  
the conduct of it—; from what unhappy contra-  
dictious cause it proceeds, that persons thus finish-  
ed by nature and by art, should so often fail in the  
management of that which they so well understand  
and want the address to make a right application  
of their own rules. This is certainly a prodigious  
inconsistency in behaviour, and makes much such  
figure in morals, as a monstrous birth in naturals  
with this difference only, which greatly aggravate  
the wonder, that it happens much more frequently  
and what a blemish does it cast upon wit and learn-  
ing in the general account of the world! In how  
disadvantageous a light does it expose them to the  
busy class of mankind, that there should be so  
many instances of persons who have so conducted  
their lives in spite of these transcendent advantages  
as neither to be happy in themselves nor useful to  
their friends; when every body sees it was entire;  
in their own power to be eminent in both these  
characters! For my part, I think there is no re-  
flection more astonishing, than to consider one of  
these gentlemen spending a fair fortune, running  
in every body's debt without the least apprehension  
of a future reckoning, and at last leaving not one  
his own children, but possibly those of other people  
by his means, in starving circumstances; while  
fellow, whom one would scarce suspect to have  
human soul, shall perhaps raise a vast estate out of  
nothing, and be the founder of a family capable of  
being very considerable in their country, and doing  
many illustrious services to it. That this observa-  
tion is just, experience has put beyond all dispute



But though the fact be so evident and glaring, yet the causes of it are still in the dark; which makes me persuade myself, that it would be no unacceptable piece of entertainment to the town, to inquire into the hidden sources of so unaccountable an evil.

"I am, Sir, your most humble Servant."

What this correspondent wonders at, has been matter of admiration ever since there was any such thing as human life. Horace reflects upon this inconsistency very agreeably in the character of Tigellius, whom he makes a mighty pretender to economy, and tells you, you might one day hear him speak the most philosophic things imaginable concerning being contented with a little, and his contempt of every thing but mere necessities; and in half a week after spend a thousand pounds. When he says this of him with relation to expense, he describes him as unequal to himself in every other circumstance of life. Indeed, if we consider lavish men carefully, we shall find it always proceeds from a certain incapacity of possessing themselves, and finding enjoyment in their own minds. Mr. Dryden has expressed this very excellently in the character of Zimri:

A man so various that he seem'd to be  
Not one, but all mankind's epitome.  
Stiff in opinion, always in the wrong,  
Was every thing by starts, and nothing long!  
But in the course of one revolving moon,  
Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon.  
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,  
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking;  
Bless'd madman, who could every hour employ  
In something new to wish, or to enjoy!  
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art,  
Nothing went unrewarded but desert.

This loose state of the soul hurries the extravagant from one pursuit to another; and the reason that his expenses are greater than another's, is, that his wants are also more numerous. But what makes so many go on in this way to their lives' end, is, that they certainly do not know how contemptible they are in the eyes of the rest of mankind, or, rather, that indeed they are not so contemptible as they deserve. Tully says, it is the greatest of wickedness to lessen your paternal estate. And if a man would thoroughly consider how much worse than banishment it must be to his child, to ride by the estate which should have been his, had it not been for his father's injustice to him, he would be smitten with the reflection more deeply than can be understood by any but one who is a father. Sure there can be nothing more afflicting, than to think it had been happier for his son to have been born of any other man living than himself.

It is not perhaps much thought of, but it is certainly a very important lesson, to learn how to enjoy ordinary life, and to be able to relish your being without the transport of some passion, or gratification of some appetite. For want of this capacity, the world is filled with whetters, tipplers, cutters, sippers, and all the numerous train of those who, for want of thinking, are forced to be ever exercising their feeling or tasting. It would be hard on this occasion to mention the harmless smokers of tobacco, and takers of snuff.

The slower part of mankind, whom my correspondent wonders should get estates, are the more immediately formed for that pursuit. They can expect distant things without impatience, because they are not carried out of their way either by violent passion, or keen appetite to any thing. To

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No. 223.] T

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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wonder, that these two finished pieces have never been attempted before by any of our own countrymen. But the truth of it is, the compositions of the ancients, which have not in them any of those unnatural witticisms that are the delight of ordinary readers, are extremely difficult to render into another tongue, so as the beauties of the original may not appear weak and faded in the translation.—C.

No. 224.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1711.

Fulgente trahit constrictos gloria curru  
Non minus ignotos generosa— Hos. 1 Sat. vi. 22  
Chain'd to her shining car, Fame draws along  
With equal whirl the great and vulgar throng.

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable, that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by it. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men, who by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance. But it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious; his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions, abstracted from the views of popular applause, be to a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes: so that we may account for many of the excellences and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable: for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition, or a corrupt mind. It does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or a weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind, or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition therefore is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours in constitutions, otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted, but that there is as great a desire of glory in a wring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it, would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr. Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman

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empire, would, in all probability, have made an excellent wrestler :

Great Julius, on the mountains bred,  
A flock perhaps or herd had led ;  
He that the world subdu'd, had been  
But the best wrestler on the green.

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge ; had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since therefore no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature, which being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes man with a general appetite of glory, education determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances, which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable ; for any thing glaring and particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses ; with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature ; for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest ; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood ; I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good-nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature ;

it renders the husband, a miser ; it is more to the absurd passion of affection of the passions, contrary to the reason it will not be decencies of himself poor, contradicting his they are the being refined passions. It of the secret dignity, all the unfelt when he succeeds near enough the daubing himself out away the real retirement.

It may be a man not to ever to quit again with a little moved fears, there in an unknown story, sessed himself turned upon spirits in the to remain aiming at a downwards, by some low off the top it to grow up grow, but w man indeed narrow view applause of solid content deserves to but he who mind is so of his count praise which and values seconded by mind ; who Providence would will means to a such a man it is a virtue deavour that to his will.

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness: the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little, mean, ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them. Cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon. Cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers the minutest objects which are near at hand, but is not able to discern things at a distance. Discretion, the more it is discovered, gives a greater authority to the person who possesses it. Cunning, when it is once detected, loses its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even those events which he might have done, had he passed only for a plain man. Discretion is the perfection of reason, and a guide to us in all the duties of life: cunning is a kind of instinct, that only looks out after our immediate interests and welfare. Discretion is only found in men of strong sense and good understandings: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themselves, and in persons who are but the fewest removes from them. In short, cunning is only the mimic of discretion, and may pass upon weak men, in the same manner as vivacity is often mistaken for wit, and gravity for wisdom.

The cast of mind which is natural to a discreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and consider what will be his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is at present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being at so great distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supersedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality,



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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R 20, 1711.

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that if he should escape with life he knows his mis-  
tress would be pleased with it: which is, according  
to our interpretation, that she would rejoice any  
way to get rid of a lover who was so troublesome  
to her.

After this short preface, I shall present my reader  
with some letters which I have received upon this  
subject. The first is sent me by a physician.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The lover's leap, which you mention in your  
223rd paper, was generally, I believe, a very effect-  
ual cure for love, and not only for love, but for all  
other evils. In short, Sir, I am afraid it was such  
a leap as that which Hero took to get rid of her  
passion for Leander. A man is in no danger of  
breaking his heart, who breaks his neck to prevent  
it. I know very well the wonders which ancient  
authors relate concerning this leap; and in parti-  
cular, that very many persons who tried it, escaped  
not only with their lives but their limbs. If by this  
means they got rid of their love, though it may in  
part be ascribed to the reasons you give for it; why  
may not we suppose that the cold bath, into which  
they plunged themselves, had also some share in  
their cure? A leap into the sea, or into any creek  
of salt waters, very often gives a new motion to the  
spirits, and a new turn to the blood; for which  
reason we prescribe it in distempers which no other  
medicine will reach. I could produce a quotation  
out of a very venerable author, in which the frenzy  
produced by love is compared to that which is pro-  
duced by the biting of a mad dog. But as this  
comparison is a little too coarse for your paper, and  
might look as if it were cited to ridicule the author  
who has made use of it, I shall only hint at it; and  
desire you to consider whether, if the frenzy pro-  
duced by these two different causes be of the same  
nature, it may not very properly be cured by the  
same means.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant, and Well-wisher,  
"ÆSCULAPIUS."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young woman crossed in love. My stor-  
is very long and melancholy. To give you the  
heads of it:—A young gentleman, after having  
made his applications to me for three years together  
and filled my head with a thousand dreams of hap-  
piness, some few days since married another. Pray  
tell me in what part of the world your promontory  
lies, which you call The Lover's Leap, and wheth-  
er one may go to it by land? But, alas! I am afraid  
it has lost its virtue, and that a woman of our time  
would find no more relief in taking such a leap  
than in singing a hymn to Venus. So that I must  
cry out with Dido in Dryden's Virgil:

Ah! cruel heav'n, that made no cure for love!"

"Your disconsolate Servant,

"ATHENALS."

"MISTER SPICATUR,

"My heart is so full of loves and passions for  
Mrs. Gwinifrid, and she is so pettish and overruled  
with cholers against me, that if I had the good hap-  
piness to have my dwelling (which is placed by a  
great grandfather upon the bottom of a hill) no far-  
ther distance but twenty mile from the Lover's  
Leap, I would indeed endeavour to break my neck  
upon it on purpose. Now, good Mister Spicatur  
of Crete Britain you must know it there is in Cas-  
sarvonshire a very pig mountain, the glory of



Wales, which is named Penmainmaure, and you must also know, it is no great journey on foot from me; but the road is stony and bad for shoes. Now there is upon the forehead of this mountain a very high rock (like a parish steeple), that cometh a huge deal over the sea; so when I am in my melancholies, and I do throw myself from it, I do desire my very good friend to tell me in his Spicatur, if I shall be cure of my grievous lofes; for there is the sea clear as glass, and as green as a leek. Then likewise if I be drown and preak my neck, if Mrs. Gwinifrid will not lose me afterward. Pray be speedy in your answers, for I am in crete haste, and it is my tesires to do any busness without loss of time. I remain with cordial affections, your ever loving friend,

" DAVYD AP SHENKYN.

"P. S. My law-suits have brought me to London, but I have lost my causes; and so have made my resolutions to go down and leap before the frosts begin: for I am apt to take colds."

Ridicule, perhaps, is a better expedient against love than sober advice, and I am of opinion that Hudibras and Don Quixote may be as effectual to cure the extravagances of this passion, as any of the old philosophers. I shall therefore publish very speedily the translation of a little Greek manuscript, which is sent me by a learned friend. It appears to have been a piece of those records which were kept in the little temple of Apollo, that stood upon the promontory of Leucate. The reader will find it to be a summary account of several persons who tried the lover's leap, and of the success they found in it. As there seem to be in it some anachronisms, and deviations from the ancient orthography, I am not wholly satisfied myself that it is authentic, and not rather the production of one of those Grecian sophists, who have imposed upon the world several spurious works of this nature. I speak this by way of precaution, because I know there are several writers of uncommon erudition, who would not fail to expose my ignorance, if they caught me tripping in a matter of so great moment.—C.

No. 228.] WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1711.

Percunctatorem fugito, nam garrulus idem est.  
HOR. 1 Ep. xviii. 69.

Th' inquisitive will blab; from such refrain:  
Their leaky ears no secret can retain.—SHARP.

THERE is a creature who has all the organs of speech, a tolerably good capacity for conceiving what is said to it, together with a pretty proper behaviour in all the occurrences of common life; but naturally very vacant of thought in itself, and therefore forced to apply itself to foreign assistances. Of this make is that man who is very inquisitive. You may often observe, that though he speaks as good sense as any man upon any thing with which he is well acquainted, he cannot trust to the range of his own fancy to entertain himself upon that foundation, but goes on still to new inquiries. Thus, though you know he is fit for the most polite conversation, you shall see him very well contented to sit by a jockey, giving an account of the many revolutions in his horse's health, what potion he made him take, how that agreed with him, how afterward he came to his stomach and his exercise, or any the like impertinence; and be as well pleased as if you talked to him on the most important truths. This

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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you, since as you are silent yourself, you are most open to the insults of the noisy.

“I am, Sir, &c.

“W. B.”

“I had almost forgot to inform you, that as an improvement in this instrument, there will be a particular note, which I shall call a hush-note; and this is to be made use of against a long story, swearing, obscenity, and the like.” T

No. 229.] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1711.

—Spirat adhuc amor,

Vivuntque commissa calores

Æolus fidibus puella.—HOR. 4 Od. ix. 4

Nor Sappho's amorous flames decay;

Her living songs preserve their charming art,

Her verse still breathes the passions of her heart.

FRANCH.

AMONG the many famous pieces of antiquity which are still to be seen at Rome, there is the trunk of a statue which has lost the arms, legs, and head; but discovers such an exquisite workmanship in what remains of it, that Michael Angelo declared he had learned his whole art from it. Indeed he studied it so attentively, that he made most of his statues, and even his pictures, in that gusto, to make use of the Italian phrase; for which reason this maimed statue is still called Michael Angelo's school.

A fragment of Sappho, which I design for the subject of this paper, is in as great reputation among the poets and critics, as the mutilated figure above mentioned is among the statuaries and painters. Several of our countrymen, and Mr. Dryden in particular, seem very often to have copied after it in their dramatic writings, and in their poems upon love.

Whatever might have been the occasion of this ode, the English reader will enter into the beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the person of a lover sitting by his mistress. I shall set to view three different copies of this beautiful original; the first is a translation by Catullus, the second by Monsieur Boileau, and the last by a gentleman whose translation of the Hymn to Venus has been so deservedly admired.\*

## AD LESBIAM.

Ille mi par esse deo videtur,

Ille, si fas est, superare divos,

Qui sedens adversus identidem te

Spectat, et audit.

Dulce ridentem: misero quod omnis

Eripit sensus mihi: nam simul te

Lesbia, adspexi, nihil est super mi.

Quod loquer amena.

Lingua sed torpet: tenues sub aribus

Flamma dimanat: sonitu suapte

Tinniant aures: gemina teguntur

lamina nocte.

My learned reader will know very well the reason why one of these verses is printed in Italic letters; and if he compares this translation with the original, will find that the three first stanzas are rendered almost word for word, and not only with the same elegance, but with the same short turn of expression which is so remarkable in the Greek, and

\* Ambrose Philips.

† It is wanting in the old copies, and has been supplied, conjecture as above. But in a curious edition of Catullus, published at Venice in 1738, said to be printed from an ancient newly discovered, this line is given thus:—“Vocis loquenda

so peculiar to the Sapphic ode. I cannot imagine for what reason Madam Dacier has told us, that this ode of Sappho is preserved entire in Longinus, since it is manifest to any one who looks into that author's quotation of it, that there must at least have been another stanza, which is not transmitted to us.

The second translation of this fragment which I shall here cite, is that of Monsieur Boileau.

Heureux ! qui pres de toi, pour toi seule soupire :  
Qui jouit du plaisir de t'entendre parler :  
Qui te voit quelquefois doucement lui sourire :  
Les dieux, dans son bonheur, peuvent-ils l'égaler ?

Je sens de veine en veine une subtile flamme  
Courir par tout mon corps, si-tôt que je le vois :  
Et dans les doux transports, ou s'égare mon ame,  
Je ne saurois trouver de langue, ni de voix.

Un image confus se repand sur ma vue,  
Je n'entens plus, je tombe en de douces langueurs ;  
Et pale, sans haleine, interdite, esperdue,  
Un frisson me saisit, je tremble, je me meurs.

The reader will see that this is rather an imitation than a translation. The circumstances do not lie so thick together and follow one another with that vehemence and emotion as in the original. In short, Monsieur Boileau has given us all the poetry, but not all the passion of this famous fragment. I shall, in the last place, present my reader with the English translation.

Blest as th' immortal gods is he,  
The youth who fondly sits by thee,  
And hears and sees thee all the while  
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,  
And raised such tumults in my breast ;  
For while I gaz'd in transport lost,  
My breath was gone, my voice was lost :

My bosom glow'd ; the subtle flame  
Ran quick through all my vital frame ;  
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung ;  
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd ;  
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd ;  
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;  
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

Instead of giving any character of this last translation, I shall desire my learned reader to look into the criticisms which Longinus has made upon the original. By that means he will know to which of the translations he ought to give the preference. I shall only add, that this translation is written in the very spirit of Sappho, and as near the Greek as the genius of our language will possibly suffer.

Longinus has observed, that this description of love in Sappho is an exact copy of nature, and that all the circumstances, which follow one another in such a hurry of sentiments, notwithstanding they appear repugnant to each other, are really such as happen in the frenzies of love.

I wonder that not one of the critics or editors, through whose hands this ode has passed, has taken occasion from it to mention a circumstance related by Phtarch. That author, in the famous story of Antiochus, who fell in love with Stratonice, his mother-in-law, and (not daring to discover his passion) pretended to be confined to his bed by sickness, tells us, that Erasistratus, the physician, found out the nature of his distemper by those symptoms of love which he had learnt from Sappho's writings. Stratonice was in the room of the love-sick prince, when these symptoms discovered themselves to his physician ; and it is probable that they were not very

different from a lover sitting ; and that Antiochus is so weak of it, which has

No. 230.]

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ings of their imagination daily brighten into sense,  
their innocence improve into virtue, and their un-  
experienced good nature directed to a generous  
love of their country. I am," &c.

T.

No. 231.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1711.

O pudor! O pietas! —MART. viii. 78.

O modesty! O piety!

LOOKING over the letters which I have lately  
received from my correspondents, I met with the  
following one, which is written with such a spirit  
of politeness, that I could not but be very much  
pleased with it myself, and question not but it will  
be as acceptable to the reader.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You, who are no stranger to public assemblies,  
cannot but have observed the awe they often strike  
on such as are obliged to exert any talent before  
them. This is a sort of elegant distress, to which  
ingenuous minds are the most liable, and may there-  
fore deserve some remarks in your paper. Many a  
brave fellow, who has put his enemy to flight in the  
field, has been in the utmost disorder upon making  
a speech before a body of his friends at home. One  
would think there was some kind of fascination in  
the eyes of a large circle of people, when darting  
all together upon one person. I have seen a new  
actor in a tragedy so bound up by it as to be scarce  
able to speak or move, and have expected he would  
have died above three acts before the dagger or cup  
of poison were brought in. It would not be amiss,  
if such a one were at first introduced as a ghost or  
statue, until he recovered his spirits, and grew fit  
for some living part.

"As this sudden desertion of one's self shows a  
diffidence, which is not displeasing, it implies at  
the same time the greatest respect to an audience  
that can be. It is a sort of mute eloquence, which  
pleads for their favour much better than words could  
do; and we find their generosity naturally moved  
to support those who are in so much perplexity to  
entertain them. I was extremely pleased with a  
late instance of this kind at the opera of *Almahide*,  
in the encouragement given to a young singer,\*  
whose more than ordinary concern on her first ap-  
pearance, recommended her no less than her agree-  
able voice and just performance. Mere bashfulness  
without merit is awkward; and merit without mo-  
desty insolent. But modest merit has a double  
claim to acceptance, and generally meets with as  
many patrons as beholders.

"I am," &c.

It is impossible that a person should exert himself  
to advantage in an assembly, whether it be his part  
either to sing or speak, who lies under too great  
oppressions of modesty. I remember, upon talking  
with a friend of mine concerning the force of pro-  
nunciation, our discourse led us into the enumera-  
tion of the several organs of speech which an orator  
ought to have in perfection, as the tongue, the teeth,  
the lips, the nose, the palate, and the wind-pipe:  
Upon which, says my friend, "You have omitted

\* Mrs. Barbier. See a curious account of this lady, in Mr  
John Hawkins's History of Music, vol. v. p. 154.

most material organ of them all, and that is the rebeck."

But notwithstanding an excess of modesty obstructs the tongue and renders it unfit for its office, the proportion of it is thought so requisite to an orator, that rhetoricians have recommended it to their disciples as a particular in their art. Cicero tells us that he never liked an orator who did not appear in some little confusion at the beginning of his speech, and confesses that he himself never entered upon an oration without trembling and confusion. It is indeed a kind of deference which is due to a great assembly, and seldom fails to raise a benevolence in the audience towards the person who speaks. My correspondent has taken notice that the bravest men often appear timorous on these occasions, as indeed we may observe, that there is generally no creature more impudent than a coward:

—Lingua melior, sed frigida bello  
Dextera— Vire. Æn. xi. 328.

—Bold at the council-board;  
But cautious in the field he shrunk the sword.

DRYDEN.

A bold tongue and a feeble arm are the qualifications of Drances in Virgil; as Homer, to express a man both timorous and saucy, makes use of a kind of point, which is very rarely to be met with in his writings, namely, that he had the eyes of a dog, and the heart of a deer.\*

A just and reasonable modesty does not only recommend eloquence, but sets off every great talent which a man can be possessed of. It heightens all his virtues which it accompanies; like the shades in paintings, it raises and rounds every figure, and makes the colours more beautiful, though not so bright as they would be without it.

Modesty is not only an ornament, but also a guard to virtue. It is a kind of quick and delicate lining in the soul which makes her shrink and withdraw herself from every thing that has danger about it. It is such an exquisite sensibility, as warns her to shun the first appearance of every thing which is hurtful.

I cannot at present recollect either the place or time of what I am going to mention; but I have it somewhere in the history of ancient Greece, that the women of the country were seized with an insupportable melancholy, which disposed several of them to make away with themselves. The senate, after having tried many expedients to prevent this disorder, which was so frequent among them, published an edict, that if any woman whatever should lay violent hands upon herself, her corpse should be exposed naked in the street, and dragged out the city in the most public manner. This immediately put a stop to the practice which was before so common. We may see in this instance the strength of female modesty which was able to overcome even the violence of madness and despair. The fear of shame in the fair sex was in our days more prevalent than that of death.

Modesty has so great an influence over our actions, and is in many cases so impregnable a fence to virtue: what can more undermine morality than dissimulation which reigns among the unthinking part of mankind, and treats as unfashionable the most innocent part of our behaviour; which represents impudence as good-breeding, and keeps us always in countenance, not because we are not ashamed, but because we are shameless?

\* Æn. i. 285.

Seneca thought that he prescribed and advises us to use modesty on ordinary occasions, themselves; for that when we are in solitude, we should be as we are, and see every thing as it is, without banish modesty from our minds with her half the modesty.

After these reflections, I must observe which justly deserves those persons who sell themselves most upon happens when a reason, and would be surprised at the performance of which an impudent liberal a serious discourse his head after had Decency of behaviour and abhorrence of this set of shame parade their gaiety them to dishonour spirit, such a desperate abject state of nature incapable instances of it in.

There is another makes a man ashamed of his profession, his pride which it was not in his power to resist by any of the he becomes much more than a recompense for them. occasion to exert a imperfections which imperfections which perfection of an eminent who, because his feet with laurels.

No. 232.] MODESTY.

Nihil largiunde gloriæ  
By bestowing nothing

My wise and good divides himself all the country. His public, and the manner, and after every manner, he retires a few miles of the his family, and he sure, or rather, he commend each other so quick a vicissitude or takes possession of the whole, he should be him at our club is too with an air of country retreat a companion as I dom fail to make to invite me.

The other day, in a chariot, two or three

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are such as  
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l worse fed.  
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tomers, and  
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of the gen-

who live by  
age beggars.  
e product of  
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e hire them  
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part of the price of every thing that is useful; and if in proportion with the wages the prices of all other things should be abated, every labourer with less wages would still be able to purchase as many necessities of life; where then would be the inconvenience? But the price of labour may be reduced by the addition of more hands to a manufacture, and yet the wages of persons remain as high as ever. The admirable Sir William Petty has given examples of this in some of his writings: one of them, as I remember, is that of a watch, which I shall endeavour to explain so as shall suit my present purpose. It is certain that a single watch could not be made so cheap in proportion by only one man, as a hundred watches by a hundred; for as there is vast variety in the work, no one person could equally suit himself to all the parts of it; the manufacture would be tedious, and at last but clumsily performed. But if a hundred watches were to be made by a hundred men, the cases may be assigned to one, the dials to another, the wheels to another, the springs to another, and every other part to a proper artist. As there would be no need of perplexing any one person with too much variety, every one would be able to perform his single part with greater skill and expedition; and the hundred watches would be finished in one fourth part of the time of the first one, and every one of them at one-fourth part of the cost, though the wages of every man were equal. The reduction of the price of the manufacture would increase the demand of it; all the same hands would be still employed, and as well paid. The same rule will hold in the clothing, the shipping, and all other trades whatsoever. And thus an addition of hands to our manufactures will only reduce the price of them; the labourer will still have as much wages, and will consequently be enabled to purchase more conveniences of life; so that every interest in the nation would receive a benefit from the increase of our working people.

"Besides, I see no occasion for this charity to common beggars, since every beggar is an inhabitant of a parish, and every parish is taxed to the maintenance of their own poor. For my own part I cannot be mightily pleased with the laws which have done this, which have provided better to feed than employ the poor. We have a tradition from our forefathers, that after the first of those laws was made, they were insulted with that famous song;

Hang sorrow and cast away care,  
The parish is bound to find us, &c.

And if we will be so good-natured as to maintain them without work, they can do no less in return than sing us 'The merry Beggars.'

"What then? Am I against all acts of charity? God forbid! I know of no virtue in the Gospel that is in more pathetic expressions recommended to our practice. 'I was hungry, and ye gave me no meat; thirsty, and ye gave me no drink; naked, and ye clothed me not; a stranger, and ye took me not in; sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.' Our blessed Saviour treats the exercise and neglect of charity towards a poor man, as the performance or breach of this duty towards himself. I shall endeavour to obey the will of my Lord and Master; and therefore if an industrious man shall submit to the hardest labour and coarsest fare, rather than endure the shame of taking relief from the parish, or asking it in the street, this is the hungry, the thirsty, the naked; and I ought to believe, if any man is come hither for shelter against persecution or oppression, this is the stranger, and I ought to take him in. If

man of our own is fallen into the hands and lives in a state of miserable captivity, and in prison; and I should contribute to

I ought to give to an hospital of in-covers as many useful subjects as I can; bestow none of my bounties upon an of idle people; and for the same reason of think it a reproach to me if I had charity from those common beggars. scribe better rules than we are able to e are ashamed not to give into the mis-uns of our country: but at the same time, it think it a reproach worse than that of earing, that the idle and the abandoned in the name of Heaven and all that is xfort from Christian and tender minds a profligate way of life, that is always to d, but never relieved."—Z.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1711.

equam hac sint nostri medicina furoris,  
is ille malis hominum mitescere discat.

VING. ECL. x. v. 60.

these my sufferings I could ease;  
my pains the god of love appease.—DRYDEN.

in this paper discharge myself of the ave made to the public, by obliging them anslation of the little Greek manuscript, id to have been a piece of those records reserved in the temple of Apollo, upon tory of Leucate. It is a short history of Leap, and is inscribed, An account of le and female, who offered up their vows de of the Pythian Apollo in the forty piad, and leaped from the promontory of o the Ionian sea; in order to cure them passion of love.

unt is very dry in many parts, as only the name of the lover who leaped, theaped for, and relating in short, that heured, or killed, or maimed, by the fall. ives the names of so many, who died by ould have looked like a bill of mortality, lated it at full length; I have therefore ridgment of it, and only extracted such assages as have something extraordinary, e case or in the cure, or in the fate of who is mentioned in it. After this short e the account as follows:

he son of Menalcas the Sicilian, leaped a the musician: got rid of his passion s of his right leg and arm, which were he fall.

n love with Daphnis, very much bruised, with life.

the wife of Eschines, being in love with Eschines her husband being in love t (which had made this married couple to one another for several years); both and the wife took the leap by consent; them escaped, and have lived very hap- ever since.

virgin of Thessaly, deserted by Plexip- courtship of three years; she stood upon the promontory for some time, and after sn down a ring, a bracelet, and a little rother presents which she had received pus; she threw herself into the sea, and p alive. rissa, before she leaped, made an offer Cupid in the temple of Apollo.

Simætha, in love with rished in the fall.

Charixus, the brother Rhodope the courtesan, estate upon her, was advi the beginning of his amo to her until he was reduc forsaken by Rhodope, at l leap. Perished in it.

Aridaus, a beautiful yo Praxinoe, the wife of damage, saving only that struck out and his nose a

Cleora, a widow of Ep for the death of her husb this leap in order to get r memory: but being arrive there met with Dimmach a short conversation wi thoughts of her leap, and of Apollo.

N.B. Her widow's w hanging up in the western

Olphis, the fisherman, h the ear from Thestylis determined to have no mo and escaped with life.

Atalanta, an old maid, years before driven two o to this leap: being now in age, and in love with an o neck in the fall.

Hipparchus, being pass wife, who was enamoured died of his fall; upon whi gallant.

Tettyx, the dancing-mas an Athenian matron, three with great agility, but was

Diagoras, the usurer, in he peeped several times o heart misgiving him, he her that evening.

Cinædus, after having e the Pythian records, being person whom he leaped fo discover it, he was set as leap.

Eunica, a maid of Paph with Eurybates. Hurt in

N.B. This was the seco

Hesperus, a young mu with his master's daught not coming in soon enoug

Sappho, the Lesbian, in at the temple of Apollo ha ments as white as snow. myrtle on her head, and little musical instrument

After having sung a hymn her garland on one side o on the other. She then t like a Spartan virgin, a spectators, who were anxie fered up vows for her deli forwards to the utmost su where, after having repeat verses, which we could not off the rock with such an before observed in any dangerous leap. Many w that they saw her fall into

others who  
bottom of her  
swan as she  
g in the air  
the whiteness  
not deceive  
er she might  
musical and  
the Lesbians.  
had for some  
ppho, arrived  
y evening in  
t; but hear-  
ore him, and  
nd, he very  
said to have  
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124

126

250

51

69

120

28, 1711.

Sat. ill. 41.

—CREECH.

a story has  
circumstances,  
destroy the  
he narration.  
ninent, has  
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occasions. If  
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cause it does  
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nians! am I  
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an acquaint-  
some emi-  
He is ever  
Plato said  
their patients  
ful whether  
usable. His  
at the cheer-  
even diffident  
as makes his

lie a truth. He will, as if he did not know  
thing of the circumstance, ask one whom he knows  
at variance with another, what is the meaning of  
Mr. Such-a-one, naming his adversary, does not  
applaud him with that heartiness which formerly  
he has heard him? "He said, indeed," continues  
he, "I would rather have that man for my friend  
than any man in England; but for an enemy—"  
—This melts the person he talks to, who expects  
nothing but downright raillery from that side. Ac-  
cording as he sees his practice succeed, he goes to  
the opposite party, and tells him, he cannot imagine  
how it happens that some people know one another  
so little; "You spoke with so much coldness of  
gentleman who said more good of you, than, let me  
tell you, any man living deserves." The success  
of one of these incidents was that the next time one  
of the adversaries spied the other, he hems after  
him in the public street, and they must crack a  
bottle at the next tavern, that used to turn out  
the other's way to avoid one another's eyes. He  
will tell one beauty she was commended by  
another, nay, he will say she gave the woman he  
speaks to the preference in a particular for which  
she herself is admired. The pleasantest confusion  
imaginable is made through the whole town by the  
friend's indirect offices. You shall have a visit re-  
turned after half a year's absence, and mutual rail-  
ing at each other every day of that time. The  
meet with a thousand lamentations for so long a  
separation, each party naming herself for the great-  
est delinquent, if the other can possibly be so good  
as to forgive her, which she has no reason in the  
world, but from the knowledge of her goodness, to  
hope for. Very often a whole train of railings  
each side tire their horses in setting matters right,  
which they have said during the war between the  
parties; and a whole circle of acquaintance are put  
into a thousand pleasing passions and sentiments  
instead of the pangs of anger, envy, detraction, and  
malice.

The worst evil I ever observed this man's false-  
hood occasion, has been, that he turned detraction  
into flattery. He is well skilled in the manners of  
the world, and by overlooking what men really are,  
he grounds his artifices upon what they have a  
mind to be. Upon this foundation, if two distant  
friends are brought together, and the cement seems  
to be weak, he never rests until he finds new ap-  
pearances to take off all remains of ill-will, and  
that by new misunderstandings they are thoroughly  
reconciled.

"TO THE SPECTATOR."

"SIR,

Devonshire, Nov. 14, 1711

"There arrived in this neighbourhood two days  
ago one of your gay gentlemen of the town, who  
being attended at his entry with a servant of his  
own, besides a countryman he had taken up for  
guide, excited the curiosity of the village to learn  
whence and what he might be. The countryman (to  
whom they applied as most easy of access) knew little  
more than that the gentleman came from London  
to travel and see fashions; and was, as he heard say  
a freethinker.\* What religion that might be, he  
could not tell; and for his own part, if they had in-  
told him the man was a freethinker, he should have  
guessed, by his way of talking, he was little better

\* The person here alluded to was probably Mr. Toland, who is said by the Examiner to have been the butt of a Tatler and Spectator.



men; excepting only that he had been a gentleman to him, and made him drunk day over and above what they had bargained for. I look upon the simplicity of this, and inquiries with which I shall not trouble myself; much less can I think that of fine wit, and enlarged understandings, reason, to laugh. There is no necessity for a freethinker in Great Britain should know what a freethinker stands for; but it were wished, that they who value themselves on that title, were a little better in what it ought to stand for; and that they persuade themselves a man is really a freethinker, in any tolerable sense, by virtue of his being an atheist, or an inquirer in other distinction. It may be doubted, whether there ever was in nature a slavish, and bigoted generation than the beaux-espri, at present so prevailing in France.

Their pretension to be freethinkers, is an rakes have to be free-livers, and free-men; that is, they can think what they like, and give themselves up to their fancy, shall suggest; they can do as they talk and act, and will not let their wit should be controlled by such things as decency and common sense. Deference, consistency, and all the rules they accordingly disdain, as too precise and formal for men of a liberal education. As far as I could ever learn from their own observation, is a true account of a freethinker. Our visitant here, who on this paper, has brought with him a great deal of common sense, the particulars of which I am not yet acquainted with, but will lose no opportunity of informing myself whether it con- sists of anything worth Mr. Spectator's notice. In time, Sir, I cannot but think it would be of good to mankind, if you would take it into your consideration, and convince the youth of our nation, that licentiousness is not a virtue; or, if such a paradox will not be, that a prejudice towards atheism is not a virtue.

I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

"PHILOUS."

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1711.

Populares  
stem strepitus. Hon. Ars Poet. v. 81.  
the tumultuous noises of the pit.—Roscommon.

is nothing which lies more within the power of a Spectator than public shows and plays; and as among these there are none which pretend to vie with those elegant entertainments which are exhibited in our theatres, I think it incumbent on me to take notice of that which is remarkable in such numerous assemblies.

I have observed, that of late years there has been a great noise in the upper gallery of the playhouse, when he is pleased with any thing that is said on the stage, expresses his approbation by a knock upon the benches or the wainscot, or he heard over the whole theatre. This is commonly known by the name of the

"Trunk-maker in the upper gallery." He is that the blow he gives is a signal to the other spectators that which is of such artisans, or that he is a real trunk-maker, who, in the day's work, used to unbend himself with his hammer and diversions with his hammer, certainly tell. There are so many foolish enough to imagine that the upper gallery, and those strange noises; and it is observed to be louder than the ghost of Hamlet appeared that it is a dumb man, who uttering himself when he sees or hears.

the playhouse thunder, in this manner in the upper gallery, to do upon the roof.

But having made it my business to find out the trunk-maker, I found a large black man whom I saw leaning forward on a huge beam, and paying attention to every thing that was said. He is never seen to smile, or do any thing that pleases him, but with both hands, and lays it on the timber that stands in his way; after which, he resumes his former posture, till such time as he is again at work.

It has been observed, that the most judicious critics are against it. As soon as a play is pressed in the poet, or an actor appears in the actor, he smiles. If the audience does not clap a second time; and if he is awakened, looks round him, and repeats the blow a third time to produce the clap. He so begins the clap of themselves of their applause ratifies it.

He is of so great use to the said a former director of the theatre, to pay his attendance; by one in pay to officiate for him, recovered; but the person laid about him with iron in such wrong places, found out that it was not the trunk-maker.

It has been remarked, that he himself with vigour this applies at the opera; and his appearance was said to have been in the fury of his applause, dozen oaken planks upon the wainscot extremely shabby.

The players do not on the other hand, receive the same perous approbation, but their own cost whatever of once had a thought of an anvil for his use, that a sounding plank, in order

\* Thomas Dogget, an excellent many years joint-manager of the Colley Cibber, of whom the account in Cibber's Apology for his

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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tle-drum, the  
ake notice of  
hat a person  
e the director  
eir attention,  
to raise my  
trunk-maker  
gil's ruler of  
a mountain,  
the side of it,  
cavern in an

aved many a  
ful actor into  
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the audience  
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actors do not  
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nd his admoni-  
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ER 30, 1711.

Poet. v. 398.  
in.

rect a manner  
important case  
to observe upon

the peculiarity in the youth of Great Britain of railing and laughing at that institution; and when they fall into it, from a profligate habit of mind, being insensible of the satisfaction in that way of life, and treating their wives with the most barbarous disrespect.

"Particular circumstances, and cast of temper, must teach a man the probability of mighty uneasinesses in that state; (for unquestionably some there are whose very dispositions are strangely averse to conjugal friendship) but no one, I believe, is by his own natural complexion prompted to tease and torment another for no reason but being nearly allied to him. And can there be any thing more base, or serve to sink a man so much below his own distinguishing characteristic (I mean reason), than returning evil for good in so open a manner, as that of treating a helpless creature with unkindness, who has had so good an opinion of him, as to believe what he said relating to one of the greatest concerns of life, by delivering her happiness in this world to his care and protection? Must not that man be abandoned even to all manner of humanity, who can deceive a woman with appearances of affection and kindness, for no other end but to torment her with more ease and authority? Is any thing more unlike a gentleman, than when his honour is engaged for the performing his promises, because nothing but that can oblige him to it, to become afterward false to his word, and be alone the occasion of misery to one whose happiness he but lately pretended was dearer to him than his own? Ought such a one to be trusted in his common affairs? or treated but as one whose honesty consisted only in his incapacity of being otherwise?

"There is one cause of this usage no less absurd than common, which takes place among the more unthinking men; and that is, the desire to appear to their friends free and at liberty, and without those trammels they have so much ridiculed. To avoid this they fly into the other extreme, and grow tyrants that they may seem masters. Because as uncontrollable command of their own actions is a certain sign of entire dominion, they won't so much as recede from the government even in one muscle of their faces. A kind look they believe would be fawning, and a civil answer yielding the superiority. To this must we attribute an austerity they betake in every action. What but this can put a man out of humour in his wife's company, though he is as distinguishingly pleasant every where else? The bitterness of his replies, and the severity of his frowns to the tenderest of wives, clearly demonstrate that an ill-grounded fear of being thought too submissive, is at the bottom of this, as I am willing to call it, affected moroseness; but if it be such, we put on to convince his acquaintance of his entire dominion, let him take care of the consequence, which will be certain and worse than the present evil; if seeming indifference will by degrees grow into contempt, and if it doth not wholly alienate the affection of his wife for ever from him, make him and her more miserable than if it really did!

"However inconsistent it may appear, to thought a well-bred person has no small share in this clownish behaviour. A discourse therefore relating to good breeding towards a loving and tender wife, would be of great use to this sort of gentlemen. Could you but once convince them, that to be civil at least is not beneath the character of a gentleman, nor even tender affection towards one who would make it reciprocal, betrays any softness or effeminate

may that the most masculine disposition need be ashamed of; could you satisfy them of the generosity of voluntary civility; and the greatness of soul that is conspicuous in benevolence without immediate obligations; could you recommend to people's practice the saying of the gentleman quoted in one of your speculations, 'That he thought it incumbent upon him to make the inclinations of a woman of merit go along with her duty;' could you, I say, persuade these men of the beauty and reasonableness of this sort of behaviour, I have so much charity, for some of them at least, to believe you would convince them of a thing they are only ashamed to allow. Besides, you would recommend that state in its truest, and consequently its most agreeable colours; and the gentlemen, who have for any time been such professed enemies to it, when occasion should serve, would return you their thanks for assisting their interest in prevailing over their prejudices. Marriage in general would by this means be a more easy and comfortable condition; the husband would be no where so well satisfied as in his own parlour, nor the wife so pleasant as in the company of her husband. A desire of being agreeable in the lover would be increased in the husband, and the mistress be more amiable by becoming the wife. Besides all which, I am apt to believe we should find the race of men grow wiser as their progenitors grew kinder, and the affection of their parents would be conspicuous in the wisdom of their children; in short, men would in general be much better humoured than they are, did they not so frequently exercise the worst turns of their temper where they ought to exert the best."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a woman who left the admiration of this whole town to throw myself (for love of wealth) into the arms of a fool. When I married him, I could have had any one of several men of sense who languished for me; but my case is just. I believed my superior understanding would form him into a respectable creature. But, alas! my spouse has cunning and suspicion, the inseparable companions of little minds; and every attempt I make to divert, by putting on an agreeable air, a sudden cheerfulness, or kind behaviour, he looks upon as the first step towards an insurrection against his undeserved dominion over me. Let every one who is still to choose, and hopes to govern a fool, remember

"TRISTISSA."

"MR. SPECTATOR, St. Martin's, Nov. 25.

"This is to complain of an evil practice which I think very well deserves a redress, though you have as yet taken any notice of it; if you mention in your paper, it may perhaps have a very good effect. What I mean is, the disturbance some people give to others at church, by their repetition of the prayers after the minister; and that not only the prayers, but also in the absolution; and the commandments fare no better, which are in a particular manner the priest's office: this I have known me in so audible a manner, that sometimes their voices have been as loud as his. As little as you would think it, this is frequently done by people seemingly devout. This irreligious inadvertency is a thing extremely offensive: but I do not recommend it as a thing I give you liberty to ridicule, I hope it may be amended by the bare mention.

"Sir, your very humble Servant,

"T. S."

No. 237.] S

Vita carente

They that as

It is very pleasure which state, will at the Divine W and a discovery of Providence time. Nothing adapted to the curiosity is on appetites imp one of our most perpetual success both these, in then be laid on perior spirits, delightful a pr

It is not im the punishment may consist no vilege, but in l vastly increas to them. In t shall, perhaps, them into laby and uncertain state. Milton h reasoning toge torments, and amidst their v perly have desc without that ca so judiciously

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In our present our minds are a falsehood: and views imperfect must meet with mankind in the know, their pos accordingly.

From hence tive has so long accounting for t and evil to the world. From b plaints of so ma the wise and the perity, which is foolish; that res loss what to pro pensation.

Plato expressed the poets, which authors of injustice, that what man, whether p things which see death conduce t serve how agreea delivered by grea

\* Par

† Spe

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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search for it, and demands it of the old man, who affirms he had not seen it, and appeals to Heaven in witness of his innocence. The soldier, not believing his protestations, kills him. Moses fell on his face with horror and amazement, when the Divine voice thus prevented his expostulation: "Be not surprised, Moses, nor ask why the Judge of the whole earth has suffered this thing to come to pass. The child is the occasion that the blood of the old man is spilt; but know that the old man whom thou sawest was the murderer of that child's father."

No. 238.] MONDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1711.

Nequiquam populo bibulas donaveris aures;

Resque quod non es ——— PRÆFAT. Sat. IV. 30.

No more to flattering crowds thine ear incline;

Eager to drink the praise which is not thine.

BAYNE.

Among all the diseases of the mind, there is not one more epidemic or more pernicious than the love of flattery. For as where the juices of the body are prepared to receive the malignant influence, there the disease rages with most violence; so in this distemper of the mind, where there is ever a propensity and inclination to suck in the poison, it cannot be but that the whole order of reasonable action must be overturned; for, like music, it

So softens and disarms the mind,  
That not one arrow can resistance find.

First, we flatter ourselves, and then the flattery of others is sure of success. It awakens our self-love within, a party which is ever ready to revolt from our better judgment, and join the enemy without. Hence it is, that the profusion of favours we so often see poured upon the parasite, are represented to us by our self-love, as justice done to the man who so agreeably reconciled us to ourselves. When we are overcome by such soft insinuations and ensnaring compliances, we gladly recompense the artifices that are made use of to blind our reason, and which triumph over the weaknesses of our temper and inclinations.

But were every man persuaded from how mean and low a principle this passion is derived, there can be no doubt that the person who should attempt to gratify it, would then be as contemptible as he is now successful. It is the desire of some quality we are not possessed of, or inclination to be something we are not, which are the causes of our giving ourselves up to that man who bestows upon us the characters and qualities of others; which perhaps suit us as ill, and were as little designed for our wearing, as their clothes. Instead of going out of our own complexional nature into that of others, it were a better and more laudable industry to improve our own, and instead of a miserable copy become a good original; for there is no temper, or disposition, so rude and untractable, but may in its own peculiar cast and turn be brought to some agreeable use in conversation, or in the affairs of life. A person of a rougher deportment, and less tied up to the usual ceremonies of behaviour, will like Manly in the play,\* please by the grace which Nature gives to every action wherein she is complacited with; the brisk and lively will not want their admirers, and even a more reserved and melancholic temper may at some times be agreeable.

When there is not vanity enough awake in a man to undo him, the flatterer stirs up that dormant weakness.

\* Wycherley's comedy of the Plain Dealer.

inspire him with merit enough to be a

But if flattery be the most sordid act so complied with, the art of praising justly commendable; for it is laudable to praise well; it once and the same time give immortality, we it themselves as a reward. Both are the one whilst he receives the recompense the other whilst he shows he knows how to it; but above all, that man is happy in who, like a skilful painter, retains the feeble complexion, but still softens the picture most agreeable likeness.

can hardly, I believe, be imagined a more pleasure, than that of praise unmixed with ability of flattery. Such was that which was enjoyed, when, the night before a witness of some sincere mark of the esteem given for him, he is described by Tacitus in a disguise to the discourse of a soldier, and up in the fruition of his glory, whilst redoubled sincerity they praised his noble heroic mind, his affability, his valour, consequences in war. How must a man have full-blown with joy in such an article of this? What a spur and encouragement succeed in those steps which had already him to acquire a taste of the greatest of pleasures?

It sometimes happens that even enemies and enemies bestow the sincerest marks of esteem by least design it. Such afford a greater as extorted by merit, and freed from all of favour or flattery. Thus it is with Malvolio his wit, learning, and discernment, but with an alloy of envy, self-love, and de-

Malvolio turns pale at the mirth and pour of the company, if it centre not in his he grows jealous and displeased when he be the only person admired, and looks commendations paid to another as a de- from his merit, and an attempt to lessen fortify he affects; but by this very method, as such praise as can never be suspected of

His uneasiness and distaste are so many certain signs of another's title to that glory, and has the mortification to find himself used of.

A name is fitly compared to a precious ointment when we are praised with skill and de- it is indeed the most agreeable perfume; but strongly admitted into the brain of a less and happy texture, it will, like too strong, overcome the senses, and prove pernicious nerves it was intended to refresh. A ge- mind is of all others the most sensible of ad dispraise; and a noble spirit is as much sed with its due proportion of honour and as it is depressed by neglect and con- it is only persons far above the common who thus affected with either of these ex- to a thermometer, it is only the purest and most refined spirit that is either contracted by the benignity or inclemency of the

THE SPECTATOR,

tribulations which you have lately given me speak in some of your last papers, a the occasion of my looking into some of your papers, whom I chanced on a collec-

tion of letters which pa- netus. Of all the rec- there can be nothing p and polite; each letter venture, which is told v guage, and heightened There are several of such wide deviations style so far differing translator seems rather expressing his own sen- endeavoured to render the following translati- meaning of the Greek added a few words to m sit together a little bet- wise have done. The that of Pygmalion and the thoughts are of the written in a kind of po-

#### " PHILOPINA

" Never was a man- tastical a passion as m- tiful woman, and am d- ture. My own skill ha- dart of Venus, but my d- me. Ah, me! with wh- to adore my own idol! every one must as im- praises the picture, and equal to my art! But Have there not been n- passions than mine? n- sentations of Phædra. Phædra was unhappy i- was monstrous; and w- beloved likeness, he d- which ever eluded his d- presented Narcissus to- that and him thirsting I am yet less unhappy- tually, and if I touch- teous form, but she look- sits in the charming e- One would swear that- ing out, and that on- sound. How often ha- credulity, heightened i- whisper me! and when- often have I taken my- cheeks and eyes, and- brace, whilst she (as t- held her tongue the- madman that I am, sh- representation only of- hair, and thus waste m- shadow? Ah, laurel at- reality; for see her b- lustre, and she seems- reproaches. Oh, may- this form, that when- nature with that of art, to choose, and be long- uncertainty!"—T. B.

By Tom Brown and others

and

ER 4, 1711.

EN. vi. 86.

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a debate whichdispute, as our  
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Aquinas, gave rise  
to the Thomists,

amous logician of

blows and buffets that he never forgot their host-  
ties to his dying day.

There is a way of managing an argument as much unlike the former, which is made use of in states and communities, when they draw up a hundred thousand disputants on each side, and combat one another by dint of sword. A certain grammarian\* was so sensible of his strength in the way of reasoning, that he writ upon his great gun—*Ratio ultima regum*, "The logic of kings;" but God be thanked, he is now pretty well baffled at his own weapons. When one has to do with a philosopher of this kind, one should remember the old gentleman's saying, who had been engaged in an argument with one of the Roman emperors.† Upon his friends telling him that he wondered he would give up the question, when he had visibly the better of the dispute; "I am never ashamed," says he, "to be confuted by one who is master of fifty legions."

I shall but just mention another kind of reasoning which may be called arguing by poll; and another which is of equal force, in which wagers are made use of as arguments, according to the celebrated line in *Hudibras*.‡

But the most notable way of managing a controversy, is that which we may call arguing by torture. This is a method of reasoning which has been made use of with the poor refugees, and which was so fashionable in our country during the reign of Queen Mary, that in a passage of an author quoted by Monsieur Bayle, it is said the price of wood was raised in England, by reason of the executions that were made in Smithfield.§ These disputants convince their adversaries with a sorites,|| commonly called a pile of faggots. The rack is also a kind of syllogism which has been used with good effect, and has made multitudes of converts. Men were formerly disputed out of their doubts, reconciled to truth by force of reason, and won over to opinion by the candour, sense, and ingenuity of those who had the right on their side; but this method of conviction operated too slowly. Pain was found to be much more enlightening than reason. Every scruple was looked upon as obstinacy, and not to be removed but by engines invented for that purpose. In a word, the application of whips, racks, gibbets, galleys, dungeons, fire and faggot, in a dispute, was he looked upon as popish refinements upon the old heathen logic.

There is another way of reasoning which seldom fails, though it be of a quite different nature to that I have last mentioned. I mean, convincing a man by ready money, or as it is ordinarily called, bribing a man to an opinion. This method has often proved successful, when all the others have been made use of to no purpose. A man who is furnished with arguments from the mint, will convince his antagonist much sooner than one who draws them from reason and philosophy. Gold is a wonderful cleaver of the understanding; it dissipates every doubt and scruple in an instant; accommodates itself to the meanest capacities; silences the loud and clamorous, and brings over the most obstinate and is

\* Lewis XIV. of France.

† The Emperor Adrian.

‡ Part 2 c. l. v. 297.

§ The author quoted is And. Ammonius. See his life in Bayle's Dict.—The Spectator's memory deceived him in applying the remark, which was made in the reign of Henry VII. It was, however, much more applicable to that of Queen Mary.

|| A sorites is a heap of propositions thrown together



# THE SPECTATOR.

Philip of Macedon was a man of most reason this way. He refuted by it all the notions of Athens, confounded their statesmen, silenced their orators dumb, and at length argued of all their liberties.

where touched upon the several methods of arguing, as they have prevailed in different parts of the world, I shall very suddenly give my account of the whole art of cavilling; I'll be a full and satisfactory answer to all queries and pamphlets as have yet appeared in the Spectator.—C.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1711.

—Aliter non fit, Avite, liber.—MART. Ep. l. 17.  
materials, Sir, are books composed.

SPECTATOR,

one of the most genteel trades in the world, to understand thus much of liberal education, and to have an ardent ambition of being useful to the world, and to think that the chief end of being in the world. I had these good impressions given me by the handsome behaviour of a learned, and wealthy man towards me, when I was in the world. Some dissatisfaction between my parents made me enter into it with less seriousness than I ought; and to turn off this business, I gave myself to criminal pleasures, dissipation, and a general loose conduct. I thought what the excellent man above mentioned said, but he descended from the superiority of his own merit to throw himself frequently into my company. This made me soon hope that I might be able to do something in the world worth cultivating, and his conversation made me sensible of satisfactions in a way, which I had never before imagined. I was grown familiar with me, he opened to me a good angel, and told me he had long intended to ripen me into a preparation to receive wisdom and advice, both which I should daily have, and the use of any part of his fortune, and the measures he should propose to me, for the betterment of my own. I assure you, I cannot reflect the goodness and confusion of the world when he spoke to this purpose to me, melting into tears: but in a word, Sir, I thought to tell you, that my heart burns with affection towards him, and he is so happy a man, that I never be in my power to return him his kindness; but I am sure I have made him the sensible satisfaction I could possibly, in being able to serve others to my utmost ability, as far as I am enabled with the prudence he prescribes to me. Spectator, I do not owe to him only the esteem and affection of my own relations (who are distinguished by the present ease and plenty of circumstances); but also the government of my desires, and regulation of my desires. I doubt not but in your imagination such virtues as are worthy of a friend, bear as great a figure as such are more glittering in the common world. What I would ask of you, is to give the Spectator upon heroic virtue in common, which may incite men to the same generous actions, as have by this admirable person been raised in.

"Sir, your most humble Servant."

SPECTATOR,

a country gentleman, of a good plentiful estate, and live as the Spectator.

estate, and live as the Spectator. I have the ladies the best company, and access as a sort of favour to the public but I saluted them, and all around; where it was avoided hampering my whilst I moved amongst them, side how prettily they were standing in proper rows, they saw their elders, or by me. But so it is, that good breeding is of late years of a courtier, or town gentleman among us. This person in the room made a profound bow, recovered with a soft smile next, and so to one or two gross of the room, by which I perceived until he arrived at the door, per particularly to enter with good a grace and assurance in the present fashion; and then within several miles of London ever since his first appearance in country gentlemen cannot these fine and reserved. I am at a stand, until we have been against kissing by way of which is impatiently expected of both sexes, but by none.

"You

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I was the other night expected to hear your famous sermon, and was unhappily disappointed. I saw another person who had distinguished himself in a new way of oration, or talking loud and low. This was a very sort of beau, who getting on the stage before the curtain, to show the whole audience over the spikes; he passed the entering doors, where he showed a considerable good grace, displayed two or three feint passions, then faced about the door. Here he affected to bow and smiled at the teeth, which were some. After this, he retired behind the scenes, and was followed us with several views of the opening.

"During the time of action in the prince's apartment, match, and was very for there were no injunctions of practice must be confessed of the audience, and for the most part unwarlike and late command has made authority to take notice

"Sir

T.

\* Different scenes in the play. 1 In the playbills about the theatre. By her majesty's command had the scenes.



BER 6, 1711.

Metur

unknown.—P.

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 Servant,  
 ASTERIA."

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APHAN, Act II.  
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 Romances, a  
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 whatever com-

pany or business they were engaged in, they left abruptly as soon as the clock warned them to retire. The romance further adds, that the lovers expected the return of this stated hour with as much impatience as if it had been a real assignation, and enjoyed an imaginary happiness, that was almost as pleasing to them as what they would have found from a real meeting. It was an inexpressible satisfaction to these divided lovers, to be assured that each was at the same time employed in the same kind of contemplation, and making equal returns of tenderness and affection.

If I may be allowed to mention a more serious expedient for the alleviating of absence, I shall take notice of one which I have known two persons practise, who joined religion to that elegance of sentiment with which the passion of love generally inspires its votaries. This was, at the return of such an hour, to offer up a certain prayer for each other, which they had agreed upon before their parting. The husband, who is a man that makes a figure in the polite world as well as in his own family, has often told me, that he could not have supported an absence of three years without this expedient.

Strada, in one of his Prolusions,\* gives an account of a chimerical correspondence between two friends by the help of a certain load-stone, which had such virtue in it, that if it touched two several needles, when one of the needles so touched began to move, the other, though at never so great a distance, moved at the same time, and in the same manner. He tells us, that the two friends being each of them possessed of one of these needles, made a kind of dial-plate, inscribing it with four-and-twenty letters, in the same manner as the hours of the day are marked upon the ordinary dial-plate. They then fixed one of the needles on each of these plates in such a manner, that it could move round without impediment, so as to touch any of the four-and-twenty letters. Upon their separating from one another into distant countries, they agreed to withdraw themselves punctually into their closets at a certain hour of the day, and to converse with one another by means of this their invention. Accordingly when they were some hundred miles asunder, each of them shut himself up in his closet at the time appointed, and immediately cast his eye upon his dial-plate. If he had a mind to write any thing to his friend, he directed his needle to every letter that formed the words which he had occasion for, making a little pause at the end of every word or sentence, to avoid confusion. The friend in the meanwhile saw his own sympathetic needle moving of itself to every letter which that of his correspondent pointed at. By this means they talked together across a whole continent, and conveyed their thoughts to one another in an instant over cities or mountains, seas or deserts.

If Monsieur Scudery, or any other writer of romance, had introduced a necromancer, who is generally in the train of a knight-errant, making a present to two lovers of a couple of these above-mentioned needles, the reader would not have been a little pleased to have seen them corresponding with one another when they were guarded by spies and watches, or separated by castles and adventures.

In the meanwhile, if ever this invention should be revived or put in practice, I would propose that upon the lover's dial-plate there should be written not only the four-and-twenty letters, but several en-

\* Lib. II. prol. 6.

which have always a place in passionate flames, darts, die, language, absence, art, eyes, hang, drown, and the like. This much abridge the lover's pains in this thing a letter, as it would enable him to most useful and significant words with such of the needle.—C.

[ FRIDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1711.

ex medio quia res accessit. habere minimum—Hos. 2 Ep. i. 168.  
on vulgar themes, is thought an easy task.

SPECTATOR,

speculations do not so generally prevail in manners as I could wish. A former yours concerning the misbehaviour of people necessarily in each other's company in thought to have been a lasting admonition in expressions of that kind. But I had the Quaker, in meeting with a rude fellow coach, who entertained two or three women there was no man besides himself) as indecent as ever was heard upon. The impertinent observations which he made upon our shame and confusion were it is an unspeakable grief to reflect upon much as you have declaimed against. I hope you will do us the justice to defend the brute has courage enough to send where he saw us all alight together to him, there is not one of us but has a lover to avenge the insult. It would certainly be consideration, to look into the frequent of this kind, to which the modest and exposed, by the licentious behaviour are as much strangers to good-breeding.

Could we avoid hearing what we do, as easily as we can seeing what is done here were some consolation; but since a play, in an assembly of ladies, or even church, it is in the power of a gross utter what a woman cannot avoid hearable is her condition who comes within of such impertinents? and how necessary eat invectives against such behaviour? tious had not utterly forgot what it is to they would know that offended modesty for one of the greatest sufferings to which can be exposed. If these brutes could much, though they want shame, they loved by their pity, to abhor an impudent in the presence of the chaste and innocent will oblige us with a Spectator on it, and procure it to be pasted against coach in Great Britain as the law of the u will highly oblige the whole sex, for have professed so great an esteem; and r, the two ladies my late fellow-sufferers,

Sir, your most humble Servant,

" REBECCA RIDINGHOOD."

SPECTATOR,

after which I am now going to send you, py story in low life, and will recommend it you must excuse the manner of ex-

A poor idle drunken weaver in Spital-fairful laborious wife, who by her frugality has laid by her as much money as her a ticket in the present lottery. She

had hid this very privately and had given her number who had promised to keep news of the success. The day gone abroad, when hearing she had saved some corner, till at length he found he immediately carries away the money, without anything of the matter. A friend, who was a woman, word, that she had a better creature, overjoyed, flies to who was then at work, and loom for that evening, and friend of his and hers be this cheerful invitation as do, and after a cross wouldn't come. His wife her importunity, and at love! I have within these you, scraped together as much as a ticket in the lottery. Quick come to tell me, that a 500*l.* prize.' The husband ' You lie, you slut, you have sold it.' The poor woman a fit, recovers, and is now had no design to defraud willing only to participate every one pities her, but the punishment but just. This, and would, if the persons greater, in a well-wrought Distress. I have only seen and know a good hand can with worse materials.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" I am what the world calls by good success in trade I capacity of making some fine no matter for that, I have a ship a couple of nieces, who run mad; which you will tell you they are female within three years and a half that my care, they never in their thoughts towards any one sister of a notable woman. I have been considering the proper posset, you should hear a magnetic virtue of the loss pressure of the atmosphere peculiar to themselves, and themselves on the meaneast not of a Latin derivation. I am able still, would they suffer interrupted ignorance; but unless tracted ideas of things (as not expect to smoke one pipe fit of the gout I complained temper, when my niece Kitty me, that whatever I might philosophers, both ancient and that both pleasure and pain distinctions, and that there was in *rerum naturâ*. I have seen that the fire was not hot; and the authority of an old fellow to put my blue cloak on me. Sir, I will reach the cloak

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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M THRIFTY."

BER 8, 1711.

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man to be handsome. This indeed looks more like a philosophical rant than the real opinion of a wise man; yet this was what Cato very seriously maintained. In short, the stoics thought they could not sufficiently represent the excellence of virtue, if they did not comprehend in the notion of it all possible perfections; and therefore did not only suppose, that it was transcendently beautiful in itself, but that it made the very body amiable, and banished every kind of deformity from the person in whom it resided.

It is a common observation, that the most abandoned to all sense of goodness, are apt to wish those who are related to them of a different character; and it is very observable, that none are more struck with the charms of virtue in the fair sex, than those who by their very admiration of it are carried to a desire of ruining it.

A virtuous mind in a fair body is indeed a fine picture in a good light, and therefore it is no wonder that it makes the beautiful sex all over charms.

As virtue in general is of an amiable and lovely nature, there are some particular kinds of it which are more so than others, and these are such as dispose us to do good to mankind. Temperance and abstinence, faith and devotion, are in themselves perhaps as laudable as any other virtues; but those which make a man popular and beloved, are justice, charity, munificence, and, in short, all the good qualities which render us beneficial to each other. For this reason even an extravagant man, who has nothing else to recommend him but a false generosity, is often more beloved and esteemed than a person of a much more finished character, who is defective in this particular.

The two great ornaments of virtue, which show her in the most advantageous views, and make her altogether lovely, are cheerfulness and good-nature. These generally go together, as a man cannot be agreeable to others who is not easy within himself. They are both very requisite in a virtuous mind, to keep out melancholy from the many serious thoughts it is engaged in, and to hinder its natural hatred of vice from souring into severity and censoriousness.

If virtue is of this amiable nature, what can we think of those who can look upon it with an eye of hatred and ill-will, or can suffer their aversion for a party to blot out all the merit of the person who is engaged in it? A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes that there is no virtue but on his own side, and that there are not men as honest as himself who may differ from him in political principles. Men may oppose one another in some particulars, but ought not to carry their hatred to those qualities which are of so amiable a nature in themselves, and have nothing to do with the points in dispute. Men of virtue, though of different interests, ought to consider themselves as more nearly united with one another, than with the vicious part of mankind, who embark with them in the same civil concerns. We should bear the same love towards a man of honour who is a living antagonist, which Tully tells us in the fore-mentioned passage, every one naturally does to an enemy that is dead. In short, we should esteem virtue though in a foe, and abhor vice though in a friend.

I speak this with an eye to those cruel treatments which men of all sides are apt to give the characters of those who do not agree with them. How many persons of undoubted probity and exemplary virtue, on either side, are blackened and defamed? How many men of honour exposed to public phloguoy and

? Those therefore who are either the instruments or abettors in such infernal dealings, be looked upon as persons who make use of art to promote their cause, not of their country's religion.—C.

.] MONDAY, DECEMBER 10, 1711.

—*Judex et callidus audis.*—*HOR. 2 Sat. vii. 101.*  
 of painting you, a connoisseur.

“Covent Garden, Dec. 7.

R. SPECTATOR,

NOT, without a double injustice, forbearing to you the satisfaction which a whole of virtuosos have received from those hints I have lately given the town on the cartoon of the inimitable Raphael. It should, methinks, be the business of a Spectator to improve the eyes of sight, and there cannot be a more easy way to it than by recommending the observation of excellent drawings and pictures. When I first went to view those of Raphael you have celebrated, I must confess I was sorely pleased; the next time I liked them at least, as I grew better acquainted with them, I fell deeply in love with them; like wise men, they sunk deep into my heart; for you, Mr. Spectator, that a man of wit may expect to affect one for the present, but if he has not a great merit soon vanishes away; while a picture that has not so great a stock of wit, shall less give you a far greater and more lasting pleasure. Just so it is in a picture that is smartly drawn, but not well studied; one may call it a picture, though the painter in the mean time is labouring of being called a fool. On the other hand, a picture that is thoroughly understood in the details well performed in the particulars, that is to say, the foundation of geometry, carried on by the use of perspective, architecture, and anatomy, directed by a good harmony, a just and natural colouring, and such passions and expressions as are almost peculiar to Raphael; this you may justly style a wise picture, and wisdom fails to strike us dumb, until we can use all our faculties to make but a tolerable guess upon it. Other pictures are made for the young, as rattles are made for children's ears; namely that picture that only pleases the eye, representing some well-chosen part of nature, does but show what fine colours are sold at the colour-shop, and mocks the workman's pretence. If the best imitator of nature is esteemed the best painter, but he that can show the greatest show and glare of colours; it necessarily follow, that he who can array himself in the most gaudy draperies is best dressed, and can speak loudest the best orator. Every man he looks on a picture should examine it with regard to that share of reason he is master of, or else he is in danger of making a wrong judgment. As they walk abroad would make more frequent observations on those beauties of Nature which commonly present themselves to their view, they are better judges when they saw her well imitated at home. This would help to correct those high most pretenders fall into, who are over their judgments, and will not stay to let come in for a share in the decision. It is for this that men mistake in this case, and in the life, a wild extravagant pencil for one that

is truly bold and great, a man of true courage and of reasonable actions for entertainment, gaudy colouring for show, a false and insinuating truth elegantly recommended through all the parts of the picture, the virtuosos above mentioned you draw it with your tongue, in a picture represent the lights do the bright there should be but one which should catch the eye there should be but one. Author of nature, These well improved, might very the beauty of that art, from being poisoned by the gaunt workman that should

“I am, Sir, your

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Though I am a woman who confess themselves to be in emulation you obliged me from an old Greek poet's allusion to the several natural of my own sex. I could not but be charmed with the characters of the women of the times of Simonides, the sorts I have not some time with a sample of. But the present address are a set I think, in the ninth called the Apes: the de be, “That they are such natured, who have not and endeavour to detract from something that appears so perfect, as I have been to great town where you live in life obliges me to reside though not many miles from I met with a great number a desirable acquaintance experience. You must begin of this summer and settled for the season where I live. As they try, they were visited by whom I was one, with whom who pass most of their lives with us very agreeable towards the end of the summer bethink themselves of it was, Mr. Spectator, that I myself about the proper of their character; and that they are apt to carry they are about to leave; common mercy, civility, mimic and fall foul on the virtue of their innocent and innumerable censures and commonly called nickname short, like true fine ladies, and sincerity matter but acquaint you with at the desire of all the own inclination. I hope entirely to reform this practice of it in some of y

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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R 11, 1711.

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and pastimes not only merry but innocent; for which reason I have not mentioned either whist or lan-  
terloo, nor indeed so much as one-and-thirty. After  
having communicated to you my request upon this  
subject, I will be so free as to tell you how my wife  
and I pass away these tedious winter evenings with  
a great deal of pleasure. Though she be young and  
handsome, and good-humoured to a miracle, she  
does not care for gadding abroad like others of her  
sex. There is a very friendly man, a colonel in the  
army, whom I am mightily obliged to for his civil-  
ties, that comes to see me almost every night; for  
he is not one of those giddy young fellows that can-  
not live out of a playhouse. When we are together,  
we very often make a party at Blind-man's-Buff,  
which is a sport that I like the better, because there  
is a good deal of exercise in it. The colonel and I  
are blinded by turns, and you would laugh your  
heart out to see what pains my dear takes to hood-  
wink us, so that it is impossible for us to see the  
least glimpse of light. The poor colonel sometimes  
hits his nose against a post, and makes us die with  
laughing. I have generally had the good luck not  
to hurt myself, but I am very often above half an  
hour before I can catch either of them; for you  
must know we hide ourselves up and down in the  
corners, that we may have the more sport. I only  
give you this hint as a sample of such innocent di-  
versions as I would have you recommend; and am,  
most esteemed Sir,

"Your ever loving Friend,

"TIMOTHY DOODLE."

The following letter was occasioned by my last  
Thursday's paper upon the absence of lovers, and  
the methods therein mentioned of making such ab-  
sence supportable:

"SIR,

"Among the several ways of consolation which  
absent lovers make use of while their souls are in  
that state of departure, which you say is death in  
love, there are some very material ones that have  
escaped your notice. Among these, the first and  
most received is a crooked shilling, which has ad-  
ministered great comfort to our forefathers, and is  
still made use of on this occasion with very good  
effect in most part of her majesty's dominions.  
There are some, I know, who think a crown piece  
cut into two equal parts, and preserved by the dis-  
tant lovers, is of more sovereign virtue than the  
former. But since opinions are divided in this par-  
ticular, why may not the same persons make use of  
both? The figure of a heart, whether cut in stone  
or cast in metal, whether bleeding upon an altar,  
stuck with darts, or held in the hand of a Cupid,  
has always been looked upon as talismanic in dis-  
tresses of this nature. I am acquainted with many  
a brave fellow, who carries his mistress in the lid of  
his snuff-box, and by that expedient has supported  
himself under the absence of a whole campaign.  
For my own part I have tried all these remedies,  
but never found so much benefit from any as from a  
ring, in which my mistress's hair is plaited together  
very artificially in a kind of true-lover's knot. As  
I have received great benefit from this secret, I  
think myself obliged to communicate it to the public  
for the good of my fellow-subjects. I desire you  
will add this letter as an appendix to your consola-  
tions upon absence, and am

"Your very humble Servant,

"T. B."

I shall conclude this paper with a letter from a university gentleman, occasioned by my last Tuesday's paper, wherein I gave some account of the great feuds which happened formerly in those earned bodies, between the modern Greeks and Trojans.

"SIR,

"This will give you to understand, that there is at present, in the society whereof I am a member, a very considerable body of Trojans, who, upon a proper occasion, would not fail to declare themselves. In the mean while we do all we can to annoy our enemies by stratagem, and are resolved by the first opportunity to attack Mr. Joshua Barnes,\* whom we look upon as the Achilles of the opposite party. As for myself, I have had the reputation ever since I came from school of being a rusty Trojan, and am resolved never to give quarter to the smallest particle of Greek, wherever I chance to meet it. It is for this reason I take it very ill of you, that you sometimes hang out Greek colours at the head of your paper, and sometimes give word of the enemy even in the body of it. When I meet with any thing of this nature, I throw down your speculations upon the table, with that form of words which we make use of when we declare war upon an author,

*Græcum est, non potest legi.*

give you this hint, that you may for the future abstain from any such hostilities at your peril.

C.

"TROILUS."

[a. 246.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1711.

No amorous hero ever gave thee birth,  
Nor ever tender goddess brought thee forth:  
Some rugged rock's hard entrails gave thee form,  
And raging seas produced thee in a storm:  
A soul well suited thy tempestuous kind,  
So rough thy manners, so untam'd thy mind.—POPE.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"As your paper is part of the equipage of the estate, I conjure you to print what I now write to you; for I have no other way to communicate what I have to say to the fair sex on the most important circumstances of life, even 'the care of children.' I do not understand that you profess your paper is always to consist of matters which are only to entertain the learned and polite, but that it may agree with your design to publish some which may tend to the information of mankind in general: and when it does so, you do more than writing wit and humour. Give me leave then to tell you, that of all the abuses that ever you have as yet endeavoured to reform, certainly not one wanted so much your assistance as the abuse in the nursing of children. It is unmerciful to see, that a woman endowed with all the perfections and blessings of nature can, as soon as she is delivered, turn off her innocent, tender, and helpless infant, and give it up to a woman that is (ten thousand to one) neither in health nor good condition, neither sound in mind nor body, that has neither honour nor reputation, neither love nor pity for the poor babe, but more regard for the money than for the whole child, and never will take further care of it than what by all the encouragement of money and presents she is forced to; like Esop's earth, which would not nurse the plant of another ground, although never so much improved,

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\* The noted Greek professor of the university of Cambridge.

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ER 13, 1711.

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cature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubt this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery.

The first kind, therefore, of female orators which I shall take notice of, are those who are employed in stirring up the passions; a part of rhetoric in which Socrates' wife had perhaps made a greater proficiency than his above-mentioned teacher.

The second kind of female orators are those who deal in invectives, and who are commonly known by the name of the censorious. The imagination and elocution of this set of rhetoricians is wonderful. With what a fluency of invention, and copiousness of expression, will they enlarge upon every little slip in the behaviour of another! With how many different circumstances, and with what variety of phrases, will they tell over the same story! I have known an old lady make an unhappy marriage the subject of a month's conversation. She blamed the bride in one place; pitied her in another; laughed at her in a third; wondered at her in a fourth; was angry with her in a fifth; and, in short, wore out a pair of coach-horses in expressing her concern for her. At length, after having quite exhausted the subject on this side, she made a visit to the new-married pair, praised the wife for the prudent choice she had made, told her the unreasonable reflections which some malicious people had cast upon her, and desired that they might be better acquainted. The censure and approbation of this kind of women are therefore only to be considered as helps to discourse.

A third kind of female orators may be comprehended under the word gossips. Mrs. Fiddle-Faddle is perfectly accomplished in this sort of eloquence; she launches out into descriptions of christenings, runs divisions upon a head-dress, knows every dish of meat that is served up in our neighbourhood, and entertains her company a whole afternoon together with the wit of her little boy, before he is able to speak.

The coquette may be looked upon as a fourth kind of female orator. To give herself the larger field for discourse, she hates and loves in the same breath, talks to her lap-dog or parrot, is uneasy in all kinds of weather, and in every part of the room. She has false quarrels and feigned obligations to all the men of her acquaintance; sighs when she is not sad, and laughs when she is not merry. The coquette is in particular a great mistress of that part of oratory which is called action, and indeed seems to speak for no other purpose, but as it gives her an opportunity of stirring a limb, or varying a feature, of glancing her eyes, or playing with her fan.

As for newsmongers, politicians, mimics, story-tellers, with other characters of that nature which gave birth to loquacity, they are as commonly found among the men as the women: for which reason I shall pass them over in silence.

I have often been puzzled to assign a cause why women should have this talent of a ready utterance in so much greater perfection than men. I have sometimes fancied that they have not a retentive power, or the faculty of suppressing their thoughts, as men have, but that they are necessitated to speak every thing they think; and if so, it would perhaps furnish a very strong argument to the Cartesianes for the supporting of their doctrine that the soul always thinks. But as several are of opinion



that the fair sex are not altogether strangers to the art of dissembling and concealing their thoughts, I have been forced to relinquish that opinion, and have therefore endeavoured to seek after some better reason. In order to it, a friend of mine, who is an excellent anatomist, has promised me by the first opportunity to dissect a woman's tongue, and to examine whether there may not be in it certain fibres which render it so wonderfully voluble or supple, or whether the fibres of it may not be made up of a finer or more pliant thread; or whether there are not in it some particular muscles which dart it up and down by such sudden glances and vibrations; or whether, in the last place, there may not be certain undiscovered channels running from the head and the heart to this little instrument of eloquence, and conveying into it a perpetual affluency of animal spirits. Nor must I omit the reason which Hudibras has given, why those who can talk in trifles speak with the greatest fluency; namely, that the tongue is like a race-horse, which runs the faster the lesser weight it carries.

Which of these reasons soever may be looked upon as the most probable, I think the Irishman's thought was very natural, who, after some hours' conversation with a female orator, told her, that he believed her tongue was very glad when she was asleep, for that it had not a moment's rest all the while she was awake.

That excellent old ballad of *The Wanton Wife of Bath* has the following remarkable lines:

I think, quoth Thomas, women's tongues  
Of aspen leaves are made.

And Ovid, though in the description of a very barbarous circumstance, tells us, that when the tongue of a beautiful female was cut out, and thrown upon the ground, it could not forbear muttering even in that posture:

Comprensam forcipe linguam  
Abstulit ense fero, radix micat ultima linguae.  
Ipsa jacet, terraeque tremens immurmurat atrae;  
Utiq; salire solet mutilata cauda colubrae  
Palpitat. — Msr. vi. 356.

The blade had cut  
Her tongue sheer off, close to the trembling root,  
The mangled part still quiver'd on the ground,  
Murmuring with a faint imperfect sound;  
And as a serpent writhes his wounded train,  
Uneasy, panting, and possessed with pain.—CHALKHILL.

If a tongue would be talking without a mouth, what could it have done when it had all its organs of speech, and accomplices of sound about it? I might here mention the story of the Pippin Woman, had I not some reason to look upon it as fabulous.\*

I must confess I am so wonderfully charmed with the music of this little instrument, that I would by no means discourage it. All that I aim at by this dissertation is, to cure it of several disagreeable notes, and in particular of those little jarrings and dissonances which arise from anger, censoriousness, gossiping and coquetry. In short, I would always have it tuned by good-nature, truth, discretion, and sincerity.—C.

\* The crackling crystal yields, she sinks, she dies;  
Her head chapt off, from her lost shoulders flies:  
Pippas she cried, but death her voice confounds,  
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.

No. 248.] F

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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lections on it without any order or method, so that they may appear rather in the looseness and freedom of an essay, than in the regularity of a set discourse. It is after this manner that I shall consider laughter and ridicule in my present paper.

Man is the merriest species of the creation; and above and below him are serious. He sees things in a different light from other beings, and finds his mirth arising from objects that perhaps cause some thing like pity or displeasure in higher natures. Laughter is indeed a very good counterpoise to the spleen; and it seems but reasonable that we should be capable of receiving joy from what is no real good to us, since we can receive grief from what is no real evil.

I have in my forty-seventh paper raised a speculation on the notion of a modern philosopher,\* who describes the first motive of laughter to be a secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the persons we laugh at; or, in other words, the satisfaction which we receive from the opinion of some pre-eminence in ourselves, when we see the absurdities of another, or when we reflect on our past absurdities of our own. This seems to hold in most cases, and we may observe that the vainest part of mankind are the most addicted to this passion.

I have read a sermon of a conventual in the church of Rome, on those words of the wise man "I said of Laughter, it is mad; and of mirth, what does it?" Upon which he laid it down as a point of doctrine, that laughter was the effect of original sin, and that Adam could not laugh before the fall.

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, will transient unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.

The talent of turning men into ridicule, and exposing to laughter those one converses with, is the qualification of little ungenerous tempers. A young man with this cast of mind cuts himself off from all manner of improvement. Every one has his flaws and weaknesses; nay, the greatest blemishes are often found in the most shining characters; but what an absurd thing is it to pass over all the valuable parts of a man, and fix our attention on his infirmities? to observe his imperfections more than his virtues? and to make use of him for the sport of others, rather than for our own improvement?

We therefore very often find, that persons the most accomplished in ridicule are those that are very shrewd at hitting a blot, without exerting anything masterly in themselves. As there are many eminent critics who never *writ* a good line, there are many admirable buffoons that animadvert upon every single defect in another, without ever discovering the least beauty of their own. By this means, these unlucky little wits often gain reputation in the esteem of vulgar minds, and raise themselves above persons of much more laudable characters.

If the talent of ridicule were employed to laugh men out of voice and folly, it might be of some use

\* Hobbes.

world; but instead of this, we find that it is only made use of to laugh men out of virtue and sense, by attacking every thing that is good and serious, decent and praiseworthy in life.

We may observe that in the first ages of the world when the great souls and master-pieces of nature were produced, men shined by a simplicity of behaviour, and were strangers to little embellishments which are so fashionable in our present conversation. And it is very probable, that notwithstanding we fall short at times of the ancients in poetry, painting, oratory, architecture, and all the noble arts and sciences which depend more upon genius than exercise, we exceed them as much in doggrel burlesque, and all the trivial arts of ridicule. Yet with more raillery among the moderns, we have more good sense among the ancients.

Two great branches of ridicule in writing are burlesque and doggrel. The first ridicules persons by putting them in their proper characters, the second by drawing them quite unlike themselves. Burlesque is therefore of two kinds; the first represents persons in the accoutrements of heroes; the second describes great persons acting and speaking in the basest manner among the people. Don Quixote is an instance of the first, and Lucian's gods of the second. It is a dispute among the critics, whether burlesque poetry runs best in heroic verse, or in the style of the Dispensary; or in doggrel, like Hudibras. I think where the low character is raised, the heroic is the proper measure; and when a hero is to be pulled down and degraded, the best is doggrel.

Hudibras had been set out with as much wit and humour in heroic verse as he is in doggrel, he would have made a much more agreeable figure than he is; though the generality of his readers are wonderfully pleased with the double rhymes, that they expect many will be of my opinion in this matter.

I will conclude this essay upon laughter with the metaphor of laughing, applied to flowers and meadows when they are in flower, or to persons when they are in blossom, runs through all ages; which I have not observed of any other sort, excepting that of fire and burning when it is applied to love. This shows that we naturally regard laughter, as what is in itself both pleasant and beautiful. For this reason likewise it has gained the title of *Philomydes* "the laughing dame," as Waller has translated it, and is represented by Horace as the goddess who presides in laughter. Milton, in a joyous assembly of many persons, has given us a very poetical description of laughter. His whole band of mirth is so described, that I shall set down the passage with it:

But come, thou goddess fare and free,  
In heaven ycleped Euphrosyne,  
And by men heart-easing mirth,  
Whom lovely Venus at a birth  
With two sister Graces more,  
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore.  
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee  
Jest and youthful jollity,  
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,  
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,  
And love to live in dimple aleek;

It is called — Euphrosyne is the name of one of the

Sport that wrinkles  
And laughter hinders  
Come, and trip it  
On the light fantastic foot  
And in thy right hand  
The mountain top  
And if I give thee  
Mirth, admit me  
To live with thee  
In unimproved youth

C.

# No. 250.] MONDAY

Disce docendus adhuc  
Cecus iter monstrare vices  
Et nos, quod cures pro

Yet hear what an un-  
As if a blind man show  
So I myself, though w  
May yet impart a hint

"MR. SPECTATOR

"You see the nature of the motto which I address to you. I ought not to use many words, but the few I have chosen for speculation, in propriety of its kind, begs your poetical virtuoso's criticism, since the several translations, have obliged your service.

"The first eye of the visible Author of all) the universe. This glorious being opens his eyes at his levee, having a whole kingdom waiting at his levee. Their sight from this of the great director of our eyes be of the same kind, or that of an owl. The main assurance to look before the faces of a nation he dazzles out of countenance. The sun dances in a full court of lustre of beauty, can complaisance to a person each of which deserves another sneaks from court who never dares to look at nobody, and nobody else.

"The next instance is of a person, who (to speak in his own words) was one of a hundred of the affairs of jealousy eyes about him. Particular colours, cast eyes; but as he was is probable he used all and other ocular art. Some look upon him to the heathenish deity his eyes than of so many coats.

"The next upon the stood in a double-sit placed betwixt two of took a sort of retrospect of this double-faced with many professions pretend to keep up canes and spoons; faculty, except in the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

nd rear, or a  
ct of his past  
urs, qualities,  
y head; for,  
ions of the  
ray, and the  
that borrow  
of some par-  
r to the eyes  
of a greedy  
the cat, that  
awk, those of  
r title even  
one has a  
e innocence,  
r is this men-  
tion, for we  
te the eye of  
ncipal god-

of the eye,  
ns as much  
is, appetites,  
at least it is  
to the house  
thfare to let  
anger, pride,  
little orbs.  
e a certain  
cret desire of  
-balls; nay,  
looking half  
dress. You  
t by a gold-  
eye at the  
naughty per-  
supercilious  
n the height  
n our head  
nick flashes  
urs sparkle

—Æn. xii. 101.

DRYDEN.

e-sight, such  
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y particular  
that oblique  
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and to this  
it is forced  
gn, and in  
s ocular in-  
d practices.  
er with such  
cumspetive  
or fan, must  
all wrong  
the general  
ous applica-  
nder the diu-  
ou will arm  
ch are daily  
will highly  
"T. B."

our particu-

lar endeavours in the province of Spectator,  
correct the offences committed by Starkers, wi  
disturb whole assemblies without any regard  
time, place, or modesty. You complained als  
that a starker is not usually a person to be co  
vinced by the reason of the thing, nor so easi  
rebuked as to amend by admonitions. I thought  
therefore fit to acquaint you with a convenien  
mechanical way, which may easily prevent or co  
rect staring, by an optical contrivance of new pe  
spective-glasses, short and commodious like opera  
glasses, fit for short-sighted people as well as others  
these glasses making the objects appear either a  
they are seen by the naked eye, or more distinct  
though somewhat less than life, or bigger an  
nearer. A person may, by the help of this inven  
tion, take a view of another without the imperi  
ence of staring; at the same time it shall not b  
possible to know whom or what he is looking at  
One may look towards his right or left hand, whe  
he is supposed to look forwards. This is set for  
at large in the printed proposals for the sale o  
these glasses, to be had at Mr. Dillon's in Long  
acre, next door to the White Hart. Now, Sir, a  
your Spectator has occasioned the publishing o  
this invention for the benefit of modest spectato  
the inventor desires your admonitions concerni  
the decent use of it; and hopes, by your recom  
mendation, that for the future beauty may be  
held without the torture and confusion which i  
suffers from the insolence of starers. By thi  
means you will relieve the innocent from an insu  
which there is no law to punish, though it is  
greater offence than many which are within th  
cognisance of justice."

"I am, Sir, your most humble servant,  
Q. "ABRAHAM SPT."

No. 251.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1711

—Lingue centum sunt, oraque centum,  
Ferrea vox— VISO. Æn. vi. 625.

—A hundred mouths, a hundred tongues.  
And throats of brass inspir'd with iron lungs.—DRYDEN.

THERE is nothing which more astonishes a fo  
reigner, and frights a country squire, than th  
Cries of London. My good friend Sir Roger offe  
declares that he cannot get them out of his head  
or go to sleep for them, the first week that he is i  
town. On the contrary, Will Honeycombe call  
them the *Ramage de la Ville*, and prefers them to  
the sound of larks and nightingales, with all th  
music of fields and woods. I have lately receiv  
a letter from some very odd fellow upon this sub-  
ject, which I shall leave with my reader, without  
saying any thing further of it.

"Sir,

"I am a man out of all business, and would will-  
ingly turn my head to any thing for an honest liveli-  
hood. I have invented several projects for raising  
many millions of money without burdening the sub-  
ject, but I cannot get the parliament to listen to me,  
who look upon me, forsooth, as a crack, and a pro-  
jector; so that despairing to enrich either myself  
or my country by this public-spiritedness, I would  
make some proposals to you relating to a design  
which I have very much at heart, and which may  
procure me a handsome subsistence, if you will be  
pleased to recommend it to the cities of London  
and Westminster.

The post I would aim at, is to be comptroller-  
general of the London Cries, which are at present

under no manner of rules or discipline. I think I am pretty well qualified for this place, as being a man of very strong lungs, of great insight into all the branches of our British trades and manufactures, and of a competent skill in music.

"The Cries of London may be divided into vocal and instrumental. As for the latter, they are at present under a very great disorder. A freeman of London has the privilege of disturbing a whole street for an hour together, with a twanking of a brass kettle or frying-pan. The watchman's thump at midnight startles us in our beds as much as the breaking in of a thief. The sowgelder's horn has indeed something musical in it, but this is seldom heard within the liberties. I would therefore propose, that no instrument of this nature should be made use of, which I have not tuned and licensed, after having carefully examined in what manner it may affect the ears of her majesty's liege subjects.

"Vocal cries are of a much larger extent, and indeed so full of incongruities and barbarisms, that we appear a distracted city to foreigners, who do not comprehend the meaning of such enormous outcries. Milk is generally sold in a note above E-la, and in sounds so exceedingly shrill, that it often sets our teeth on edge. The chimney-sweeper is confined to no certain pitch; he sometimes utters himself in the deepest bass, and sometimes in the sharpest treble; sometimes in the highest, and sometimes in the lowest, note of the gamut. The same observation might be made on the retailers of small-coal, not to mention broken glasses, or brick-dust. In these, therefore, and the like cases, it should be my care to sweeten and mellow the voices of these itinerant tradesmen, before they make their appearance in our streets, as also to accommodate their cries to their respective wares; and to take care in particular, that those may not make the most noise, who have the least to sell, which is very observable in the venders of card-matches, to whom I cannot but apply that old proverb of 'Much cry, but little wool.'

"Some of these last-mentioned musicians are so very loud in the sale of these trifling manufactures, that an honest splenetic gentleman of my acquaintance bargained with one of them never to come into the street where he lived. But what was the effect of this contract? Why the whole tribe of card-matchmakers which frequent that quarter passed by his door the very next day, in hopes of being bought off after the same manner.

"It is another great imperfection in our London cries, that there is no just time nor measure observed in them. Our news should indeed be published in a very quick time, because it is a commodity that will not keep cold. It should not, however, be cried with the same precipitation as fire. Yet this is generally the case. A bloody battle alarms the town from one end to another in an instant. Every motion of the French is published in a great hurry, that one would think the enemy were at our gates. This likewise I would take upon me to regulate in such a manner, that there should be some distinction made between the spreading of victory, a march, or an encampment, a Dutch, a Portugal, or a Spanish mail. Nor must I omit under this head those excessive alarms with which several boisterous rustics infest our streets in turnip season; and which are more inexcusable, because they are wares which are in no danger of cooling upon their hands.

"There are others who affect a very slow time,

and are in my former. The note in a hollow mony; nor can agreeable melody solemn air with asked, if they memory may su ditties of the s wonderfully late

"I am always of the year which and cucumbers; the nightingale, would therefore the same air m other words.

"It might like sideration, how humourists are with the tradition invented parties such as was, not commonly know Puff,\* and suc powder and wa formed, goes un

"I must not which runs thro and which rende incommodious, I mean, that idl them aim at, of Whether or no of our affected say; but most c wares they deal their words; ins a country boy r mender, and gi and scissors.

some very emine a cry, that none guess at their p that 'work if I of a corn-cutter.

"Forasmuch, are seldom men would be very p and sound judgm cries, who shoul in our streets, th are not only abe and the rattling respective merc most distinct and humbly recomme fied for this post ragement, shall which I have by the emolument o

## C.

\* This little man pastry which he ca that tone the cant w Molly-Puff. There London Cries, M. Biographical History

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ER 19, 1711.

renti.  
En. ii. 570.

scourse upon  
studied the  
auteous face.  
have said ten  
not occur to  
use it makes  
to kindle, the  
auses in the  
ose things are  
ou will own,  
which moves  
that the whole  
d there; that  
scourse could  
tters it what  
' is the lan-

When the  
d in a glance,  
arise in the  
er see the at-  
an instant?  
e intelligence  
ly; that good-  
the heart, and  
e nature has  
may not be  
oor bride can  
a languishing  
el parents to  
he same time  
eye is full of  
while the of-  
what we call  
r go to plays?  
eyes of those  
o be seen? I  
on the obser-  
r your corre-  
scourse on the  
e of Leonora  
nt; she looks  
ses you speak  
bjects directly  
hance-medley,  
another thing.  
The eye of  
tated murder;  
the execution  
n that of Leo-  
ere is a brave  
r eye has been  
r made fly be-  
ence eloquent,  
assent, an en-  
his little mem-  
t us, and I be-  
ore, than that  
y, every other  
s force repre-  
y itself. But

ing eye  
stray.  
nt, and likewise  
agnos.

this is heathen Greek to those who have not e-  
versed by glances. This, Sir, is a language  
which there can be no deceit, nor can a skilful  
server be imposed upon by looks, even among pe-  
ticians and courtiers. If you do me the honour  
print this among your speculations, I shall in a  
next make you a present of secret history, by tra-  
lating all the looks of the next assembly of ladi  
and gentlemen into words, to adorn some futu-  
paper.

"I am, Sir, your faithful Friend,

"MARY HEARTFREE."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have a sot of a husband that lives a very sea-  
dulous life; who wastes away his body and fortune  
in debaucheries; and is immovable to all the argu-  
ments I can urge to him. I would gladly know  
whether in some cases a cudgel may not be allow-  
ed as a good figure of speech, and whether it may not  
lawfully be used by a female orator.

"Your humble Servant,

"BARBARA CRADTREE."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Though I am a practitioner in the law of sam-  
standing, and have heard many eminent pleaders  
in my time, as well as other eloquent speakers  
both universities, yet I agree with you, that women  
are better qualified to succeed in oratory than the  
men, and believe this is to be resolved into natural  
causes. You have mentioned only the volubility  
of their tongues; but what do you think of the  
silent flattery of their pretty faces, and the persua-  
sion which even an insipid discourse carries with it  
when flowing from beautiful lips, to which it would  
be cruel to deny anything? It is certain, too, that  
they are possessed of some springs of rhetoric which  
men want, such as tears, fainting fits, and the like,  
which I have seen employed upon occasion, with  
good success. You must know that I am a plain  
man, and love my money; yet I have a spouse who  
is so great an orator in this way, that she draws  
from me what sum she pleases. Every room in my  
house is furnished with trophies of her eloquence,  
rich cabinets, piles of china, japan screens, and  
costly jars; and if you were to come into my great  
parlour, you would fancy yourself in an India ware-  
house. Besides this she keeps a squirrel, and I am  
doubly taxed to pay for the china he breaks. She  
is seized with periodical fits about the time of the  
subscriptions to a new opera, and is drowned in  
tears after having seen any woman there in finer  
clothes than herself. These are arts of persuasion  
purely feminine, and which a tender heart cannot  
resist. What I would therefore desire of you, is, to  
prevail with your friend who has promised to dis-  
sect a female tongue, that he would at the same  
time give us the anatomy of a female eye, and ex-  
plain the springs and sluices which feed it with such  
ready supplies of moisture; and likewise show by  
what means, if possible, they may be stopped at a  
reasonable expense. Or indeed, since there is  
something so moving in the very image of weeping  
beauty, it would be worthy his art to provide, that  
these eloquent drops may no more be lavished on  
trifles, or employed as servants to their wayward  
wills; but reserved for serious occasions in life, to  
adorn generous pity, true penitence, or real sorrow

T

"I am," &c.



253 ] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1711.

Indignor quicquam reprehendi, non quia crasse  
Compositum, illepidè utetur, sed quia nuper.  
Hos. 1 Ep. ii. 76.

I feel my honest indignation rise,  
When with affected air a coxcomb cries,  
The work I own has elegance and ease,  
But sure no modern should presume to please.

FRANCIS.

THERE is nothing which more denotes a great mind than the abhorrence of envy and detraction. This passion reigns more among bad poets than any other set of men.

As there are none more ambitious of fame than those who are conversant in poetry, it is very natural for such as have not succeeded in it, to depreciate those who have. For since they cannot raise themselves to the reputation of their fellow-writers, they must endeavour to sink that to their own pitch, they would still keep themselves upon a level with them.

The greatest wits that ever were produced in our age, lived together in so good an understanding, and celebrated one another with so much generosity, that each of them receives an additional lustre from his contemporaries, and is more famous for having been with men of so extraordinary a genius, than he had himself been the sole wonder of the age. I need not tell my reader, that I here point at the reign of Augustus; and I believe he will be of my opinion, that neither Virgil nor Horace would have gained so great a reputation in the world, had they not been the friends and admirers of each other. Indeed all the great writers of that age, for whom we have so great an esteem, stand up together as vouchers for one another's reputation. But at the same time that Virgil was celebrated by allus, Propertius, Horace, Varius, Tucca, and others, we know that Bavius and Mævius were his declared foes and calumniators.

In our own country a man seldom sets up for a poet, without attacking the reputation of all his brothers in the art. The ignorance of the moderns, the scribbles of the age, the decay of poetry, are the topics of detraction with which he makes his entrance into the world: but how much more noble is the fame that is built on candour and ingenuity, according to those beautiful lines of Sir John Denham, in his poem on Fletcher's works:

But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise,  
Trophies to thee from other men's dispraise:  
Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,  
Nor needs thy juster title the foul guilt  
Of Eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,  
Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain.

I am sorry to find that an author, who is very justly esteemed among the best judges, has admitted some strokes of this nature into a very fine poem; I mean the *Art of Criticism*,\* which was published some months since, and is a master-piece in its kind. The observations follow one another like those in Horace's *Art of Poetry*, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose author. They are some of them uncommon,† but such as the reader must assent to, when he sees them explained with that elegance and perspicuity in which they are delivered. As for those which are the most known, and the most received,

they are placed in contrast with such as them all the grace who was before convinced of the give me leave to has so very well his works, that with so much in advancing things that It is impossible for the world, to make lity, or in any art touched upon by us, but to represent in more strong, lights. If a re Poetry, he will which he may not were not common Augustan age. ing them, not his chiefly to admire.

For this reason world so tiresome write in a position language, genius would see how they may find their manner the characters of and Longinus, and which I am now

Since I have reflections has given which he observes sioned them; I English author has plied several of themselves. I shall of this kind. Some which some readers has the following

These equal  
Thou' oft the  
While explain  
And ten joy

The gaping of expletive "do" labels in the fourth sage, as would be ancient poet. ing lines in the s

A needless Alex  
That like a wou

And afterward

'Tis not enough n  
The sound must s  
Soft is the strain  
And the smooth s  
But when loud su  
The hoarse rough  
When Ajax strive  
The line too labor  
Not so, when swi  
Flies o'er the un

The beautiful lines puts me in Odyssey, which of. It is where stone up the hill top of it, but it This double mo

\* See Pope's Works, vol. v. p. 201. 6 vols. Edit. Lond. 12mo. 1710.

† See Essay on the Genius and Writings of Pope, sect. III. 171. 2d ed. 1763.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

in the four  
intermixed  
last trundles

the ground.  
POPE

out of Virgil  
beauty in the  
in a future  
have escaped

taking no-  
gue, which  
a master-  
ated Verse,\*  
Essay upon

21, 1711

with sorrow.

essions which  
world, I am  
in levity of  
quality have  
characters, and  
The first of  
at the faults  
er to it, the

ow changer;  
is gay and  
to be buried  
al to be shut  
ades of my  
old manor-  
he conversa-  
rd chamber-  
ay entertain  
gown, the  
this time, I  
pts for mak-  
dial waters,

my dear, of  
would per-  
rent enough  
child, I am  
red with ro-  
s' marriage  
the country  
one would  
es, or roved  
first happy  
isms, and  
like other  
y interested  
give you a  
rance under  
is a little in-  
on; but I am  
e as a fond  
ot to appear

in any public places with your husband, and never to saunter about St. James's-park together: if you presume to enter the ring at Hyde-park together, you are ruined for ever: nor must you take the least notice of one another, at the playhouse, or opera, unless you would be laughed at for a very loving couple, most happily paired in the yoke of wedlock. I would recommend the example of an acquaintance of ours to your imitation; she is the most negligent and fashionable wife in the world; she is hardly ever seen in the same place with her husband, and if they happen to meet, you would think them perfect strangers; she was never heard to name him in his absence, and takes care he shall never be the subject of any discourse that she has a share in. I hope you will propose this lady as a pattern, though I am very much afraid you will be so silly as to think Portia, &c. Sabine and Roman wives, much brighter examples. I wish it may never come into your head to imitate those antiquated creatures so far as to come into public in the habit, as well as air, of a Roman matron. You make already the entertainment at Mrs. Modish's tea-table: she says, she always thought you a discreet person, and qualified to manage a family with admirable prudence; she dies to see what demure and serious airs wedlock has given you; but she says, she shall never forgive your choice of so gallant a man as Bellamour, to transform him into a mere sober husband; it was unpardonable. You see, my dear, we all envy your happiness, and no person more than

"Your humble Servant

"LYDIA."

"Be not in pain, good madam, for my appearance in town; I shall frequent no public places, or make any visits where the character of a modest wife is ridiculous. As for your wild raillery on matrimony, it is all hypocrisy; you, and all the handsome young women of your acquaintance, show yourselves to no other purpose, than to gain a conquest over some man of worth, in order to bestow your charms and fortune on him. There is no indecency in the confession; the design is modest and honourable, and all your affectation cannot disguise it.

"I am married, and have no other concern but to please the man I love; he is the end of every care I have; If I dress, it is for him; If I read a poem, or a play, it is to qualify myself for a conversation agreeable to his taste; he is almost the end of my devotions; half my prayers are for his happiness. I love to talk of him, and never hear him named but with pleasure and emotion. I am your friend, and wish you happiness, but am sorry to see, by the air of your letter, that there are a set of women who are got into the common-place raillery of every thing that is sober, decent, and proper; matrimony and the clergy are the topics of people of little wit and no understanding. I own to you, I have learned of the vicar's wife all you tax me with. She is a discreet, ingenious, pleasant, pious woman; I wish she had the handling of you and Mrs. Modish; you would find, if you were too free with her, she would soon make you as charming as ever you were; she would make you blush as much as if you never had been fine ladies. The vicar, madam, is so kind as to visit my husband, and his agreeable conversation has brought him to enjoy many sober happy hours when even I am shut out, and my dear master is entertained only with his own thoughts. These things, dear madam,

lasting satisfactions, when the fine ladies, the coxcombs, by whom they form themselves, are so far from being ridiculous, ridiculous in old age.

"I am, Madam,

"Your most humble Servant,

"MARY HOME."

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

I have no goodness in the world, and are not at all in any thing you say that is serious, if not send me a plain answer to this. I happened some days past to be at the play, where, at the time of the performance, I could not keep myself off from a beautiful young creature who sat before me, and who, I have been since informed, is of fortune. It would utterly ruin my reputation, discretion to marry such a one, and by what I learn she has a character of great modesty, so there is nothing to be thought on any other. My mind has ever since been so wholly bent that I am much in danger of doing something extravagant, without your speedy advice.

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant."

I am sorry I cannot answer this impatient gentleman by another question.

DEAR CORRESPONDENT,

Could you marry to please other people, or not?—T.

[.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1711.

Adis amore tunc? sunt certa placula, quæ te  
et pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.

HOR. EP. I. LIB. I. VER. 36.

IMITATED.

There are rhymes, which (fresh and fresh apply'd)  
Are the arrant'st puppy of his pride.—POPE.

The soul, considered abstractedly from its passion, is of a remiss and sedentary nature, slow in its moves, and languishing in its executions. The office of the passions is to stir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the understanding, to direct the will, and to make the whole man vigorous and attentive in the prosecution of his business. As this is the end of the passions in general, so it is particularly of ambition, which directs the soul to such actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we reflect on the higher, we may discover the wisdom of Providence in implanting this passion in the mind.

It is necessary for the world, that arts should be improved, books written and translated, posterity, nations conquered and civilized. Hence the proper and genuine motives to do the like great actions, would only influence the minds; there would be but small improvements in the world, were there not some common principle of action working equally with all, and such a principle is ambition, or a desire by which great endowments are not sufficient idle and useless to the public, and many men are overreached, as it were, and contrary to their natural inclinations, in a bold and laudable course of action. For we may observe, that men of the greatest abilities are most fired with ambition; and that, on the other hand, mean and narrow minds are the least affected with it: whether it be that a man's sense of honour—Nos. 37 & 38.

his own incapacities, or that he has no share in fame, or that he has no way to look out for any good, or that he immediately relate to his own condition, that Providence, in his wisdom, would not subject him to a pursuit so useless to the world, as to himself.

Were not this the difficulty of obtaining what is desired, when obtained, would be from so vain a pursuit.

How few are there of abilities sufficient to receive the admiration of the world, and how few of the most part sets us in a kind of proportion to it. If it renders us perfect, it generally leaves us defective, and is rather of a being mean and defective, than of making any single one perfect.

Among those who are ambitious by nature, and according to how few are there who are not by the ignorance, pride, and ambition, holders! Some men are content with a mean action, and are content with them to some false end, and purposely misrepresentation on them. But the moderation, we may observe, is most unsuccessful in the world, and are most desirous of a remark upon Cato, that the more he acquired, the more he was inclined to.

Men take an ill-natural inclination, and disordered hearts are most set upon it. We have discovered the passion of the ambitious man (as not to show itself), they begin in their commendation of an applause, and as a kindness done to him, paid to his merit. Of natural perverseness of praises of one who sets least they should raise imagination, and by a greater distance from the truth.

But, further, this desire of the ambitious man in lessening to his reputation any of his actions should least his deserts should be of the world, or receive reports which others sets them on empty of himself, and betrays the capitals of his own performance. He generally leans one way, of it, tends obliquely either to others, or to the extolling natural weakness of and poses him to the secret he converses with, and industrious to advance but are never so glorious, they are drawn at large.

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an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admire. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity, to see themselves superior, in some respects, to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open to the same censures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuse their own defects by the authority of so high an example, or to raise an imaginary applause to themselves, for resembling a person of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all these secret springs of detraction fail, yet very often a vain ostentation of wit sets a man on attacking an established name, and sacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of those about him. A satire or a libel on one of the common stamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a person whose merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conspicuous figure among men. Whether it be, that we think it shows greater art to expose and turn to ridicule a man whose character seems so improper a subject for it, or that we are pleased, by some implicit kind of revenge, to see him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in some measure reduced to our own rank, who had so far raised himself above us, in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we see how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious spies are searching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the best prepared for so narrow an inspection. For we may generally observe, that our admiration of a famous man lessens upon our nearer acquaintance with him: and that we seldom hear the description of a celebrated person, without a catalogue of some notorious weaknesses and infirmities. The reason may be, because any little slip is more conspicuous and observable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the rest of his character; or because it is impossible for a man at the same time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconsiderable circumstances of his behaviour and conversation; or because, as we have before observed, the same temper of mind which inclines us to a desire of fame, naturally betrays us into such slips and unwarinesses, as are not incident to men of a contrary disposition.

After all, it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmity, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away, and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds

at a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on other beauties, and darkens the whole. How difficult, therefore, is it to preserve fame, when he that has acquired it is so subject to such little weaknesses and infirmities, a small diminution to it when discovered; when they are so industriously promoted and aggravated by such as were once his equals; by such as would set to show-gement, or their wit, and by such as are innocent of the same slips or misconducts of their own behaviour.

Were there none of these dispositions in a famous man, nor any such misfortune in himself, yet would he meet with no trouble in keeping up his reputation, in all its splendour. There must be always a succession of actions to preserve his fame in life. For when it is once at a stand, it languishes. Admiration is a very short passion, that immediately decays upon becoming familiar with its object, unless it be still fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a new succession of miracles rising up to its aid, and even the greatest actions of a celebrated labourer under this disadvantage, that, surprising and extraordinary they may be, no more than what are expected from him; the contrary, if they fall any thing below what is conceived of him, though they raise the reputation of another, they are a blot on his.

One would think there should be something peculiarly pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, would make a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet consider the little happiness that attends a reputation, and the multitude of disquietudes to the desire of it subjects an ambitious mind, and he is still the more surprised to see so many candidates for glory.

It raises a secret tumult in the soul; it agitates the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry. It is still reaching after an empty good, that has not in it the power to abate its desire. Most other things we long for, can allay the ardour of their proper sense, and for a while set us at rest; but fame is a good so wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the mind to it, nor any organ in the body to it; an object of desire, placed out of the possibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind with a giddy kind of pleasure, but it is such as makes a man restless and uneasy under which does not much satisfy the present; it excites fresh desires, and sets the soul on new enterprises. For how few ambitious men are to be found who have got as much fame as they desired, and yet thirst after it has not been as eager in the pursuit of their reputation, as it was before they were known and eminent among men? There is a circumstance in Cesar's character which gives us a greater idea of him, than a saying which he frequently made use of in private conversation, "That he was satisfied with his share of fame." "*Se satis vel ad naturam, vel ad vicium.*" Many indeed have given over the pursuit after fame, but that has proceeded from the disappointments they have met in it, from their experience of the little pleasure which it affords, or from the better informations or natural wisdom of old age; but seldom from a full satisfaction

and acquiescence in the attainments of it.

Nor is fame only unsatisfactory, because the desire of it lays us open to the attacks of fortune, which those are free from who are content to be regarded for it. How often do we see men brought down and disappointed where he expected it? How often is he satisfied with the very praise which he has risen so high as he thought he should seldom do unless increased. How often do men have so good an opinion of themselves? But if the fame which has so much grieved even with the power to be able to bear up under the same temper of mind, fame makes him hate reported with the extraordinary, he is as much dejected by the success, therefore, is the happiness which gives every one a dominating power over himself to the good or ill of the world, it is in the power of every man to bring him into a fit of melancholy, and to disturb his rest and repose of mind. Consider that the world is made up of vanity, of applause, and himself full of virtues.

We may further observe, that we are more grieved for the loss of fame, than we have been pleased with the acquisition, though the presence of fame makes us happy, the absence of it is so miserable: because in the loss of fame we only find that share of pleasure which was giving us, but in the loss of fame we find our grief to the real value of our fancies and imaginations.

So inconsiderable is the pleasure which fame brings along with it, and so liable to be taken away, which it makes us liable to very uneasy motions in the mind, than satisfied by the possession of it. The enjoyment of fame is a pleasure, though the loss of it is so miserable and afflicting; and the desire of it is so very precarious, that it is in the power of the will of others. We reproach ourselves which are pointed by the silence of others, and humbled even by the

## No. 257.] SATURDAY

No slumber seals the eye  
Present to every action

THAT I might not be so great extent as that of particular order and method, I have considered the reasons why fame is so much planted in our mind, and what it has in the next place, the reasons, first, that fame is so much desired, and easily to be obtained, and secondly, that the ambitious man very often has him to much uneasiness in the last place show, and which is accompanied with an end which we I need not tell my reader, that happiness which is

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flames and tortures, and will hereafter entitle man to the reward of actions which they had never at opportunity of performing. Another reason why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, because the same actions may be aimed at different ends and arise from quite contrary principles. Actions are of so mixed a nature, and so full of circumstances, that as men pry into them more or less, they observe some parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; so that the same actions may represent man as hypocritical and designing to one, while they make him appear a saint or hero to another. He therefore, who looks upon the soul through its outward actions, often sees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to discolour and pervert the object; so that, on this account also, he is the least proper judge of our perfections, who does not gaze at the sincerity of our intentions from the goodness of our actions, but weighs the goodness of our actions by the sincerity of our intentions.

But further, it is impossible for outward actions to represent the perfections of the soul, because they can never show the strength of those principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expressions of our virtues, and can only show what habits are in the soul, without discovering the degree and perfection of such habits. They are the best but weak resemblances of our intentions, fair and imperfect, that may acquaint us with the general design, but can never express the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the soul knows every different state and degree of human improvement, from those weak stirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themselves into regular purposes and designs, to the last entire finishing and consummation of a good habit. He beholds the first imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the soul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progress, until it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we see, that none but the Supreme Being can esteem us according to our proper merits, since all others must judge of us from our outward actions; which can never give them a just estimate of us, since there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in actions; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of showing themselves, want an opportunity of doing it; or should they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet those actions may be misinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles, so that though they plainly discovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never show the degree, strength, and perfection of those principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, so he is the only fit rewarder of them. This is a consideration that comes home to our interest, as the other adapts itself to our ambition. And what could the most aspiring man desire more, were he to form the notion of a Being to whom he would recommend himself, than such a knowledge as can discover the least appearance of perfection in him, and such goodness as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man, therefore, turn off his desire of fame this way; and, that he may propose himself a fame worthy of his ambition, let him consider, that if he employs his abilities to the best advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who sees every degree of perfection in others, and

possesses all possible perfection in himself, shall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the presence of the whole creation that best and most significant of applause, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter thou into thy Master's joy."—C.

No. 258.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1711.

Divide et impera

Divide and rule.

PLEASURE and recreation of one kind or other are absolutely necessary to relieve our minds and bodies from too constant attention and labour: where therefore public diversions are tolerated, it behoves persons of distinction, with their power and example, to preside over them in such a manner as to check any thing that tends to the corruption of manners, or which is too mean or trivial for the entertainment of reasonable creatures. As to the diversions of this kind in this town, we owe them to the arts of poetry and music. My own private opinion, with relation to such recreations, I have heretofore given with all the frankness imaginable; what concerns those arts at present the reader shall have from my correspondents. The first of the letters with which I acquit myself for this day, is written by one who proposes to improve our entertainments of dramatic poetry, and the other comes from three persons, who, as soon as named, will be thought capable of advancing the present state of music.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am considerably obliged to you for your speedy publication of my last in yours of the 18th instant, and am in no small hopes of being settled in the post of Comptroller of the Cries. Of all the objections I have hearkened after in public coffee-houses, there is but one that seems to carry any weight with it, viz. That such a post would come too near the nature of a monopoly. Now, Sir, because I would have all sorts of people made easy, and being willing to have more strings than one to my bow; in case that a comptroller should fail me, I have since formed another project, which being grounded on the dividing of a present monopoly, I hope will give the public an equivalent to their full content. You know, Sir, it is allowed, that the business of the stage is, as the Latin has it, *jucunda et idonea dicere vita*. Now, there being but one dramatic theatre licensed for the delight and profit of this extensive metropolis, I do humbly propose, for the convenience of such of its inhabitants as are too distant from Covent-garden, that another theatre of ease may be erected in some spacious part of the city; and that the direction thereof may be made a franchise in fee to me and my heirs for ever. And that the town may have no jealousy of my ever coming into a union with the set of actors now in being, I do further propose to constitute for my deputy my near kinsman and adventurer, Kit Crotchbet,\* whose long experience and improvements in those affairs need no recommendation. It was obvious to every spectator, what a quite different foot the stage was upon during his government; and had he not been bolted out of his trap-doors, his garrison might have held out for ever; he having by long pains and perseverance arrived at the art of making his army fight without pay or provisions. I must confess it is with a melancholy

amazement I and the late masters; during theatrical entertainments are not able to

"Every man have either w it, that all wh may improve pable. In sho as well as said active body, t for the imitat so speak, corp fain ask any should not ro walkers, and stage? After would be lea of the audien cry aloud for the province o should it be twenty years master was in others more t in contempt o have the inso at the end o public good; get a private will recomme week's paper you will accep have received

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"MR. S.

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\* Christopher Rich.



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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fewer, who against common rules and fashions, dare  
obey its dictates. As to salutations, which I was  
about to talk of, I observe, as I stroll about town,  
there are great enormities committed with regard  
to this particular.—You shall sometimes see a man  
begin the offer of a salutation, and observe a for-  
bidding air, or escaping eye, in the person he is  
going to salute, and stop short in the poll of his  
neck. This in the person who believed he could do  
it with a good grace, and was refused the opportu-  
nity, is justly resented with a coldness the whole  
ensuing season. Your great beauties, people in  
much favour, or by any means or for any purpose  
overflattered, are apt to practise this, which you  
may call the preventing aspect, and throw their  
attention another way, lest they should confer a  
bow or a courtesy upon a person who might not  
appear to deserve that dignity. Others you shall  
find so obsequious, and so very courteous, as there  
is no escaping their favours of this kind. Of this  
sort may be a man who is in the fifth or sixth  
degree of favour with a minister. This good crea-  
ture is resolved to show the world, that great  
honours cannot at all change his manners; he is  
the same civil person he ever was; he will venture  
his neck to bow out of a coach in full speed, at  
once to show he is full of business, and yet not be  
taken up as to forget his old friend. With a man  
who is not so well formed for courtship and elegant  
behaviour, such a gentleman as this seldom finds  
his account in the return of his compliments; but  
he will still go on, for he is in his own way, and  
must not omit; let the neglect fall on your side, or  
where it will, his business is still to be well-bred to  
the end. I think I have read, in one of our Eng-  
lish comedies, a description of a fellow that affects  
knowing every body, and for want of judgment in  
time and place, would bow and smile in the face of  
a judge sitting in the court, would sit in an opposite  
gallery and smile in the minister's face as he came  
up into the pulpit, and nod as if he alluded to some  
familiarities between them in another place. But  
now I happen to speak of salutation at church,  
must take notice that several of my correspondents  
have importuned me to consider that subject, and  
settle the point of decorum in that particular.

I do not pretend to be the best courtier in the  
world, but I have often on public occasions thought  
it a very great absurdity in the company (during  
the royal presence) to exchange salutations from all  
parts of the room, when certainly common sense  
should suggest, that all regards at that time should  
be engaged, and cannot be diverted to any other  
object, without disrespect to the sovereign. But as  
to the complaint of my correspondents, it is not to  
be imagined what offence some of them take at the  
custom of saluting in places of worship. I have  
very angry letter from a lady, who tells me of one  
of her acquaintance, who, out of mere pride and  
pretence to be rude, takes upon her to return no  
civilities done to her in the time of divine service,  
and is the most religious woman, for no other reason  
but to appear a woman of the best quality in the  
church. This absurd custom had better be abol-  
ished than retained; if it were but to prevent evil  
of no higher a nature than this is; but I am in-  
formed of objections much more considerable. A  
dissenter of rank and distinction was lately pre-  
vailed upon by a friend of his to come to one of the  
greatest congregations of the church of England  
about town. After the service was over, he declared  
he was very well satisfied with the little ceremon-



which was used towards God Almighty; but at the same time he feared he should not be able to go through those required towards one another: as to this point he was in a state of despair, and feared he was not well-bred enough to be a convert. There have been many scandals of this kind given to our Protestant dissenters, from the outward pomp and respect we take to ourselves in our religious assemblies. A Quaker who came one day into a church, fixed his eye upon an old lady with a carpet larger than that from the pulpit before her, expecting when she would hold forth. An anabaptist who designs to come over himself, and all his family, within a few months, is sensible they want breeding enough for our congregations, and has sent his two oldest daughters to learn to dance, that they may not misbehave themselves at church. It is worth considering whether, in regard to awkward people with scrupulous consciences, a good Christian of the best air in the world ought not rather to deny herself the opportunity of showing so many graces, than keep a bashful proselyte without the pale of the church.—T.

No. 260.] FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1711.

*Singula de nobis anni prædantur euntes.*—HON. J. EP. II. 55.

Years following years steal something every day.  
At last they steal us from ourselves away.—POPE.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

I AM now in the sixty-fifth year of my age, and having been the greater part of my days a man of pleasure, the decay of my faculties is a stagnation of my life. But how is it, Sir, that my appetites are increased upon me with the loss of power to gratify them? I write this like a criminal, to warn people to enter upon what reformation they please to make in themselves in their youth, and not expect they shall be capable of it from a fond opinion some have often in their mouths, that if we do not leave our desires, they will leave us. It is far otherwise; I am now as vain in my dress, and as suppliant, if I see a pretty woman, as when in my youth I stood upon a bench in the pit to survey the whole circle of beauties. The folly is so extravagant with me, and I went on with so little check of my desires or resignation of them, that I can assure you, I very often, merely to entertain my own thoughts, sit with my spectacles on, writing love-letters to the beauties that have been long since in their graves. This is to warm my heart with the faint memory of delights which were once agreeable to me: but how much happier would my life have been now, if I could have looked back on any worthy action done for my country? if I had laid out that which I profused in luxury and wantonness, in acts of generosity or charity? I have lived a bachelor to this day; and instead of a numerous offspring, with which in the regular ways of life I might possibly have delighted myself, I have only to amuse myself with the repetition of old stories and intrigues which no one will believe I ever was concerned in. I do not know whether you have ever treated of it or not; but you cannot fall on a better subject, than that of the art of growing old. In such a lecture you must propose, that no one set his heart upon what is transient; the beauty grows wrinkled while we are yet gazing at her. The witty man sinks into a humourist imperceptibly, by want of reflecting that all things around him are a flux, and continually changing: thus he is in

the space of ten years, a new set of people looks upon them as his delusion of living, were it not for the But the mischief of error which is of scorn, and entertain again. Thus a crazy man, fretted with vanity, doing foolishly. Sir, this is my I should laugh at the time of youth, the way in which I these consequences away life as the pleasant; only actions is a feast to the soul than the highest enjoyment me, if I sit down ponder, the vagabondous than the common my memory; the tunes, interrupt quarrels, are very soliloquy. I ladies of my age persuaded to waste son; and that I him a cane, and I must add to a pleasure, which very late years faction left; but 1714, and all worth fifty thou-

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“You will insert you will insert your letter to me not a person of humour of story she herself told fits. These fits together; and vocation, so it them without the and love will pray let her be

“MADAM,

“I love you, not tell me of until humours, have that happy ten weeks together that while I be still you say it you too grow Which do you should alter a and that to oblige that to lay no I indulge your you favour my

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ER 29, 1711.

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the good qualities of one to whom we join ourselves for life; they do not make our present state agreeable, but often determine our happiness to all eternity. Where the choice is left to friends, the chief point under consideration is an estate; where the parties choose for themselves, their thoughts turn most upon the person. They have both their reasons. The first would procure many conveniences and pleasures of life to the party whose interests they espouse; and at the same time may hope that the wealth of their friends will turn to their own credit and advantage. The others are preparing for themselves a perpetual feast. A good person does not only raise but continue love, and breeds a secret pleasure and complacency in the beholder, when the first heats of desire are extinguished. It puts the wife or husband in countenance both among friends and strangers, and generally fills the family with a healthy and beautiful race of children.

I should prefer a woman that is agreeable in my own eye, and not deformed in that of the world, to a celebrated beauty. If you marry one remarkably beautiful, you must have a violent passion for her, or you have not the proper taste for her charms; and if you have such a passion for her, it is odds but it would be imbibited with fears and jealousies.

Good-nature and evenness of temper will give you an easy companion for life; virtue and good sense an agreeable friend; love and constancy, a good wife or husband. Where we meet one person with all these accomplishments, we find a hundred without any one of them. The world, notwithstanding, is more intent on trains and equipages, and all the showy parts of life; we love rather to dazzle the multitude, than consult our proper interests; and, as I have elsewhere observed, it is one of the most unaccountable passions of human nature, that we are at greater pains to appear easy and happy to others, than really to make ourselves so. Of all disparities, that in humour makes the most unhappy marriages, yet scarce enters into our thoughts at the contracting of them. Several that are in this respect unequally yoked, and uneasy for life with a person of a particular character, might have been pleased and happy with a person of a contrary one, notwithstanding they are both perhaps equally virtuous and laudable in their kind.

Before marriage we cannot be too inquisitive and discerning in the faults of the person beloved, nor after it too dim-sighted and superficial. However perfect and accomplished the person appears to you at a distance, you will find many blemishes and imperfections in her humour, upon a more intimate acquaintance, which you never discovered or perhaps suspected. Here, therefore, discretion and good-nature are to show their strength; the first will hinder your thoughts from dwelling on what is disagreeable, the other will raise in you all the tenderness of compassion and humanity, and by degrees soften those very imperfections into beauties.

Marriage enlarges the scene of our happiness and miseries. A marriage of love is pleasant; a marriage of interest easy; and a marriage where both meet, happy. A happy marriage has in it all the pleasures of friendship, all the enjoyments of sense and reason, and indeed all the sweets of life. Nothing is a greater mark of a degenerate and vicious age, than the common ridicule which passes on this state of life. It is, indeed, only happy in those who can look down with scorn and neglect on the impieties of the times, and tread the paths of life together in a constant uniform course of virtue.—C.

[ MONDAY, DECEMBER 31, 1711.

monato littera mista joco est.—OVID. Trist. ii. 566.

## ADAPTED.

My paper flows from no satiric vein,  
Contains no poison, and conveys no pain.

Am myself highly obliged to the public for the acceptance of a paper which visits them every morning, and has in it none of those seasonable recommendations so many of the writings are in vogue among us.

On the one side, my paper has not in it a word of news, a reflection in politics, nor a party; so, on the other, there are no able touches of infidelity, no obscene ideas, no upon priesthood, marriage, and the like topics of ridicule; no private scandal; nor any that may tend to the defamation of persons, families, or societies.

It is not one of those above-mentioned subjects which would not sell a very indifferent paper, sink of gratifying the public by such mean methods. But notwithstanding I have every thing that savours of party, every thing that is loose and immoral, and every thing that creates uneasiness in the minds of partisans, I find that the demand for my papers is every month since their first appearance in the world. This does not perhaps reflect so honourably upon myself, as on my readers, who show greater attention to discourses of immorality than ever I expected, or indeed desire.

I broke loose from that great body of men who have employed their wit and parts in vice and irreligion, I did not question could be treated as an odd kind of fellow, or a mind to appear singular in my way of thinking; but the general reception I have found of me that the world is not so corrupt as we imagine; and that if those men of parts who have been employed in vitiating the age had been employed to rectify and amend it, they needed not have sacrificed their good sense and virtue to vice and reputation. No man is so sunk in ignorance, but there are still some hidden goodness and knowledge in him; which a relish of such reflections and speculations is aptness to improve the mind, and make it better.

As I have shown in a former paper, with how much care I have avoided all such thoughts as are loose, or immoral; and I believe my reader would be the better of me, if he knew the pains I am qualifying what I write after such a manner, that nothing may be interpreted as aimed at persons. For this reason, when I draw any character, I consider all those persons to whom the malice of the world may possibly apply, and take care to dash it with such particular circumstances as may prevent all such ill-natured applications.

If I write any thing on a black man, or in my mind all the eminent persons in the world who are of that complexion: when I give an imaginary name at the head of a character, every syllable and letter of it, that it bears any resemblance to one that is real, I value very well the value which every man sets upon his reputation, and how painful it is to be exposed to the mirth and derision of the public, and therefore strive to divert my reader at the expense of my private man.

As I have been thus careful of a person's reputation, so I have not given ordinary care not to give in the higher figures of the world, and myself merry even with a public.

I have never glanced at the possession of his Holiness, or standing it might have in the ridiculous speculations.

which the public may not the least, that it draws the bitterness of party, and subjects of discourse that warmth or passion. The first design of those gentlemen of the Royal Society; and has it turned many of the gentlemen to the disquisitions of the sciences they had engaged in, and application, might have been a flame. The air-pump, and the like inventions, and the busy spirits, as tubs, and that he may let the ship sink while he diverts himself with amusements.

I have been so very careful of not hurting any man, that I forbore mentioning even names, not name with honour. I have been a piece of very great public relishes nothing better than upon a writer of any country, which a man that has been in ridicule may execute with ease, and raise laughter for a quarter of a century. The works of a person who has written few volumes. For while those who have made so very little of their time, I have hitherto published with intention rather to discover in the writers of my own country of their faults and immorality, while, I should take it for granted that some of my underhand measures break all measures with pretence for examining with an impartial eye: nor should I have a breach of charity to cry out, I keep clear of the persons.

In the mean while, and hostilities, I shall from now do justice to those who have served in the politest part of the world, out such beauties in the world as have escaped the observation of the public.

As the first place among the ancients is due to Milton; and as I have not out of him than from any other, a regular criticism upon his works shall publish every Saturday my thoughts upon that poet, and presume to impose upon the judgment on this author, and private opinion. Criticism and every particular manner of favourite passages in an author, strike the best judges. If I discover many beauties in others, I have not attended

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the generality of mankind, and growth towards manhood so desirable to all, that resignation to decay is too difficult a task in the father; and deference, amidst the impulse of gay desires, appears unreasonable to the son. There are so few who can grow old with a good grace, and yet fewer who can come slow enough into the world, that a father, were he to be actuated by his desires, and a son, were he to consult himself only, could neither of them behave himself as he ought to the other. But when reason interposes against instinct, where it would carry either out of the interests of the other, there arises that happiest intercourse of good offices between those dearest relations of human life. The father, according to the opportunities which are offered to him, is throwing down blessings on the son, and the son endeavouring to appear the worthy offspring of such a father. It is after this manner that Camillus and his first-born dwell together. Camillus enjoys a pleasing and indolent old age, in which passion is subdued, and reason exalted. He waits the day of his dissolution with a resignation mixed with delight; and the son fears the accession of his father's fortune with diffidence, lest he should not enjoy or become it as well as his predecessor. Add to this, that the father knows he leaves a friend to the children of his friends, an easy landlord to his tenants, and an agreeable companion to his acquaintance. He believes his son's behaviour will make him frequently remembered, but never wanted. This commerce is so well cemented, that without the pomp of saying, 'Son, be a friend to such-a-one when I am gone,' Camillus knows, being in his favour is direction enough to the grateful youth who is to succeed him, without the admission of his mentioning it. These gentlemen are honoured all in their neighbourhood, and the same effect which the court has on the manners of a kingdom, their characters have on all who live within the influence of them.

"My son and I are not of fortune to communicate our good actions or intentions to so many as these gentlemen do; but I will be bold to say, my son has, by the applause and approbation which his behaviour towards me has gained him, occasioned that many an old man besides myself has rejoiced. Other men's children follow the example of mine, and I have the inexpressible happiness of overhearing our neighbours, as we ride by, point to their children, and say, with a voice of joy, 'There they go.'

"You cannot, Mr. Spectator, pass your time better than in insinuating the delights which those relations, well regarded, bestow upon each other. Ordinary passages are no longer such, but mutual love gives an importance to the most indifferent things, and a merit to actions the most insignificant. When we look round the world, and observe the many misunderstandings which are created by the malice and insinuation of the meanest servant between people thus related, how necessary will it appear that it were inculcated, that men would be upon their guard to support a constancy of affection, and that grounded upon the principles of reason, not the impulses of instinct.

"It is from the common prejudices which men receive from their parents, that hatreds are kept alive from one generation to another; and what men act by instinct, hatred will descend when good offices are forgotten. For the degeneracy of human life is such, that our anger is more easily transferred to our children, than our love. Love always gives

ng to the object it delights in, and anger he person against whom it is moved of ng landable in him; from this degeneracy, e, and a sort of self-love, we are more prone up the ill-will of our parents, than to follow their friendships.

e would think there should need no more to en keep up this sort of relation with the sanctity, than to examine their own hearts. y father remembered his own thoughts and ions when he was a son, and every son reed what he expected from his father, when he was in a state of dependance, this one reflection reserve men from being dissolute or rigid in veral capacities. The power and subjection them, when broken, make them more emly tyrants and rebels against each other, rater cruelty of heart, than the disruption of nd empires can possibly produce. I shall application to you with two letters, which between a mother and son very lately, and allows:

DEAR FRANK,

the pleasures, which I have the grief to hear ue in town, do not take up all your time, deny your mother so much of it as to read y this letter. You said before Mr. Letacre, old woman might live very well in the upon half my jointure, and that your father ond fool to give me a rent charge of eight d a-year to the prejudice of his son. What said to you upon that occasion, you ought borne with more decency, as he was your well-beloved servant, than to have called ntry-put. In the first place, Frank, I must a, I will have my rent duly paid, for I will p to your sisters for the partiality I was d, in making your father do so much as he s for you. I may, it seems, live upon half ture! I lived upon much less, Frank, when d you from place to place in these arms, and either eat, dress, or mind any thing for feed- l tending you a weakly child, and shedding hen the convulsions you were then troubled turned upon you. By my care you outgrew to throw away the vigour of your youth in s of harlots, and deny your mother what is rs to detain. Both your sisters are crying the passion which I smother; but if you to go on thus like a gentleman of the town, get all regards to yourself and family, I shall ately enter upon your estate for the arrear me, and, without one tear more, condemn forgetting the fondness of your mother, as is you have the example of your father. O do I live to omit writing myself,

"Your affectionate Mother,

"A. T."

MADAM,

will come down to-morrow and pay the on my knees. Pray write so no more. I te care you never shall, for I will be for ever er,

"Your most dutiful Son,

"F. T."

will bring down new hoods for my sisters. t all be forgotten."—T.

No. 264.] WEDNESDAY

— Secretum iter et

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It has been from ag the pleasure of soliti possibly be supposed manner. This peopl the many agreeable th on that subject, for w lent persons who delig stracted from the plea rality of the world. T indeed with great bee disposes the reader fo fulness, or negligence in which he is engage that state which he is But when we consider there are capable of sophic solitude, we sh to that sort of solitud enjoying time after best in the world, wi withdraw from it. I not a man breathing other men as much in the features of his fa one is so happy as to proper bent of his gen to exert himself accor stead of this, which is a man's self, and tur wherein you have cro who pursue their ow spirit of contradiction which they are able punity could not go t only because anothe sooth an inviolable manner of moment. shall wear this or tha great integrity, while degenerated into bu known to their ance this is, if it were sear would find it not s fashion in his heart, nacy. But I am runn which was to celebra of passing away life, but with a resolution bitant desires by whi best way of separati is to give up the desi a man has preserved all duties incumbent own way is what mal slave. If they who a many of their specta they would be very n inclination to exami do with: they woul many who make a fig merit entitles them elegant desire of ease look like romance to man who is content one who does not un

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has must come to somebody, and that he has no heirs, have that effect wherever he is known, that he has every day three or four invitations to dine at different places, which he generally takes care to choose in such a manner as not to seem inclined to the richer man. All the young men respect him, and say he is just the same man he was when they were boys. He uses no artifice in the world, but makes use of men's designs upon him to get a maintenance out of them. This he carries on by a certain peevishness (which he acts very well,) that no one would believe could possibly enter into the head of a poor fellow. His mien, his dress, his carriage, and his language, are such, that you would be at a loss to guess whether in the active part of his life he had been a sensible citizen, or scholar that knew the world. These are the great circumstances in the life of Irus, and thus does he pass away his days a stranger to mankind; and at his death, the worst that will be said of him will be, that he got by every man who had expectations from him, more than he had to leave him.

I have an inclination to print the following letters; for I have heard the author of them has somewhere or other seen me, and by an excellent faculty in mimicry my correspondents tell me he can assume my air, and give my taciturnity a slyness which diverts more than any thing I could say if I were present. Thus I am glad my silence is atoned for to the good company in town. He has carried his skill in imitation so far, as to have forged a letter from my friend Sir Roger in such a manner, that any one but I, who am thoroughly acquainted with him, would have taken it for genuine.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Having observed in Lilly's grammar how sweetly Bacchus and Apollo run in a verse; I have (to preserve the amity between them) called in Bacchus to the aid of my profession of the theatre. So that while some people of quality are bespeaking plays of me to be acted on such a day, and others, hogsheads for their houses against such a time; I am wholly employed in the agreeable service of wit and wine. Sir, I have sent you Sir Roger de Coverley's letter to me, which pray comply with in favour of the Bumper Tavern. Be kind, for you know a player's utmost pride is the approbation of the Spectator.

"I am your admirer, though unknown,

"RICHARD ESTCOURT."

"TO MR. ESTCOURT.

"AT HIS HOUSE IN COVENT-GARDEN,

"Coverley, December 10th, 1711.

"OLD COMICAL ONE,

"The hogsheads of neat port came safe, and have gotten thee good reputation in these parts; and I am glad to hear, that a fellow who has been laying out his money ever since he was born, for the mere pleasure of wine, has bethought himself of joining profit and pleasure together. Our sexton (poor man) having received strength from thy wine since his fit of the gout, is hugely taken with it; he says it is given by nature for the use of families, and that no steward's table can be without it; that it strengthens digestion, excludes surfeits, fevers, and physic; which green wines of any kind cannot do



Pray get a pure snug room, and I hope next term to help to fill your Bumper with our people of the club; but you must have no bells stirring when the Spectator comes; I forbore ringing to dinner while he was down with me in the country. Thank you for the little hams and Portugal onions; pray keep some always by you. You know my supper is only good Cheshire cheese, best mustard, a golden pippin, attended with a pipe of John Sly's best. Sir Harry has stolen all your songs, and tells the story of the 5th of November to perfection.

"Yours to serve you,

"ROGER DE COVERLEY.

"We have lost old John since you were here."

T.

No. 265.] THURSDAY, JANUARY 3, 1711-12.

*Dixerit e multis aliquis, quid virus in angues  
Adjicis? et rabidæ tradis ovile lupæ.*

*Ovid, de Art. Am. lib. 7*

But some exclaim; What frenzy rules your mind?  
Would you increase the craft of womankind?  
Teach them new wiles and arts? As well you may  
Instruct a snake to bite, or wolf to prey.—CONGREVE.

ONE of the fathers, if I am rightly informed, has defined a woman to be an animal that delights in finery. I have already treated of the sex in two or three papers, conformably to this definition; and have in particular observed, that in all ages they have been more careful than the men to adorn that part of the head which we generally call the outside.

This observation is so very notorious, that when in ordinary discourse we say a man has a fine head, a long head, or a good head, we express ourselves metaphorically, and speak in relation to his understanding; whereas when we say of a woman, she has a fine, a long, or a good head, we speak only in relation to her commode.

It is observed among birds, that nature has lavished all her ornaments upon the male, who very often appears in a most beautiful head-dress: whether it be a crest, a comb, a tuft of feathers, or a natural little plume, erected like a kind of pinnacle on the very top of the head. As Nature on the contrary has poured out her charms in the greatest abundance upon the female part of our species, so they are very assiduous in bestowing upon themselves the finest garnitures of art. The peacock, in all his pride, does not display half the colours that appear in the garments of a British lady, when she is dressed either for a ball or a birth-day.

But to return to our female heads. The ladies have been for some time in a kind of moulting season with regard to that part of their dress, having cast great quantities of riband, lace, and cambric, and in some measure reduced that part of the human figure to the beautiful globular form, which is natural to it. We have for a great while expected what kind of ornament would be substituted in the place of those antiquated commodes. Our female projectors were all the last summer so taken up with the improvement of their petticoats, that they had not time to attend to any thing else; but having at length sufficiently adorned their lower parts, they now begin to turn their thoughts upon the other extremity, as well remembering the old kitchen proverb, "that if you light the fire at both ends, the middle will shift for itself."

I am engaged in this speculation by a sight which I lately met with at the opera. As I was standing in the hinder part of a box, I took notice of

a little cluster of the prettiest colour that I ever saw; and I thought them was blue, and I thought they were blue; the fourth of a pale green upon this little bed of tulips, might not be upon my going in front, I was much beauty it be English. 8 heads, could. The complexion serving any, though I could satisfaction with own thoughts ornaments they

I am informed insomuch that ready to hang their principles believe my friend certain old cox to appear very Iris in Dryden among such a charm for ever

My friend upon his great he can already her hood, as the position of the the dress which wraps her head upon execution I would not, she her; but if she may hand her

Will inform be used as signet elia always present is gone into the Such are the lantry. For many colours in the in the faces of his Art of Love particular, the those which pleads commends a complexion; white On the contrary a greater mass that the palest white sarcenet appears to advance the darkest colour black hood. the face in the and a candle

"This," says where he treats that the blue coloured garment appears in the saffron."

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from her dishonour, and exposed to pass through the hands and discipline of one of those bags of hell whom we call bawds. But lest I should grow too suddenly grave on this subject, and be myself outrageously good, I shall turn to a scene in one of Fletcher's plays, where this character is drawn, and the economy of whoredom most admirably described. The passage I would point to is in the third scene of the second act of *The Humorous Lieutenant*. Leucippe, who is agent for the king's lust, and bawds at the same time for the whole court, is very pleasantly introduced, reading her minutes as a person of business, with two maids, her under-secretaries, taking instructions at a table before her. Her women, both those under her present tutelage, and those which she is laying wait for, are alphabetically set down in her book; and as she is looking over the letter C in a muttering voice, as if between soliloquy and speaking out, she says,

Her maidenhead will yield me: let me see now:—  
She is not fifteen they say: for her complexion—  
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe, here I have her.  
Cloe, the daughter of a country gentleman;  
Her age upon fifteen. Now her complexion,—  
A lovely brown; here 'tis; eyes black and rolling.  
The body neatly built: she strikes a lute well;  
Sings most enticingly. These helps consider'd,  
Her maidenhead will amount to some three hundred.  
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; twill bear it handsomely:  
Her father's poor, some little share deducted.  
To buy him a hunting nag—

The creatures are very well instructed in the circumstances and manners of all who are any way related to the fair one whom they have a design upon. As Cloe is to be purchased with 350 crowns, and the father taken off with a pad; the merchant's wife next to her, who abounds in plenty, is not to have downright money, but the mercenary part of her mind is engaged with a present of plate and a little ambition. She is made to understand that it is a man of quality who dies for her. The examination of a young girl for business, and the crying down her value for being a slight thing, together with every other circumstance in the scene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true spirit of comedy; though it were to be wished the author had added a circumstance which should make Leucippe's business more odious.

It must not be thought a digression from my intended speculation, to talk of bawds in a discourse upon wenches: for a woman of the town is not thoroughly and properly such, without having gone through the education of one of these houses. But the compassionate case of very many is, that they are taken into such hands without any the least suspicion, previous temptation, or admonition to what place they are going. The last week I went to an inn in the city to inquire for some provisions which were sent by a waggon out of the country; and as I waited in one of the boxes till the chamberlain had looked over his parcels, I heard an old and young voice repeating the questions and responses of the church-catechism. I thought it no breach of good manners to peep at a crevice, and look in at people so well employed; but who should I see there but the most artful procuress in town, examining a most beautiful country girl, who had come up in the same waggon with my things, "whether she was well educated, could forbear playing the wanton with servants and idle fellows, of which this town says she, is too full." At the same time, whether she knew enough of breeding, as that if a squire or a gentleman, or one that was her betters, should give her a civil salute, she could courtesy and be

nevertheless." Her innocent "forsooths, please you, and she would do her end, moved the good old lady to take her out of a country bumpkin, her brother, and her own maid. I staid till I saw them out to take coach; the brother loaded it cheese, he prevailed upon her to take liberties to his sister. This poor creature's far off that of her's whom I spoke of, it is not to be doubted, but after she long enough a prey to lust, she will be dear to famine. The ironical commendation of industry and charity of these antiquated directors of sin, after they can no more omit it, makes up the beauty of the indication to the Plain-Dealer, and is a sort of railery on this vice. But to undo the puerile of this game the better, Istrate this subject in future discourses, nature myself, with my friend Will, into of beauty and gallantry; from pampered habitations of the wealthy, to distressed sickness expelled the harbours of the F.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 5, 1711-12.

late Romani scriptores, cedite Græci.

PROPERT. EL. 34. lib. 2. ver. 95.

the place, ye Roman and ye Grecian wits.

There is nothing in nature so irksome as general criticism, especially when they turn chiefly upon the reason I shall wave the discussion about which was started some years since, Milton's *Paradise Lost* may be called an epic? Those who will not give it that title, (if they please) a divine poem. It will not be its perfection, if it has in it all the force of the highest kind of poetry: and as for to allege it is not an heroic poem, they add more to the diminution of it, than if they say Adam is not Æneas, nor Eve Helen.

We therefore examine it by the rules of epic poetry, and see whether it falls short of the *Iliad* or of the beauties which are essential to that writing. The first thing to be considered in an epic poem is the fable, which is perfect or imperfect according to the action which it relates is less so. This action should have three parts in it. First, it should be but one accordingly, it should be an entire action; and secondly, it should be a great action. To consider of the *Iliad*, Æneid, and *Paradise Lost*, in three several lights. Homer, to preserve the unity of his action, hastens into the midst of the story. Horace has observed. Had he gone up to the beginning, or begun much later, even at the death of Helen, or the investing of Troy, it is manifest the story of the poem would have been a several actions. He therefore opens his poem with the discord of his princes, and artfully carries on the several succeeding parts of it, without any thing material which relates to the action which had passed before that fatal dissension. In the same manner Æneas makes his first appearance in the Tyrrhene seas, and within sight of the action proposed to be celebrated in his settling himself in Latium. But because it is necessary for the reader to know what led to him in the taking of Troy, and in the several parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his

hero relate it by way of introduction in the third books of the Æneid, which books come before the thread of the story, the unity of action they follow of the poem. Milton, in his poems, opens his *Paradise Lost* with a council plotting the fall of Satan, which he proposed to celebrate; and in his poems, which preceded in the angels, and the creation, which would have entirely destroyed the principal action, had he related that they happened, he carried on the seventh books, by way of introduction to the poem.

Aristotle himself allows to boast of as to the unity of action, at the same time that great poets have endeavoured to palliate this defect in their poems, by imputing it to the nature of an epic poem. In his opinion, that the Æneid also is an epic poem, and has *Episodes* which are intercalations rather than as the contrary, the poem is in our consideration, bath as naturally arise from the nature of such a multitude of events, it gives us at the same time variety and of the greatest beauty, *its nature, though diversified*.

I must observe also, that the *Iliad* which was designed to celebrate the fall of the Roman empire, has described the Carthaginian war, with the like art in his poem, he has related the fall of the Carthaginian empire, and his fessed enemies. Besides in such an episode, its great action of the poem, the unity so much as is done, that had not so great a principal subject. In short, the beauty which the critics allow to the *Iliad* or the Double Discovery, plots look like counterplots to another.

The second qualification of an epic poem is, that it should be an entire action. An action is entire when it has a beginning, a middle, and an end; or, as Aristotle describes it, of a beginning, a middle, and an end, should go before it, be in the middle, and after it, that is not related to any other action, contrary, no single step should be taken from its original to any other action, we see the anger of Achilles, and the effects; and the Carthaginian war, Italy carried on through the whole way to it both by sea and land. Milton excels (I think) in this particular: we see it contrived in the earth, and punished by the angels, and are told in the most distinct manner of one another in the poem.

The third qualification of an epic poem is, its greatness. The anger of Achilles, the

\* The clause in Italics is not in the original.

Greece, designed all the Roman emperors than either the fate of whole species, together for effected in not Omnipotent actors are man in her fallen angels; mighty their great in the the verge of assigned it in

by the whole, part of them, say, that the in the Iliad, end Virgil's the same kind in this parti- derogating of there is an part of Para- than could m.

the action, at in its nar- words, that as what we sure of this following sim- ite, cannot ight takes it of the whole, if, on the mal of ten ould be so ould not give at these ani- y long ac- st would be, and the other and Virgil particular; Eneid, were o beautifully tion of epi- ith the like an agreeable outhout over- ed with such ve taken as of his books, with. It is he Iliad and ces in them it is related t Homer and as they were on of their d not only a ise his poem, the greatest t of his own ling all the is story with ear so close

an analogy with what is delivered in holy writ that it is capable of pleasing the most delicate reader, without giving offence to the most scrupulous.

The modern critics have collected from several hints in the Iliad and Æneid the space of time, which is taken up by the action of each of these poems; but as a great part of Milton's story was transacted in regions that lie out of the reach of the sun and the sphere of day, it is impossible to gratify the reader with such a calculation, which indeed would be more curious than instructive; none of the critics, either ancient or modern, having laid down rules to circumscribe the action of an epic poem with any determined number of years, days, or hours.

This piece of criticism on Milton's Paradise Lost shall be carried on in the following Saturday's papers.—L.

No. 268.] MONDAY, JANUARY 7, 1711-12.

*Mimus aptus acutis  
Naribus horum hominum.*—HOR. l Sat. lib. 22.

—unfit  
For lively sallies of corporeal wit.—CRÆCÆ.

It is not that I think I have been more witty than I ought of late, that at present I wholly forbear any attempts towards it: I am of opinion that I ought sometimes to lay before the world the plain letters of my correspondents in the artless dress in which they hastily send them, that the reader may see I am not accuser and judge myself, but that the indictment is properly and fairly laid before I proceed against the criminal.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“As you are spectator-general, I apply myself to you in the following case, viz. I do not wear a sword, but I often divert myself at the theatre, where I frequently see a set of fellows pull plain people, by way of humour and frolic, by the nose, upon frivolous or no occasions. A friend of mine the other night applauding what a graceful exit Mr. Wilks made, one of those nose-wringers overhearing him, pinched him by the nose. I was in the pit the other night (when it was very much crowded), a gentleman leaning upon me, and very heavily, I very civilly requested him to remove his hand; for which he pulled me by the nose. I would not resent it in so public a place, because I was unwilling to create a disturbance; but have since reflected upon it as a thing that is unmanly and disingenuous, renders the nose-puller odious, and makes the person pulled by the nose look little and contemptible. This grievance I humbly request you would endeavour to redress.

“I am your Admirer, &c.

“JAMES EASY.”

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Your discourse of the 29th of December,\* on love and marriage, is of so useful a kind, that I cannot forbear adding my thoughts to yours on this subject. Methinks it is a misfortune, that the marriage-state, which in its own nature is adapted to give us the completest happiness this life is capable of, should be so uncomfortable a one to so many, as it daily proves. But the mischief generally proceeds from the unwise choice people make for them-

an expectation of happiness from things of giving it. Nothing but the good of the person beloved can be a foundation of judgment and discretion; and whoever happiness from any thing but virtue, wisdom, humour, and a similitude of manners, themselves widely mistaken. But how rare is it for a man, when he engages in the thoughts of marriage, to place his having in such a woman a constant agree-panion? One who will divide his cares, his joys? Who will manage that share he entrusts to her with care, with prudence, frugality, govern his house with economy, and be an ornament to himself and Where shall we find the man who looks at a woman who places her chief happiness in the exercise of virtue, and makes her duty her continual

No, men rather seek for money as the object of all their desires; and, regardless of the wives they take, they think riches minister to all kind of pleasures, and endeavour to keep mistresses, horses, hounds; to play, and game with their companions, pay debts contracted by former extravagancies, such vile and unworthy end: and indulge in pleasures which are a shame and dishonour to human nature. Now as for women; if there are there, who place the happiness of marriage in the having a wise and virtuous husband who will be faithful and just to all, and not loving to them? Who with care will look after and improve the estate, without grudging, allow whatever is prudent and prudent? Rather, how few are there, who place their happiness in outshining others in show; and that do not think within themselves they have married such a rich person, if of their acquaintance shall appear so fine equipage, so adorned in their persons, or so rich in their furniture as themselves? Thus their minds are filled with vain ideas; and I wish I could say that equipage and show the chief good of so many women as I fear

in this manner do both sexes deceive themselves and bring reflections and disgrace upon the happy and most honourable state of life; if they would but correct their depraved and derate their ambition, and place their affections upon proper objects, we should not find the marriage state such a wonder in the world now is.

If you think these thoughts worth inserting in your own, be pleased to give them a better and let them pass abroad; and you will

"Your Admirer,  
A. B."

L. SPECTATOR,

As I was this day walking in the street, there to pass by on the other side of the way a woman whose charms were so attracting, that my eyes wholly on that side, insomuch that I did my own way, and chanced to run my head against a post: which the lady no perceived, but she fell into a fit of laughter, at the same time she was sensible that she was the cause of my misfortune, which, in return—Nos. 39 & 40

my opinion, was the cause of my crime. I being busy with my thoughts, trickled down my face, and she, with her barbarity, viz. never to look out of more: therefore, that you revenged, he desires you in your next papers, which to all the rest of the world poor

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I desire to know if the game of 'The parson' is mightily in vogue among the ladies, because I see they which I suppose is for the you think it proper, I should hood with me to our late they enjoined me to be in London that was very thing in which I can agreeably, be pleased to extremely oblige

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Since you appear to be the distressed, I beg you to understand under which I have reigning toast of this place, I sued her with the utmost month, and find nothing who flatters her more favourite passion; therefore my friend as to make a in one of your papers, in my addresses. The they did to be sure in you and she has all the devotion of youths who are unacquainted have inexperience added ever, if it succeeds according make me the happiest man most obliged amongst all

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I came to my mistress for I am admitted when she frowned and cried that I stole; and I will it was not very pretty. shall forbear that part of in others, but you cannot does not hide a beauty."

No. 269.] TUESDAY

Ævo rarissima  
Simplicitas.—  
Most rare is now our

I was this morning knocking at the door, when came up to me, and told below desired to speak with her who it was, she told elderly person, but that I immediately went down to be the coachman of my friend Coverley. He told me

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fires, and Christmas gambols to support them. I love to rejoice their poor hearts at this season, and to see the whole village merry in my great hall. I allow a double quantity of malt to my small-beer, and set it a running for twelve days to every one that calls for it. I have always a piece of cold beef and a mince-pie upon the table, and am wonderfully pleased to see my tenants pass away a whole evening in playing their innocent tricks, and smutting one another. Our friend Will Wimble is as merry as any of them, and shows a thousand roguish tricks upon these occasions."

I was very much delighted with the reflection of my old friend, which carried so much goodness in it. He then launched out into the praise of the late act of parliament for securing the Church of England,\* and told me with great satisfaction, that he believed it already began to take effect, for that a rigid dissenter, who chanced to dine at his house on Christmas-day, had been observed to eat very plentifully of his plum-porridge.

After having dispatched all our country matters, Sir Roger made several inquiries concerning the club, and particularly of his old antagonist Sir Andrew Freeport. He asked me with a kind of smile whether Sir Andrew had not taken advantage of his absence, to vent among them some of his republican doctrines; but soon after gathering up his countenance into a more than ordinary seriousness, "Tell me truly," says he, "don't you think Sir Andrew had a hand in the Pope's procession?" But without giving me time to answer him, "Well, well," says he, "I know you are a wary man, and do not care to talk of public matters."

The knight then asked me if I had seen Prince Engenio, and made me promise to get him a stand in some convenient place where he might have a full sight of that extraordinary man, whose presence did so much honour to the British nation. He dwelt very long on the praises of this great general, and I have found that since I was with him in the country, he had drawn many observations together out of his reading in Baker's Chronicle and other authors, who always lie in his hall-window, which very much redound to the honour of this prince.

Having passed away the greatest part of the morning in hearing the knight's reflections, which were partly private and partly political, he asked me if I would smoke a pipe with him over a dish of coffee at Squire's? As I love the old man, I take delight in complying with every thing that is agreeable to him, and accordingly waited on him to the coffee-house, where his venerable figure drew upon us the eyes of the whole room. He had no sooner seated himself at the upper end of the high table, but he called for a clean pipe, a paper of tobacco, a dish of coffee, a wax-candle, and the Supplement,† with such an air of cheerfulness and good-humour, that all the boys in the coffee-room (who seemed to take pleasure in serving him) were at once employed on his several errands, insomuch that nobody else could come at a dish of tea, until the knight had got all his conveniences about him.—I.

\* Stat. 10 Ann. cap. 2. The act against occasional conformity.

† A periodical paper.

No. 270.] WEDNESDAY, JAN. 9, 1711-12.

Disce enim citius, meminisque libentius illud,  
Quod quis deridet, quam quod probat.—MOR. l Ep. ii. 262.For what's derided by the censuring crowd,  
Is thought on more than what is just and good.—DAYDEN.There is a lust in man no power can tame,  
Of loudly publishing his neighbour's shame;  
On eagle's wings invidious scandals fly,  
While virtuous actions are but born, and die.—E. of CORKE.Sooner we learn, and seldom forget,  
What critics scorn, than what they highly rate.  
HUGHES'S LETTERS, vol. ii. p. 222.

I do not know that I have been in greater delight for these many years, than in beholding the boxes at the play the last time *The Scornful Lady* was acted. So great an assembly of ladies placed in gradual rows in all the ornaments of jewels, silks, and colours, gave so lively and gay an impression to the heart, that methought the season of the year was vanished; and I did not think it an ill expression of a young fellow who stood near me, that called the boxes those "beds of tulips." It was a pretty variation of the prospect, when any one of those fine ladies rose up and did honour to herself and friend at a distance, by curtsying; and gave opportunity to that friend to show her charms to the same advantage in returning the salutation. Here that action is as proper and graceful, as it is at church unbecoming and impertinent. By the way I must take the liberty to observe that I did not see any one who is usually so full of civilities at church, offer at any such indecorum during any part of the action of the play. Such beautiful prospects gladden our minds, and when considered in general, give innocent and pleasing ideas. He that dwells upon any one object of beauty, may fix his imagination to his disquiet; but the contemplation of a whole assembly together is a defence against the encroachment of desire. At least to me, who have taken pains to look at beauty abstracted from the consideration of its being the object of desire; at power, only as it sits upon another, without any hopes of partaking any share of it; at wisdom and capacity, without any pretensions to rival or envy its acquisitions. I say to me, who am really free from forming any hopes by beholding the persons of beautiful women, or warming myself into ambition from the successes of other men, this world is not only a mere scene, but a very pleasant one. Did mankind but know the freedom which there is in keeping thus aloof from the world, I should have more imitators, than the powerfulest man in the nation has followers. To be no man's rival in love, or competitor in business, is a character which, if it does not recommend you as it ought to benevolence among those whom you live with, yet has it certainly this effect, that you do not stand so much in need of their approbation, as you would if you aimed at it more, in setting your heart on the same things which the generality doat on. By this means, and with this easy philosophy, I am never less at a play than when I am at the theatre; but indeed I am seldom so well pleased with action as in that place; for most men follow nature no longer than while they are in their night-gowns, and all the busy part of the day are in characters which they neither become, nor set in with pleasure to themselves or their beholders. But to return to my ladies: I was very well pleased to see so great a crowd of them assembled at a play, wherein the heroine, as the phrase is, is so just a picture of the vanity of the

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no more than that "manners, not dress, are the ornaments of a woman." If this comes to the knowledge of my female admirers, I shall be very hard put to it to bring myself off handsomely. In the meanwhile, I give you this account, that you may take care hereafter not to betray any of your well-wishers into the like inconveniences. It is in the number of these that I leg leave to subscribe myself,

"TOM TRIPPIET."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Your readers are so well pleased with your character of Sir Roger de Coverley, that there appeared a sensible joy in every coffee-house, upon hearing the old knight was come to town. I am now with a knot of his admirers, who make it their joint request to you, that you would give us public notice of the window or balcony where the knight intends to make his appearance. He has already given great satisfaction to several who have seen him at Squires's coffee-house. If you think fit to place your short face at Sir Roger's left elbow, we shall take the hint, and gratefully acknowledge so great a favour.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most devoted humble Servant,

"C. D."

"SIR,

"Knowing that you are very inquisitive after every thing that is curious in nature, I will wait on you, if you please, in the dusk of the evening, with my show upon my back, which I carry about with me in a box, as only consisting of a man, a woman, and a horse. The two first are married; in which state the little cavalier has so well acquitted himself, that his lady is with child. The big-bellied woman and her husband, with their whimsical palfrey, are so very light, that when they are put together into a scale, an ordinary man may weigh down the whole family. The little man is a bully in his nature; but when he grows choleric, I confine him to his box until his wrath is over, by which means I have hitherto prevented him from doing mischief. His horse is likewise very vicious, for which reason I am forced to tie him close to his manger with a pack-thread. The woman is a coquette. She struts as much as it is possible for a lady of two feet high, and would ruin me in silks, were not the quantity that goes to a large pincushion sufficient to make her a gown and petticoat. She told me the other day, that she heard the ladies wore coloured hoods, and ordered me to get her one of the finest blue. I am forced to comply with her demands while she is in her present condition, being very willing to have more of the same breed. I do not know what she may produce me, but provided it be a show I shall be very well satisfied. Such novelties\* should not, I think, be concealed from the British Spectator; for which reason I hope you will excuse this presumption in

"Your most dutiful, most obedient,  
and most humble Servant,

L.

"S. T."

\* Three dwarfs, a little man, a woman equally diminutive, and a horse proportionably so, were on exhibition in London about this time.



No. 272.] FRIDAY, JANUARY, 11, 1711-12.

Longa est injuria, longæ  
Ambages. — Viso. Æn. l. 345.  
Great is the injury, and long the tale,

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"THE occasion of this letter is of so great importance, and the circumstances of it such, that I know you will but think it just to insert it, in preference of all other matters that can present themselves to your consideration. I need not, after I have said this, tell you that I am in love. The circumstances of my passion I shall let you understand as well as a disordered mind will admit. 'That cursed pickthank, Mrs. Jane!' Alas, I am railing at one to you by her name, as familiarly as if you were acquainted with her as well as myself: but I will tell you all, as fast as the alternate interruptions of love and anger will give me leave. There is the most agreeable young woman in the world, whom I am passionately in love with, and from whom I have for some space of time received as great marks of favour as were fit for her to give, or me to desire. The successful progress of the affair, of all others the most essential towards a man's happiness, gave a new life and spirit not only to my behaviour and discourse, but also a certain grace to all my actions in the commerce of life, in all things however remote from love. You know the predominant passion spreads itself through all a man's transactions, and exalts or depresses him according to the nature of such passion. But, alas! I have not yet begun my story, and what is the use of making sentences and observations when a man is pleading for his life? To begin then. This lady has corresponded with me under the names of love, she my Belinda, I her Cleanthes. Though I am thus well got into the account of my affair, I cannot keep in the thread of it so much as to give you the character of Mrs. Jane, whom I will not hide under a borrowed name; but let you know, that this creature has been, since I knew her, very handsome (though I will not allow her even 'she has been' for the future,) and during the time of her bloom and beauty, was so great a tyrant to her lovers, so over-valued herself, and under-rated all her pretenders, that they have deserted her to a man: and she knows no comfort but that common one to all in her condition, the pleasure of interrupting the amours of others. It is impossible but you must have seen several of these volunteers in malice, who pass their whole time in the most laborious way of life in getting intelligence, running from place to place with new whispers, without reaping any other benefit but the hopes of making others as unhappy as themselves. Mrs. Jane happened to be at a place where I, with many others well acquainted with my passion for Belinda, passed a Christmas evening. There was among the rest a young lady, so free in mirth, so amiable in a just reserve that had accompanied it; I wrong her to call it a reserve, but there appeared in her a mirth or cheerfulness which was not a forbearance of more immoderate joy, but the natural appearance of all which could flow from a mind possessed of a habit of innocence and purity. I must have utterly forgot Belinda to have taken no notice of one who was growing up to the same womanly virtues which shine to perfection in her, had I not distinguished one who seemed to promise to the world the same life and conduct with my faithful and lovely Be-

linda. What young thing Mrs. Jane is informed of. She came and asked her — 'No.' —

'Nor your says Mrs. Jane. Nay, they tell you any. What d'ye nothing to Mrs. — ready to die Jane goes clerk to a the rough d world says pounds more innocently admitted; I unopened. side, has be me the who could be so her mistress that she dare are placed presented i dare not bu and has pro own this wa to a hearing say by her once in my true relation are crowds themselves out of malice the hopes of the benevol be, Sir,

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No. 273.]

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body of his fable a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But notwithstanding the fineness of this allegory may atone for it in some measure, I cannot think that persons of such a chimerical existence are proper actors in an epic poem; because there is not that measure of probability annexed to them, which is requisite in writings of this kind, as I shall show more at large hereafter.

Virgil has indeed admitted Fame as an actress in the *Æneid*, but the part she acts is very short, and none of the most admired circumstances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroic poems, particularly in the *Dispensary* and the *Lutrin*, several allegorical persons of this nature, which are very beautiful in these compositions, and may perhaps be used as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion such characters might have a place in an epic work. For my own part, I should be glad the reader would think so, for the sake of the poem I am now examining: and must further add, that if such empty unsubstantial beings may be ever made use of on this occasion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in more proper actions, than those of which I am now speaking.

Another principal actor in this poem is the great enemy of mankind. The part of Ulysses in Homer's *Odyssey* is very much admired by Aristotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies, not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the subtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and discoveries of his person in several parts of that poem. But the crafty being I have now mentioned makes a much longer voyage than Ulysses, puts in practice many more wiles and stratagems, and hides himself under a greater variety of shapes and appearances, all of which are severally detected, to the great delight and surprise of the reader.

We may likewise observe with how much art the poet has varied several characters of the persons that speak in his infernal assembly. On the contrary, how has he represented the whole Godhead exerting itself towards man in its full benevolence under the threefold distinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor must we omit the person of Raphael, who, amidst his tenderness and friendship for man, shows such a dignity and condescension in all his speech and behaviour, as are suitable to a superior nature. The angels are indeed as much diversified in Milton, and distinguished by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer and Virgil. The reader will find nothing ascribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner suitable to their respective characters.\*

There is another circumstance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to those two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgment. I mean the authors having chosen for their heroes, persons who were so nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and *Æneas*, the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally propose to themselves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their story, and sympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the escapes, successes, and victories, of *Æneas*, and be grieved at any de-

\* These two last sentences were not in the original paper in folio.

feats, misfortunes, or disappointments, that befall him; as a Greek must have had the same regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of those poems have lost this great advantage, among those readers to whom their heroes are as strangers, or indifferent persons.

Milton's poem is admirable in this respect, since it is impossible for any of its readers, whatever nation, country, or people, he may belong to, not to be related to the persons who are the principal actors in it; but what is still infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this poem are not only our progenitors, but our representatives. We have an actual interest in every thing they do, and no less than our utmost happiness is concerned, and lies at stake in all their behaviour.

I shall subjoin, as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable observation out of Aristotle, which has been very much misrepresented in the quotations of some modern critics; "If a man of perfect and consummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raises our pity, but not our terror, because we do not fear that it may be our own case, who do not resemble the suffering person." But, as that great philosopher adds, "if we see a man of virtue mixed with infirmities fall into any misfortune, it does not only raise our pity but our terror; because we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourselves, who resemble the character of the suffering person."

I shall take another opportunity to observe, that a person of an absolute and consummate virtue should never be introduced in tragedy, and shall only remark in this place, that the foregoing observation of Aristotle, though it may be true in other occasions, does not hold in this; because in the present case, though the persons who fall into misfortune are of the most perfect and consummate virtue, it is not to be considered as what may possibly be, but what actually is our own case; since we are embarked with them on the same bottom, and must be partakers of their happiness or misery.

In this, and some other very few instances, Aristotle's rules for epic poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be supposed to quadrate exactly with the heroic poems which have been made since his time; since it is plain his rules would still have been more perfect, could he have perused the *Æneid*, which was made some hundred years after his death.

In my next, I shall go through other parts of Milton's poem; and hope that what I shall there advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only serve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Aristotle.—L.

No. 274.] MONDAY, JANUARY 14, 1711-12.

*Audire est operæ pretium, procedere recte  
Qui machis non vultis.*—HOM. I SAT. II. 37.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive  
Till every cuckold-maker's slay'd alive,  
Attend.—FORZ.

I HAVE upon several occasions (that have occurred since I first took into my thoughts the present state of fornication) weighed with myself in behalf of silly females, the impulses of flesh and blood, together with the arts and gallantries of crafty men; and reflect with some scorn that most part of what we in our youth think gay and polite, is nothing else but a habit of indulging a pruriency that way. It will cost some labour to bring people to so lively

a sense of this the behaviour grace in the f which come i previously to light into the the first place, tent wenchers with, and are to the devil of are so happy great havoc w beauty and inn only lay waste observe the p offenders are s no impulse to ness, you see s so in pleasure wenchers. Th basis and fund ing of; you sha scrawls from th descriptions of will please to s This interview brought to suc banish shame ratives the hags until they are what shall befa men. It is a co fellow whom sh I assure you, se It pleases the o to him unador commodated w lovers. This is ing beauty and town: but the skilful pimps, a trade, and are merce of sin, w the same time done, we are that mitigation names does no than it deserves of the accuser, apology in the shall, therefore differ, vary ou those who offend not scandals to sober part of th them as to be a common word d gard is to be h fell, to the unea under senseless nity of poverty, beginning well which make u teristic of their thus, would be thinks all crime Spectator, who stances that di in hopes, if thi hereafter from to their future their tempers m

in familiarity  
houses. After  
d this paper  
d desire all  
ure specula-  
they have to  
n their lives,  
ade for their

5, 1711-12.

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tion of many  
ck every one  
nts he can to  
of those un-  
to this, the  
the copy of  
this town to  
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Servant."

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t I hope will  
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o have found  
up in a mil-  
e pound with  
d she is not  
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ut your lord-  
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n provide for  
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there is four  
dship thinks  
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d up since I  
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take no no-  
orant of the  
you meet us  
honour you  
er to. So I

's

command.

read it."

15, 1711-12.

oct. ver. 300.

mbly of vir-  
many curious  
y in the ana-  
the company  
discoveries  
object, by the

help of very fine glasses. This gave birth to a great variety of uncommon remarks, and furnished discourse for the remaining part of the day.

The different opinions which were started on this occasion presented to my imagination so many new ideas, that by mixing with those which were already there, they employed my fancy all the last night, and composed a very wild extravagant dream.

I was invited, methought, to the dissection of a beau's head, and a coquette's heart, which were both of them laid on a table before us. An imaginary operator opened the first with a great deal of nicety, which, upon a cursory and superficial view, appeared like the head of another man; but upon applying our glasses to it, we made a very odd discovery, namely, that what we looked upon as brains, were not such in reality, but a heap of strange materials wound up in that shape and texture, and packed together with wonderful art in the several cavities of the skull. For, as Homer tells us, that the blood of the gods is not real blood, but only something like it; so we found that the brain of a beau is not a real brain, but only something like it.

The pineal gland, which many of our modern philosophers suppose to be the seat of the soul, smelt very strong of essence and orange-flower water, and was encompassed with a kind of horny substance, cut into a thousand little faces or mirrors, which were imperceptible to the naked eye, inasmuch that the soul, if there had been any here, must have been always taken up in contemplating her own beauties.

We observed a large antrum or cavity in the sinciput, that was filled with ribands, lace, and embroidery, wrought together in a most curious piece of net-work, the parts of which were likewise imperceptible to the naked eye. Another of these antrums or cavities was stuffed with invisible billets-doux, love-letters, pricked dances, and other trumpery of the same nature. In another we found a kind of powder, which set the whole company sneezing, and by the scent discovered itself to be right Spanish. The several other cells were stored with commodities of the same kind, of which it would be tedious to give the reader an exact inventory.

There was a large cavity on each side the head, which I must not omit. That on the right side was filled with fictions, flatteries, and falsehoods, vows, promises, and protestations: that on the left with oaths and imprecations. There issued out a duct from each of these cells, which ran into the root of the tongue, where both joined together, and passed forward in one common duct to the tip of it. We discovered several little roads or canals running from the ear into the brain, and took particular care to trace them out through their several passages. One of them extended itself to a bundle of sonnets and little musical instruments. Others ended in several bladders which were filled either with wind or froth. But the large canal entered into a great cavity of the skull, from whence there went another canal into the tongue. This great cavity was filled with a kind of spongy substance, which the French anatomists call *galimatias*, and the English, *nonsense*.

The skins of the forehead were extremely tough and thick, and, what very much surprised us, had not in them any single blood-vessel that we were able to discover, either with or without our glasses; from whence we concluded that the party whom

have been entirely deprived of the fashioning.

The cribriforme was exceedingly stuffed, and the faces damaged with snuff. We could take notice in particular of that small ich is not often discovered in dissection, the nose upwards, when it expresses the which the owner of it has, upon seeing he does not like, or hearing any thing he understand. I need not tell my learned s is that muscle which performs the motion mentioned by the Latin poets, when of a man's cocking his nose, or playing eros.

I do not find any thing very remarkable in giving only, that the muscoli amatorii, or, y translate it into English, the ogling ere very much worn and decayed with eas, on the contrary, the elevator, or the ch turns the eye towards heaven, did not have been used at all.

I only mentioned in this dissection such new as we were able to make, and have not notice of those parts which seem to be n common heads. As for the skull, the indeed the whole outward shape and figure d, we could not discover any difference we observe in the heads of other men. informed, that the person to whom this aged, had passed for a man above five-and- s: during which time he ate and drank eople, dressed well, talked loud, laughed and on particular occasions had acquitted rably at a ball or an assembly; to which company added, that a certain knot of him for a wit. He was cut off in the his age by the blow of a paring-shovel, o surprised by an eminent citizen, as he ng some civilities to his wife.

We had thoroughly examined this head, apartments, and its several kinds of fur- put up the brain, such as it was, into its ce, and laid it aside under a broad piece loth, in order to be prepared, and kept repository of dissections; our operator that the preparation would not be so that of another brain, for that he had veral of the little pipes and tubes which h the brain were already filled with a mercurial substance, which he looked upon quick-silver.

I sed himself in the next place to the co-art, which he likewise laid open with rity. There occurred to us many par- in this dissection; but being unwilling my reader's memory too much, I shall subject for the speculation of another

of mankind with the fr resolve upon; at least, take along with you the the world, according to t of the persons concern speaks of even misfortu giving it the most terribl this tenderness towards t preserved when you spea are so far related, that ca to which all are liable, y concerns one in terms w Thus to tell a rich man o man of his, or abruptly t of the lapse of one who u degree of esteem with her each of them in some par vantages. It is therefo writer, to treat his argum is most proper to enterta whom his discourse is dir when you write to the draw vices which carry a contempt: if you paint a artful glance, an assumed which you ought to supp guilty of. When you tal have yourself so as that y conversation may second you do it in a style which in respect to their quality medly in forbearing to r more of their faults. A n guilty of an intemperanc drunkard; but the rule o of a man's faults as if you ture is what was said b railing with an uncourtly with, 'What must we cal intrigue with another n svered very gravely, 'A at once a reprimand for e in those days had not the it ought, as well as an in rate behaviour before su accusing in a method unfit to the wise. All I mean, the most free person of q than being a kind woma say of a man of figure v the world.

"I am, Sir, your m

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a woman of an know nothing I have eve courage such insolence; other day, and he was dre who took the liberty to fellow' in my presence, resent it in behalf of,

"Sir, y

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You lately put out a you promise a full account love; and call all the fair that kind by one very rud care to repeat: but I desi I am or am not one of th

WEDNESDAY, JAN. 16, 1711-12.

en virtus posuisset honestum.—HOR. I Sat. iii. 42.  
screen'd behind a specious name.

SPECTATOR,

you have philosophy enough to be ca-aring the mention of your faults. Your ch regard the fallen part of the fair sex t, written with an indelicacy which makes rthy to be inserted in the writings of a ho knows the world. I cannot allow e at liberty to observe upon the actions

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

to took me so  
y me. He is  
, a very gay  
y thing for  
scowerer, a  
d invader of  
all dominion  
females met  
before them  
r rule to the  
s is his way  
sits me; but  
has alarmed  
eps me in a  
tticoats, and  
a manner, he  
s of one far-  
ies provided  
cured for him  
know nothing  
it: I have a  
ght step in  
n old fellow  
outh, and is  
violin a cer-  
nd when that  
at has more  
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-park, which  
of any of the  
manner, and  
in company  
d. He sends  
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elights in me,  
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he time was,  
to follow the  
ve-mentioned  
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ed for a pur-  
it for when I  
of you as a  
circumstances  
he guilty,

Reader,  
"UCKELLA."  
CTATOR.

labour, thou  
ing alone the  
only endea-  
s of this our  
peeches, and  
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ation of my  
Susanna the  
But, alas!  
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ou in a paper  
e mention of  
our females,  
s, and which  
y, why didst  
eeming, as if  
uch that my  
nton; and to  
ely thou dost  
ly, therefore,

unless thou dost speedily amend, and leave off fol-  
lowing thine own imaginations, I will leave off thee

"Thy Friend,  
"As hereafter thou dost demean thyself,  
T. "HEZEKIAH BROADBRIM."

No. 277.] THURSDAY, JANUARY 17, 1711-12

— fas est et ab hoste doceri.—Ovid. Met. lib. iv. ver. 438.  
Receive instruction from an enemy.

I PRESUME I need not inform the polite part  
my readers, that before our correspondence with  
France was unhappily interrupted by the war, our  
ladies had all their fashions from thence; which the  
milliners took care to furnish them with by means  
of a jointed baby, that came regularly over once  
a month, habited after the manner of the most em-  
inent toasts in Paris.

I am credibly informed, that even in the hottest  
time of the war, the sex made several efforts, and  
raised large contributions towards the importation  
of this wooden mademoiselle.

Whether the vessel they sent out was lost or taken  
or whether its cargo was seized on by the officers of  
the custom-house as a piece of contraband goods, I  
have not yet been able to learn: it is however cer-  
tain, that their first attempts were without success  
to the no small disappointment of our whole female  
world; but as their constancy and application, in a  
matter of so great importance, can never be suffi-  
ciently commended, so I am glad to find, that in  
spite of all opposition, they have at length carried  
their point, of which I received advice by the two  
following letters:

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am so great a lover of whatever is French  
that I lately discarded an humble admirer, because  
he neither spoke that tongue, nor drank claret.  
I have long bewailed in secret the calamities of my  
sex during the war, in all which time we have li-  
boured under the insupportable inventions of Eng-  
lish tire-women, who though they sometimes cap-  
indifferently well, can never compose with that  
'gout' they do in France.

"I was almost in despair of ever more seeing  
model from that dear country, when last Sunday  
overheard a lady in the next pew to me whisper as  
other, that at the Seven Stars, in King-street  
Covent-garden, there was a mademoiselle completel-  
dressed, just come from Paris.

"I was in the utmost impatience during the re-  
maining part of the service, and as soon as ever I  
was over, having learnt the milliner's 'adresse',  
I went directly to her house in King-street, but was  
told that the French lady was at a person of great  
quality's in Pall-mall, and would not be back again  
until very late that night. I was therefore obliged  
to renew my visit early this morning, and had then  
a full view of the dear moppet from head to foot.

"You cannot imagine, worthy Sir, how ridicu-  
lously I find we have been trussed up during the  
war, and how infinitely the French dress excels ours.

"The mantua has no lead in the sleeves, and  
hope we are not lighter than the French ladies, as  
as to want that kind of ballast; the petticoat has  
no whalebone, but sits with an air altogether gal-  
lant and *degagé*: the coiffure is inexpressibly pretty  
and in short, the whole dress has a thousand beau-  
ties in it which I would not have as yet made to  
public.



get fit, however, to give you this notice, may not be surprised at my appearing in *Paris* on the next birth-night.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,  
"TERAMINTA."

An hour after I had read this letter, I received her from the owner of the puppet.

Tuesday last, being the 12th instant, there was my house in King-street, Covent-garden, ready for the year 1712. I have taken care to have her dressed by the most celebrated women and mantua-makers in Paris, and find that I have any reason to be sorry that I have been at in her clothes and imitations, however, as I know no person who is so good of dress as yourself, if you please to come to house in your way to the city, and take a letter, I promise to amend whatever you approve in your next paper, before I exhibit a pattern to the public.

"I am, Sir, your most humble Admirer,  
and most obedient Servant,  
"BETTY CROSS-STITCH."

I was willing to do any thing in reason for the good of my countrywomen, and had much rather find faults than find them, I went last night to see the above-mentioned Mrs. Cross-stitch.

I entered, the maid of the shop, who, I was prepared for my coming, without asking questions, introduced me to the little puppet, and ran away to call her mistress.

The puppet was dressed in a cherry-coloured petticoat, with a short working apron which discovered her shape to the most advantage. Her hair was cut and divided very prettily, several ribands stuck up and down in it. She assured me, that her complexion was improved by the ladies of the best fashion. Her head was extremely high, on which being long since declared my sentiments, nothing more to it at present. I was told at a small patch she wore on her breast, cannot suppose is placed there with any purpose.

The place was of an immoderate length, being drawn in such a manner, that the two ends met to her girdle; but whether these supply the missing strings in our enemy's country, or our British ladies have any occasion to shall leave to their serious consideration. Having observed the particulars of her dress, taking a view of it altogether, the shopkeeper's pert wench, told me that mademoiselle being very curious in the tying of her garters, I pay a due respect even to a pair of garters they are under petticoats, I did not go to that particular. Upon the whole, I thought pleased with the appearance of this and the more so, because she is not talkative very rarely to be met with in the rest of my countrywomen.

On taking my leave, the milliner further observed, that with the assistance of a watchmaker, was her neighbour, and the ingenious she had also contrived another puppet, the help of several little springs to be within it, could move all its limbs, and had sent it over to her correspondent in London, taught the various leanings and bendings

of the head, the risings of the body, and recovery, the genteelness of the jet, as they are all now to be seen in France.

She added, that she hoped to have my encouragement, as this was a petition of pardon, answered extempore, I left her, and made the best of my way to my lodgings, without whose assistance I could not have cate any thing to the public.

No. 278.] FRIDAY, JUNE 10, 1712.

— Sermones ego malle  
Repetere per humum—  
I rather choose a low and

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"SIR,

"Your having done con- siderable good to this great city, by rectifying the manners of several wives having given directions to those of their husbands to apply to you at this time, and though but a young man, that nothing but the utmost industry of band and wife (among tradesmen) could have brought to pass in any tolerable order the governing of our establishment, assisting to me in my business in her way, and I have reached her inclination; but of late with a schoolman, who was of knowledge in the Greek tongue, frequently in the shop with the excellences of that language, her several passages out of the book he tells her there is unspeakable sounds that all other languages acquainted with. He has a jargon, that instead of using in the shop, she now neglects and is wholly taken up with by heart scraps of Greek, on all occasions. She told me soon after I use some Latin inscriptions, I revised me with a great deal of change into Greek; it being understood, would be more conformable to my profession; that our assistance to us in this work; that if gentlemen would find the time to me, that they would inform me. In short, her frequent importunities and other impertinencies of the shop were very uneasy; and if your more effect upon her than to be obliged to ruin myself at Oxford with her time, mad for Bedlam. Now, Sir, my family is exposed to, and becoming both troublesome, I am reading herself in your paper. She is so very learned that the word of mouth to argue with at your ending a paper in the hint to women of literature to translate it to expose them how it is with,

"Sir, y



FOR,  
 at humanity and compassion in  
 you take such pains to make one  
 you will not deny your voice to a  
 who intends to be determined by  
 a matter of great importance to  
 now then, there is an agreeable  
 those person, wit, and humour  
 objection, that pretends to have  
 with me. To this I must add  
 from the vanity of my nature,  
 certainty of my lover, I will not  
 at I verily believe he has a real  
 n, if true, you will allow may  
 merit with his mistress. In  
 able of his good qualities, and  
 passion, that I think I could  
 ve up my liberty to him than  
 there not an objection to be  
 in regard they do not answer  
 expect, and are not sufficient  
 undergoing the reproachful  
 used, that she has played the  
 I am one of those few who  
 nage, diamonds, and a coxcomb,  
 site notions from mine prevail  
 amongst the best, and such as  
 most prudent people, I cannot  
 resolve upon incurring the cen-  
 sors, which I am conscious I  
 enter into a married state, I  
 beyond that of equalling, if not  
 nes. Under this difficulty I  
 being in the least determined  
 overnored by the vain world, and  
 es I meet with, or hearken to  
 t, and the motions I find in my  
 um. Sir, your opinion and ad-  
 the only thing I know can turn  
 which I earnestly entreat I may  
 til I have your thoughts upon  
 to give my swain a final dis-

particular obligation you will lay  
 as subject room in one of your  
 e it may be of use to some  
 who will be as grateful for the

Sir, your humble Servant,

" FLORINDA.

you the truth I am married to  
 may say something to justify

OR,  
 us professors of music if we  
 cation to you, in order to pro-  
 exhibiting entertainments of  
 ings. It is industriously insi-  
 tution is to destroy operas in  
 of you to insert this plain ex-  
 s in your paper. Our purpose  
 r circumstances, by improving  
 profess. We see it utterly de-  
 and as we were the persons  
 as, we think it a groundless  
 should set up against the opera  
 tend to assert is, that the songs  
 judiciously put together, and  
 manner which are expected in  
 formed amongst us, has put

music itself to a stand; inasmuch  
 the people cannot now be enter-  
 thing but what has an impertinent  
 any just spirit, or a languishment  
 any passion, or common sense.  
 persons of sense and quality who  
 honour to subscribe, will not be a  
 patronage towards us, and not rec-  
 that patronizing us is being for or a  
 but truly promoting their own divi-  
 just and elegant manner than he  
 performed.

" We are, Sir, your most ht

" THOMAS

" NICKO

" CHAS

" There will be no performance  
 ings until after that of the subscrip

No. 279.] SATURDAY, JANUA

Reddere personæ scilicet convenientia

HON. A

He knows what best befits each cha

WE have already taken a gene-  
 fable and characters in Milton's  
 The parts which remain to be consi-  
 to Aristotle's method, are the sen-  
 language. Before I enter upon th  
 I must advertise my reader, that it  
 soon as I have finished my genera  
 these four several heads, to give par-  
 out of the poem which is now before  
 and imperfections which may be  
 each of them, as also of such other  
 may not properly fall under any of  
 thought fit to premise, that the  
 judge too hastily of this piece of c  
 upon it as imperfect, before he has  
 extent of it.

The sentiments in an epic poem  
 and behaviour which the author  
 persons whom he introduces, and are  
 are conformable to the characters  
 persons. The sentiments have like-  
 to things as well as persons, and a  
 when they are such as are adapted  
 If in either of these cases the poet  
 argue or explain, to magnify or di-  
 love or hatred, pity or terror, or any  
 we ought to consider whether the  
 makes use of are proper for those  
 censured by the critics for his defect  
 ticular in several parts of the Iliad  
 though at the same time those wh  
 this great poet with candour, have  
 defect to the times in which he live  
 fault of the age and not of Homer;  
 that delicacy in some of his sentime  
 appears in the works of men of a  
 genius. Besides, if there are blemi-  
 ticular thoughts, there is an infinite  
 greatest part of them. In short, if  
 poets who would not have fallen int  
 of some of his sentiments, there are  
 have risen up to the greatness of  
 has excelled all others in the propo-  
 sentiments. Milton shines likewise ve  
 particular: nor must we omit one  
 which adds to his honour and reput

introduced persons whose characters are known among men, and such as are to be either in history or in ordinary conversation. Milton's characters, most of them, lie out and were to be formed purely by his own

It shows a greater genius in Shakespeare drawn his Caliban, than his Hotspur, or Messias: the one was to be supplied out of imagination, whereas the other might have been drawn upon tradition, history, and observation. It was much easier therefore for Homer to draw sentiments for an assembly of Grecians than for Milton to diversify his infernal with proper characters, and inspire them with variety of sentiments. The loves of Dido are only copies of what has passed before persons. Adam and Eve, before the different species from that of mankind, descended from them; and none but a most unbounded invention, and the most judicious, could have filled their conversational behaviour with so many apt circumstances of their state of innocence.

It is sufficient for an epic poem to be filled with thoughts as are natural, unless it abound with such as are sublime. Virgil in this part is short of Homer. He has not indeed so many thoughts that are low and vulgar; but at the same time has not so many thoughts that are sublime. The truth of it is, Virgil seldom expresses astonishing sentiments, where he is equal to the Iliad. He every where charms and transports us by the force of his own genius; but seldom transports us where he does not transport us from Homer.

His chief talent, and indeed his distinguishing excellence, lies in the sublimity of his thoughts. He is not one of the moderns who rival him in the part of poetry; but in the greatness of his thoughts he triumphs over all the poets both ancient and modern, Homer only excepted. It is for the imagination of man to distend with greater ideas, than those which he has in his first, second, and sixth books. The first, which describes the creation of the world, is likewise wonderfully sublime, though not stirring emotion in the mind of the reader, frequently so perfect in the epic way of writing, because it is filled with less action. Let the reader compare what Longinus has on several passages in Homer, and he will find parallels for most of them in the Paradise

which has been said we may infer, that as there are two kinds of sentiments, the natural and the artificial, which are always to be pursued in a poem, there are also two kinds of thoughts, which are carefully to be avoided. The first are those that are affected and unnatural; the second are those that are mean and vulgar. As for the first, we meet with little or nothing of them in Virgil. He has none of those sententious and puerilities that are so often to be met in Ovid, none of the epigrammatic turns, none of those swelling sentiments which are frequent in Statius and Claudian, none of the embellishments of Tasso. Every thing is natural. His sentiments show that he has insight into human nature, and that every thing which was the most proper to

which I may

hereafter take notice of, the way of thinking as to the relation he has given us of the member that Homer any of the above mentioned, which are the refinements of latter ages. I confess, has sometimes expressed sentiments which shall show more at large, considering how all the thoughts he writ were infected with the disease, he is rather to be admired for more into it, than that he is infected with the vicious taste which is common among modern writers.

But since several thoughts are low and grovelling, and avoid such sentiments as are mean, but also such as are mean, have opened a great field of rancour, more efficacy than greatness of genius, of some of his sentiments. I have said, these are rather to be avoided, the simplicity of the age in which he lived, also add, of that which is the imperfection in that division of the ancients, and Monsieur de la Fontaine, the moderns, pushed their riches on account of some such blemish to be observed in them, and but a very few in Milton.

I shall give but one instance of thought in Homer, and of it with an instance of the same in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments can very seldom be admitted in a heroic poem, whose business is to be a much nobler nature in his characters of Vulcan, in his story of Mars and Venus, and in other passages, he has fallen into the burlesque, and parted from that serious style to the magnificence of an epic, but one laugh in the whole. In the fifth book, upon Monarch being sent as thrown overboard a rock. But this piece of that the severest critic could say against it; for it is the business, where the reader's mind is sufficiently relaxed for such a piece of pleasantry in the evil spirits are described upon the success of their design. This passage I look upon as allowable in the whole poem, as a string of puns, and those, that

—Satan beheld their  
And to his mates thus in deep  
"O friends, why come not on  
Ere while they hence were gone  
To entertain them fair with  
And breast (what could we  
Of composition, straight they  
Flew off, and into strange  
As they would dance; yet for  
Somewhat extravagant, and  
For joy of offer'd peace; but  
If our proposals once again  
We should compel them to a

To whom thus Belial in like  
"Leader, the terms we sent  
Of hard contents, and full of  
Such as we might perceive  
And stumbled many; who  
Had need from head to foot

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ides, upright,"  
asant vein  
t, b. vi. l. 609, &c.

RY 21, 1711-12.

ma lant est.  
for. I Ep. xvii. 35.  
st praise.—CAREW.

man agreeable or  
he converses, ac-  
that inclination  
or pleasing others  
it never fails of  
l, its disappoint-  
ve call an agree-  
with the natural  
a delight he takes  
tion of that cha-  
nder these leaders  
ake any manner  
A rational and se-  
ersons, who have  
cy of sentiments  
ought; but mixed  
of pretenders to  
with constrained,

Now and then  
actly formed for  
at he is doing or  
eed be no manner  
gain upon every  
his felicity is not  
be attended with  
dignity to the fa-  
es him whom we  
a this that every  
a. He is in the  
y of life, but has  
enes in it; though  
er, and acted with  
a decisive day of  
which only make  
as it were super-  
ace which gives  
ections: for as a  
er, so is acknow-  
and serves in the  
a. This renders  
rtant in business,  
ordinary occur-  
characters which  
ons to our hearts,  
the methods of  
rough the world  
tages. Falling  
ner of one above  
rules of good be-  
parasite differs  
ant, but that the  
our, subjected to  
er, but the other  
tuted to speak,  
de of him whom  
on, in an honest  
a that of wearing  
e of those things  
ous.  
ther those above  
lly owing to the

opinion they have of your sincerity. This q  
is to attend the agreeable man in all the acti  
his life; and I think there need no more be s  
honour of it, than that it is what forces the a  
bation of your opponents. The guilty man h  
honour for the judge who with justice pronou  
against him the sentence of death itself. Thea  
of the sentence at the head of this paper, was a  
cellent judge of human life, and passed his o  
company the most agreeable that ever was i  
world. Augustus lived amongst his friends,  
he had his fortune to make in his own court.  
dour and affability, accompanied with as much  
as ever mortal was vested with, were what  
him in the utmost manner agreeable among  
of admirable men, who had thoughts too hig  
ambition, and views too large to be gratifi  
what he could give them in the disposal of an  
pire, without the pleasures of their mutual co  
sation. A certain unanimity of taste and judg  
which is natural to all of the same order in  
species, was the band of this society; and the  
peror assumed no figure in it, but what he be  
was his due from his private talents and qual  
tions, as they contributed to advance the plea  
and sentiments of the company.

Cunning people, hypocrites, all who are but  
virtuous, or half wise, are incapable of tasting  
refined pleasure of such an equal company as t  
wholly exclude the regard of fortune in their  
versations. Horace, in the discourse from wh  
I take the hint of the present speculation,  
down excellent rules for conduct in conversa  
with men of power; but he speaks with an a  
one who had no need of such an application for  
thing which related to himself. It shows he un  
stood what it was to be a skilful courtier, by  
admonitions against importunity, and showing  
forcible it was to speak modestly of your own w  
There is, indeed, something so shameless in tak  
all opportunities to speak of your own affairs,  
he who is guilty of it towards him on whom he  
pends, fares like a beggar who exposes his s  
which, instead of moving compassion, makes  
man he begs of turn away from the object.

I cannot tell what is become of him, but I rem  
ber about sixteen years ago an honest fellow,  
so justly understood how disagreeable the men  
or appearance of his want would make him,  
I have often reflected upon him as a counterpart  
Irus, whom I have formerly mentioned. This  
whom I have missed for some years in my wa  
and have heard was some way employed about  
army, made it a maxim, that good wigs, deli  
linen, and a cheerful air, were to a poor depend  
the same that working tools are to a poor artificer.  
It was no small entertainment to me, who knew  
circumstances, to see him, who had fasted two d  
attribute the thinness they told him of, to the  
lence of some gallantries he had lately been ge  
of. The skilful dissembler carried on this i  
the utmost address; and if any suspected his ad  
were narrow, it was attributed to indulging him  
in some fashionable vice rather than an irrepro  
bable poverty, which saved his credit with those  
whom he depended.

The main art is to be as little troublesome  
you can, and make all you hope for come rather  
a favour from your patron than claim from  
But I am here prating of what is the metho  
pleasing so as to succeed in the world, when t  
are crowds, who have in city, town, court,

arrived to considerable acquisitions, and incapable of acting in any constant tenor; have gone on from one successful error to another; therefore I think I may shorten this by the method of pleasing; and as the said to his son, once for all, "Pray, Jack, gentleman;" so may I to my reader, by instructions, and finish the art of pleasing, "Be rich."—T.

TUESDAY, JANUARY 22, 1711-12.

*inhibens spirantia consultat extra.*—Vine. Æn. iv. 64. he reeking entrails he consults.

I have already given an account of the dissection of the beau's head, with the several discoveries that occasioned; I shall here, according to promise, enter upon the dissection of a coxcomb, and communicate to the public such particulars as we observed in that curious piece of anatomy.

I have perhaps have waived this undertaking, but have been put in mind of my promise by several unknown correspondents, who are very desirous with me to make an example of the coxcomb as I have already done of the beau. It is in compliance with the request of my friends that I have looked over the minutes of my plan, in order to give the public an exact account of it, which I shall enter upon without further delay.

My friend, before he engaged in this visionary project, told us, that there was nothing in his dissection more difficult than to lay open the heart of a coxcomb, by reason of the many labyrinths and recesses which are to be found in it, and which do not exist in the heart of any other animal.

We first of all to observe the pericardium, the outward case of the heart, which we did not open; and by the help of our glasses we found in it millions of little scars, which seem to be occasioned by the points of innumerable needles and arrows, that from time to time had passed upon the outward coat; though we could not see the smallest orifice, by which any of these needles entered and pierced the inward substance. A skilful anatomist in anatomy knows that this pericardium, or case of the heart, contains in it a thin liquor, supposed to be bred from the vapours which exhale out of the heart, and being there, are condensed into this watery substance.

Upon examining this liquor, we found that it had all the qualities of that spirit which is contained in the thermometer, to show the change of the weather.

My friend here omit an experiment one of the company assured us he himself had made with this liquor, which he found in great quantity about the neck of a coquette whom he had formerly dissected. He told us, that he had actually enclosed it in a glass tube made after the manner of a weather-glass; that instead of acquainting him with the state of the atmosphere, it showed him the state of those persons who entered the room he stood in. He affirmed also, that it rose at the approach of a plume of feathers, an embroidered gown, a pair of fringed gloves; and that it fell as soon as an ill-shaped periwig, a clumsy pair of shoes, or an unfashionable coat came into the room. Nay, he proceeded so far as to assure us, that on his laughing aloud when he stood by

it, the liquor mounted, and immediately sank again upon his being silent; short, he told us, that he had made this invention, whenever he was in a coxcomb in his room.

Having cleared away the case, and liquor above mentioned, we found the heart itself. The outward coat was extremely slippery, and the inward cold withal, that upon entering it, it glided through the fingers like oil.

The fibres were turned outwards, and intricate and perplexed manner, as is found in other hearts; the heart was wound up to the top of the head, and must have had very great exertions, while it was employed in this manner.

One thing we thought that upon examining all the fibres, it, or issued out of it, was a communication that it had with the brain.

We could not but take notice of those little nerves affected by the sentiment of passions, did not descend into the brain, but from the muscles of the heart.

Upon weighing the heart, we found it to be extremely light, and low, which I did not wait to enter into the inside of it, I found several cavities, running one into another, as the ancients describe the chambers of a bower. Several of these cavities, with innumerable sorts of vessels, bear giving any particular name; therefore only take notice of the most important, which upon our dissection, we found our microscopes to it, and a small coloured hood.

We are informed that when living, received the love of her, and them encouragement, but was conversed with believe the eye of kindness; for we have seen the impression among the several plaited but to our great surprise, the nature discovered itself, the core and centre of it, a figure, which, upon appeared dressed in a vesture, more I looked upon it, I saw the face before, but either the place or time of the company, who had been so nicely than the rest, she showed of its face, and the severe the little idol which was in the middle of the heart was the head I gave some account of it on paper.

As soon as we had finished, we solved to make an experiment, able to determine among several substances, which differed from that of the heart, we accordingly laid it in a pan of oil, observed in it a certain flame, made it capable of living, and without being con-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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3, 1711-12.

viii. 580.

DRYDEN.

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In prospect of this, and the knowledge of their own personal merit, every one was contemptible in their eyes, and they refused those offers which had been frequently made them. But mark the end. The mother dies, the father is married again and has a son; on him was entailed the father's, uncle's, and grandmother's estate. This cut off 42,000l. The maiden aunt married a tall Irishman, and with her went the 6,000l. The widow died, and left but enough to pay her debts and bury her; so that there remained for these three girls but their own 1,000l. They had by this time passed their prime, and got on the wrong side of thirty; and must pass the remainder of their days, upbraiding mankind that they mind nothing but money, and bewailing that virtue, sense, and modesty, are had at present in no manner of estimation.

I mention this case of ladies before any other, because it is the most irreparable; for though youth is the time least capable of reflection, it is in that sex the only season in which they can advance their fortunes. But if we turn our thoughts to the men, we see such crowds unhappy, from no other reason than an ill-grounded hope, that it is hard to say which they rather deserve, our pity or contempt. It is not unpleasant to see a fellow, after growing old in attendance, and after having passed half a life in servitude, call himself the unhappiest of all men, and pretend to be disappointed, because a courtier broke his word. He that promises himself any thing but what may naturally arise from his own property or labour, and goes beyond the desire of possessing above two parts in three even of that, lays up for himself an increasing heap of afflictions and disappointments. There are but two means in the world of gaining by other men, and these are by being either agreeable, or considerable. The generality of mankind do all things for their own sakes; and when you hope any thing from persons above you, if you cannot say, "I can be thus agreeable, or thus serviceable," it is ridiculous to pretend to the dignity of being unfortunate when they leave you; you were injudicious in hoping for any other than to be neglected for such as can come within these descriptions of being capable to please or serve your patron, when his humour or interests call for their capacity either way.

It would not methinks be a useless comparison between the condition of a man who shuns all the pleasures of life, and of one who makes it his business to pursue them. Hope in the recluse make his austerities comfortable, while the luxurious man gains nothing but uneasiness from his enjoyment. What is the difference in happiness of him who macerated by abstinence, and his who is surfeited with excess? He who resigns the world has a temptation to envy, hatred, malice, anger, but in constant possession of a serene mind; he who follows the pleasures of it, which are in their very nature disappointing, is in constant search of care, solicitude, remorse, and confusion.

"MR. SPECTATOR, Jan. the 14th, 1722

"I am a young woman, and have my father's make, for which reason I come constantly to church to hear divine service, and make comparisons. One great hinderance to my design is, that one who was once a gardener, has this Christmas overdecked the church with greens, that hath quite spoiled my prospect; inasmuch that I have scarce seen the young baronet I doted on for three weeks, though we have both been very near

dear Sir, your most obedient Servant,  
"JENNY SIMPER."

L] THURSDAY, JAN. 24, 1711-12.

*artis ingenique iargitor*  
PENA. Prolog. ver. 10.

Is the mother of invention.—ENGLISH PROVERBS.

He rallies the philosophers in his time, who  
do not agree whether they should admit riches  
a number of real goods; the professors of the  
arts threw them quite out, while others as  
soon inserted them.

It is apt to believe, that as the world grew more  
and more rigid doctrines of the first were wholly dis-  
carded. I do not find any one so hardy at  
this time to deny that there are very great advan-  
tages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. In-  
deed the best and wisest of men, though they may  
despise a good part of those things which  
the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be  
so foolish as to reject that weight and dignity which a mode-  
rate degree of wealth adds to their characters, coun-  
sels, and actions.

It is not without reason that it is a general complaint in professions and  
trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly  
ruined, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-  
nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their  
favours on such as least want them. Whereas if we  
consider their proceedings in this case, we  
shall find them founded on undoubted reason: since,  
being both equal in their natural integrity, I  
suppose common prudence, to fear foul play from  
any person, rather than from one whose  
riches seem to have placed him above the  
temptation of money.

Reason also makes the commonwealth regard  
not subjects, as those who are most con-  
venient for her quiet and interest, and consequently  
be intrusted with her highest employments.  
Contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of  
great fortunes, who applied themselves to him,

friend how he was able to manage  
affairs in which he was  
the whole art consisted in  
"If," says he, "I have  
to make, I think of no more  
finished: if any domestic  
affair, I give myself up to  
be set in order."

In short, we often see  
temperaments arriving to regu-  
lar and orderly disposi-  
tions that without it the great  
imaginings rather puzzle  
them to a happy issue.

From what has been  
said down as a maxim, that  
sense may, if he pleases  
life, most certainly be  
sometimes see that men  
are not so, is either by  
comparison of something  
content to be getting at  
it in their own way, and  
the pleasures and gratifi-  
cations.

But besides these ordi-  
nary it must be allowed that  
well in this as in all other

Though the ways of  
since very numerous,  
ones have been found out  
tainly still remaining so  
that a man of an indiffer-  
ent down and draw up such  
support of his life, as was

We daily see methodical  
and ingenious men, who  
of invention in this part

It is reported of Scipio  
Italian comedian, that  
want, he bethought him-  
self of the door of a noted per-  
former any one came out who  
failed to desire a taste of

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

No. 284.] FRIDAY, JANUARY 25, 1711-12

Posthabui tamen illorum mea seria ludo.\*—Vine. Ecl. vii. 11

Their mirth to share, I bid my business wait.

AN unaffected behaviour is without question a very great charm; but under the notion of being unconstrained and disengaged, people take upon them to be unconcerned in any duty of life. A general negligence is what they assume upon all occasions, and set up for an aversion to all manner of business and attention. "I am the careless creature in the world, I have certainly the worst memory of any man living," are frequent expressions in the mouth of a pretender of this sort. It is a professed maxim with these people never to think; there is something so solemn in reflection, they, forsooth, can never give themselves time for such a way of employing themselves. It happens often that this sort of man is heavy enough in his nature to be a good proficient in such matters as are attainable by industry; but, alas! he has such an ardent desire to be what he is not, to be so volatile, to have the faults of a person of spirit, that he professes himself the most unfit man living for any manner of application. When this humor enters into the head of a female, she generally professes sickness upon all occasions, and acts all things with an indisposed air. She is offended, but her mind is too lazy to raise her to anger, therefore she lives only as actuated by a violent spleen, and gentle scorn. She has hardly curiosity to listen to scandal of her acquaintance, and has never attention enough to hear them commended. This affectation in both sexes makes them vain of being useless, and take a certain pride in their insignificance.

Opposite to this folly is another no less unreasonable, and that is, the "impertinence of being always in a hurry." There are those who visit ladies, and beg pardon, before they are well seated in their chairs, that they just called in, but are obliged to attend business of importance elsewhere the very next moment. Thus they run from place to place, professing that they are obliged to be still in another company than that which they are in. These persons who are just a going somewhere else should never be detained; let all the world allow that business is to be minded, and their affairs will be at an end. Their vanity is to be important, and compliance with their multiplicity of affairs will effectually dispatch them. The travelling ladies, who have half the town to see in an afternoon, may be pardoned for being in a constant hurry; but it is inexcusable in men to come where they have no business, to profess they absent themselves where they have. It has been remarked by some nice observers and critics, that there is nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters. I have by me two epistles, which are written by two people of the different humours above mentioned. It is wonderful that a man cannot observe upon himself when he sits down to write, but that he will gravely commit himself to paper the same manner that he is in the freedom of conversation. I have hardly seen a line from any of these gentlemen, but spoke them as absent from what they were doing; they profess they are when they come into company. For the folly is, that they have persuaded

\* The motto of the original paper in folio was what is the motto of No. 54 "Strenua non exercet inertia."—Hos.



themselves they really are busy. Thus their whole life is spent in suspense of the present moment till the next, and then from the next to the succeeding, which, to the end of life is to pass away without pretence to many things, and execution of nothing.

"SIR,

"The post is just going out, and I have many of her letters of very great importance to write this evening, but I could not omit making my compliments to you for your civilities to me when I was last in town. It is my misfortune to be so full of business, that I cannot tell you a thousand things I have to say to you. I must desire you to communicate the contents of this to no one living: but believe me to be, with the greatest fidelity,

"Sir, your most obedient humble Servant,  
"STEPHEN COURIER."

"MADAM,

"I hate writing, of all things in the world; however, though I have drank the waters, and am told ought not to use my eyes so much, I cannot forbear writing to you, to tell you I have been to the last degree hipped since I saw you. How could you entertain such a thought, as that I could hear of that silly fellow with patience? Take my word for it, there is nothing in it; and you may believe it when so lary a creature as I am undergo the pains to assure you of it, by taking pen, ink, and paper in my hand. Forgive this; you know I shall not often offend in this kind.

"I am very much your Servant,

"BRIDGET EITHERDOWN.

"The fellow is of your country, pr'ythee send me word however whether he has so great an estate."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

Jan. 24, 1712.

"I am clerk of the parish from whence Mrs. Simper sends her complaint, in your Spectator of Wednesday last. I must beg of you to publish this as a public admonition to the aforesaid Mrs. Simper, otherwise all my honest care in the disposition of the greens in the church will have no effect; I shall therefore, with your leave, lay before you the whole matter. I was formerly, as she charges me, for several years a gardener in the county of Kent: but I most absolutely deny that it was out of any affection I retain for my old employment that I have placed my greens so liberally about the church, but out of a particular spleen I conceived against Mrs. Simper (and others of the same sisterhood) some time ago. As to herself, I had one day set the hundredth Psalm, and was singing the first line in order to put the congregation into the tune; she was all the while curtsying to Sir Anthony, in so affected and indecent a manner, that the indignation I conceived at it made me forget myself so far, as from the tune of that psalm to wander into Southwell tune, and from thence into Windsor tune, still unable to recover myself, until I had with the utmost confusion set a new one. Nay, I have often seen her rise up and smile, and curtsy to one at the lower end of the church in the midst of a Gloria Patri; and when I have spoken the assent to a prayer with a long Amen, uttered with decent gravity, she has been rolling her eyes round about in such a manner, as plainly showed, however she was moved, it was not towards a heavenly object. In fine, she extended her conquests so far over the males, and raised such envy in the females, that what between the love of those, and the jealousy of these, I

was almost the book all church-head to put a stone I have long lived how the Kentish crying green bound mind of practising I find I have preyed-shot by this boughs may be for her peaceable

T.

No. 285.] SAT

Ne, quicunque  
Regali conspectu  
Migret in obscurum  
Aut, dum vilis

But then they  
To make a good  
(Strip of his girdle)  
Descend to a  
Nor (to avoid  
With empty so

HAVING already mentioned the last place, the learned world is to this point, I particular in those who judge

It is requisite should be both portion as either the language is and most necessary good-natured slip even in the possible for his this kind is the speaks of Satan

Created the  
and that in which  
Adam the  
His sons,

It is plain, that according to the mentioned in the beings; and the confounded with little blemishes and natural, was pardonable in man nature, was particular, and cumstance in so therefore, who rather than that of speech, on the nature in the many greater be

If clearness resulted, the poet to clothe his expressions. The most obvious ordinary conveyance, and contrived through the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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which Homer has made use of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Aristotle's rule, has infused a great many Latinisms, as well as Græcisms, and sometimes Hebraisms, into the language of his poem; as towards the beginning of it:

Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel.  
Yet to their general's voice they soon obey'd—  
—— Who shall tempt with wandering feet  
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyss,  
And through the palpable obscure find out  
His uncouth way, or spread his airy flight  
Upborne with indefatigable wings  
Over the vast abrupt?  
—— So both ascend  
In the visions of God — BOOK II.

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the substantive, the transposition of words, the turning the adjective into a substantive, with several other foreign modes of speech which this poet has naturalized to give his verse the greater sound, and throw it out of prose.

The third method mentioned by Aristotle, is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more used by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phrase by the addition of words, which may either be inserted or omitted, as also by the extending or contracting of particular words by the insertion or omission of certain syllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raising his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit, as in the passage above mentioned, *hermite*, for what is *hermit* in common discourse. If you observe the measure of his verse, he has with great judgment suppressed a syllable in several words, and shortened those of two syllables into one; by which method, besides the above-mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of persons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Hessebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made use of that which is not the most commonly known, that he might the better deviate from the language of the vulgar.

The same reason recommended to him several old words, which also makes his poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I must likewise take notice, that there are in Milton several words of his own coining, as "*cerberean*, *miscreated*, *hell-doomed*, *embryon atoms*," and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our English poet, I would recommend to him a discourse in Plutarch, which shows us how frequently Homer has made use of the same liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the noblest words and phrases which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the English poets have ever done before or after him, and made the sublimity of his style equal to that of his sentiments.

I have been the more particular in these observations on Milton's style, because it is in that part of him in which he appears the most singular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my observations out of Aristotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which some have taken to his poem upon this account; though,

after all, I must confess that I think his style, though admirable in general, is in some places too much stiffened and obscured by the frequent use of those methods which Aristotle has prescribed for the raising of it.

This redundancy of those several ways of speech which Aristotle calls "foreign language," and with which Milton has so very much enriched, and in some places darkened, the language of his poem, was the more proper for his use, because his poem is written in blank verse. Rhyme, without any other assistance, throws the language off from prose, and very often makes an indifferent phrase pass unregarded; but where the verse is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of sound and energy of expression are indispensably necessary to support the style, and keep it from falling into the flatness of prose.

Those who have not a taste for this elevation of style, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expression, would do well to see how Aristotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his insipid mirth upon this occasion. Mr. Dryden used to call these sort of men his prose-critics.

I should, under this head of the language, consider Milton's numbers, in which he has made use of several elisions, which are not customary among other English poets, as may be particularly observed in his cutting off the letter Y, when it precedes a vowel. This, and some other innovations in the measure of his verse, has varied his numbers in such a manner, as makes them incapable of satiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the same uniform measure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I shall close these reflections upon the language of *Paradise Lost* with observing, that Milton has copied after Homer rather than Virgil in the length of his periods, the copiousness of his phrases, and the running of his verses into one another.—L.

No. 286.] MONDAY, JANUARY 28, 1711-12.

*Nomina honesta præstentur vilis.*—TACIT. ANN. I. xiv. c. 21.  
Specious names are lent to cover vices.

"York, Jan. 18, 1711-12.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I PRETEND not to inform a gentleman of so much taste, whenever he pleases to use it; but it may not be amiss to inform your readers, that there is a false delicacy, as well as a true one. True delicacy, as I take it, consists in exactness of judgment and dignity of sentiment, or, if you will, purity of affection, as this is opposed to corruption and grossness. There are pedants in breeding, as well as in learning. The eye that cannot bear the light is not delicate, but sore. A good constitution appears in the soundness and vigour of the parts, not in the squeamishness of the stomach; and a false delicacy is affectation, not politeness. What then can be the standard of delicacy, but truth and virtue? Virtue, which as the satirist long since observed, is real honour: whereas the other distinctions among mankind are merely titular. Judging by that rule, in my opinion, and in that of many of your virtuous female readers, you are so far from deserving Mr. Courtly's accusation, that you seem too gentle, and to allow too many excuses for an enormous crime, which is as reproach of the age, and is in all its branches

and degrees expected. I pretend to prove that that calls itself delicacy, takes place of true delicacy in the minds, and those who know not any better, than the pedants, than the pedants, for this confusion of that natural honest creature, who would may think it proper if her seducer has a union of hearts of heaven, and a middle ceremony. between obscene and the same action, could there is nothing of Fornication and cause they express so as to excite her representing the for this reason papers would be than indelicacy, treat the detestable same manner as and an artful girl unjust that should with the same pity that the pity shewness, first betray the bours of the brother, when we cations of the quality, in Mr. properly, a woman and breeding, did abandoned her to the natural mod soul, is so far from worse character is, doubtless, Mr. that one can see as she sins again and liable to fever and distemper you will not lay posing that me whereby a multitude more barbarous to Moloch. The vice exposed, and filth without dirt tator may look out partaking in vince us you put your own advantage can one help but a feint to get your own, or the whom you are afraid, would not

"Your humble  
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"Truly

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"It is my fortune whom, though I

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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29, 1711-12.

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The Senses'

This liberty is best preserved, where the legisla-  
tive power is lodged in several persons, especially  
if those persons are of different ranks and interests;  
for where they are of the same rank, and conse-  
quently have an interest to manage peculiar to that  
rank, it differs but little from a despotical govern-  
ment in a single person. But the greatest security  
a people can have for their liberty, is when the le-  
gislative power is in the hands of persons so hap-  
pily distinguished, that by providing for the parti-  
cular interests of their several ranks, they are pro-  
viding for the whole body of the people; or, in  
other words, when there is no part of the people  
that has not a common interest with at least one  
part of the legislators.

If there be but one body of legislators, it is no  
better than a tyranny; if there are only two, there  
will want a casting voice, and one of them must at  
length be swallowed up by the disputes and con-  
tentions that will necessarily arise between them.  
Four would have the same inconvenience as two,  
and a greater number would cause too much con-  
fusion. I could never read a passage in Polybius  
and another in Cicero to this purpose without a se-  
cret pleasure in applying it to the English consti-  
tution, which it suits much better than the Roman.  
Both these great authors give the pre-eminence to a  
mixed government, consisting of three branches,  
the regal, the noble, and the popular. They had  
doubtless in their thoughts the constitution of the  
Roman commonwealth, in which the consul repre-  
sented the king, the senate the nobles, and the tri-  
bunes the people. This division of the three powers  
in the Roman constitution was by no means so dis-  
tinct and natural, as it is in the English form of  
government. Among several objections that might  
be made to it, I think the chief are those that affect  
the consular power, which had only the ornament  
without the force of the regal authority. Their  
number had not a casting voice in it; for which  
reason, if one did not chance to be employed abroad,  
while the other sat at home, the public business was  
sometimes at a stand, while the consuls pulled two  
different ways in it. Besides, I do not find that the  
consuls had ever a negative voice in the passing of  
a law, or decree of the senate; so that indeed they  
were rather the chief body of the nobility, or the  
first ministers of state, than a distinct branch of the  
sovereignty, in which none can be looked upon as  
a part, who are not a part of the legislature. Had  
the consuls been invested with the regal authority to  
as great a degree as our monarchs, there would never  
have been any occasions for a dictatorship, which  
had in it the power of all the three orders, and  
ended in the subversion of the whole constitution.

Such a history as that of Suetonius, which gives  
us a succession of absolute princes, is to me an un-  
answerable argument against despotie power. Where  
the prince is a man of wisdom and virtue, it is in-  
deed happy for his people that he is absolute; but  
since in the common run of mankind, for one that is  
wise and good you find ten of a contrary character,  
it is very dangerous for a nation to stand to its  
chance, or to have its public happiness or misery  
depend on the virtue or vices of a single person.  
Look into the history I have mentioned, or into any  
series of absolute princes, how many tyrants must  
you read through, before you come to an emperor  
that is supportable. But this is not all; an honest  
private man often grows cruel and abandoned, when  
converted into an absolute prince. Give a man  
power of doing what he pleases with impunity, and

extinguish his fear, and consequently overturn in him one of the great pillars of morality. This too we find confirmed by matter of fact. How many hopeful heirs apparent to grand empires, when in the possession of them, have become such monsters of lust and cruelty as are a reproach to human nature!

Some tell us we ought to make our governments on earth like that in heaven, which, say they, is altogether monarchical and unlimited. Was man like his Creator in goodness and justice, I should be for allowing this great model; but where goodness and justice are not essential to the ruler, I would by no means put myself into his hands to be disposed of according to his particular will and pleasure.

It is odd to consider the connexion between despotic government and barbarity, and how the making of one person more than man, makes the rest less. Above nine parts of the world in ten are in the lowest state of slavery, and consequently sunk in the most gross and brutal ignorance. European slavery is indeed a state of liberty, if compared with that which prevails in the other three divisions of the world; and therefore it is no wonder that those who grovel under it, have many tracks of light among them, of which the others are wholly destitute.

Riches and plenty are the natural fruits of liberty, and where these abound, learning and all the liberal arts will immediately lift up their heads and flourish. As a man must have no slavish fears and apprehensions hanging upon his mind, who will indulge the flights of fancy or speculation, and push his researches into all the abstruse corners of truth, so it is necessary for him to have about him a competency of all the conveniences of life.

The first thing every one looks after, is to provide himself with necessaries. This point will engross our thoughts until it be satisfied. If this is taken care of to our hands, we look out for pleasures and amusements; and among a great number of idle people, there will be many whose pleasures will lie in reading and contemplation. These are the two great sources of knowledge, and as men grow wise they naturally love to communicate their discoveries; and others seeing the happiness of such a learned life, and improving by their conversation, emulate, imitate, and surpass one another, until a nation is filled with races of wise and understanding persons. Ease and plenty are therefore the great cherishers of knowledge; and as most of the despotic governments of the world have neither of them, they are naturally overrun with ignorance and barbarity. In Europe, indeed, notwithstanding several of its princes are absolute, there are men famous for knowledge and learning; but the reason is, because the subjects are many of them rich and wealthy, the prince not thinking fit to exert himself in his full tyranny like the princes of the eastern nations, lest his subjects should be invited to new-mould their constitution, having so many prospects of liberty within their view. But in all despotic governments, though a particular prince may favour arts and letters, there is a natural degeneracy of mankind, as you may observe from Augustus's reign, how the Romans lost themselves by degrees until they fell to an equality with the most barbarous nations that surrounded them. Look upon Greece under its free states, and you would think its inhabitants lived in different climates, and under different heavens, from those at present, so different are the geniuses which are formed under Turkish slavery, and Grecian liberty.

Besides that debasement, very, though natural to and barbarous is, I think, a form of government is to the great human nature all civil ins

No. 288.]

—Favor

"Ma.

"When then promise even your faults come me encourage mankind are gentlemen they may think they fair; in order the herd make their first take company, and particular the testing the oaths, solic things as they are not defend admit of a lous fair is since it free young creat as herself, a prey to the perceive it, shun her w mire, and villany tow many of the sorry for the thought of can be so Spectator, will, I hope noble passio deceitful aff the enamou sel on those have, or ar in which yo but in a par

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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s, and write e wares, one y be allowed uthor again. of them, for st tradesman known for an wares, oter Indian -street, near f that trade, ase is graced and operas; s acceptable abelais, and e, and while my writings. I frequently Dutch and ave the con- ch brocades, without, and les and best pictures, at ade I have an by an ap- for such as to print this e minds you persons and presume to

beg it, will be the greater favour, as I have lately received rich silks and fine lace to a considerable value, which will be sold cheap for a quick return, and as I have also a large stock of other goods. Indian silks were formerly a great branch of our trade; and since we must not sell them, we must seek amends by dealing in others. This I hope will plead for one who would lessen the number of teasers of the Muses, and who, suiting his spirit to his circumstances, humbles the poet to exalt the citizen. Like a true tradesman, I hardly ever look into any books, but those of accounts. To say the truth, I cannot, I think, give you a better idea of my being a downright man of traffic, than by acknowledging I oftener read the advertisements, than the matter of even your paper. I am under a great temptation to take this opportunity of admonishing other writers to follow my example, and trouble the town no more; but as it is my present business to increase the number of buyers rather than sellers, I hasten to tell you that I am, Sir,

"Your most humble,  
and most obedient Servant,  
T. "PETER MORTEUX."

No. 289.] THURSDAY, JANUARY 31, 1711-12.

Vitæ summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.  
Hos. 1 Od. iv. 15.

Life's span forbids us to extend our cares,  
And stretch our hopes beyond our years.—CREECH.

UPON taking my seat in a coffee-house I often draw the eyes of the whole room upon me, when in the hottest seasons of news, and at a time perhaps that the Dutch mail is just come in, they hear me ask the coffee-man for his last week's bill of mortality. I find that I have been sometimes taken on this occasion for a parish sexton, sometimes for an undertaker, and sometimes for a doctor of physic. In this, however, I am guided by the spirit of a philosopher, as I take occasion from thence to reflect upon the regular increase and diminution of mankind, and consider the several various ways through which we pass from life to eternity. I am very well pleased with these weekly admonitions, that bring into my mind such thoughts as ought to be the daily entertainment of every reasonable creature; and consider with pleasure to myself, by which of those deliverances, or, as we commonly call them, distempers, I may possibly make my escape out of this world of sorrows, into that condition of existence, wherein I hope to be happier and better than it is possible for me at present to conceive.

But this is not all the use I make of the above-mentioned weekly paper. A bill of mortality is, in my opinion, an unanswerable argument for a Providence. How can we, without supposing ourselves under the constant care of a Supreme Being, give any possible account for that nice proportion, which we find in every great city, between the deaths and births of its inhabitants, and between the number of males and that of females brought into the world? What else could adjust in so exact a manner the recruits of every nation to its losses, and divide these new supplies of people into such equal bodies of both sexes? Chance could never hold the balance with so steady a hand. Were we not counted out by an intelligent supervisor, we should sometimes be overcharged with multitudes, and at others waft away into a desert: we should be sometimes *populus virorum*, as Florus elegantly expresses it, I



generation of males, and at others a species of women. We may extend this consideration to every species of living creatures, and consider the whole animal world as a huge army made up of innumerable corps; if I may use that term, whose quotas have been kept entire near five thousand years, in so wonderful a manner, that there is not probably a single species lost during this long tract of time. Could we have general bills of mortality of every kind of animals, or particular ones of every species in each continent or island, I could almost say in every wood, marsh, or mountain, what astonishing instances would they be of that Providence which watches over all his works?

I have heard of a great man in the Romish church, who upon reading those words in the fifth chapter of Genesis, "And all the days that Adam lived were nine hundred and thirty years, and he died; and all the days of Seth were nine hundred and twelve years, and he died; and all the days of Methuselah were nine hundred and sixty-nine years, and he died;" immediately shut himself up in a convent, and retired from the world, as not thinking any thing in this life worth pursuing, which had not regard to another.

The truth of it is, there is nothing in history which is so improving to the reader as those accounts which we meet with of the deaths of eminent persons, and of their behaviour in that dreadful season. I may also add, that there are no parts in history which affect and please the reader in so sensible a manner. The reason I take to be this, there is no other single circumstance in the story of any person, which can possibly be the case of every one who reads it. A battle or a triumph are conjectures in which not one man in a million is likely to be engaged: but when we see a person at the point of death, we cannot forbear being attentive to every thing he says or does, because we are sure that some time or other we shall ourselves be in the same melancholy circumstances. The general, the statesman, or the philosopher, are perhaps characters which we may never act in, but the dying man is one whom, sooner or later, we shall certainly resemble.

It is, perhaps, for the same kind of reason, that few books written in English have been so much perused as Dr. Sherlock's Discourse upon Death; though at the same time I must own, that he who has not perused this excellent piece, has not perhaps read one of the strongest persuasives to a religious life that ever was written in any language.

The consideration with which I shall close this essay upon death, is one of the most ancient and most beaten morals that has been recommended to mankind. But its being so very common, and so universally received, though it takes away from it the grace of novelty, adds very much to the weight of it, as it shows that it falls in with the general sense of mankind. In short, I would have every one consider that he is in this life nothing more than a passenger, and that he is not to set up his rest here, but to keep an attentive eye upon that state of being to which he approaches every moment, and which will be for ever fixed and permanent. This single consideration would be sufficient to extinguish the bitterness of hatred, the thirst of avarice, and the cruelty of ambition.

I am very much pleased with the passage of Antiphanes, a very ancient poet, who lived near a hundred years before Socrates, which represents the life of man under this view, as I have here trans-

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No. 290,

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the incidents of the first education, the highest to me, to those who assemble affliction, and then threw it to the humble touches of sorrow, from had any not, upon the weakness of person represented, entertained as are ena- merit; and play, is one virtue in the life, those If there be upon the passion of ly to parti- tioned consid- move even virtues con- living who is be an in- iction to the tender care with the con- ds preserved ession of the be venerable nt frequents Honeycomb were said, at whispered busy enough, he recom- ful in their part should d to find that ion, because criticism who ruth is, that Nature. The fe, even that presented by and waiters heir grandeur dowing from ke a charac- nds, that it thoughts and , that many ulty, though he sake of a er husband's an deny but but no be- laudable, in highest degree into Uticensis inary quality on which one ived, though "Cottius's let things at

the upper end of the world pass as they would. What is further very extraordinary in this work, is, that the persons are all of them laudable, and their misfortunes arise rather from unguarded virtue, than propensity to vice. The town has an opportunity of doing itself justice in supporting the representations of passion, sorrow, indignation, even despair itself, within the rules of decency, honour, and good-breeding; and since there is none can flatter himself his life will be always fortunate, they may here see sorrow, as they would wish to bear it whenever it arrives.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am appointed to act a part in the new tragedy called *The Distrest Mother*. It is the celebrated grief of Orestes which I am to personate; but I shall not act as I ought, for I shall feel it too intimately to be able to utter it. I was last night repeating a paragraph to myself, which I took to be an expression of rage, and in the middle of the sentence there was a stroke of self-pity which quite unmanned me. Be pleased, Sir, to print this letter, that when I am oppressed in this manner at such an interval, a certain part of the audience may not think I am out; and I hope, with this allowance, to do it with satisfaction.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"GEORGE POWELL."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"As I was walking the other day in the Park, I saw a gentleman with a very short face; I desire to know whether it was you. Pray inform me as soon as you can, lest I become the most heroic Hecata's rival.

"Your humble Servant to command,

"SOPHIA."

"DEAR MADAM,

"It is not me you are in love with, for I was very ill, and kept my chamber all that day.

"Your most humble Servant,

T. "THE SPECTATOR."

No. 291.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 2, 1711-12.

— Ubi plura nitent in carmine, non ego paucis

Offendar maculis, quas ant incuria fudit,

Aut humana parum cavit natura.—

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 351.

But in a poem elegantly writ,

I will not quarrel with a slight mistake,

Such as our nature's frailty may excuse.—ROSCOMMON.

I HAVE now considered Milton's *Paradise Lost* under those four great heads of the fable, the characters, the sentiments, and the language; and have shown that he excels in general, under each of these heads. I hope that I have made several discoveries which may appear new, even to those who are versed in critical learning. Were I indeed to choose my readers, by whose judgment I would stand or fall, they should not be such as are acquainted only with the French and Italian critics, but also with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well versed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he understands a critic, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticism as in all other sciences and speculations; one who brings with him any implied notions and observations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodized and explained, and perhaps several little hints that had passed in his mind, perfected and

improved in the works of a good critic; whereas one who has not these previous lights is very often an utter stranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it sufficient that a man, who sets up for a judge in criticism, should have perused the authors above mentioned, unless he has also a clear and logical head. Without this talent he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidst his own blunders, mistakes the sense of those he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearness and perspicuity. Aristotle, who was the best critic, was also one of the best logicians that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himself master of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the same time it is very certain, that an author who has not learned the art of distinguishing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and setting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will lose himself in confusion and obscurity. I might further observe that there is not a Greek or Latin critic, who has not shown, even in the style of his criticisms, that he was a master of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more absurd, than for a man to set up for a critic, without a good insight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of those, who have endeavoured to signalize themselves by works of this nature, among our English writers, are not only defective in the above-mentioned particulars, but plainly discover, by the phrases which they make use of, and by their confused way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the most common and ordinary systems of arts and sciences. A few general rules extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, has sometimes set up an illiterate heavy writer for a most judicious and formidable critic.

One great mark, by which you may discover a critic who has neither taste nor learning, is this, that he seldom ventures to praise any passage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the public, and that his criticism turns wholly upon little faults and errors. This part of a critic is so very easy to succeed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publishing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn several passages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in these two celebrated lines:

Errors, like straws, upon the surface flow;  
He who would search for pearls, must dive below.

A true critic ought to dwell rather upon excellences than imperfections, to discover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world such things as are worth their observation. The most exquisite words, and finest strokes of an author, are those which very often appear the most doubtful and exceptionable to a man who wants a relish for polite learning; and they are these, which a sour undistinguishing critic generally attacks with the greatest violence. Tully observes, that it is very easy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or as it may be rendered into English, "a glowing bold expression," and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticism. A little wit is equally capable of exposing a beauty and of

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No. 292.]

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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rate into brutality, learning into pedantry, and the genteelst demeanour into affectation. Even Religion itself, unless Decency be the handmaid which waits upon her, is apt to make people appear guilty of sourness and ill-humour: but this shows Virtue in her first original form, adds a comeliness to Religion, and gives its professors the justest title to "the beauty of holiness." A man fully instructed in this art, may assume a thousand shapes, and please in all; he may do a thousand actions shall become none other but himself; not that the things themselves are different, but the manner of doing them.

If you examine each feature by itself, Aglaure and Calliclea are equally handsome; but take them in the whole, and you cannot suffer the comparison: the one is full of numberless nameless graces, the other of as many nameless faults.

The comeliness of person, and the decency of behaviour, add infinite weight to what is pronounced by any one. It is the want of this that often makes the rebukes and advice of old rigid persons of no effect, and leave a displeasure in the minds of those they are directed to: but youth and beauty, if accompanied with a graceful and becoming severity, is of mighty force to raise, even in the most prodigal, a sense of shame. In Milton, the devil is never described ashamed but once, and that at the rebuke of a beauteous angel:

So spake the cherub; and his grave rebuke,  
Severe in youthful beauty, added grace  
Invincible. Abash'd the devil stood,  
And felt how awful Goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her own shape how lovely! saw and pin'd  
His loss.

The care of doing nothing unbecoming has accompanied the greatest minds to their last moments. They avoided even an indecent posture in the very article of death. Thus Cæsar gathered his robe about him, that he might not fall in a manner unbecoming of himself; and the greatest concern that appeared in the behaviour of Lucretia when she stabbed herself, was, that her body should lie in an attitude worthy the mind which had inhabited it:

—Ne non procumbat honeste,  
Extrema hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.  
Ovid, Fast. xl. 682.

'Twas her last thought, how decently to fall.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young woman without a fortune; but of a very high mind: that is, good Sir, I am to the last degree proud and vain. I am ever railing at the rich, for doing things, which, upon search into my heart, I find I am only angry at, because I cannot do the same myself. I wear the hooped petticoat, and am all in calicoes when the finest are in silks. It is a dreadful thing to be poor and proud; therefore, if you please, a lecture on that subject for the satisfaction of your uneasy humble Servant,

Z.

"JEZEBEL."

No. 293.] TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1711-12.

The prudent still have fortune on their side.—FRAG. Vet. Poet.

THE famous Grecian, in his little book wherein he lays down maxims for a man's advancing himself at court, advises his reader to associate himself with the fortunate, and to shun the company of the unfortunate; which, notwithstanding the baseness of the precept to an honest mind, may have something useful in it, for those who push their interest in the

It is certain, a great part of what we call fortune, rises out of right or wrong measures of life. When I hear a man of his being unfortunate in all his undertakings, I shrewdly suspect him for a very weak man in his affairs. In conformity with this way of thinking, Cardinal Richelieu used to say, that un- and imprudent were but two words for the same thing. As the cardinal himself had a great deal of prudence and good fortune, his famous minister, the Count d'Olivares, was disgraced at Madrid, because it was alleged against him that he had never any success in his undertakings. This, says an eminent author, was indicating him of imprudence.

He recommended Pompey to the Romans for several upon three accounts, as he was a man of great conduct, and good fortune. It was, for the reason above mentioned, namely, that a man of good fortune supposes a prudent man in the person whom it befalls, that not a dictator, but several of the Roman emperors, as is still to be seen upon their medals, under their other titles, gave themselves that of Fortunate. The heathens, indeed, seem to have valued a man more for his good fortune than for his quality, which I think is very natural in those who have not a strong belief of another world. How can I conceive a man crowned with distinguishing blessings, that has not some extraordinary fund of merit and perfection in him, to be open to the Supreme eye, though perhaps not discovered by my observation? What is to be said of Homer's and Virgil's heroes do not form an exception, or strike a blow, without the conduct of some deity? Doubtless, because they were esteemed it the greatest honour to be favoured by the gods, and thought the best way of making a man was, to recount those favours which implied an extraordinary merit in the person whom they descended.

Those who believe a future state of rewards and punishments act very absurdly, if they form their estimate of a man's merit from his successes. But, if I thought the whole circle of our being deduced between our births and deaths, I should value a man's good fortune the measure and standard of his merit, since Providence would have no other way of rewarding his virtue and perfections, than in the present life. A virtuous unbeliever, who is not under the pressure of misfortunes, has reason to say as they say Brutus did, a little before his death, "O Virtue, I have worshipped thee as a goddess, but I find thou art an empty name." I return to our first point. Though Providence undoubtedly in a great measure produces good and ill fortune in the world, it is certain there are many unforeseen accidents and occurrences, which often pervert the finest schemes that can be formed by human wisdom. "The race is not always to the swift, nor the battle to the strong." Nothing but infinite wisdom can have an absolute command over fortune; the highest degree of it which man can possess, is by no means equal to fortuitous accidents and contingencies as may rise in the course of our affairs. Nay, it very often happens that prudence, which has always in it a great deal of caution, hinders a man from being so successful as he might possibly have been without it. A person who only aims at what is likely to succeed, and follows closely the dictates of human wisdom, never meets with those great and unfore-

seen successes, which are the portion of a more generous temper or a more daring spirit. Perhaps may be the reason of this common observation, that Providence delights rather in favouring the good than the great.

Upon the whole, since man is a creature, and the accidents of his life so various, I cannot but think that Providence, yet it certainly seems there should be such a blessing as good fortune, on whose direction the conduct of human life is to be managed.

It is a great presumption to suppose that we are to manage our own affairs, upon any blessing, rather than upon the acquisition of it. I am very well pleased to see that Queen Elizabeth was struck by Queen Elizabeth of the invincible armada of that extraordinary event, the King of Spain, and the ruin of that great prince's glory, ascribed the ruin of the armada to the violence of storms and tempests of the English. Queen Elizabeth upon this as a diminution of her own glory, ascribed herself upon such a sign, and accordingly, in the inscription mentioned, has represented herself as a tempest, and falling foul upon religious inscription, "Alas! He blew with his wind."

It is remarked of a man whose name I cannot at present remember, that he had been a particular favourite of fortune upon recounting his virtues, he added at the end of his list, in this fortune had no share. He observed in history, that he had undertaken.

As arrogance and a want of abilities are very shocking qualities in sense and virtue, we may imagine it displeasing to that Being who governs the mind, and by several of his creatures purposely to show us, that those who are so proud, have no share in his favour.

Since on this subject I have collected several quotations, which I thought worthy to remember upon writing this paper, I will begin with a little Persian fable of a cloud into the sea, and an immensity of fluid in the following reflection: "Able creature am I in the waters! My existence is as a drop; I am reduced to less than the least of the things that are opened that an oyster, with the hood of this drop, changes up in the midst of this drop, says the fable, lay open the shell, until by degrees the pearl, which falling into a long series of adventures, becomes a famous pearl which is fixed in a diadem.—L.

\* Timotheus the Athenian, in his Works, 4to. vol. 1. p. 21.  
† Altered from insignificant Spect. in folio, No. 295.

, 1711-12.

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half yard of the silk towards clothing, feeding, and instructing an innocent helpless creature of her own sex, in one of these schools. The consciousness of such an action will give her features a nobler life on this illustrious day,\* than all the jewels that can hang in her hair, or can be clustered in her bosom. It would be uncourtly to speak in harsher words to the fair, but to men one may take a little more freedom. It is monstrous how a man can live with so little reflection, as to fancy he is not in a condition very unjust and disproportioned to the rest of mankind, while he enjoys wealth, and exerts no benevolence or bounty to others. As for this particular occasion of these schools, there cannot any offer more worthy a generous mind. Would you do a handsome thing without return; do it for an infant that is not sensible of the obligation. Would you do it for public good; do it for one who will be an honest artificer. Would you do it for the sake of heaven; give it to one who shall be instructed in the worship of him for whose sake you gave it. It is, methinks, a most laudable institution this, if it were of no other expectation than that of producing a race of good and useful servants, who will have more than a liberal, a religious education. What would not a man do in common prudence, to lay out in purchase of one about him, who would add to all his orders he gave, the weight of the commandments, to enforce an obedience to them? for one who would consider his master as his father, his friend, and benefactor, upon easy terms, and in expectation of no other return, but moderate wages and gentle usage? It is the common vice of children, to run too much among the servants; from such as are educated in these places they would see nothing but lowliness in the servant, which would not be disingenuous in the child. All the ill offices and defamatory whispers, which take their birth from domestics, would be prevented, if this charity could be made universal: and a good man might have a knowledge of the whole life of the person he designs to take into his house for his own service, or that of his family or children, long before they were admitted. This would create endearing dependencies; and the obligation would have a paternal air in the master, who would be relieved from much care and anxiety by the gratitude and diligence of a humble friend, attending him as his servant. I fall into this discourse from a letter sent to me, to give me notice that fifty boys would be clothed, and take their seats (at the charge of some generous benefactors) in St. Bride's church, on Sunday next. I wish I could promise to myself any thing which my correspondent seems to expect from a publication of it in this paper; for there can be nothing added to what so many excellent and learned men have said on this occasion. But that there may be something here which would move a generous mind, like that of him who wrote to me, I shall transcribe a handsome paragraph of Dr. Snape's sermon on these charities, which my correspondent enclosed with his letter.

"The wise Providence has amply compensated the disadvantages of the poor and indigent, in wanting many of the conveniences of this life, by a more abundant provision for their happiness in the next. Had they been higher born, or more richly endowed, they would have wanted this manner of education, of which those only enjoy the benefit

\* The birth-day of her majesty Queen Anne, who was born Feb. 6, 1665, and died Aug. 1, 1714, aged 49.

was are low enough to submit to it; where they have such advantages without money, and without price, as the rich cannot purchase with it. The learning which is given, is generally more edifying to them, than that which is sold to others. Thus do they become exalted in goodness, by being depressed in fortune, and their poverty is, in reality, their preferment."

T.

No. 295.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1711-12.

*Prodiga non sentit pereuntem fœmina cœsum:*

*At velut exhausta redivivus pullulet arca*

*Nummus, et e pleno semper tollatur acervo.*

*Non unquam reputat, quanti sibi gaudia constant.*

*Juv. Sat. vi. 361.*

But womankind, that never knows a mean,  
Down to the dregs their sinking fortunes drain.  
Hourly they give, and spend, and waste, and wear,  
And think no pleasure can be bought too dear.—DAYDEN

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM turned of my great climacteric, and am naturally a man of a meek temper. About a dozen years ago I was married, for my sins, to a young woman of good family, and of a high spirit; but could not bring her to close with me, before I had entered into a treaty with her, longer than that of the grand alliance. Among other articles, it was therein stipulated, that she should have 400*l.* a-year for pin-money, which I obliged myself to pay quarterly into the hands of one who acted as her plenipotentiary in that affair. I have ever since religiously observed my part in this solemn agreement. Now, Sir, so it is, that the lady has had several children since I married her; to which, if I should credit our malicious neighbours, her pin-money has not a little contributed. The education of these my children, who, contrary to my expectation, are born to me every year, straitens me so much, that I have begged their mother to free me from the obligation of the above-mentioned pin-money, that it may go towards making a provision for her family. This proposal makes her noble blood swell in her veins, inasmuch that, finding me a little tardy in my last quarter's payment, she threatens me every day to arrest me; and proceeds so far as to tell me that if I do not do her justice, I shall die in a gaol. To this she adds, when her passion will let her argue calmly, that she has several play-debts on her hands, which must be discharged very suddenly, and that she cannot lose her money as becomes a woman of fashion, if she makes me any abatement in this article. I hope, Sir, you will take an occasion from hence to give your opinion upon a subject which you have not yet touched, and inform us if there are any precedents for this usage among our ancestors; or whether you find any mention of pin-money in Grotius, Puffendorf, or any other of the civilians.

"I am ever the humblest of your Admirers,

"JOSIAH FRIBBLE, Esq."

As there is no man living who is a more professed advocate for the fair sex than myself, so there is none that would be more unwilling to invade any of their ancient rights and privileges; but as the doctrine of pin-money is of a late date, unknown to our great-grandmothers, and not yet received by many of our modern ladies, I think it is for the interest of both sexes to keep it from spreading.

Mr. Fribble may not, perhaps, be much mistaken where he intimates, that the supplying a man's wife with pin-money, is furnishing her with arms against

himself, and his own dishonour. I think the beautiful, and stands in need, and, upon her demand, owned, the much infla-

But when parties are thought the ordinary; and upon this one who is lover that is willing to think of the she asks for use? Should be told the tain, under gious cons in this isle proverb, "this calculate year make forty thous

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ix. 42

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quest, than if I should subscribe myself by my pro-  
per name.

"J. M.

"I desire you may insert this in one of your  
speculations, to show my zeal for removing the dis-  
satisfaction of the fair sex, and restoring you to  
their favour."

"SIR,

"I was some time since in company with a  
young officer, who entertained us with the conquest  
he had made over a female neighbour of his: when  
a gentleman who stood by, as I suppose, envying  
the captain's good fortune, asked him what reason  
he had to believe the lady admired him? 'Why,'  
says he, 'my lodgings are opposite to hers, and she  
is continually at her window either at work, read-  
ing, taking snuff, or putting herself in some toying  
posture, on purpose to draw my eyes that way.'  
The confession of this vain soldier made me reflect  
on some of my own actions; for you must know,  
Sir, I am often at a window which fronts the apart-  
ments of several gentlemen, who I doubt not have  
the same opinion of me. I must own I love to look  
at them all, one for being well dressed, a second  
for his fine eye, and one particular one, because he  
is the least man I ever saw; but there is something  
so easy and pleasant in the manner of my little  
man, that I observe he is a favourite of all his ac-  
quaintance. I could go on to tell you of many  
others, that I believe think I have encouraged them  
from my window: but pray let me have your opi-  
nion of the use of a window, in the apartment of a  
beautiful lady; and how often she may look out  
at the same man, without being supposed to have  
a mind to jump out to him.

"Yours,

"AURELIA CARELESS."

Twice.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have for some time made love to a lady, who  
received it with all the kind returns I ought to ex-  
pect: but, without any provocation that I know of,  
she has of late shunned me with the utmost abhor-  
rence, insomuch that she went out of church last  
Sunday in the midst of divine service, upon my  
coming into the same pew. Pray, Sir, what must  
I do in this business?

"Your Servant,

"EUPHUES."

Let her alone ten days.

York, Jan. 20, 1711-12.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"We have in this town a sort of people who  
pretend to wit, and write lampoons; I have lately  
been the subject of one of them. The scribbler had not  
genius enough in verse to turn my age, as indeed I  
am an old maid, into raillery, for affecting a youth-  
ier turn than is consistent with my time of day;  
and therefore he makes the title of his madrigal,  
the character of Mrs. Judith Lovebane, born in the  
year 1680. What I desire of you is, that you dis-  
allow that a coxcomb, who pretends to write verse,  
should put the most malicious thing he can say in  
prose. This I humbly conceive will disable our  
country wits, who indeed take a great deal of pains  
to say any thing in rhyme, though they say it very ill.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"SUSANNA LOVEBANE."



"MR. SPECTATOR,

"We are several of us, gentlemen and ladies, who board in the same house, and after dinner one of our company (an agreeable man enough otherwise) stands up and reads your paper to us all. We are the civillest people in the world to one another, and therefore I am forced to this way of de- siring our reader when he is doing this office, not to stand afore the fire. This will be a general good to our family this cold weather. He will, I know, take it to be our common request when he comes to these words, 'Pray, Sir, sit down;' which I desire you to insert, and you will particularly oblige

"Your daily Reader,

"CHARITY FROST."

"SIR,

"I am a great lover of dancing, but cannot per- form so well as some others; however, by my out- of-the-way capers, and some original grimaces, I do not fail to divert the company, particularly the ladies, who laugh immoderately all the time. Some, who pretend to be my friends, tell me they do it in derision, and would advise me to leave it off, withal that I make myself ridiculous. I do not know what to do in this affair, but I am resolved not to give over upon any account, until I have the opi- nion of the Spectator.

"Your humble Servant,

"JOHN TROTT."

"If Mr. Trott is not awkward out of time, he has a right to dance let who will laugh; but if he has no ear he will interrupt others; and I am of opinion he should sit still. Given under my hand this fifth of February, 1711-12.

T.

"THE SPECTATOR."

No. 297.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1711-12.

— velut si  
Egregio inspersionem reprehendas corpore naves.  
Hor. l. Sat. vi. 66.

As perfect beauties somewhere have a mole.—CREECH.

AFTER what I have said in my last Saturday's paper, I shall enter on the subject of this without further preface, and remark the several defects which appear in the fable, the characters, the sen- timents, and the language of Milton's Paradise Lost; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege at the same time whatever may be said for the extenuation of such defects. The first im- perfection which I shall observe in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Ari- stotle's division, either simple or implex. It is called simple when there is no change of fortune in it: implex, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the most perfect: I suppose, be- cause it is more proper to stir up the passions of the reader, and to surprise him with a great variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds: in the first, the chief actor makes his way through a long series of dangers and difficulties, until he ar- rives at honour and prosperity, as we see in the stories of Ulysses and Æneas; in the second, the chief actor in the poem falls from some eminent pitch of honour and prosperity, into misery and dis- grace. Thus we see Adam and Eve sinking from a state of innocence and happiness, into the most abject condition of sin and sorrow.

SPECTATOR.—Nos. 43 & 44.

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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them as fabulous, as he does in some places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my paper will not give me leave to be particular in instances of this kind; the reader will easily remark them in his perusal of the poem.

A third fault in his sentiments is an uneasy ostentation of learning, which likewise occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were masters of all the learning of their times, but it shows itself in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton seems ambitious of letting us know, by his excursions on free will and predestination, and his many glances upon history, astronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phrases he sometimes makes use of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and sciences.

If in the last place we consider the language of this great poet, we must allow what I have hinted in a former paper, that it is often too much laboured, and sometimes obscured by old words, transpositions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the style of a great author, "*Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lenè,*" is what many critics make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, so I have already apologised for it in another paper: to which I may further add, that Milton's sentiments and ideas were so wonderfully sublime, that it would have been impossible for him to have represented them in their full strength and beauty, without having recourse to these foreign assistances. Our language sunk under him, and was unequal to that greatness of soul which furnished him with such glorious conceptions.

A second fault in his language is, that he often affects a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following passages and many others:

And brought into the world a world of woe.  
— Begirt th' Almighty throne  
Beseeching or besieging—  
This tempted our attempt—  
At one slight bound high over leapt all bound.

I know there are figures for this kind of speech; that some of the greatest ancients have been guilty of it, and that Aristotle himself has given it a place in his rhetoric among the beauties of that art. But as it is in itself poor and trifling, it is, I think, at present universally exploded by all the masters of polite writing.

The last fault which I shall take notice of in Milton's style, is the frequent use of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the greatest beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abstruse of itself in such easy language as may be understood by ordinary readers; besides that the knowledge of a poet should rather seem born with him, or inspired, than drawn with books and systems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could translate a passage out of Virgil after the following manner:

Tack to the larboard and stand off to sea,  
Veer starboard sea and land.—

Milton makes use of larboard in the same manner. When he is upon building, he mentions doric pillars, pilasters, cornice, frieze, architrave. When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with ecliptic and eccentric, the trepidation, stars dropping from the zenith, rays emanating from the equator: to which might be added many instances of the like kind in several other arts and sciences.

"I shall in my next papers give an account of the many particular beauties in Milton, which would have been too long to insert under those general heads I have already treated of, and with which I intend to conclude this piece of criticism.—L.

No. 298.] MONDAY, FEBRUARY, 11, 1711-12.

Nusquam tuta fides.—VIRG. ÆN. iv. 373.

Honour is no where safe.

London, Feb. 9, 1711-12.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM a virgin, and in no case despicable, but yet such as I am I must remain, or else become, it is to be feared, less happy; for I find not the least good effect from the good correction you some time since gave that too free, that looser part of our sex which spoils the men; the same connivance at the vices, the same easy admittance of addresses, the same vitiated relish of the conversation of the greatest rakes (or, in a more fashionable way of expressing one's self, of such as have seen the world most) still abounds, increases, multiplies.

"The humble petition, therefore, of many of the most strictly virtuous and of myself is, that you will once more exert your authority, and that according to your late promise, your full, your impartial authority, on this sillier branch of our kind; for why should they be the uncontrollable mistresses of our fate? Why should they with impunity indulge the males in licentiousness whilst single, and we have the dismal hazard and plague of reforming them when married? Strike home, Sir, then, and spare not, or all our maiden hopes, our gilded hopes of nuptial felicity are frustrated, are vanished, and you yourself as well as Mr. Courtly, will, by smoothing over immodest practices with the gloss of soft and harmless names, for ever forfeit our esteem. Nor think that I am herein more severe than need be; if I have not reason more than enough, do you and the world judge from this ensuing account, which, I think, will prove the evil to be universal.

"You must know, then, that since your reprehension of this female degeneracy came out, I have had a tender of respects from no less than five persons, of tolerable figure too as times go; but the misfortune is that four of the five are professed followers of the mode. They would face me down, that all women of good sense ever were, and ever will be, latitudinarians in wedlock; and always did and will give and take, what they profanely term conjugal liberty of conscience.

"The two first of them, a captain and a merchant, to strengthen their arguments, pretend to repeat after a couple of ladies of quality and wit, that Venus was always kind to Mars; and what soul that has the least spark of generosity can deny a man of bravery any thing? And how pitiful a trader that, whom no woman but his own wife will have correspondence and dealings with? Thus these; whilst the third, the country squire, confessed, that indeed he was surprised into good-breeding, and entered into the knowledge of the world unawares; that dining the other day at a gentleman's house, the person who entertained was obliged to leave him with his wife and nieces; where they spoke with so much contempt of an absent gentleman for being so slow at a hint, that he re-

solved never for the future to be so much in the morning no husband about.

"The next full of the gallantry to was invited question by widow, resprightly j their way of and conce dropped him that this wa

"I am re advances be to hear any above ment character of I find even relating to in suspense There is a and the case dowed fema and consol divine now prostitute h that my ecc himself to t that on his nounced th

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2, 1711-12.

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Sat. vi. 166.

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should be entirely in her hands. Her father and brothers appeared exceedingly averse to this match, and would not see me for some time: but at present are so well reconciled, that they dine with me almost every day, and have borrowed considerable sums of me; which my Lady Mary very often twits me with, when she would show me how kind her relations are to me. She had no portion, as I told you before; but what she wanted in fortune she makes up in spirit. She at first changed my name to Sir John Envil, and at present writes herself Mary Envil. I have had some children by her, whom she has christened with the surnames of her family, in order, as she tells me, to wear out the homeliness of their parentage by the father's side. Our eldest son is the honourable Oddly Envil, Esq., and our eldest daughter Harriet Envil. Upon her first coming into my family, she turned off a parcel of very careful servants who had been long with me, and introduced in their stead a couple of black-a-moors, and three or four very genteel fellows in laced liveries, besides her French woman, who is perpetually making a noise in the house, in a language which nobody understands, except my Lady Mary. She next set herself to reform every room of my house, having glazed all my chimney-pieces with looking-glasses, and planted every corner with such heaps of china, that I am obliged to move about my own house with the greatest caution and circumspection, for fear of hurting some of our brittle furniture. She makes an illumination once a week with wax candles in one of our largest rooms, in order, as she phrases it, to see company; at which time she always desires me to be abroad, or to confine myself to the cock-loft, that I may not disgrace her among her visitants of quality. Her footmen, as I told you before, are such beaux, that I do not much care for asking them questions; when I do, they answer with a saucy frown, and say that every thing which I find fault with was done by my Lady Mary's order. She tells me, that she intends they shall wear swords with their next liveries, having lately observed the footmen of two or three persons of quality hanging behind the coach with swords by their sides. As soon as the first honeymoon was over, I represented to her the unreasonableness of those daily innovations which she made in my family; but she told me, I was no longer to consider myself as Sir John Anvil, but as her husband; and added with a frown, that I did not seem to know who she was. I was surprised to be treated thus, after such familiarities as had passed between us. But she has since given me to know, that whatever freedoms she may sometimes indulge me in, she expects in general to be treated with the respect that is due to her birth and quality. Our children have been trained up from their infancy with so many accounts of their mother's family, that they know the stories of all the great men and women it has produced. Their mother tells them, that such-a-one commanded in such a sea-engagement, that their great-grandfather had a horse shot under him at Edge-hill, that their uncle was at the siege of Buda, and that her mother danced in a ball at court with the Duke of Monmouth; with abundance of fiddle-faddle of the same nature. I was the other day a little out of countenance at a question of my little daughter Harriet, who asked me, with a great deal of innocence, why I never told her of the generals and admirals that had been in my family? As for my eldest son, Oddly, he has been so spirited up by his mother,

that if he does not mend his manners I shall go near to disinherit him. He drew his sword upon me before he was nine years old, and told me that he expected to be used like a gentleman: upon my offering to correct him for his insolence, my Lady Mary stepped in between us, and told me I ought to consider there was some difference between his mother and mine. She is perpetually finding out the features of her own relations in every one of my children, though, by the way, I have a little chub-faced boy as like me as he can stare, if I durst say so; but what most angers me, when she sees me playing with any of them upon my knee, she has begged me more than once to converse with the children as little as possible, that they may not learn any of my awkward tricks.

"You must further know, since I am opening my heart to you, that she thinks herself my superior in sense, as she is in quality, and therefore treats me as a plain well-meaning man, who does not know the world. She dictates to me in my own business, sets me right in points of trade, and if I disagree with her about any of my ships at sea, wonders that I will dispute with her, when I know very well that her great-grandfather was a flag-officer.

"To complete my sufferings, she has teased me for this quarter of a year last past to remove into one of the squares at the other end of the town, promising, for my encouragement, that I shall have as good a cock-loft as any gentleman in the square; to which the Honourable Oddly Enville, Esq. always adds, like a jack-a-napes as he is, that he hopes it will be as near the court as possible.

"In short, Mr. Spectator, I am so much out of my natural element, that to recover my old way of life I would be content to begin the world again, and be plain Jack Anvil: but, alas! I am in for life, and am bound to subscribe myself, with great sorrow of heart,

L.

"Your humble Servant,  
"JOHN ENVILLE, KNT."

No. 300.] TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1711-12.

— *Diversum vitio vitium prope majus.*

HOR. l. Ep. xviii. 5.

— Another falling of the mind.

Greater than this, of quite a different kind.—POOLEY.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"WHEN you talk of the subject of love, and the relations arising from it, methinks you should take care to leave no fault unobserved which concerns the state of marriage. The great vexation that I have observed in it is, that the wedded couple seem to want opportunities of being often enough alone together, and are forced to quarrel and be fond before company. Mr. Hotspur and his lady, in a room full of their friends, are ever saying something so smart to each other, and that but just within rules, that the whole company stand in the utmost anxiety and suspense, for fear of their falling into extremities which they could not be present at. On the other side, Tom Faddle and his pretty spouse, wherever they come are billing and cooing at such a rate, as they think must do our hearts good to behold them. Cannot you possibly propose a mean between being wasps and doves in love? I should think, if you advised to hate or love sincerely it would be better; for if they would be so discreet as to bate from the very bottoms of their hearts, their aversion would be too strong for little gibes every

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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Canidia, a lady of this latter species, passed by me yesterday in a coach. Canidia was a haughty beauty of the last age, and was followed by crowds of adorers, whose passions only pleased her, as they gave her opportunities of playing the tyrant. She then contracted that awful cast of the eye and forbidding frown, which she has not yet laid aside, and has still all the insolence of beauty without its charms. If she now attracts the eyes of any beholders, it is only by being remarkably ridiculous; even her own sex laugh at her affectation; and the men, who always enjoy an ill-natured pleasure in seeing an imperious beauty humbled and neglected, regard her with the same satisfaction that a free nation sees a tyrant in disgrace.

Will Honeycomb, who is a great admirer of the gallantries in King Charles the Second's reign, lately communicated to me a letter written by a wit of that age to his mistress, who it seems was a lady of Canidia's humour; and though I do not always approve of my friend Will's taste, I liked this letter so well, that I took a copy of it, with which I shall here present my reader:

"TO CLOE.

"MADAM,

"Since my waking thoughts have never been able to influence you in my favour, I am resolved to try whether my dreams can make any impression on you. To this end I shall give you an account of a very odd one which my fancy presented to me last night, within a few hours after I left you.

"Methought I was unaccountably conveyed into the most delicious place mine eyes ever beheld: it was a large valley divided by a river of the purest water I had ever seen. The ground on each side of it rose by an easy ascent, and was covered with flowers of an infinite variety, which, as they were reflected in the water, doubled the beauties of the place, or rather formed an imaginary scene more beautiful than the real. On each side of the river was a range of lofty trees, whose boughs were loaded with almost as many birds as leaves. Every tree was full of harmony.

"I had not gone far in this pleasant valley, when I perceived that it was terminated by a most magnificent temple. The structure was ancient and regular. On the top of it was figured the god Saturn, in the same shape and dress as the poets usually represent Time.

"As I was advancing to satisfy my curiosity by a nearer view, I was stopped by an object far more beautiful than any I had before discovered in the whole place. I fancy, Madam, you will easily guess that this could hardly be any thing but yourself: in reality it was so; you lay extended on the flowers by the side of the river, so that your hands, which were thrown in a negligent posture, almost touched the water. Your eyes were closed; but if your sleep deprived me of the satisfaction of seeing them, it left me at leisure to contemplate several other charms which disappear when your eyes are open. I could not but admire the tranquillity you slept in, especially when I considered the uneasiness you produce in so many others.

"While I was wholly taken up in these reflections, the doors of the temple flew open, with a very great noise; and lifting up my eyes, I saw two figures in human shape, coming into the valley. Upon a nearer survey, I found them to be Youth and Love. The first was encircled with a kind of purple light, that spread a glory over all the place.





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having at first brought him not to dislike, and at length to be pleased with that which otherwise he would not have bore to hear of, she then knew how to press and secure this advantage, by approving it as his thought, and seconding it as his proposal. By this means she has gained an interest in some of his leading passions, and made them accessory to his reformation.

There is another particular of Emilia's conduct which I cannot forbear mentioning: to some, perhaps, it may at first sight appear but a trifling inconsiderable circumstance: but, for my part, I think it highly worthy of observation, and to be recommended to the consideration of the fair sex. I have often thought wrapping-gowns and dirty linen, with all that huddled economy of dress which passes under the name of "a mob," the bane of conjugal love, and one of the readiest means imaginable to alienate the affection of a husband, especially a fond one. I have heard some ladies who have been surprised by company in such a dishabille, apologize for it after this manner: "Truly, I am ashamed to be caught in this pickle: but my husband and I were sitting all alone by ourselves, and I did not expect to see such good company." This, by the way, is a fine compliment to the good man, which it is ten to one but he returns in dogged answers and a churlish behaviour, without knowing what it is that puts him out of humour.

Emilia's observation teaches her, that as little inadvertencies and neglects cast a blemish upon a great character; so the neglect of apparel, even among the most intimate friends, does insensibly lessen their regards to each other, by creating a familiarity too low and contemptible. She understands the importance of those things which the generality account trifles; and considers every thing as a matter of consequence that has the least tendency towards keeping up or abating the affection of her husband: him she esteems as a fit object to employ her ingenuity in pleasing, because he is to be pleased for life.

By the help of these, and a thousand other nameless arts, which it is easier for her to practise than for another to express, by the obstinacy of her goodness and unprovoked submission, in spite of all her afflictions and ill usage, Bromius is become a man of sense and a kind husband, and Emilia a happy wife.

Ye guardian angels, to whose care Heaven has intrusted its dear Emilia, guide her still forward in the paths of virtue, defend her from the insolence and wrongs of this undiscerning world: at length, when we must no more converse with such purity on earth, lead her gently hence, innocent and unreplicable, to a better place, where, by an easy transition from what she now is, she may shine forth an angel of light.—T.

No. 303.] SATURDAY, FEB. 16, 1711-12.

— Volo hæc sub luce videri,  
Judicis argutum quæ non formidat acumen.  
Hos. Ars Poet. ver. 363.  
— Some choose the clearest light,  
And boldly challenge the most piercing eye.  
Roscommon.

I HAVE seen, in the works of a modern philosopher, a map of the spots in the sun. My last paper of the faults and blemishes in Milton's Paradise Lost may be considered as a piece of the same nature. To pursue the illusion: as it is observed,

among the bright parts of the luminous body we mentioned, there are some which glow moreensely, and dart a stronger light than others; so, withstanding I have already shown Milton's poem to be very beautiful in general, I shall now proceed to take notice of such beauties as appear to be more exquisite than the rest. Milton has proposed the subject of his poem in the following verses:

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit  
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste  
Brought death into the world and all our woe,  
With loss of Eden, till one greater man,  
Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,  
Sing, heavenly Muse!

These lines are, perhaps, as plain, simple, and adorned, as any of the whole poem, in which particular the author has conformed himself to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great measure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muse who inspired Moses in his books from whence our author drew his subject, and to the Holy Spirit, who is therein represented as operating after a particular manner in the production of nature. This whole exordium is very happily into noble language and sentiments, as I think the transition to the fable is exquisitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days' astonishment, in which the angels entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall in heaven, before they could recover either the use of thought or speech, is a noble circumstance, very finely imagined. The division of hell into a mass of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the same furious element, with that particular circumstance of the exclusion of Hope from those infernal regions, are instances of the same great and useful invention.

The thoughts in the first speech and description of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy, and revenge, obstinacy, despair, and impenitence, are all of them very artfully interwoven. In short, his first speech is a compilation of all those passions which discover themselves separately in several other of his speeches in the poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with such incidents, as are very proper to raise and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being first that awakens out of the general trance, with a posture on the burning lake, his rising from it, and the description of his shield and spear:

Thus Satan talking to his nearest mate,  
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blaz'd, his other parts beside  
Prone on the flood extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood—  
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
Driv'n backward slope their pointing spires, and, roll'd  
In billows, leave i' th' midst a horrid vale.  
Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air  
That felt unusual weight—

— His pond'rous shield,  
Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
Behind him cast; the broad circumference  
Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
Through optic glass the Tuscan artists view  
At evening from the top of Fesole,  
Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
Rivers, or mountains, on her spotty globe.  
His spear (to equal which the tallest pine  
Hewn on Norwegian hills to be the mast  
Of some great admiral, were but a wand)  
He walk'd with, to support uneasy steps  
Over the burning marl—

To which we may add that lay plunged.

He call'd so loud  
Of hell resound

But there is no more worked up to a great pitch, his person is described

— He, ab  
In shape and g  
Stood like a to

His sentiments, character, and most exalted and that in which he is tormented:

— Hail, he  
Infernal world  
Receive thy no  
A mind not to

And afterward:

— Here a  
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Amidst those images he utters in other places taken care to introduce absurdity, and is a reader; his words are then, bearing out substance." He is as owning his advantage, perverse interpretation, mercy, and other he frequently conveys the perfection he only consideration under the shame of

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The review, which the leader makes of his infernal army:

— He through the armed flies  
 Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverses  
 The whole battalion views, their order due,  
 Their visages and stature as of gods,  
 Their number last he sums: and now his heart  
 Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength  
 Glories —

The flash of light which appeared upon the drawing of their swords:

He spake; and to confirm his words out flew  
 Millions of flaming swords, drawn from the thighs  
 Of mighty cherubim: the sudden blaze  
 Far round illumin'd hell. —

The sudden production of the Pandæmonium:

Anon out of the earth a fabric huge  
 Rose like an exhalation, with the sound  
 Of dulcet symphonies and voices sweet.

The artificial illuminations made in it:

— From the arch'd roof  
 Pendent by subtle magic, many a row  
 Of starry lamps and blazing cressets,\* fed  
 With Naphtha and Asphaltus, yielded light  
 As from a sky. —

There are also several noble similes and allusions in the first book of *Paradise Lost*. And here I must observe, that when Milton alludes either to things or persons, he never quits his simile until it rises to some very great idea, which is often foreign to the occasion that gave birth to it. The resemblance does not, perhaps, last above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raised out of it some glorious image or sentiment, proper to illuminate the mind of the reader, and to give it the sublime kind of entertainment which is suitable to the nature of an heroic poem. Those who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleased with this kind of structure in Milton's similitudes. I am the more particular on this head because ignorant readers, who have formed the taste upon the quaint similes and little turns of wit which are so much in vogue among modern poets, cannot relish these beauties, which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to censure Milton's comparisons, in which they do not see at surprising points of likeness. Monsieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated relish, and for that reason has endeavoured to turn into ridicule several of Homer's similitudes, which he calls "*comparaisons à longue queue*," "long-tailed comparisons." I shall conclude this paper on the first book of Milton with the answer which Monsieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occasion: "Comparisons," says he, "in odes and epic poems, are not introduced only to illustrate and embellish the discourse, but to amuse and relax the mind of the reader, by frequently disengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal subject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer, says he, excelled in this particular, whose comparisons abound with such images of nature as are proper to relieve and diversify his subjects. He continually instructs the reader, and makes him take notice, even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of such circumstances as he should not otherwise have observed. To this he adds, as a maxim universal acknowledged, 'that it is not necessary in poet for the points of the comparison to correspond with

\* Cresset, i. e. a blazing light set on a beacon, in French "*croisette*," because beacons formerly had crosses on the top — JOHNSON.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

Long-lane, loudness of passengers, violence of Worriers,' ready to repeat you want? out their arms'

and relax the distinction between a handmaid and the roughness of the pass-petitioners. humbly pray, and to inhabit Round-court a more soft

ners," &c. ge, concern-particularly a seller, will

19, 1711-12. tis 521 DEN.

project now publishing a perceived letters a correspond-fair, I intend culation. A met with in the following Amsterdam:—ued, that the academy for cy, minister or. Six aca—with proper ademy, into r twenty-five ve each an per in posses-. The King asand livres. ers to teach ruct them in others, which esemembers. From this to embassies, ployments." France the ve appeared the contrary, of its neigh-ous academy e learning to in that insti-om meddling did not care im. On the s resolved to

make several young men in France as wise as him self, and is therefore taken up at present in establishing a nursery of statesmen.

Some private letters add, that there will also be erected a seminary of petticoat politicians, who are to be brought up at the feet of Madame de Maintenon, and to be dispatched into foreign courts upon any emergencies of state: but as the news of this last project has not been yet confirmed, I shall take no further notice of it.

Several of my readers may doubtless remember that upon the conclusion of the last war, which had been carried on so successfully by the enemy, their generals were many of them transformed into ambassadors; but the conduct of those who have commanded in the present war, has, it seems, brought a little honour and advantage to their great monarch that he is resolved to trust his affairs no longer in the hands of those military gentlemen.

The regulations of this new academy very much deserve our attention. The students are to have in possession or reversion, an estate of two thousand French livres per annum, which, as the present exchange runs, will amount to at least one hundred and twenty-six pounds English. This, with the royal allowance of a thousand livres, will enable them to find themselves in coffee and snuff; not mention newspapers, pens and ink, wax and wafers with the like necessaries for politicians.

A man must be at least five-and-twenty before he can be initiated into the mysteries of this academy though there is no question but many grave persons of a much more advanced age, who have been constant readers of the Paris Gazette, will be glad to begin the world anew, and enter themselves upon this list of politicians.

The society of these hopeful young gentlemen is to be under the direction of six professors, who, it seems, are to be speculative statesmen, and drawn out of the body of the royal academy. These six wise masters, according to my private letters, are to have the following parts allotted to them.

The first is to instruct the students in state logic; as how to take off the impression of a seal to split a wafer, to open a letter, to fold it up again with other the like ingenious feats of dexterity and art. When the students have accomplished themselves in this part of their profession, they are to be delivered into the hands of their second instructor who is a kind of posture-master.

This artist is to teach them how to nod judiciously, to shrug up their shoulders in a dubious case, to connive with either eye, and, in a word, the whole practice of political grimace.

The third is a sort of language-master, who is to instruct them in a style proper for a minister in his ordinary discourse. And to the end that this college of statesmen may be thoroughly practised in the political style, they are to make use of it in their common conversations, before they are employed either in foreign or domestic affairs. If one of them asks another what o'clock it is, the other is to answer him indirectly, and, if possible, to turn the question. If he is desired to change a loud or, he must beg time to consider of it. If it is inquired of him whether the King is at Versailles or Marly, he must answer in a whisper. If he is asked the news of the last Gazette, or the subject of a proclamation, he is to reply that he has not yet read it; or if he does not care for explaining himself so far, he needs only draw up his brow in wrinkles or elevate the left shoulder.

th professor is to teach the whole art of characters and hieroglyphics; and to the they may be perfect also in this practice, ot to send a note to one another (though borrow a Tacitus or a Machiavel) which ten in cipher.

th professor, it is thought, will be chosen society of Jesuits, and is to be well read ntroversies of probable doctrines, mental n, and the rights of princes. This learned instruct them in the grammar, syntax, and part of Treaty Latin; how to distinguish the spirit and the letter, and likewise de how the same form of words may lay an upon any prince in Europe, different which it lays upon his most Christian Ma e is likewise to teach them the art of find-loop-holes, and evasions in the most solemn and particularly a great rabbinical secret, f late years by the fraternity of Jesuits, that contradictory interpretations of the sle may both of them be true and valid.

our statesmen are sufficiently improved by eral instructors, they are to receive their ing from one who is to act among them as the ceremonies. This gentleman is to give res upon the important points of the elbow the stair-head, to instruct them in the dif- gations of the right hand, and to furnish bows and inclinations of all sizes, mea- proportions. In short, this professor is to ociety their stiffening, and infuse into their that beautiful political starch, which may em for levees, conferences, visits, and make e in what vulgar minds are apt to look rifles.

not yet heard any further particulars, which observed in this society of unfledged states- t I must confess, had I a son of five-and- hat should take it into his head at that age for a politician, I think I should go near rit him for a blockhead. Besides, I should ensive lest the same arts which are to en- to negotiate between potentates, might a t his ordinary behaviour between man and here is no question but these young Ma- fill in a little time turn their college upside h plots and stratagems, and lay as many o circumvent one another in a frog or a they may hereafter put in practice to over- neighbouring prince or state.

e told that the Spartans, though they pu- eft in the young men when it was discovered, on it as honourable if it succeeded. Pro- conveyance was clean and unsuspected, a ght afterwards boast of it. This, say the s, was to keep them sharp, and to hinder a being imposed upon, either in their pub- cate negotiations. Whether any such re- of morality, such little *jeux d'esprit*, ought allowed in this intended seminary of poli- shall leave to the wisdom of their founder. mean time, we have fair warning given us ightly body of statesmen; and as Sylla saw ruses in Cæsar, so I think we may discover rcs in this college of academicians. What- hink of ourselves, I am afraid neither our or St. James's will be a match for it. Our ses are, indeed, very good institutions; er or no these our British schools of poli- furnish out as able envoys and secretaries ademy that is set apart for that purpose,

will deserve our serious we remember that our producing men of integ that, on the contrary, policy make a conspicuo Earl of Rochester has ve mirable poem upon that

No. 306.] WEDNES

— *Quæ forma, ut  
Impulet? — Juv.  
What beauty, or wi  
So great a price, if  
She still insults? — I*

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“I WRITE this to com-  
tune which frequently  
serves a consolatory disc  
within this half-year in  
beauty and as many lov  
England. But my adm  
cannot complain of their  
that time had the small  
(according to many amo  
by me) was the seat o  
woman, is now disfigured  
very soul of me to speak  
face; and though I thi  
beauty while I had it, it ha  
value with me, now it is  
stance which makes my  
ugliest fellow that ever p  
most in my favour, and  
most unreasonably. If  
an obligation which he o  
that is not amiable.—Bu  
bility of making passion  
son and gratitude. But  
who has survived herself  
in a new being. My lo  
rivals, my rivals are eve  
I cannot enjoy what I an  
ing reflection upon what  
I was did not die of old  
the prime of youth, and  
nature may have forty y  
have nothing of myself l

“I am, Sir, your

When Louis of Franc  
milie, the addresses to  
of his fortitude, and the  
his glory; in that, durin  
never have manifested  
distresses, and so the w  
nent part of his characte  
gives her the same oppo  
quests is a task as difficu  
the very entrance upon  
her love-letters; or sinc  
call her lovers, who follo  
it would be a very goo  
from that of a beauty,  
who writ them, with th  
ticles of a marriage trea  
pox.” I have known  
matter of this kind wen  
where the lady, who w  
this billet to her lover :—



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

this terrible  
but if you sin-  
at the same

"CORINNA."

g so sprightly

ot the same

tered you or

I tell you I

ope you will

both one, as

elf now you

take such a

please.

"MILCAR."

wn mind and

ught to have

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formerly af-

haviour will

. Take the

who have the

not eminent

en that those

ce, are such

d take to be

The fondest

a crowd of

"You have

that woman

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for beauty

ving my cue-

keep my eyes

and with a

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that I was

the secret.

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ort, that the

ost imperti-

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general con-

in beauties.

importunity

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possession of

fancy which

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with a toler-

eerful good-

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happily, are

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asonable an-

eldest sister,

the spleen,

quality new

ways of being uneasy and displeased; and that happens for no reason in the world, but that poor Liddy knows she has no such thing as a certain negligence that is so becoming; that there is not know not what in her air; and that if she talks like a fool, there is no one will say, "Well! I know not what it is, but every thing pleases when she speaks it."

Ask any of the husbands of your great beauties and they will tell you that they hate their wives nine hours of every day they pass together. There is such a particularity for ever affected by them that they are encumbered with their charms in what they say or do. They pray at public devotions: they are beauties. They converse on ordinary occasions as they are beauties. Ask Belinda what is o'clock, and she is at a stand whether so great beauty should answer you. In a word, I think instead of offering to administer consolation to Patience, I should congratulate her metamorphosis and however she thinks she was not the least insistent in the prosperity of her charms, she was enough so to find she may make herself a much more agreeable creature in her present adversity. The endeavour to please is highly promoted by a consciousness that the approbation of the person you would be agreeable to, is a favour you do not deserve for in this case assurance of success is the most certain way to disappointment. Good-nature will always supply the absence of beauty, but beauty cannot long supply the absence of good-nature.

## POSTSCRIPT.

"MADAM,

February 18.

"I have yours of this day, wherein you twice bid me not disoblige you, but you must explain yourself further, before I know what to do.

"Your most obedient Servant,

T.

"THE SPECTATOR."

No. 307.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1711-12.

— Versate din, quid ferre recusant.

Quid valeant humeri. — HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 22.

— Often try what weight you can support,

And what your shoulders are too weak to bear.

ROSCOMBE.

I AM so well pleased with the following letter, that I am in hopes it will not be a disagreeable present to the public:—

"SIR,

"Though I believe none of your readers more admire your agreeable manner of working up trifles than myself, yet as your speculations are now swelling into volumes, and will in all probability pass down to future ages, methinks I would have a single subject in them, wherein the general good of mankind is concerned, left unfinished.

"I have a long time expected with great impatience that you would enlarge upon the ordinary mistakes which are committed in the education of our children. I the more easily flattered myself that you would one time or other resume this consideration, because you tell us that your 168th paper was only composed of a few broken hints but finding myself hitherto disappointed, I have ventured to send you my own thoughts on this subject.

"I remember Pericles, in his famous oration at the funeral of those Athenian young men who perished in the Samian expedition, has a thought very much celebrated by several ancient critics



that the loss which the commonwealth by the destruction of its youth, was like which the year would suffer by the destruction of a spring. The prejudice which the public from a wrong education of children, is an the same nature, as it in a manner starves, and defrauds our country of those persons, with due care, might make an eminent in their respective posts of life.

We have seen a book written by Juan Huarter, a physician, entitled *Examen de Ingenios*, he lays it down as one of his first positions, being but nature can qualify a man for; and that without a proper temperament in particular art or science which he studies, without pains and application, assisted by the masters, will be to no purpose.

He illustrates this by the example of Tully's sons.

So, in order to accomplish his son in that learning which he designed him for, sent him, the most celebrated academy at that time in the world, and where a vast concourse, out of all polite nations, could not but furnish the student with a multitude of great examples of men that might insensibly have instructed in the designed studies. He placed him under the tuition of Cratippus, who was one of the greatest men of the age, and as if all the books that were at that time written had not been sufficient for his use, he composed others on purpose notwithstanding all this, history informs us that he proved a mere blockhead, and that though, it seems, was even with the son for her father's sake rendered him incapable of profiting by all the rules of eloquence, the precepts of philosophy, his own endeavours, and the most liberal education in Athens. This author therefore says, that there should be certain triers or examiners appointed by the state, to inspect the progress of every particular boy, and to allot him the study that is most suitable to his natural talents.

So, in one of his dialogues tells us, that Socrates was the son of a midwife, used to say, that his mother, though she was very skilful in her art, could not deliver a woman unless she was assisted by a child, so neither could he himself extricate out of a mind where nature had not

ordained, accordingly, the method this philosopher took, of directing his scholars by several interrogations, was only helping the birth, and bringing their own thoughts to light.

The Spanish doctor above mentioned, as his name grew more refined, asserts that every man has a particular science corresponding to him, in which alone it can be truly excellent. These geniuses, which may seem to have an aptitude for several things, he regards them as unfinished pieces of nature wrought off

are indeed but very few to whom nature has given so unkind, that they are not capable of any one science or other. There is a certain aptitude towards knowledge in every mind, which is strengthened and improved by proper application.

The story of Clavius\* is very well known. He was bred in a college of Jesuits, and after having

\* Clavius, a geometrician and astronomer, wrote several volumes in folio, who died at Rome in 1612.

been tried at several points of being distinguished, until one of the friends of his father, to make an essay of his genius, hit his genius, and he became one of the greatest men of the age. It is common to see of these fathers, in a young student, has not the figure which their order

"How different from that which prevails in the world, nothing is more usual than to see of several ages, temperaments together in the same class of authors, and enjoined to follow their natural genius may be poets, historians, and obliged to have the same manner of writing, the same tale of verse, and the same method of prose. Every boy is put to memory as the captain of a ship, instead of adapting studies to the youth, we expect from him that he should adapt his genius to the studies he must confess, is not so much an instructor as to the parents brought to believe, that a boy performing as much as he can, may not make him what he is.

"If the present age is so much degenerated, which have gone before, it is in that generous and noble disposed persons have taken the place of children: and as in the present age, no place left for the ordinary parent, the directors of education, beneficial to the public, except which I have been speaking of. They might easily, by withdrawing those under their inspection from the profession of them into proper studies, allot to them this or that study, if their genius qualifies them for it, for arts, crafts, or service, by sea or land.

"How is this kind of education three great professions!

"Dr. South, complained of them holy orders, and of the sacred function, many a man runs his head against the mill, might have done his duty in the plough-tail.

"In like manner many a man is an indifferent figure at the top of a very elegant water-mill, many a man is in the Temple stairs, though he is a very good house.

"I have known a corner of education would have been a very good education.

"To descend lower, and to see sagacious draymen, and to see several tailors of many a broad pair of sleeves, away upon a barber, when we see a pigmy porter who might have managed a nation, or have snapped his fingers at himself, and advantage to the world.

"The Spartans, though they were a very good people, which I am here speaking of, is rather than what I propose.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

his children were seven companies, old men were often raised to strife with overies they and, without of them ac- monwealth. e mistress of world for her

place among ble you with ct.

am," &c.

22, 1711-12.

b. il. ver. 15.

ca.

propose my- cares which public good. at is to say, dy what one elf to under- e relating to der you, as and vested a marriages. eing women them con- umbers, that nveyance of dge's apart- examined in rightened or e is going to ll. Now, if and equity, r officer for the state of y parents on the other, to rkward heirs trained com- ay it myself, a: for I am r. My father her a witty ade by con- own, and I g night; so a my father, mother. It ould use me er regulated ore children pretensions r, servant, ALFREY," n within the of quality,

but her temper is somewhat different from that of Lady Anvil. My lady's whole time and thoughts are spent in keeping up to the mode both in apparel and furniture. All the goods in my house have been changed three times in seven years. I have had seven children by her: and by our marriage articles she was to have her apartment new furnished as often as she lay in. Nothing in our house is useful but that which is fashionable; my pewter holds out generally half a year, my plate a full twelvemonth; chairs are not fit to sit in that were made two years since, nor beds fit for any thing but to sleep in, that have stood up above that time. My dear is of opinion that an old fashioned grate consumes coals, but gives no heat. If she drinks out of glasses of last year she cannot distinguish wine from small-beer. Oh, dear Sir, you may guess all the rest. " Yours.

" P. S. I could bear even all this, if I were not obliged also to eat fashionably. I have a plain stomach, and have a constant loathing of whatever comes to my own table; for which reason I dine at the chop-house three days in a week; where the good company wonders they never see you of late. I am sure, by your unprejudiced discourses, you lost broth better than soup."

" MR. SPECTATOR, Will's, Feb. 13.

" You may believe you are a person as much talked of as any man in town. I am one of your best friends in this house, and have laid a wager you are so candid a man, and so honest a fellow, that you will print this letter, though it is in recommendation of a newspaper called *The Historian*. I have read it carefully, and find it written with skill, good sense, modesty, and fire. You must allow the town is kinder to you than you deserve; and I doubt not but you have so much sense of the world's change of humour, and instability of all human things, as to understand, that the only way to preserve favour is to communicate it to others with good-nature and judgment. You are so generally read, that what you speak of will be read. This with men of sense and taste, is all that is wanting to recommend *The Historian*.

" I am, Sir, your daily Advocate,  
" READER GENTLE."

I was very much surprised this morning that any one should find out my lodging, and know it so well as to come directly to my closet-door, and knock at it, to give me the following letter. When I came out I opened it, and saw, by a very strong pair of shoes and a warm coat the bearer had on, that he walked all the way to bring it me, though dated from York. My misfortune is that I cannot talk, and I found the messenger had so much of me, that he could think better than speak. He had, I observed a polite discerning, hid under a shrewd rusticity. He delivered the paper with a Yorkshire tone and a town leer.

" MR. SPECTATOR,

" The privilege you have indulged John Trot has proved of very bad consequence to our illustrious assembly, which, besides the many excellent maxims it is founded upon, is remarkable for the extraordinary decorum observed in it. One instance of which is, that the carders (who are always of the first quality) never begin to play until the French dances are finished, and the country dances begin; but John Trot having now got your commission in his

# THE SPECTATOR.

which every one here has a profound respect for the assurance to set up for a minuet-dancer. So, but he has brought down upon us the day of the Trots, which are very numerous, and auxiliaries the hobblers and the skippers, means the time is so much wasted, that, to break all rules of government, it must rest on the utter subversion of the brag-table, the members of which value time, as Fribble's her pin-money. We are pretty well assured that your indulgence to Trot was only in re-country dances; however, we have deferred an order of council upon the premises, to get you to join with us, that Trot, nor any one, presume for the future to dance any but dances, unless a hornpipe upon a festival; you will do this, you will oblige a great deal, and particularly your most humble

k, Feb. 16. "ELIZ. SWEEPSTAKES."

ever meant any other than that Mr. Trot confine himself to country dances. And I direct, that he shall take out none but his tions according to their nearness of blood, gentlewoman may take out him.

n, Feb. 21. "THE SPECTATOR."

09.] SATURDAY, FEB. 23, 1711-12.

bus imperium est Animarum, Umbraeque silentes,  
os, et Phlegethon, loca nocte silentia late:  
i fas audita loqui! sit numine vestro  
res alta terra et caligine mersas.

VING. Æn. vi. ver. 264.

ma. yet unreveal'd to human sight,  
s, who rule the regions of the night,  
ing ghosts, permit me to relate  
astic wonders of your silent state.—DRYDEN.

before observed in general, that the poem Milton introduces into his poem always such sentiments and behaviour as are in a manner conformable to their respective characters.

Every circumstance in their speeches and actions with great justice and delicacy adapted to the persons who speak and act. As the poet very feels in this consistency of his characters, I leave to consider several passages of the poem in this light. That superior greatness of majesty which is ascribed to the prince of the fallen angels, is admirably preserved in the beginning of this book. His opening and closing of the gates; his taking on himself that great enterprising thought of which the whole infernal assembly trembled; his encountering the hideous monster who guarded the gates of hell, and exposing him in all his terrors; are instances of a bold and daring mind which could not brook any, even to Omnipotence!

was now at hand, and from his seat the monster, moving onward, came as fast as a horrid strider: hell trembled as he strode. Undaunted fiend what this might be admir'd, dur'd, not fear'd—

the boldness and intrepidity of behaviour in himself in the several adventures which he has, during his passage through the regions of the infernal matter, and particularly in his address to the tremendous powers who are described as over it.

port of Moloch is likewise, in all its circumstances, full of that fire and fury which distinguish him from the rest of the fallen angels. He is

described in the first book of human sacrifice, tears of parents, and in the second book he is made that fought in heaven; which he makes in the third book of the angels is described as answerable to the same

— Where the monster  
And with fierce ensigns  
Of Moloch, furious king  
And at his chariot-wheel  
Threaten'd, nor from  
Refrain'd his tongue  
Down cloven to the heels  
And uncouth pain flew

It may be worth while to represent this violent hurried on by such pressure that rises in the assembly their present posture of declares himself abruptly censured at his companion as even to deliberate that are rash, audacious and of arming themselves with ing their punishments

— No, let us rather  
Arm'd with hell flames  
O'er heaven's high towers  
Turning our tortures  
Against the torturer;  
Of his almighty engine  
Infernal thunder, and  
Black fire and horror  
Among his angels: arm  
Mix'd with Tartarian  
His own invented torments

His preferring annihilation also highly suitable to him he draws from their discourse that if it be not victoriously truly diabolical, of this implacable spirit

Belial is described in the lewd and luxurious. pursuant to that description of his character, and slothful; and in the book, we find him celebrated for nothing but that second to Satan, on their sup enemy. As his appearance, in these three sentiments in the infernal assembly, is suitable to his character.

of a second battle, his preferring to be miserable I need not observe, that in this speech, and that agreeable variety to the

Mammon's character in the book, that the poet adds. We were before told, taught mankind to run for silver, and that he was a nium, or the infernal powers were to meet in council is every way suitable to How proper is that reflection to taste the happiness of there, in the mouth of heaven, is said to have the outward pomps and have been more intent on

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

to leave the  
owing senti-

dat  
ruling sire

unders roar,  
les hell!

il  
gold;  
raise  
w more?

d in dignity  
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e with Satan  
ains his rank  
a wonderful  
speak. He  
two opposite  
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on he makes  
ch of a new  
ed by Satan,  
llowing lines

'so rife  
e long

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thoughts

grounds his

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n which the  
rince of the  
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nity was the

wonderfully  
ader's imagi-  
report in  
n. Nothing  
pecies, than  
re their exis-  
been the talk  
Virgil, in  
ealth, makes  
of pre-exis-  
mour to man-  
pse of them

described in

l

with the par-  
tion, are de-

scribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiousness of invention. The diversions are every way suitable to beings who had nothing left them but strength and knowledge misapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms with their entertainment in the following lines:

Others with vast Typhaean rage more fell  
Reut up both rocks and hills, and ride the air  
In whirlwind; hell scarce holds the wild uproar

Their music is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits, and their discourse in sounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge.

The several circumstances in the description of hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which discharge themselves into the sea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, and the river of oblivion. The monstrous animals produced in that infernal world are represented by a single line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer description would have done:

Nature breeds,  
Perverse, all monstrous, all prodigious things,  
Abominable, inutterable, and worse  
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,  
Gorgons and hydras, and chimeras dire.

This episode of the fallen spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have spun out many circumstances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, instead of illustrated, the principal fable.

The flight of Satan to the gates of hell is finely imagined.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning sin and death, which is, however, a very finished piece in its kind, when it is not considered as a part of an epic poem. The genealogy of the several persons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The incestuous mixture between Sin and Death produces those monsters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth.

These are the terrors of an evil conscience, and the proper fruits of sin, which naturally rise from the apprehensions of death. This last beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the speech of Sin, where, complaining of this her dreadful name, she adds,

Before mine eyes in opposition sits  
Grim Death, my son and foe, who sets them on,  
And me his parent would full soon devour  
For want of other prey, but that he knows  
His end with mine involv'd—

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumstance in the last part of this quotation. He will likewise observe how naturally the three persons concerned in this allegory are tempted by a common interest to enter into a confederacy together, and how properly Sin is made the portress of hell, and the only being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The descriptive part of this allegory is likewise very strong, and full of sublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, his monstrosity of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the circumstances at his birth, are circumstances too noble to be passed over in silence, and extremely suitable to this kind of terrors. I need not mention the justness

ought which is observed in the generation of these several symbolical persons; that Sin was produced on the first revolt of Satan, that Death appeared soon after he was cast into hell, and that the terrors of conscience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The description of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's spirit:

On a sudden open fly  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook  
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to shut  
Excell'd her pow'r; the gates wide open stood,  
That with extended wings a banner'd host  
Under spread ensigns marching might pass through  
With horse and chariots rank'd in loose array;  
So wide they stood, and like a furnace mouth  
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.

In Satan's voyage through the chaos there are several imaginary persons described, as residing in that immense waste of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taste of those critics who are deuced with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners ascribed to it; but for my own part, I am pleased most with those passages in this description which carry in them a greater measure of probability, and are such as might possibly have happened. Of this kind is his first mounting in the smoke that rises from the infernal pit, his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combustible materials, that by their explosion still hurried him forward in his voyage: his springing upward like a pyramid of fire, with his laborious passage through that confusion of elements which the poet calls

The womb of nature, and perhaps her grave.

The glimmering light which shot into the chaos from the utmost verge of the creation, with the distant discovery of the earth that hung close by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.—L.

No. 310.] MONDAY, FEBRUARY 25, 1711-12.

Connubio jungam stabili——— VIRG. *Æn.* l. 77.  
I'll tie the indissoluble marriage-knot.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM a certain young woman that love a certain young man very heartily; and my father and mother were for it a great while, but now they say I can do better, but I think I cannot. They bid me not love him, and I cannot unlove him. What must I do? Speak quickly.

"BIDDY DOW-BAKE."

"DEAR SPEC.,

Feb. 19, 1712.

"I have loved a lady entirely for this year and a half, though for a great part of the time (which has contributed not a little to my pain) I have been barred the liberty of conversing with her. The ground of our difference was this; that when we had inquired into each other's circumstances, we found that at our first setting out in the world, we should owe five hundred pounds more than her fortune would pay off. My estate is seven hundred pounds a-year, besides the benefit of tin mines. Now, dear Spec., upon this state of the case, and the lady's positive declaration that there is still no other objection, I beg you will not fail to insert this, with your opinion as soon as possible, whether his ought to be esteemed a just cause or impediment why we should not be joined, and you will for ever be  
yours sincerely,

"DICK LOVESICK."

"Sir, if I may say so, in your opinion, you

"MR. SPE

"I have the happiness to see many happy men who have been discarded lovers, and who, by their disgrace, became creatures who sought the most humble sooth the most yet their nicety of parents to go that can be proposed was introduced, find I owe my son of my estate that I am now way to a human What makes this is, that the you this way of from on these occasions, but does your men of the of affairs for that I came home last mistress:—

"Sir,

"I hope you will respect to your nuptials between says he has a make, and has between us. If I have myself with it is, I beg we Adieu.

"This great mercenary motive I think lies natural give me your thoughts was as follows, you are to know derful ease on that it should be paid

"MADAM,

"I have received of your house so ready to obey you be to see you all the good fare

"The opera

The censor and report the how many pounds sufficient reason tender; with him in such a let. I.

"MR. SPE

"There is anness and settled to retire from him such an disturbs both Notwithstanding

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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1711-12.

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Sat. vi. 137.

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are cross-barred; she is not permitted to go out of house but with her keeper, who is a staid relation of my own; I have likewise forbid her the use of pen and ink, for this twelvemonth last past, and do so suffer a band-box to be carried into her room before it has been searched. Notwithstanding these precautions, I am at my wit's end for fear of any sudden surprise. There were, two or three nights ago some fiddles heard in the street, which I am afraid portend me no good; not to mention a tall Irish man, that has been seen walking before my house more than once this winter. My kinswoman likewise informs me, that the girl has talked to her twice or thrice of a gentleman in a fair wig, and that she loves to go to church more than ever she did in her life. She gave me the slip about a week ago, upon which my whole house was in alarm. I immediately dispatched a hue and cry after her to the 'Change, to her mantua-maker, and to the young ladies that visit her; but after above an hour's search she returned of herself, having been taking a walk, as she told me, by Rosamond's pond. I have hereupon turned off her woman, doubled her guards, and given new instructions to my relation who, to give her her due, keeps a watchful eye over all her motions. This, Sir, keeps me in a perpetual anxiety, and makes me very often watch what my daughter sleeps, as I am afraid she is even with me in her turn. Now, Sir, what I would desire of you is, to represent to this fluttering tribe of young fellows, who are for making their fortunes by these indirect means, that stealing a man's daughter for the sake of her portion is but a kind of a tolerated robbery; and that they make but a poor amends to the father, whom they plunder after this manner, by going to bed with his child. Dear Sir, be speedy in your thoughts upon this subject, that, if possible, they may appear before the disbanding of the army.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"TIM. WATCHWELL."

Themistocles, the great Athenian general, being asked whether he would rather choose to marry his daughter to an indigent man of merit, or to a worthless man of an estate, replied, that he should prefer a man without an estate to an estate without a man. The worst of it is, our modern fortune-hunters are those who turn their heads that way, because they are good for nothing else. If a young fellow finds he can make nothing of Coke and Littleton, he provides himself with a ladder of ropes, and by that means very often enters upon the premises.

The same art of scaling has been likewise practised with good success by many military engineers. Stratagems of this nature make parts and industry superfluous, and cut short the way to riches.

Nor is vanity a less motive than idleness to this kind of mercenary pursuit. A fop, who admires his person in a glass, soon enters into a resolution of making his fortune by it, not questioning but that every woman that falls in his way will do him a much justice as he does himself. When an heir sees a man throwing particular graces into his eyes or talking loud within her hearing, she ought to look to herself; but if withal she observes a pair of red heels, a patch, or any other particularity in his dress, she cannot take too much care of her person. These are baits not to be trifled with, charms that have done a world of execution, and made their way into hearts which have been thought impos-







# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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let us know who gave him his scarf, he speaks a parenthesis to the Almighty. 'Bless, as I am in duty bound to pray, the right-honourable the countess;' is not that as much as to say, 'Bless her, for thou knowest I am her chaplain?'

T. "Your humble Servant," "J. O."

No. 313.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1711-12.

Exigite ut mores temerosi seu pulchre ducati,  
Ut in quibus cetera vultum facit.—Juv. Sat. vii. 227.  
Did I not teach his daily pains employ,  
To form the tender manners of the boy,  
And work him, like a waxen tube, with art,  
To perfect symmetry in every part.—Cm. DAVEN.

I SHALL give the following letter no other recommendation than by telling my readers that it comes from the same hand with that of last Thursday.

"SIR,

"I send you, according to my promise, some farther thoughts on the education of youth, in which I intended to discuss that famous question, 'Whether the education at a public school, or under a private tutor, is to be preferred?'

"As some of the greatest men in most ages have been of very different opinions in this matter, I shall give a short account of what I think may be best urged on both sides, and afterward leave every person to determine for himself.

"It is certain from Suetonius, that the Romans thought the education of their children a business properly belonging to the parents themselves; and Plutarch, in the Life of Marcus Cato, tells us, that as soon as his son was capable of learning, Cato would suffer nobody to teach him but himself, though he had a servant named Chilo, who was an excellent grammarian, and who taught a great many other youths.

"On the contrary, the Greeks seemed more inclined to public schools and seminaries.

"A private education promises, in the first place, virtue and good breeding; a public school, merely assurance, and an early knowledge in the ways of the world.

"Mr. Locke, in his celebrated treatise of education, confesses that there are inconveniences to be feared on both sides: 'If,' says he, 'I keep my son at home, he is in danger of becoming my young master; if I send him abroad, it is scarce possible to keep him from the reigning contagion of rudeness and vice. He will perhaps be more innocent at home, but more ignorant of the world, and more sheepish when he comes abroad.' However, as this learned author asserts that virtue is much more difficult to be obtained than a knowledge of the world, and that vice is a more stubborn, as well as a more dangerous fault than sheepishness, he is altogether for a private education; and the more so, because he does not see why a youth, with right management, might not attain the same assurance in his father's house, as at a public school. To this end he advises parents to accustom their sons to visit ever strange faces come to the house: to take them with them when they visit their neighbours, and to engage them in conversation with men of parts and breeding.

"It may be objected to this method, that conversation is not the only thing necessary; but that unless it be a conversation with such as are in the measure their equals in parts and years, it will be

be no room for emulation, contention, and several of the most lively passions of the mind; which, without being sometimes moved by these means, may possibly contract a dulness and insensibility.

"One of the greatest writers our nation ever produced observes, that a boy who forms parties, and makes himself popular in a school or a college, would act the same part with equal ease in a senate or a privy-council; and Mr. Osborne, speaking like a man versed in the ways of the world, affirms, that the well laying and carrying on of a design to rob an orchard, trains up a youth insensibly to caution, secrecy, and circumspection, and fits him for matters of greater importance.

"In short, a private education seems the most natural method for the forming of a virtuous man; a public education for making a man of business. The first would furnish out a good subject for Plato's republic, the latter a member for a community overrun with artifice and corruption.

"It must, however, be confessed, that a person at the head of a public school has sometimes so many boys under his direction, that it is impossible he should extend a due proportion of his care to each of them. This is, however, in reality, the fault of the age, in which we often see twenty parents, who, though each expects his son should be made a scholar, are not contented all together to make it worth while for any man of liberal education to take upon him the care of their instruction.

"In our great schools, indeed, this fault has been of late years rectified, so that we have at present not only ingenious men for the chief masters, but such as have proper ushers and assistants under them. I must nevertheless own, that for want of the same encouragement in the country, we have many a promising genius spoiled and abused in those little seminaries.

"I am the more inclined to this opinion, having myself experienced the usage of two rural masters, each of them very unfit for the trust they took upon them to discharge. The first imposed much more upon me than my parts, though none of the weakest, could endure; and used me barbarously for not performing impossibilities. The latter was of quite another temper; and a boy who would run upon his errands, wash his coffee-pot, or ring the bell, might have as little conversation with any of the classics as he thought fit. I have known a lad at this place excused his exercise for assisting the cook-maid; and remember a neighbouring gentleman's son was among us five years, most of which time he employed in airing and watering our master's gray pad. I scorned to compound for my faults by doing any of these elegant offices, and was accordingly the best scholar, and the worst used of any boy in the school.

"I shall conclude this discourse with an advantage mentioned by Quintilian, as accompanying a public way of education, which I have not yet taken notice of; namely, that we very often contract such friendships at school, as are a service to us all the following parts of our lives.

"I shall give you under this head, a story very well known to several persons, and which you may depend upon as real truth.

"Every one, who is acquainted with Westminster-school, knows that there is a curtain which used to be drawn across the room, to separate the upper school from the lower. A youth happened, by some mischance, to tear the above-mentioned curtain.

The severity of the criminal to so that the boy terrified to death when his friend good cheer, for self. He kept they were grov out, in which sides; one of other the royal

"As their had torn the on the civil li blame of it, d so well, that h under the prot unhappy enter the West. I with the ever knows that the heads of them pion, imprison friend's lot at The trial of th was very short pass sentence the name of h more attentive years, asked minister schola vinced that it without saying the best of his his power and his friend from

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No. 314.] F

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"MR. SP

"I AM a yo and have been same age about days in the we ness of being are at home, s if they be not I can discover a fear of fall childish timid and drives us our lives in fa tator, if you th dear creature, deformity und

\* Busby.

+ The gentle father to Dr. W bishop of Canter trial takes occas bench." it is m who tried this

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art of living art of grow- pretensions a, in propor- selves by the infirmities of if we did not rigorous and studying to resent follies, be the same I have often hen, that our au the other at there are n. I thought on of the fair arriages, or s were over the perform- evening has one or two r the crowds d according business.

e before my in my easy but I heard

somebody come rumbling up stairs. I saw my door opened, and a human figure advancing towards me, so fantastically put together, that it was some minutes before I discovered it to be my old and intimate friend, Sam Trusty. Immediately I rose up, and placed him in my own seat; a compliment I pay to few. The first thing he uttered was, 'Isaac, fetch me a cup of your cherry-brandy before you offer to ask any question.' He drank a lusty draught, sat silent for some time, and at last broke out: 'I am come,' quoth he, 'to insult thee for an old fantastic dotard as thou art, in ever defending the women. I have this evening visited two widows, who are now in that state I have often heard you call an *after-life*: I suppose you mean by it, an existence which grows out of past entertainments, and is an untimely delight in the satisfactions which they once set their hearts upon too much to be ever able to relinquish. Have but patience,' continued he, 'until I give you a succinct account of my ladies, and of this night's adventure. They are much of an age, but very different in their characters. The one of them, with all the advances which years have made upon her, goes on in a certain romantic road of love and friendship which she fell into in her teens; the other has transferred the amorous passions of her first years to the love of cronies, pets, and favourites, with which she is always surrounded; but the genius of each of them will best appear by the account of what happened to me at their houses. About five this afternoon, being tired with my study, the weather inviting, and time lying a little upon my hands, I resolved, at the instigation of my evil genius, to visit them; their husbands having been our contemporaries. This I thought I could do without much trouble, for both live in the very next street. I went first to my lady Camomile; and the butler, who had lived long in the family, and seen me often in his master's time, ushered me very civilly into the parlour, and told me, though my lady had given strict orders to be denied, he was sure I might be admitted, and bid the black boy acquaint his lady that I was come to wait upon her. In the window lay two letters, one broke open, the other fresh sealed with a wafer: the first directed to the divine Cosmelia, the second to the charming Lucinda; but both, by the indented characters, appeared to have been writ by very unsteady hands. Such uncommon addresses increased my curiosity, and put me upon asking my old friend the butler, if he knew who those persons were? 'Very well,' says he, 'this is from Mrs. Furbish to my lady, an old school-fellow and great crony of her ladyship's; and thus the answer.' I inquired in what county she lived. 'Oh dear!' says he, 'but just by, in the neighbourhood. Why, she was here all this morning, and that letter came and was answered within these two hours. They have taken an odd fancy, you must know, to call one another hard names; but, for all that, they love one another hugely.' By this time the boy returned with his lady's humble service to me, desiring I would excuse her, for she could not possibly see me, nor any body else, as it was opera-night.

'Methinks,' says I, 'such innocent folly as two old women's courtship to each other, should rather make you merry than put you out of humour.' 'Peace, good Isaac,' says he, 'no interruption, I beseech you. I got soon to Mrs. Feeble's; she that was formerly Betty Frisk—you must needs remember her; Tom Feeble, of Brazen-Nose, fell in love with her for her fine dancing. Well, Mrs. Ursula, without further ceremony, carries me directly up to her mistress's chamber, where I found her environed by

in a good air, I am not without hope to promote this generous design. I will you, Sir, that all who shall be my conduct, besides the usual accompaniments of needle, dancing, and the French, it fail to be your constant readers. My humble petition, that you will persevere on this important subject, and so far as to raise a curiosity and zeal, by publishing the following

"I am, Sir,

"Your constant Admirer,

"M. W."

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A School for young Gentlemen, lately kept on Mile-End-Green, being now one set up almost opposite Golden Balls, and much more respectable; where besides the common education to young gentlemen, they will have the art of pastry and preserving, may render them accomplished, as to make trial of the vigilance and industry of the sons concerned, may inquire at the school on Mile-End-Green, near Stepney, for further satisfaction.

Notice, that the Spectator has taken notice of all boarding-schools where the young are educated; and designs to proceed after the same manner that the Spectator does in the two famous universities

to write to the Spectator, are desired to express which is in most of the other out of laziness or want of industry of not above two thousand whole world: viz. "She has in her life in woman."—T.

TURSDAY, MARCH 1, 1711-12.

it, nisi dignus vindice nodus

— Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 191.

to make a god appear,  
as worthy of a god.—ROSCOMMON.

As a poet to consider thoroughly the nature of his genius, Milton seems to do exactly well wherein his strength lay, he has chosen a subject entirely consistent with the talents of which he was master, as wonderfully turned to the sublime, was the noblest that could have engaged his thoughts of man. Every thing that is astonishing has a place in it. The intellectual world; the chaos; heaven, earth, and hell; enter into the poem.

The first and second books represented hell with all its horrors, the thread of the story leads him into the opposite region of glory.

As he forsakes him any where, it is his poem where the divine persons speak. One may, I think, observe that he proceeds with a kind of fear, as he describes the sentiments of hell he dares not give his imagination scope to confine himself to such language as is drawn from the books of the most ancient and to such expressions as may be ascribed. The beauties, therefore,

which we are to look for in the poem, are of a poetical nature, nor so much with sentiments of grandeur, as of devotion. The passions which he raises, are a divine love and a particular beauty of the speech, consists in that shortness and in which the poet has couched the mysteries of Christianity, and drawn a scheme, the whole dispensation of respect to man. He has represented doctrines of predestination, from also the great points of the incarnation (which naturally grow up from the fall of man), with great and in a clearer and stronger manner than in any other writer. As in themselves to the generality of the mind, and clear manner in which it is very much to be admired, a particular art which he has made use of, in the dispersing of all those graces of the subject was capable of receiving.

The survey of the whole creation, and the thing that is transacted in it, of Omnipotence, and as much as Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, and of the Supreme Being is more than that of the Heathens. The manner in which he is described to be represented in the most beautiful

"Now had the Almighty Father  
(From the pure empyrean where  
He sits enthron'd above all height,  
His own works and their works  
About him all the sanctities of  
Stood thick as stars, and from  
Beatitude past utterance. On  
The radiant image of his glory  
His only Son. On earth he first  
Our two first parents, yet the end  
Of mankind, in the happy garden  
Reaping immortal fruits of joy,  
Uninterrupted joy, untrivall'd  
In blissful solitude. He then  
Hell and the gulf between, and  
Coasting the wall of heav'n on high  
In the dull air sublime; and ready  
To stoop with varied wings and  
On the bare outside of this world  
Firm land imberom'd without  
Uncertain which, in ocean, or  
Thim God beholding from his  
Wherein past, present, future,  
Thus to his only Son foreseeing

Satan's approach to the combat is finely imaged in the beginning of which immediately follows. The speech in the blessed spirits, and the son to whom it was addressed, the mind of the reader with a secret placency:

"Thus while God spake, ambrosia  
All heav'n, and in the blessed  
Sense of new joy ineffable diffused  
Beyond compare the Son of God  
Most Glorious; in him all his Father  
Substantially expressed; and in  
Divine compassion visibly appeared  
Love without end, and without

I need not point out the beauty of the stance, wherein the whole host is represented as standing mute; nor the occasion was to produce such a scene. The close of this divine colloquy, the angels that follows upon it, are so beautiful and poetical, that I should

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ring joy, heav'n rung  
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&c.—

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machinery which fills the  
Virgil with such circum-  
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reader the most pleasing  
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ok, where *Æneas* is re-  
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wonderful circumstance,  
in the root of the myrtle,  
nts of the country having  
d arrows, the wood which  
root in his wounds, and  
tree. This circumstance  
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proceeding from natural  
osition of any god, or

other supernatural power capable of pr  
The spears and arrows grow of themse  
so much as the modern help of enchan  
we look into the fiction of Milton's fab  
we find it full of surprising incidents, th  
nerally suited to our notions of the thing  
sons described, and tempered with a due  
probability. I must only make an excep  
Limbo of Vanity, with his episode of  
Death, and some of the imaginary pers  
chaos. These passages are astonishing  
credible; the reader cannot so far im  
himself as to see a possibility in them;  
the description of dreams and shadows, ne  
or persons. I know that many critics  
the stories of *Circe*, *Polypheme*, the *Sirens*  
whole *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, to be allegorie  
lowing this to be true, they are fables, v  
sidering the opinions of mankind that p  
the age of the poet, might possibly hav  
cording to the letter. The persons ar  
might have acted what is ascribed to t  
circumstances in which they are repres  
possibly have been truths and realities.  
pearance of probability is so absolutely  
in the greater kinds of poetry, that Ar  
serves the ancient tragic writers made  
names of such great men as had actual  
the world, though the tragedy proceed  
ventures they were never engaged in,  
to make the subject more credible. In  
sides the hidden meaning of an epic al  
plain literal sense ought to appear prob  
story should be such as an ordinary read  
quiesce in, whatever natural, moral, o  
truth may be discovered in it by men  
penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered up  
face, or outmost wall of the universe, d  
last a wide gap in it, which led into th  
and is described as the opening through  
angels pass to and fro into the lower w  
their errands to mankind. His sitting  
brink of this passage, and taking a sur  
whole face of nature that appeared to h  
fresh in all its beauties, with the simile  
the circumstance, fills the mind of the  
as surprising and glorious an idea as any  
in the whole poem. He looks down int  
hollow of the universe with the eye, or  
calls it in his first book) with the ken o  
He surveys all the wonders in the imme  
theatre that lie between both the poles of  
takes in at one view the whole round of t

His flight between the several worlds  
on every side of him, with the particular  
of the sun, are set forth in all the want  
luxuriant imagination. His shape, spee  
haviour upon his transforming himself in  
of light, are touched with exquisite beauty.  
thoughts of directing Satan to the sun,  
the vulgar opinion of mankind; is the n  
cuous part of the creation, and the plac  
angel, is a circumstance very finely co  
the more adjusted to a poetical probabilit  
a received doctrine among the most fam  
phers, that every orb had its intelligence  
apostle in sacred writ is said to have s  
angel in the sun. In the answer which  
returns to the disguised evil spirit, the  
becoming majesty as is altogether suita  
prior being. The part of it in which he

ent at the creation, is very noble in only proper where it is introduced, prepare the reader for what follows book:

en at his word the formless mass,  
 d's material mould, came to a heap.  
 heard his voice, and wild Upstart  
 d, stood vast infinitude confus'd  
 second bidding Darkness fled,  
 ee," &c.

ing part of the speech he points out such circumstances, that the reader bear fancying himself employed on it view of it:

rd on that globe, whose hither side  
 hence, though but reflected, shines;  
 earth, the seat of man, that light  
 b.

conclude my reflections upon this Paradise Lost, without taking notice of complaint of Milton with which which certainly deserves all the praises given it; though, as I have before rather be looked upon as an excrescent essential part of the poem. The on might be applied to that beautiful a hypocrisy in the same book.

# MONDAY, MARCH 3, 1711-12.

sora, tamen respexit inertem.

VINO. Ecl. l. 28.

ck came at length, though slow to come.

DAYDEN.

ECTATOR,

or read a letter which is sent with the for the reality of its complaints, this on to hope for a favourable acceptance be the most irretrievable loss, the follow will be thought, I hope, the e. The regaining of my liberty from indolence and inactivity, and the de-g the further encroachments of idleness apply to you; and the uneasiness recollect the past years, and the apprehension I expect the future, soon deter- Idleness is so general a distemper, ut imagine a speculation on this sub-universal use. There is hardly any thout some allay of it; and thousands f spend more time in an idle uncertainty begin first of two affairs, than would cient to have ended them both. The s seems to be the want of some necessity, to put the spirits in motion, and out of their lethargy. If I had less ld have more; for I should then find guished into portions, some for business for the indulging of pleasures; but of indolence overspreads the whole, land-mark to direct myself by. Were tle straitened by business, like water banks, it would have some determined less it be put into some channel it, but becomes a deluge without either

anderbeg, prince of Epirus, was dead, so had but too, often felt the force of e battles he had won from them, imagining a piece of his bones near their ould be animated with a vigour and that which inspired him when living.

As I am like to be but of little am resolved to do what good I can and have accordingly ordered posed of in this manner for the men, who are troubled with the of fire. All fox-hunters, upon in a short time be brought to morning, and perhaps even at ten. Instead of hurrying animal, and run away from a chair or a chariot would be a desirable means of performing place to another. I should be tural desire of John Trot for fic to lessen the inclination to tion, and cause her always to to the present place she is in. mummy was ever half so u should be to these feverish of the violent sallies of youth, a proper weight and repose.

"I can stifle any violent is a torrent of anger, or the so with success. Indolence is slowly on, but yet undermines every virtue. A vice of a more desirable tyrant than which gives a tincture of its of one's life. It were as little a storm, as to lie thus perpet it is to no purpose to have a thousand good qualities, if v resolution necessary for the d brings all persons back to image of it, this slumber of difference between the greatest meanest understanding. A remarkably praiseworthy, the more use to the owner, than man who dares not use it.

"To-morrow is still the fact be rectified. To-morrow can please myself with the shadow reality: unmindful that the ours, the future is yet unborn and can only live (as parents the actions it has produced.

"The time we live ought the number of years, but by made of it: thus, it is not the yearly rent, which gives Wretched and thoughtless place where covetousness w prodigals! Nothing lies upon uneasiness, nor have there be any one thing, as to make it tibly and to no purpose. A s up with care, whilst that wh of an estate is flung away w tempt. There is nothing avoided as a solicitous imp of time; it is a report mu tenders the name of a wit an one fears the dreadful character: but notwithstanding t any age has produced thou who can think either Socrates any reputation, by their co overcoming the defects and nature? All are acquainted assiduity with which Tully a Seneca in his letters to Luc

which he did not either write and epitomise some good author; only in one of his letters, where of the various methods he used for the saving of time, after several enumerations: 'sometimes,' says even then I carry with me a book, whilst my servants are busied in their duties and other matters, I may be doing that may be useful to me in that if I miss of my game, I may have some of my own thoughts to have the mortification of having day.

I see, how many examples I recollect of that arguments I use with myself, but as I am afraid it is not that will be of service, I shall insist on this subject with the great-est speciality since the good will not alone, but will be of universal use, no hope of amendment where is their ruin, and whilst they have a desirable character; whether they state itself, or that they think of lustre when they do exert themselves to be able to do that without lation, which others attain to but with diligence.

Most obliged humble Servant,  
"SAMUEL SLACK."

ANDER TO CLEONE.

Love you is all that I desire to cultivate those about you place in and acquire all those qualifications in him who pretends to the

Most devoted humble Servant,  
"CLYTANDER."

SDAY, MARCH 4, 1711-12.

mere nati.—HOR. 1 Ep. ii. 27.  
and eat.—CREECH.

minutes before his death, asked about him, if they thought he well; and upon receiving such due to his extraordinary merit, says he, "go off the stage with the expression with which made their exit at the conclusion \* I could wish that men, while would consider well the nature engaged in, and what figure it ends of those they leave behind as worth coming into the world suitable to a reasonable being; appears graceful in this life, or age in the next. Let the sycophant, the satirist, or the good com- himself, when his body shall and his soul pass into another how much it will redound to his of him, that no man in Eng- he had an admirable talent at to ridicule, that nobody outdid

valeat et plaudite.

him at an ill-natured jest, or that bed before he had dispatched These are, however, very common and eulogiums on deceased person among mankind with some figure

But if we look into the bulk of are such as are not likely to be re- ment after their disappearance. I them no traces of their existence, as though they had never been. wanted by the poor, regretted by brated by the learned. They are the commonwealth, nor lamented Their actions are of no significance might have been performed by ci less dignity than those who are dis faculty of reason. An eminent Fre somewhere to the following purpo seen from my chamber-window tw both of them of an erect countenar with reason. These two intellectu ployed from morning to night in ru stones one upon another: that i phrase is, in polishing marble.

My friend, Sir Andrew Frees sitting in the club last night, gave a sober citizen, who died a few d honest man of greater conseque thoughts than in the eye of the wc years past kept a journal of his li showed us one week of it. Since set down in it mark out such a r that I have been speaking of, I reader with a faithful copy of it; s informed him, that the deceased p youth been bred to trade, but findi well turned for business, he had last past lived altogether upon a m Monday, eight o'clock. I put o walked into the parlour.

Nine o'clock, ditto. Tied my washed my hands.

Hours ten, eleven, and twelve pipes of Virginia. Read the Supp. Courant. Things go ill in the nor opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the afternoon. mislaying my tobacco-box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to din many plums and no suet.

From three to four. Took my s

From four to six. Walked into S.S.E.

From six to ten. At the ck opinion about the peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to bed, sle; Tuesday, being holiday, eight usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed hands put on my double-soled shoes.

Ten, eleven, twelve. Took a w

One. Took a pot of Mother C

Between two and three. Retu knuckle of veal and bacon. Mem.

\* This journal was, it may be, genui- lished here as a banter on a gentleman w a congregation of dissenters, commonly where a Mr. Nesbit officiated at that the curious may find information "anti as Mr. Nesbit, in John Denton's account of Opinions. The person who kept this had such a life as is described and ridiculed timely asking or quoting his pastor's words



# THE SPECTATOR.

up as usual.  
to six. Coffee-house. Read the news.  
at. Grand vizier strangled.  
to ten. At the club. Mr. Nisby's ac-  
Great Turk.

am of the grand vizier. Broken sleep.  
y, eight o'clock. Tongue of my shoe-  
s. Hands but not face.  
id off the butcher's bill. Mem. To be  
the last leg of mutton.

en. At the coffee-house. More work  
t. Stranger in a black wig asked me  
went.

live to one. Walked in the fields. Wind

to two. Smoked a pipe and a half.  
ined as usual. Stomach good.

Nap broke by the falling of a pewter  
. Cook-maid in love, and grown careless.  
r to six. At the coffee-house. Advice  
a that the grand vizier was first of all  
and afterward beheaded.

k in the evening. Was half an hour  
before any body else came. Mr. Nisby  
that the grand vizier was not strangled  
tant.

ight. Went to bed. Slept without  
nine the next morning.

nine o'clock. Stayed within until two  
ir Timothy; who did not bring me my  
rding to his promise.

afternoon. Sat down to dinner. Loss  
Small beer sour. Beef over-corned.  
ould not take my nap.

five. Gave Ralph a box on the ear.  
my cook-maid. Sent a messenger to  
. Mem. I did not go to the club to-  
t to bed at nine o'clock.

Passed the morning in meditation upon  
, who was with me a quarter before

lock. Bought a new head to my cane,  
to my buckle. Drank a glass of pur-  
petite.

bree. Dined and slept well.  
to six. Went to the coffee-house. Met  
ere. Smoked several pipes. Mr. Nisby  
at laced coffee is bad for the head.

t. At the club as steward. Sat late.  
lock. Went to bed, dreamt that I  
peer with the grand vizier.

Waked at eleven, walked in the fields,

Caught in a shower.  
afternoon. Returned home and dried

Nisby dined with me. First course,  
s; second, ox-cheek, with a bottle of  
Jellier.

verslept myself.  
at to the club. Like to have fallen  
Grand vizier certainly dead.

not but the reader will be surprised to  
e-mentioned journalist taking so much  
that was filled with such inconsiderable  
received so very small improvements;  
look into the behaviour of many whom  
erse with, we shall find that most of  
re taken up in those three important  
ing, drinking, and sleeping. I do not  
man loses his time, who is not engaged  
irs, or in an illustrious course of action.

On the contrary, I believe d  
be more profitably laid out,  
make no figure in the world  
to draw upon them the atten-  
may become wiser and bette  
employing one's self in see  
what is laudable without t  
would, however, recommen  
readers, the keeping a journa  
week, and setting down pun  
of employment during tha  
kind of self-examination w  
state of themselves, and incl  
riously what they are about  
the omissions of another, an  
those indifferent actions, w  
easily forgotten, must certai

No. 318.] WEDNESDAY

—Non omnia possumus om-  
With different talents form'd,

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"A CERTAIN vice, which y  
has not yet been considere  
deep in the heart of man, t  
lives the practice of it. Ye  
that men who have been be  
the most extreme and fee  
daring in their aspect. In  
have passed their time in g  
keep up, as well as they can  
and carry a petulant incli  
ments. Let this serve for a  
am going to give you of an  
has not only been amorous, a  
in general, but also, in spit  
gray hairs, been from his six  
sent seventieth in an actual  
the wife of his friend, and  
gay old Escalus has wit,  
fectly well-bred; but, from t  
of the court when he was in  
natural tendency to amoro  
thought it would be an end  
make no use of a familiari  
gentleman's house, whose  
dence exposed his wife to th  
should take it in their hea  
office. It is not impossible  
resent that the husband was  
of him; and though he ga  
a passion towards the wife,  
not see them, or put him to  
looking them. In the mea  
we shall call our heroine.)  
joined in it, as a foundation  
an opportunity of indulging  
light of being admired, add  
with no ill consequence to  
lady is of a free and diseng  
good-humour, such as is the  
those who are innocent, an  
vice with those who are aban  
of carriage, and an appare  
lantry, Escalus had frequen  
amorous epistles in her way

\* This motto is likewise prefix  
original motto on this paper in fol  
Rideat, et pulset lasciva decenti  
Lascivious age might better play

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

g a thousand  
unconcerned,  
appiness with  
above hinted,  
f his passion,  
and the ambi-  
retain in their  
sion grew too  
for his beha-  
he would have  
t respect, to  
longer under  
it. Such, for  
ge of Escalus  
bella, who re-  
gs which had  
must not hear  
ou are a gen-  
a as a friend;  
ilful interpret  
owing that a  
should have  
ple progress of  
husband; and  
their usual en-  
nce. Isabella,  
open assaults,  
ld hold out no  
ne to a crisis.  
e further, with  
ded in the fol-  
t Escalus was  
portunity, the  
with an air of  
at importance  
the repetition  
in with an eye  
st that time of  
uld boast of a  
head, with a  
red the escape  
t was matter of  
e spouse; and  
Escalus could  
llowing letter:

ves me a lively  
n passions and  
ve denied, and  
nt, though we  
as you refused  
gly excite my  
ure to think of  
nst the design  
irtue began to  
made an effort  
aseness of my  
of honour. I  
e most violent  
over myself;  
cknowledge, I  
ht. However,  
e a moment's  
eem I had for  
y years of ob-  
rejoice that this  
n of one of the  
sed your weak-  
inclinations.

able Servant."

"Isabella, with the help of her husband, return the following answer:

"Sir,  
"I cannot but account myself a very happy man, in having a man for a lover that can write well, and give so good a turn to a disappointment. Another excellence you have above all other pretenders I have heard of; on occasions where most reasonable men lose all their reason, you have yours most powerful. We have each of us to thank our genius, that the passion of one abated in proportion as that of the other grew violent. Does not yet come into your head to imagine, that I know my compliance was the greatest cruelty I could be guilty of towards you? In return for your long and faithful passion, I must let you know that you are old enough to become a little more gravity; but you will leave me, and coquet it any where else, may your mistress yield.

T.

"ISABELLA."

No. 319.] THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1711-L

Quo teneam vultus mutantem Protea nodo?

Hos. 1 Ep. 1. 2

Say while they change on thus, what chains can bind  
These varying forms, this Proteus of the mind?

FRASER

I HAVE endeavoured in the course of my paper to do justice to the age, and have taken care as much as possible to keep myself a neuter between both sexes. I have neither spared the ladies out of complaisance, nor the men out of partiality; notwithstanding the great integrity with which I have acted in this particular, I find myself still with an inclination to favour my own half of the species. Whether it be that the women afford more fruitful field for speculation, or whether I run more in my head than the men, I cannot tell; but I shall set down the charge as it is laid against me in the following letter:

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I always make one among a company of your females, who peruse your speculations every morning. I am at present commissioned by our weekly assembly to let you know, that we fear you are little inclined to be partial towards your own sex. We must however acknowledge, with all due gratitude, that in some cases you have given us out-venge on the men, and done us justice. We cannot easily have forgiven you several strokes in dissection of the coquette's heart, if you had much about the same time, made a sacrifice to a beau's skull.

"You may, however, Sir, please to remember that not long since you attacked our hoods and modes in such a manner, as to use your own expression, made very many of us ashamed to show heads. We must therefore beg leave to repeat to you, that we are in hopes, if you will please make a due inquiry, the men in all ages would be found to have been little less whimsical in adding that part than ourselves. The different forms of their wigs, together with the various cocks of hats, all flatter us in this opinion.

"I had a humble servant last summer, who first time he declared himself was in a full-bottomed wig: but the day after, to my no small surprise, accosted me in a thin natural one. I received at this our second interview, as a perfect stranger, but was extremely confounded when his speech

covered who he was. I resolved, therefore, to fix his face in my memory for the future: but as I was walking in the park the same evening, he appeared to me in one of those wigs that I think you call a night-cap, which had altered him more effectually than before. He afterward played a couple of black riding wigs upon me with the same success, and, in short, assumed a new face almost every day in the first month of his courtship.

"I observed afterward, that the variety of cocks into which he moulded his hat had not a little contributed to his impositions upon me.

"Yet, as if all these ways were not sufficient to distinguish their heads, you must doubtless, Sir, have observed, that great numbers of young fellows have, for several months last past, taken upon them to wear feathers.

"We hope, therefore, that these may with as much justice be called Indian princes, as you have styled a woman in a coloured hood an Indian queen; and that you will in due time take these airy gentlemen into consideration.

"We the more earnestly beg that you would put a stop to this practice, since it has already lost us one of the most agreeable members of our society, who, after having refused several good estates, and two titles, was lured from us last week by a mixed feather.

"I am ordered to present you with the respects of our whole company, and am, Sir,

"Your very humble Servant,

"DORINDA.

"Note. The person wearing the feather, though our friend took him for an officer in the guards, has proved to be an errant linen-draper."\*

I am not now at leisure to give my opinion upon the hat and feather: however, to wipe off the present imputation, and gratify my female correspondent, I shall here print a letter which I lately received from a man of mode, who seems to have a very extraordinary genius in his way.

"Sir,

"I presume I need not inform you, that among men of dress it is a common phrase to say, 'Mr. Such-a-one has struck a bold stroke;' by which we understand, that he is the first man who has had courage enough to lead up a fashion. Accordingly, when our tailors take measure of us, they always demand, 'whether we will have a plain suit or strike a bold stroke?' I think I may without vanity say, that I have struck some of the boldest and most successful strokes of any man in Great Britain. I was the first that struck the long pocket about two years since: I was likewise the author of the frosted button, which when I saw the town come readily into, being resolved to strike while the iron was hot, I produced much about the same time the scallop flap, the knotted cravat, and made a fair push for the silver-clocked stocking.

"A few months after I brought up the modish jacket, or the coat with close sleeves. I struck this at first in a plain Doily; but that failing, I struck it a second time in blue camlet, and repeated the stroke in several kinds of cloth, until at last it took effect. There are two or three young fellows at the other end of the town who have always their eye upon me, and answer me stroke for stroke. I was once so unwary as to mention my fancy in relation to a new-fashioned surtout before one of these gen-

tlemen, who with thought, and by stroke.

"I have a considerable innovation ready begun which has succeeded.

"I must further to encourage, my design to the next month.

"I do not tell all the particulars only tell you, speedily appear. I took the I look upon as for these hundred.

"Your most

I have not told on this letter having shown to be acquainted.

No. 320.]

—Non  
Non Hymen  
Eumenides  
Eumenides  
Nor Hymen  
Nor Juno  
But fiends  
And furies

"Mr. Sir

"You have the disadvantage lay plots upon you have published been very severe liberty of a life fast and loose perhaps an end dreams, and to a careless com wonders at such but common of men who were design to be in the information women who need a high hand, upon please. As for myself with the upon by them I never saw in Sir, very innocent of which I am give directions boxes, and as many of these were to be married to Upon my taking

\* This last paragraph follows.

+ The motto was,

Haec sunt quaestiones  
How hard the

\* Only an ensign in the train-bands.—Spect. in folio.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

me smiling, eve I was not more so when of late that which he pro- the tradesmen that they had r. Spectator, I am more quisitive upon novelty. My of women of made a com- the title of chelors.' It unthinking ant all man-quisition by y have con- sumers, toy- From these rriages have as the fune- carys. All ection; and n into their who came to ted, and we poor; the resent, very ere; but my ould show me dy who is to

e to be mar- sday, six in cannot but a look saucy, has denied ou joy.

DRINNA."

e the more ort from my s of is em- in, as the he has in- id for him, mmissioners son against his friend to about this to retire to, gdom to fly d be subject have their this united take, is to messengers he bachelor y have laid miliarities, ood in him tion, but as quiry, what is well re- old roaring ous fop of es uneasy ve allotted

him to act. His brother huntsmen, bottle com- nions, his fraternity of fops, shall be brought in the conspiracy against him. This matter is laid in so barefaced a manner before him as to ha it intimated, Mrs. Such-a-one would make him very proper wife; but, by the force of their cor- spondence, they shall make it (as Mr. Waller- sa of the marriage of the dwarfs) as impracticable have any woman besides her they design him, as would have been in Adam to have refused E. The man named by the commission for Mrs. Suc- a-one shall neither be in fashion, nor dare ever appear in company, should he attempt to eva their determination.

The female sex wholly govern domestic life; as by this means, when they think fit they can sow di- sensions between the dearest friends, nay, mal- father and son irreconcilable enemies, in spite of a the ties of gratitude on one part, and the duty of protection to be paid on the other. The ladies, the inquisition understand this perfectly well; as where love is not a motive to a man's choosing on whom they allot, they can with very much art ins- nuate stories to the disadvantage of his honesty or courage, until the creature is too much dispirited to bear up against a general ill reception, which is every where meets with, and in due time falls into their appointed wedlock for shelter. I have a long letter bearing date the fourth instant, which gives me a large account of the policies of this court, and find there is now before them a very refractory person, who has escaped all their machinations for two years last past; but they have prevented the successive matches which were of his own inclina- tion; the one by a report that his mistress was to be married, and the very day appointed, wedding clothes bought, and all things ready for her being given to another; the second time by insinuating to all his mistress's friends and acquaintance, that he had been false to several other women and the like. The poor man is now reduced to profess his designs to lead a single life; but the inquisition gives out to all his acquaintance, that nothing is intended but the gentleman's own welfare and happiness. When this is urged, he talks still more humbly, and protests he aims only at a life without pain or re- proach; pleasure, honour, or riches, are things for which he has no taste. But notwithstanding all this, and what else he may defend himself with, as that the lady is too old or too young; of a suitable humour, or the quite contrary; and that it is im- possible they can ever do other than wrangle from June to January, every body tells him all this in spleen, and he must have a wife; while all the members of the inquisition are unanimous in a cer- tain woman for him, and they think they all to- gether are better able to judge than he, or any other private person whatsoever.

"Sir,

Temple, March 3, 1711

"Your speculation this day on the subject of idleness has employed me, ever since I read it, in sorrowful reflections on my having loitered away the term (or rather the vacation) of ten years in this place, and unhappily suffered a good chamber and study to lie idle as long. My books (except those I have taken to sleep upon) have been totally neglected, and my Lord Coke and other venerable authors were never so slighted in their lives. I spent most of the day at a neighbouring coffee-house where we have what I may call a lazy club. We generally come in night-gowns with our stockings

our heels, and sometimes but one on. Our ion at entrance is a yawn and a stretch, and without more ceremony we take our place at the long-table, where our discourse is, what I fear I could not read, therefore shall not insert. But I beg of you, Sir, I heartily lament this loss of time, and am now resolved (if possible, with double diligence) to retrieve it, being effectually awakened by the arguments of Mr. Slack, out of the senseless story that has so long possessed me. And to illustrate that penitence accompanies my conscience, and constancy my resolutions, I have left my door for a year, and desire you would let my companions know I am not within. I am, with respect,

"Sir,

"Your most obedient Servant,

"N. B."

21.] SATURDAY, MARCH 8, 1711-12.

*ec satis est palchra esse poemata, dulcia sunt.*

*Hon. Arts Poet. ver. 22.*

It is not enough a poem's finely writ—  
It must affect and captivate the soul.

Those who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil will pardon the length of my discourse upon Milton. The *Paradise Lost*, is looked upon, by the judges, as the greatest production, or at least the best work of genius, in our language, and it deserves to be set before an English reader with all beauty. For this reason, though I have endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and beauties in my first six papers, I thought myself obliged to bestow one upon every book in particular.

The first three books I have already discussed, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, especially in the first four parts of this poem, which I have not time to discuss; it being my intention to point out only such beauties as appear to be the most exquisite, which are not so obvious to ordinary readers. One that has read the critics who have written of the *Odyssey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows well, that though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in those poems, they have missed each of them discovered several masterpieces, which have escaped the observation of the rest. In the same manner, I question not but any one who shall treat of this subject after me, may discover several beauties in Milton, which I have not time to notice of. I must likewise observe, that as the latest masters of critical learning differ among themselves, as to some particular points in an author, I have not bound myself scrupulously to any one, which any of them have laid down upon; but have taken the liberty sometimes to follow one, and sometimes with another, and sometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reason of the thing was on my side. I may conclude the beauties of the fourth book into three heads. In the first are those pictures of life, which we meet with in the description of Paradise, Adam's Bower, &c. In the next machines, which comprehend the speeches and actions of the good and bad angels. In the third the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the poem.

In the description of Paradise, the poet has observed Aristotle's rule of lavishing all the ornaments on the weak inactive parts of the fable.

which are not supposed to have any great character. As I observe, that the expressions in these descriptions of the poem. I must not be drawn into drawings of gardens and dead pieces of nature, which is a heroic poem, when the length—the description has been faulty, had no more in it, not only as it is an action, but as it is that happiness from which the plan of it is woven upon the short sketch of the poet. Milton's expressions poured forth such a stream of this sort of happiness, that it is endless to point out.

I must not quit this subject, that there is something in the whole poem, allusions are not tallies of habitation. The reason of action, always finds a way. In short, as there is in those poems where the thoughts ought to be in the woods, fields, at that our first parents were in a happy station in any of the reader will give a reason, that their thoughts.

We are in the beginning of the fourth book, the prospect of Eden, and the series of the creation, is from those which he has in hell. The place is adapted to it. He then tells us from whence he speaks that is softened of remorse and self-condemnation confirms himself in it of drawing man into misery. This conflict is a great deal of art, as the sun is very bold and

"O thou that, with so  
Look'st from thy so  
Of this new world;  
Hide their diminish  
But with no friend  
O Sun! to tell thee  
That bring to my re  
I fell, how glorious

This speech is, I think, to Satan in the whole world proceeds to make our first parents, and they may be best attached to the walls of Paradise; his morant upon the tree in the centre of it, and over the garden; his alignments, which are so beautiful about Adam and Eve, himself into different conversation; are circled about in a surprising great art, to connect which the poet has engaged. The thought of Sa



The remaining part of Eve's speech, in which she gives an account of herself upon her first creation, and the manner in which she was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a passage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatsoever. These passages are all worked off with so much art, that they are capable of pleasing the most delicate reader without offending the most severe.

"That day I oft remember, when from sleep," &c.

A poet of less judgment and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled these tender parts of the poem with sentiments proper for a state of innocence; to have described the warmth of love, and the professions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man speak the most endearing things without descending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modesty of her character; in a word, to adjust the prerogatives of wisdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and loveliness. This mutual subordination of the two sexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole poem, as particularly in the speech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the conclusion of it in the following lines:

So spake our general mother, and with eyes  
Of conjugal attraction unrepaid,  
And meek surrender, half-embracing bound  
On our first father; half her swelling breast  
Naked met his under the flowing gold  
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight  
Both of her beauty and submissive charms  
Smil'd with superior love.

The poet adds, that the devil turned away with envy at the sight of so much happiness.

We have another view of our first parents in their evening discourses, which is full of pleasing images and sentiments suitable to their condition and characters. The speech of Eve in particular, is dressed up in such a soft and natural turn of words and sentiments, as cannot be sufficiently admired.

I shall close my reflections upon this book with observing the masterly transition which the poet makes to their evening worship in the following lines:

Thus at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,  
Both turned, and under open sky ador'd  
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heav'n,  
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,  
And starry pole: "Thou also mad'st the night,  
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day," &c.

Most of the modern heroic poets have imitated the ancients, in beginning a speech without promising that the person said thus or thus; but as it is easy to imitate the ancients in the omission of two or three words, it requires judgment to do it in such a manner as they shall not be missed, and that the speech may begin naturally without them. There is a fine instance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty-third chapter of Longinus.—L.

No. 322.] MONDAY, MARCH 10, 1711-12.

—Ad humani marore gravi deducti et angit.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 110.

—Grief wrings her soul, and bends it down to earth.

FRANCIS.

It is often said, after a man has heard a story with extraordinary circumstances, "it is a very good one, if it be true;" but as for the following relation, I should be glad were I sure it were false. It is told with such simplicity, and there are so many art-

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much from

"Mr.

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whose good  
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able in my  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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Æn. vi. 448.

and impertinence, than in crimes and immoralities. Offences of this latter kind are not to be dallied with or treated in so ridiculous a manner. In short, my journal only holds up folly to the light, and shows the disagreeableness of such actions as are indifferent in themselves, and blamable only as they proceed from creatures endowed with reason.

My following correspondent, who calls herself Clarinda, is such a journalist as I require. She seems by her letter to be placed in a modish state of indifference between vice and virtue, and to be susceptible of either, were there proper pains taken with her. Had her journal been filled with gallantries, or such occurrences as had shown her wholly divested of her natural innocence, notwithstanding it might have been more pleasing to the generality of readers, I should not have published it: but as it is only the picture of a lazy life, filled with a fashionable kind of gaiety and laziness, I shall set down five days of it, as I have received it from the hand of my fair correspondent.

"DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

"You having set your readers an exercise in one of your last week's papers, I have performed mine according to your orders, and herewith send it you enclosed. You must know, MR. SPECTATOR, that I am a maiden lady of a good fortune, who have had several good matches offered me for these ten years last past, and have at present warm applications made to me by 'A Very Pretty Fellow.' As I am at my own disposal, I come up to town every winter, and pass my time in it after the manner you will find in the following journal, which I began to write the very day after your SPECTATOR upon that subject."

*Tuesday night.* Could not go to sleep till one in the morning for thinking of my journal.

*Wednesday.* From eight till ten. Drank two dishes of chocolate in bed, and fell asleep after them.

From ten to eleven. Ate a slice of bread and butter, drank a dish of bohea, and read the SPECTATOR.

From eleven to one. At my toilette; tried a new hood. Gave orders for Veny to be combed and washed. Mem. I look best in blue.

From one till half an hour after two. Drove to the 'Change. Cheapened a couple of fans.

Till four. At dinner. Mem. Mr. Froth passed by in his new liveries.

From four to six. Dressed; paid a visit to Mr. Lady Blithe and her sister, having before heard they were gone out of town that day.

From six to eleven. At basset. Mem. Never set again upon the ace of diamonds.

*Thursday.* From eleven at night to eight in the morning. Dreamed that I punted\* to Mr. Froth.

From eight to ten. Chocolate. Read two acts in Aurengzebe a-bed.

From ten to eleven. Tea-table. Sent to borrow Lady Faddle's Cupid for Veny. Read the play bills. Received a letter from Mr. Froth. Mem. Locked it up in my strong box.

Rest of the morning. Fontange, the tire-woman, her account of my Lady Blithe's wash. Broke tooth in my little tortoise-shell comb. Sent Frank to know how my Lady Heetic rested after her monkey's leaping out at window. Looked pale. Fontange tells me my glass is not true. Dressed by three.

\* A term in the game of basset.

three to four. Dinner cold before I sat

four to eleven. Saw company. Mr. Froth's of Milton. His accounts of the Mohocks. cy for a pincushion. Picture in the lid of st-box. Old Lady Faddle promises me her to cut my hair. Lost five guineas at crimp. ve o'clock at night. Went to bed.

19. Eight in the morning. A-bed. Read 1 Mr. Froth's letters. Cupid and Veny. o'clock. Stayed within all day, not at home. 1 ten to twelve. In conference with my maker. Sorted a suit of ribands. Broke e china cup.

1 twelve to one. Shut myself up in my n, practised Lady Betty Modley's skuttle.\* in the afternoon. Called for my flowered chief. Worked half a violet leaf in it. Eyes and head out of order. Threw by my work, id over the remaining part of Aurengzebe.

1 three to four. Dined.

1 four to twelve. Changed my mind, dressed, broad, and played at crimp till midnight. Mrs. Spitley at home. Conversation: Mrs. it's necklace false stones. Old Lady Love- ing to be married to a young fellow that is th a groat. Miss Prue gone into the coun- tom Towndley has red hair. Mem. Mrs. whispered in my ear, that she had something ne about Mr. Froth; I am sure it is not true. een twelve and one. Dreamed that Mr. ny at my feet, and called me Indamora.

1 day. Rose at eight o'clock in the morning. en to my toilette.

1 eight to nine. Shifted a patch for half an fore I could determine it. Fixed it above eye-brow.

1 nine to twelve. Drank my tea and dressed. 1 twelve to two. At chapel. A great deal company. Mem. The third air in the new Lady Blithe dressed frightfully.

1 three to four. Dined. Miss Kitty called ic to go to the opera before I was risen from

1 dinner to six. Drank tea. Turned off a 1 for being rude to Veny.

1 o'clock. Went to the opera. I did not see uth till the beginning of the second act. Mr. alked to a gentleman in a black wig: bowed ly in the front box. Mr. Froth and his friend [Nicolini in the third act. Mr. Froth cried "Lucora." Mr. Froth led me to my chair. I e squeezed my hand.

en at night. Went to bed. Melancholy . Methought Nicolini said he was Mr. Froth. ay. Indisposed.

1 day. Eight o'clock. Waked by Miss Kitty. zebe lay upon the chair by me. Kitty re- without book the eight best lines in the play. a our mobst† to the dumb man, according to ment. Told me that my lover's name be- h a G. Mem. The conjuror‡ was within a 1 Mr. Froth's name, &c.

1 in looking back into this journal, I find that a loss to know whether I pass my time well and indeed never thought of considering id it before I perused your speculation upon ject. I scarce find a single action in these

five days that I can- e in the working upon t solved to finish the t for Mr. Froth and Ve up so much of my time do upon my journal. off, if you insist upon- bring matters to a con- not let my life run aw "

To resume one of and to confirm Clarin would have her cons would make among po whole life published I shall conclude my pap an uncertain author of lady who seems to hav different from that of O it is so very noble, th pardon me the quotati

## ON THE COUNTESS

" Underneath th  
Lies the subtle  
Sidney's sister  
Death, ere th  
Fair and leas  
Time shall th

L.

## No. 321.] WEDNES

O curve in terris ai

O souls, in whom no  
Flat minds, and eve

" MR. SPECTATOR

"THE materials y general history of club your SPECULATIONS, t we all owe the learn such assistances as nia For this reason I coul to you some imperfect (if you will allow them being) who have late nocturnal fraternity, u club, a name borrowed nibals in India, who devouring all the natio dent is styled 'Emper arms are a Turkish cr jesty bears at present ner engraved upon his name, the avowed desi chief; and upon this orders are framed. An all possible hurt to great cement of their cation required in the this principle in its f they take care to drink is, beyond the possibil tions of reason or hun sally, and attack all th walk the streets throug

\* The motto prefixed to folio, was taken from Juve

Savits inter  
Even bear

\* A pace of affected precipitation.

† A huddled economy of dress so called.

‡ Jussieu's Conjurer



st. opportunity that offered of snatching his out of his hand. He seemed desirous of seeing it; but finding her resolved to look into it, begged her, that, if she should happen to see the person, she would not reveal her name. carrying it to the window, she was very much surprised to find there was nothing within but a little looking-glass; on which, after she viewed her own face with more pleasure than ever had done before, she returned the box with a telling him she could not but admire his

It, fancying that this story took, immediately to a dissertation on the usefulness of looking-glasses; and, applying himself to me, asked if there any looking-glasses in the times of the Greeks and Romans; for that he had often observed, in the fables of poets out of those languages, that they generally talked of seeing themselves in fountains, lakes, and rivers. Nay, says he, I remember Mr. Dryden, in his *Ovid*, tells us of a king-fellow, called Polyphemus, that made use of a looking-glass, and could never dress himself to advantage but in a calm.

My friend Will, to show us the whole compass of turning upon this subject, further informed us, there were still several nations in the world so barbarous as not to have any looking-glasses for themselves; and that he had lately read a voyage into the South Sea, in which it is said that the ladies always dressed their heads over a basin of

water. The more particular in my account of Will's last night's lecture on these natural mirrors, as it will bear some relation to the following letter, I received the day before.

SIR,

I have read your last Saturday's observations on the fourth book of Milton with great satisfaction, and am particularly pleased with the hidden moral you have taken notice of in several parts of the poem. The design of this letter is to desire your thoughts, whether there may not also be some allusion couched under that place in the same book, where the poet lets us know, that the first woman immediately after her creation ran to a looking-glass, and became so enamoured of her own face, that she had never removed to view any of the other beauties of nature, had she not been led off to a man? I think fit to set down the whole passage from your paper, so that your readers will be able to judge for themselves, and the quotation will not a little contribute to filling up of your paper.

Your humble Servant,

"R. T."

The last consideration urged by my querist is so strong, that I cannot forbear closing with it. The allusion he alludes to is part of Eve's speech to Adam, and one of the most beautiful passages in the whole poem.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where and what I was, whence thither brought, and how. Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound Of waters issu'd from a cave, and spread In a liquid plain; and stood unmov'd, Pure as th' expanse of heaven: I thither went With unexperient thought, and laid me down On the green bank, to look into the clear smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky. As I bent down to look, just opposite My face within the wat'ry gleam appear'd.

Bending to look  
It started back;  
Pleas'd it return'd  
Of sympathy and  
Mine eyes till now  
Had not a voice  
What there thou  
With thee it came  
And I will bring  
Thy coming and  
Whose image thou  
Inseparably thine  
Multitudes like thee  
Mother of human  
But follow straight  
Till I espie'd thee  
Under a plain  
Less winning soft  
Than that smooth  
Thou following  
Whom fly'st thou  
His flesh, his bone  
Out of my side  
Substantial life, to  
Henceforth an  
Part of my soul,  
My other half?  
Seiz'd mine; I yield  
How beauty is ex  
And wisdom, which  
So spake our ge

X.

No. 326.] FRIDAY

Incham Danaen  
Robustus fores  
Tristes exaltat, in  
Nocturnis ab no  
Si non

Of watchful dogs  
Right well one ha  
When in a tower  
By nighty bars o  
Although by mort  
With all their m  
Had not

Be to her faults a  
Be to her virtues  
And clap your pa

"MR. SPECTATOR

"YOUR correspondent hunters, and your have given me encouragement of my case, by which I complained of is a country.

"I am a country six thousand a year. very fine park and account I have been and fops, that for the enjoyed a moment's in a state of war; a constant watch in my commanded a town country. I have in park; having for the four keepers, who a quarter-staff beyond try. And for the band of pensioner-milition whom I keep derbusses always about private places about given frequent notice it is, that in spite of and then have a same (as I think you ce

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

to a ball. I mistress on mon practice re to remove e house, and ut short my I durst not election, for being off my of you is, to t, and upon friends, and e our daugh- that some would move r preserving

Servant."  
6, 1711-12.

door every looks up at eal towards and looks ng for. The , that, if he the parlour and give him

ervant,  
COMFIT.  
ve him time does."

ay, and by l causes of ar that my f something appeared to ar a resem- er. I have e had four e fifth. The g what she with them, the charges her fancy wo, as not ntibles and ges and fur- trouble you with child ne day just ng a rela- present of e and that e a week ow to it of than lose the furni- changed or he frightful ell, the up- saved that d fixed her uch china these also ther to an

Indian pagod. Hitherto I found her demands m upon every concession; and had she gone on, I h been ruined; but by good fortune, with her thin which was Peggy, the height of her imaginatio came down to the corner of a venison-pasty, an brought her once even upon her knees to gnaw e the ears of a pig from the spit. The gratification of her palate were easily preferred to those of h vanity: and sometimes a partridge, or a quail, or wheat-ear, or the pestle of a lark, were cheerfull purchased; nay, I could be contented though I was to feed her with green-peas in April, or cherries i May. But with the babe she now goes, she i turned girl again, and fallen to eating of chalk, pntending it will make the child's skin white; an nothing will serve her but I must bear her company to prevent its having a shade of my brown. In this however, I have ventured to deny her. No longe ago than yesterday, as we were coming to town, sh saw a parcel of crows, so heartily at breakfast on a piece of horse-flesh, that she had an invincible d sire to partake with them, and (to my infinite su prise) begged the coachman to cut her off a slice, a if it were for himself, which the fellow did; and a soon as she came home, she fell to it with such a appetite, that she seemed rather to devour than e it. What her next sally will be I cannot guess but, in the meantime, my request to you is, that i there be any way to come at these wild unaccount able roivings of imagination by reason and argument you'd speedily afford us your assistance. This ex ceeds the grievance of pin-money; and I thiak i every settlement there ought to be a clause inserted that the father should be answerable for the lounping of his daughter. But I shall impatiently expect your thoughts in this matter, and am,

"Sir, your most obliged and

"Most faithful humble Servant,  
"T. B.

"Let me know whether you think the next chick will love horses as much as Molly does chins wate."—T.

No. 327.] SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1711-12.

—Major rerum mibi nascitur ordo.—VIRG. *Æn.* vii. 48.  
A large scene of action is display'd.—DAVIDEN

We were told in the foregoing book, how the evil spirit practised upon Eve as she lay asleep, in order to inspire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author who shows a wonderful art throughout his whole poem, for preparing the reader for the several occurrences that arise in it, founds upon the above-mentioned circumstance, the first part of the fifth book. Adam, upon his awaking, finds Eve still asleep, with an unusual discomposure in her looks. The posture in which he regards her is described with a tenderness not to be expressed, as the whisper with which he awakens her is the softest that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

His wonder was, to find awaken'd Eve  
With tresses discompos'd, and glowing cheek,  
As through unquiet rest: he, on his side  
Lemning half-raised, with looks of cordial love  
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld  
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,  
Shot forth peculiar graces: *Lo! with voice*  
*Mild as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes,*  
*Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: "Awake,*  
*My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found, &c*  
*Here's a last best gift, my ever new delight!*  
*Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field*  
*Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring*  
*Our tender plants, how blows the citron grove,*

What drops of myrrh, and what the balmy reed,  
How nature paints her colours, how the bee  
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet."

Such whispering wak'd her, but with startled eye  
On Adam, whom embracing, thus she spake:  
"O sole, in whom my thoughts find all repose,  
My glory, my perfection! glad I see  
Thy face, and morn return'd—"

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very much upon the book of Canticles, in which there is a noble spirit of eastern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think here is no question but the poet in the preceding speech remembered those two passages which are spoken on the like occasion, and filled with the same pleasing images of nature.

"My beloved spake, and said unto me, Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away! for, lo! the winter is past, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our ears. The fig-tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a good smell. Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away!"

"Come, my beloved! let us go forth into the field, let us get up early into the vineyards, let us see whether the vine flourish, whether the tender grapes appear, and the pomegranates bud forth."

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

Where the sapient king  
Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian spouse,

shows that the poet had this delightful scene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of those high conceits engendering pride, which, we are told, the devil endeavoured to instil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where she fancies herself awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:

"Why sleep'st thou, Eve? Now is the pleasant time,  
The cool, the silent, save where silence yields  
To the night-warbling bird, that now awake  
Tunes sweetest his love-labour'd song: now reigns  
Full-orb'd the moon, and with more pleasing light  
Shadows sets off the face of things. In vain,  
If none regard. Heav'n wakes with all his eyes,  
When to behold but thee, nature's desire,  
In whose sight all things joy, with ravishment,  
Attracted by thy beauty still to gaze!"

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in such sentiments as these: but flattery and falsehood are not the courtship of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her state of innocence, excepting only in a dream produced on purpose to taint her imagination. Other vain sentiments of the same kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the catastrophe of the poem is finely presaged on his occasion, the particulars of it are so artfully shadowed, that they do not anticipate the story which follows in the ninth book. I shall only add, that though the vision itself is founded upon truth, the circumstances of it are full of that wildness and inconsistency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to his superior character for wisdom, instructs and comforts Eve upon this occasion:

So cheer'd he his fair spouse, and she was cheer'd,  
But silently a gentle tear let fall  
From either eye, and wip'd them with her hair;  
Two other precious drops, that ready stood  
Each in their crystal sluice, he, ere they fell,  
Kiss'd, as the gracious signs of sweet remorse  
And pious awe, that fear'd to have offended.

The morning of those psalms of praise and praise angels, but upon inanimate creatures their common fill the mind and awaken the natural to devotion parts of nature ship, it was in the first parents, w minds, and has of Providence, with those many matter to the de not remark that runs through that resolution.

Having already are assigned to to the descriptive phael. His de his flight throo imagined. As with circumstan ing, he describe such a manner, proach of the a

—Till  
Of heav'n arr  
On golden hin  
Divine, the so

The poet has three passages in which, speaking had made twenty which, upon occ assembly of the use for them, re Scaliger has ra point, as M. I I will not prete ticular of Hom of the probable of Milton's gat the tripods, s mentioned it, b passage in the heaven that ha selves, or stood whom they acc

There is no stance in his book he descri living wheels, vision:—

—Forth  
The chariot o  
Flashing thic  
Itself instinet

I question who are for vin in Homer, by s have been very confronting Va

\* This epithet, tially included in distinction from doctrine establish This is not noted serious truth.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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, 1711-12.

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a Yorkshire  
ary, and an  
own by the  
other coun-  
followed the  
ly informed  
comedian, is  
ot Mr. Wil-  
body of the  
As neither  
tice of it, I  
ire that the  
re recovered

Reader."

garet Clark.

loving Mrs.  
excuse pre-  
to enjoy the  
romely body  
y treacle or  
op, I am so  
e keep close  
nt. And I  
sweet self,  
may match  
away; and  
n yard land  
of land\* in  
a year as a  
ers and sis-  
ood house-  
and pewter,  
house be  
all go hard  
f you shall  
pon you as  
hay-harvest  
ood matches  
(be with her)  
entlewoman,  
sowing and  
and I can  
r, I shall be  
years come  
. If I could  
d have sent

rs 30 acres of

one on purpose, and some trifles or other for a use  
of my love; but I hope there is nothing lost for this  
neither. So, hoping you will take this letter in good  
part, and answer it with what care and speed you can  
I rest and remain

"Yours, if my own,

"Sweepston,  
Leicestershire.

"MR. GARRIET BULLOCK,

"NOW MY FATHER IS DEAD

"When the coal carts come, I shall send oftener  
and may come in one of them myself." \*

"For Sir William to go to london at westminster to  
member a parliament.

"SIR,

"William, i hope that you are well. i write to  
let you know that i am in trouble about a lady  
your nease; and i do desire that you will be my  
friend; for when i did com to see her at your hall  
i was mighty Abused. i would fain a see you a  
topecliff, and thay would not let me go to you; bu  
i desire that you will be our friends, for it is no dis-  
honour neither for you nor she, for God did make u  
all. i wish that i might see you, for they say tha  
you are a good man; and many doth wonder at it  
but madam norton is abused and coated two i be-  
lieve. i night a had many a lady, but I can has  
none but her with a good consorts, for there is  
God that know our hearts. if you and madam  
norton will come to York, there i shall meet you; i  
God be willing, and if you be pleased. so be no  
angterie till you know the trutes of things.

"I give my to me lady, as

"George Nelson.

to Mr. Aysenby, and to  
madam norton, March  
the 19th, 1706."

"This is for madam mary norton disforth Lady she  
went to York.

"Madam Mary. Deare loving sweet lady,  
hope you are well. Do not go to london, for the  
will put you in the nunnery; and heed not Mr  
Lucy what she saith to you, for she will ly and co-  
you. go from to another place, and we will go  
wed so with speed. mind what i write to you, for  
they gate you to london they will keep you there  
and so let us gate wed, and we will both go. so  
you go to london, you ruceing yourself. so heed n  
what none of them saith to you: let us gate we  
and we shall lie to gader any time. i will do an  
thing for you to my poore. i hope the devil wi  
faile them all, for a hellish company there be. for  
their cursed trick and mischiefus ways good be  
bless and deliver both you and me.

"I think to be at York the 24 day."

"This is for madam mary norton to go to london for  
lady that belongs to dishforth.

"Madam Mary, i hope you are well. i am soon  
that you went away from York. deare loving sweet  
lady, i writt to let you know that i do remain full  
full; and if can let me know where i can meet you  
i will wed you, and I will do any thing to my power  
for you are a good woman, and will be a loving  
Misteris. i am in troubel for you, so if you will  
come to york i will wed you. so with speed come  
and I will have none but you. so, sweet love, be-  
not what to say to me, and with speed come; be-  
not what none of them say to you; your Maid make  
you believe ought.

\* See No. 324, and note, where this letter is given in ef-  
fectively, and supplied otherwise.



"So deare love think of Mr. George Nilson with  
ed; i sent 2 or 3 letters before.

"I gave misteris elcock some nots, and thay put  
in pruson all the night for me pains, and non  
w wheat i was, and I did gat cold.

"But it is for mrs. Lucy to go a good way from  
me, for in yorke and round about she is known;  
writ any more her deeds, the same will tell hor  
al is black within, hor corkis stinks of hell.

" March 19th, 1706."\*

No. 329.] TUESDAY, MARCH 18, 1711-12

*Ire tamen restat, Numa quo devenit et Ancus.*

*Hon. 1 Ep. vi. 27.*

*With Ancus, and with Numa, kings of Rome,*

*We must descend into the silent tomb.*

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me to other  
night, that he had been reading my paper upon  
Westminster-abbey, in which, says he, there are a  
great many ingenious fancies. He told me at the  
same time, that he observed, I had promised an-  
other paper upon the tombs, and that he should be  
glad to go and see them with me, not having visited  
them since he had read history. I could not ima-  
gine at first how this came into the knight's head,  
till I recollected that he had been busy all last  
summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has  
quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew  
Freeport since his last coming to town. Accord-  
ingly I promised to call upon him the next morning,  
that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who  
always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than  
he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water,  
which he told me he always drank before he went  
abroad. He recommended me a dram of it at the  
same time, with so much heartiness, that I could  
not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it  
down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the  
knight, observing that I had made several wry  
faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at  
first, but that it was the best thing in the world  
against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished indeed that he had ac-  
quainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it  
was too late to complain, and I knew what he had  
said was out of good-will. Sir Roger told me fur-  
ther, that he looked upon it to be very good for a  
man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection,  
and that he got together a quantity of it upon the  
last news of the sickness being at Dantzick: when

of a sudden the  
who stood behind  
coach, and the  
drove it.

He then re-  
water, telling  
who did more  
carries in the  
that grew with  
buted her water  
to which the kn  
jointure, and  
have it a match  
says Sir Roger,  
haps I could not

His discourse  
him he had call  
after having call  
the coachman  
fellow's telling  
turned to me, to  
and went in with

We had not  
out his head, c  
box, and, upon  
asked him if  
what this would  
at any good to  
best Virginia.  
remaining part  
at the west end

As we went u  
pointed at the  
ments, and cried  
him!" Passing  
he flung his h  
Cloudesly Show  
stood before Bu  
self again after  
great man! he  
great man! I sh  
had not been a

We were im  
chapel on the ri  
self at our histo  
every thing he  
gave us of the l  
rocco's head. A  
very well please  
his knees; and  
was conducted  
martyr to good  
of a needle. U  
she was a maid  
knight was ver  
family; and, af  
some time, "I w  
Baker has said

We were the  
chairs, where m  
the stone under  
was brought fr  
pillar, sat himse  
like the figure o  
terpreter, what  
had ever been in  
returning him a  
his honour woul  
Sir Roger a little  
but our guide n  
knight soon reco  
pered in my ear,

\* Is a MS. written by Dr. Birch, now before the annotator,  
is said, that an original number of the Spectator in folio was  
thoroughly at the time of its republication in volumes, on the  
somerance of a family who conceived themselves injured  
its appearance in print. It was, most probably, this very  
part.

The following short letter, with the desire annexed to it, are  
joined to No. 320 in the original publication of the Spectator  
folio: as they evidently relate to this paper which was ap-  
peared very soon after its original date, they are here re-  
peated for the first time.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

March 18, 1711-12.

"The attention you shewed yesterday (March 17) would  
be pardonable, had you provided better for the two  
remittances of your paper, and placed in the one the letter R;  
the other.

*Nescio quid meditans sugarum et totus in illis.*

A word to the wise.

"I am your humble Servant,

"T. TRUBB."

According to the emendation of the above correspondent,  
reader is desired, in the paper of the 17th, to read R, for T.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

go hard but he would  
e or t'other of them.  
laid his hand upon  
nd leaning upon the  
e history of the Black  
Sir Richard Baker's  
as one of the greatest  
English throne.

ward the Confessor's  
acquainted us, that  
on the evil: and after-  
on which he shook his  
ne reading in the ca-

d to that monument  
of our English kings  
ing us to know, that  
ten silver, had been  
e: "Some whig, I'll  
; "you ought to lock  
ill carry off the body

y the Fifth and Queen  
reat opportunities of  
o Sir Richard Baker,  
ith some surprise, had  
whose monuments he

not but be pleased to  
honest passion for the  
a respectful gratitude

nevolence of my good  
towards every one he  
ry kind to our inter-  
as an extraordinary  
ook him by the hand  
e should be very glad  
Norfolk-buildings, and  
n more at leisure.—L.

MARCH 19, 1711-12.

entia—  
Juv. Sat. xiv. 48.  
ace is due.

ten by two very consi-  
nder twenty years of  
ts of the necessity of  
many incidents which

nat, in the course of  
several parts of human  
other fall upon a sub-  
not, I take the liberty  
I mean is, the patron-  
such as are able to  
them into the world.  
a youth of merit lan-  
quity when his circum-  
riot and excess when  
cannot make myself  
adding you a history of  
you to insert in your  
I have of expressing  
bligations imaginable.  
nt of the city of Lon-  
reduced from a very  
very narrow circum-

stances, in comparison to that of his former  
ance. This took away the vigour of his mi  
all manner of attention to a fortune which  
thought desperate; insomuch that he died  
a will, having before buried my mother,  
midst of his other misfortunes. I was sixteen  
of age when I lost my father; and an estate  
a year came into my possession, without a  
guardian to instruct me in the management  
joyment of it. The natural consequence  
was (though I wanted no director, and a  
fellows who found me out for a smart young  
man, and led me into all the debaucheries  
I was capable), that my companions and I  
well be supplied without running into debt,  
did very frankly, till I was arrested, and  
with a guard strong enough for the most d  
assassin, to a bailiff's house, where I lay fo  
surrounded with very merry, but not very ag  
company. As soon as I had extricated mys  
this shameful confinement, I reflected upon  
so much horror, that I deserted all my old a  
ance, and took chambers in an inn of court  
resolution to study the law with all possible  
tion. I trifled away a whole year in looking  
thousand intricacies, without a friend to ap  
any case of doubt; so that I only lived then  
men, as little children are sent to school bel  
are capable of improvement, only to be outo  
way. In the midst of this state of suspe  
knowing how to dispose of myself, I was re  
by a relation of mine; who, upon observing  
inclination in me, used me with great fa  
and carried me to his seat in the country.  
came there he introduced me to all the go  
pany in the county; and the great obligatio  
to him for this kind notice, and residence  
ever since, has made so strong an impress  
me, that he has an authority of a father  
founded upon the love of a brother. I hav  
study of books, a good stable of horses at  
my command; and, though I am not n  
eighteen years of age, familiar converse on  
and a strong inclination to exert myself  
have had an effect upon me, that makes m  
able wherever I go. Thus, Mr. Spectator  
gentleman's favour and patronage, it is  
fault if I am not wiser and richer every d  
I speak this as well by subscribing the initi  
of my name to thank him, as to incite oth  
imitation of his virtue. It would be a wor  
to show what great charities are to be done  
expense, and how many noble actions are  
of inadvertency, in persons capable of pe  
them, if they were put in mind of it. If  
man of figure in a county would make his  
pattern for sobriety, good sense, and breed  
would kindly endeavour to influence the  
and growing prospects of the younger gent  
him, I am apt to believe it would save him  
deal of stale beer on a public occasion, an  
him the leader of his country from their  
to him, instead of being a slave to their r  
tumults, in order to be made their repres  
The same thing might be recommended to  
have made any progress in any parts of kn  
or arrived at any degree in a profession; ot  
gain preferments and fortunes from their  
but I have, I hope, received from mine go  
and virtues. I repeat to you, Sir, my re  
print this, in return for all the evil a helples  
shall ever escape, and all the good he shall

feet both which are wholly owing to this man's favour to,

"Sir, Your most obedient Servant,  
"S. P."

R. SPECTATOR,

I am a lad of about fourteen. I find a mighty deal in learning. I have been at the Latin school for years. I don't know I ever played truant, neglected any task my master set me in my school, or what I read in school as I go home at night, and so intently, that I have often of a mile out of my way, not minding whither I go.

Our maid tells me she often hears me talk in my sleep, and I dream two or three nights that I am reading Juvenal and Homer. My father seems as well pleased with my performances as the boys in the same class. I think, if I know my mind, I would choose rather to be a scholar than a prince without learning. I have a very good, wise father; but though very rich, yet so near, that he thinks much of the charges of education. He often tells me he believes my father will ruin him; that I cost him God knows many books.

I tremble to tell him I want one, and need to keep my pocket-money, and lay it out on books now and then, that he don't know of. I ordered my master to buy no more books but says he will buy them himself. I asked Horace the other day, and he told me in a jest he did not believe I was fit for it, but my master had a mind to make him think I was a great way in my learning. I am somewhat behind other boys in getting the lessons my master gives orders for. All the boys in school, but I, have the classic authors in use, gilt and lettered on the back. My father is reckoning up how long I have been at school, and tells me he fears I do little good. My father's carriage so discourages me, that he makes me dull and melancholy. My master wonders the matter with me; I am afraid to tell him he is a man that likes to encourage learning.

My father would be apt to chide my father, and, not his temper, may make him worse. Sir, if you have any love for learning, I beg you would give some instructions in this case, and persuade my father to encourage their children when they find them diligent and desirous of learning. I have heard my parents say, they would do any thing for their children, if they would but mind their learning. I should be glad to be in their place. Dear Sir, excuse my boldness. If you will but consider and advise, I will pray for your prosperity as long as I live.

"Your humble Servant,  
"JAMES DISCIPULUS."

London, March 2, 1711.

[L.] THURSDAY, MARCH 20, 1711-12.

— Stolidam præbet tibi vellere barbam.—

PARS. SAT. II. 28.

to cut his foolish beard for thee to pluck.

When I was last with my friend Sir Roger in the nether-abbey, I observed that he stood longer before the bust of a venerable old man, than I was at a loss to guess the reason of it; after some time, he pointed to the figure, and said if I did not think that our forefathers were much wiser in their beards than we do with-  
out? "For my part," says he, "when I am

walking in my gallery, and I see the busts of my ancestors, who many of my age, I cannot forbear to think of the old patriarchs, and, at myself as an idle smooch to see your Abrahams and Jacobes, as we have them, with their beards below their girdles." The knight adds, "I have seen beards in one of my pictures, store human faces to be seen upon a month's warning, lead up the fashion him."

I smiled at my friend's part, could not forbear to say, "The phosias our faces have upon."

The beard, conformable to Sir Roger, was for many years a type of wisdom. Lucius, the philosophers of his time, one another in beards, and a man who stood for a philosopher, was unqualified for it by the beard.

Ælian, in his account of the beard, a critic, who wrote against the beard, thought himself wiser than the beard, tells us that this beard, that hung down upon the face, his head, which he added, regarding, it seems, the beard, suckers, which, if they were, might have drawn away the chin, and by that means the beard.

I have read somewhere, that I refused to accept an edition of the beard, were presented to him, effigies before the book.

We see by these instances, that the beard has formerly paid to be the beard, not then allowed to make the faces of the learned, with the beard of late years.

Accordingly several of the beard, extremely jealous of the beard, that they seemed to honour principally in the beard, were wonderfully tender of the beard. Quevedo, in his third book, has carried the humour of the beard, that one of his valets, having received sentence by a couple of evil spirits, opening to disorder his beard, to recompose them with the beard, before they could get him the beard.

If we look into the beard, we shall find that the beard, shall find that the beard, heptarchy, but was the beard, the Norman line. It is to time, in several reigns. The last effort it made, was Queen Mary's days, as if he pleases to persecute and Bishop Gardiner; think it may be questioned, has not induced our beard, the beards of these two beard, tural dimensions, in our beard, more terrible.

I find but few beards in the reign of King James. During the civil war

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

passed over  
ed Hudibras,  
tted to poste-

to

ne among us  
is a subject  
ng discussed  
I keep by me

introducing  
uxury of the  
sive fashion.  
uld soon pro-  
e lightest co-  
A fair beard  
ger seems to  
nty guineas.  
lapius would  
e in the ex-

ladies would  
ke the air on  
hats and fea-  
reason why  
d have their

se in another

21 1712.

III. 29  
—CREECH

ay last, you  
orthy society  
have partici-  
ances of the  
he tumblers:  
hen a perfect  
very easily  
es of it, the  
t of dancing-  
m for half a  
savages, as  
upon whom  
hip out their  
the horizon,  
round about  
piece of con-  
without doubt  
ward the ope-  
rds whom he  
ns his sword  
ereon school-  
y natural to  
bout to some  
elf the same  
ront. After  
and, and the  
iently, he is  
e attendants,  
hat purpose,  
had from a

friend of mine, who has lately been under that  
cipline. He tells me he had the honour to dance  
before the emperor himself, not without the applau  
and acclamations both of his imperial majesty at  
the whole ring; though I dare say, neither I, or  
any of his acquaintance, ever dreamt he would ha  
merited any reputation by his activity.

"I can assure you, Mr. Spectator, I was ve  
near being qualified to have given you a faith  
and painful account of this walking bagnio, if  
may so call it, myself. Going the other night alo  
Fleet-street, and having, out of curiosity, just e  
tered into discourse with a wandering female w  
was travelling the same way, a couple of fellows a  
vanced towards us, drew their swords, and cried o  
to each other, 'A sweat! a sweat!' Whereupon  
suspecting they were some of the ringleaders of t  
bagnio, I also drew my sword, and demanded a p  
ley; but finding none would be granted me, a  
perceiving others behind them filing off with gr  
diligence to take me in flank, I began to sweat  
fear of being forced to it: but very luckily betaki  
myself to a pair of heels, which I had good reas  
to believe would do me justice, I instantly got po  
session of a very snug corner in a neighbourin  
alley that lay in my rear; which post I maintai  
for above half an hour with great firmness and r  
solution, though not letting this success so far ove  
come me as to make me unmindful of the circums  
pection that was necessary to be observed upon m  
advancing again towards the street; by which pr  
udence and good management I made a handson  
and orderly retreat, having suffered no other da  
mage in this action than the loss of my baggage  
and the dislocation of one of my shoe heels, w  
last I am just now informed, is in a fair way of g  
covery. These sweaters, by what I can learn fro  
my friend, and by as near a view as I was able  
take of them myself, seem to me to have at presen  
but a rude kind of discipline amongst them. It  
probable, if you would take a little pains with the  
they might be brought into better order. But I  
leave this to your own discretion; and will onl  
add, that if you think it worth while to insert th  
by way of caution to those who have a mind to p  
serve their skins whole from this sort of cuppin  
and tell them at the same time the hazard of tes  
ing with night-walkers, you will perhaps obli  
others, as well as

"Your very humble Servant,

"JACK LIGHTFOOT.

"P. S. My friend will have me acquaint yo  
that though he would not willingly detract fro  
the merit of that extraordinary strokesman, M  
Sprightly, yet it is his real opinion, that some  
those fellows who are employed as rubbers to th  
new-fashioned bagnio, have struck as bold strok  
as ever he did in his life.

"I had sent this four-and-twenty hours since  
I had not had the misfortune of being in a gre  
doubt about the orthography of the word bagnio.  
consulted several dictionaries, but found no relief  
at last having recourse both to the bagnio in New  
gate-street, and to that in Chancery-lane, and ad  
ing the original manuscripts upon the sign-posts  
each to agree literally with my own spelling, I m  
turned home full of satisfaction, in order to dra  
this epistle."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"As you have taken most of the circumstances

human life into your consideration, we the under-written thought it not improper for us also to represent to you our condition. We are three ladies who live in the country, and the greatest improvement we make is by reading. We have taken a small journal of our lives, and find it extremely opposite to your last Tuesday's speculation. We are by seven, and pass the beginning of each day in devotion, and looking into those affairs that fall within the occurrences of a retired life; in the afternoon we sometimes enjoy the good company of some friend or neighbour, or else work or read: at night we retire to our chambers, and take leave of each other for the whole night at ten o'clock. We take particular care never to be sick of a Sunday. Mr. Spectator, we are all very good maids, but ambitious of characters which we think more laudable, that of being very good wives. If any of your correspondents inquire for a spouse for an honest country gentleman, whose estate is not dipped, and wants a wife that can save half his revenue, and yet make a better figure than any of his neighbours of the same estate, with finer-bred women, you shall have farther notice from,

"Sir, your courteous Readers,

"MARTHA BUSIE,

"DEBORAH THRIFTY,

"ALICE EARLY."

[a. 333.] SATURDAY, MARCH 22, 1711-12.

—Vocal in certaminis divos.—VIRG

He calls embalmed deities to arms.

We are now entering upon the sixth book of *Paradise Lost*, in which the poet describes the battle of the angels; having raised his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by several passages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting these passages in my observations on the former books, having purposely reserved them for the opening of this, the subject of which gave occasion to them. The author's imagination was so inflamed with this great scene of action, that wherever he speaks of it, he rises, if possible, above himself. Thus, where he mentions Satan in the beginning of the poem:

—Him the Almighty Power  
Hood'd heading flaming from th' ethereal sky,  
With hideous ruin and combustion down  
To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
In adamant chain and penal fire,  
Who durst defy th' Omnipotent to arms.

We have likewise several noble hints of it in the eternal conference,

O prince! O chief of many-throned powers,  
That led th' embattled seraphim to war,  
Too well I see, and rue the dire event,  
That with sad overthrow and foul defeat  
Hath lost us heav'n; and all this mighty host  
In horrible destruction laid thus low.  
But see! the angry victor has recall'd  
His ministers of vengeance and pursuit  
Back to the gates of heav'n. The sulphurous hail  
Shot after us in storm, o'erblown, hath laid  
The fiery surge, that from the precipice  
Of heav'n receiv'd us falling: and the thunder,  
Wing'd with red lightning, and impetuous rage,  
Perhaps has spent his shafts, and ceases now  
To bellow through the vast and boundless deep.

There are several other very sublime images on the same subject in the first book, as also in the

—What when we fled amain, pursued and struck  
With heav'n's afflicting thunder, and besought  
The deep to shelter us: this hell then seem'd  
A refuge from those wounds.

SPECTATOR—Nos. 49 & 50.

In short, the  
this battle, but  
terror as are su  
others I cannot  
the Power, wh  
chaos, speaks i

Thus Satan  
With fall'n  
Answer'd, "I  
That night  
Made head  
I saw and h  
Fled not in  
With ruin u  
Confusion w  
Pour'd out b  
Pursuing"

It required g  
strength of ima  
circumstances a  
of the reader;   
of judgment, to  
pear light or tri  
are surprised to  
another, and im  
of the Iliad. M  
with the same b  
signs of wrath  
censed. The fir  
a cope of fire, o  
able burning dar  
from either hos  
terrible, as it is  
which seem to m  
duce a kind of  
angels. This is f  
tains and prom  
Messiah comes f  
terror. The po  
roarings of his  
nings, and the  
scribed with the u

There is noth  
gagement which  
able enough to t  
ceive of a fight b

The second day  
imagination whic  
for such a descrip  
poets, and of Ho  
a very bold thou  
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with the sword of Turnus which came from a mortal hand. As the metal in this place is divine, so by the way we may observe, that the best swing on a man was favoured by heaven such an allegorical weapon is very conformable to the old eastern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made use of it, but we find the Jewish hero in the Book of Maccabees, who fought the battles of the chosen people with so much glory and success, receiving in his dream a sword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The following passage, where Satan is described as wounded by the sword of Michael, is no imitation of Homer.

The quivering web of continents went  
Thus wither'd, and the ethereal lance clasp'd,  
Not only rent, but all from the centre  
As if a mortal stroke, amidst a mass of  
Satan's flesh, as celestial spirits may have it,  
And all his sinews stand ———

Homer tells in the same manner, that upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ether, or pure kind of blood, which was more precious than mortal fluids; and that, though the wound was extremely great, the wound soon came to itself, in those beings who are vested with immortality.

It is striking to find Milton in his description of the wound which Diomedes had received, had his eyes turned on the Greek who upon his being wounded is represented as retiring out of the fight, and is fighting an enemy milder than that of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer tells, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each side with the flowing of this woundful liberty. The reader will easily observe how Milton has kept all the horror of the image, without running into the ridiculous of it.

———Where the might of combat fought,  
And victory or ruin pend on the deep array  
O, Meville, I have known thee beaming bold  
A star of heaven, who, to the stars, thou beav'st  
Thou art not from the Heav'n, O'er of heav'n  
Retained his tongue blasphemous, but upon  
Dropt as a comet from the sky, with scathed dart  
A line of light, and flared below it ———

Milton has likewise raised his description in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Messiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a vision of Ezekiel, who, as Grævus observes, has very much in him of Homer's spirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The following lines in that glorious compass which is given the Messiah to extirpate the host of rebel angels, is drawn from a sublime passage in the Psalms.

Go then, thou mightiest, on thy Father's right  
Thou shalt be, and thou shalt ride the rage of who is  
That have sworn, there, to a forth all my war,  
My bow, my hammer, my staff, and my  
Girded, and were on my passed thigh.

The reader will easily discover many other strokes of the same nature.

There is no question but Milton had heard of the combat with the light of the gods in Homer before he entered upon this engagement of the long list. Homer there gives us a scene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. He minutely describes the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in such a manner, that it is heard distinct amidst all the shouts and confusion of the fight. Jupiter at the same time thunders over their heads

As Neptune raises such a tempest, that the whole old of battle, and all the tops of the mountains, shake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himself, whose habitation was in the very centre of the earth, was so affrighted at the shock, that he apt from his throne. Homer afterward describes Vulcan as pouring down a storm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Ixion; who, he tells us, covered seven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad angels with all the like circumstances of horror. He shews of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to fit up the reader's imagination, and give him a suitable idea of so great an action. With what art as the poet represented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

All heav'n resounded; and had earth been then,  
All earth had to its centre shook.——

In how sublime and just a manner does he afterward describe the whole heaven shaking under the wheels of the Messiah's chariot, with that exception to the throne of God!

Under his burning wheels  
The stedfast empyrean shook throughout,  
All but the throne itself of God.——

Notwithstanding the Messiah appears clothed with so much terror and majesty, the poet has still found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him beyond what he himself is able to describe:

Yet half his strength he put not forth, but cherk'd  
His thunder in mid volley: for he meant  
Not to destroy, but root them out of heaven.

In a word, Milton's genius, which was so great in itself, and so strengthened by all the helps of learning, appears in this book every way equal to the subject, which was the most sublime that could enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he has given it certain rest-places, and opportunities of recovering itself from time to time; several speeches, reflections, similes, and the like reliefs, being interspersed to diversify his narration, and ease the attention of the reader.

L.

No. 334.] MONDAY, MARCH 24, 1711-12.

Voluisti, in suo genere, unumquemque nostrum quasi quendam esse Rocium, dixisti; non tam ea que recta essent probasti, quam que prava sunt fastidius adhaerere. —Cic. de Gestu.

You would have each of us be a kind of Rocius in his way: and you have said that fastidious men are not so much pleased with what is right, as disgusted at what is wrong.

It is very natural to take for our whole lives a slight impression of a thing, which at first fell into contempt with us for want of consideration. The real use of a certain qualification (which the wiser part of mankind look upon as at best an indifferent thing, and generally a frivolous circumstance) shows the ill consequence of such prepossessions. What I mean, is the art, skill, accomplishment, or whatever you will call it, of dancing. I knew a gentleman of great abilities, who bewailed the want of his education to the end of a very honourable life. He observed that there was not occasion for the common use of great talents; that they are but seldom in

demand; and that they are often rendered of no use by attainments. As to gesture, and as to even these would be of no carriage, if what were confirmed by reason. To one mention the force of appear fantastical, tended to it, and another view; and from plain and those beautiful forms is not so agreeable as any of those ad it without any ex the shape of the mechanically, we collect and join had the regard education, will freedom before new learning, would for the advances being agreeable one would wish as conducive, as in matters that a man of learning others as he is points too difficult manner the read ordinary motion learnt to know posture of his has seen Booth, to his throne to majestic and gro very step; but could perform himself would were he a dance to treat with g enter into it any lowing letter h of in such a m a resolution, th of any thing, ti another opinion

"Mr. SPE

"Since there sciences that ha world by the pe or lovers of th lence, and bene speculative and lic, to the great arts and science brated by the d ner, be totally destitute of any cellences and s

"The low el altogether ow teemed only as uncultivated, a putation of illi in one of his dancers drawi so we may well



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fore noise, to one of the most delightful sciences by marrying it to the mathematics; and by this means caused it to be one of the most abstract and demonstrative of sciences. Who knows ~~hereof~~ but motion, whether decorous or representative, may not (as it seems highly probable it may) be taken into consideration by some person capable of reducing it into a regular science, though not so demonstrative as that proceeding from sounds, yet sufficient to entitle it to a place among the magnificent arts?

"Now, Mr. Spectator, as you have declared yourself visitor of dancing-schools, and this being an undertaking which more immediately respects me, I think myself indispensably obliged, before I proceed to the publication of this my essay, to ask your advice; and hold it absolutely necessary to have your approbation, in order to recommend my treatise to the perusal of the parents of such as learn to dance, as well as to the young ladies, to whom, as a visitor, you ought to be guardian.

"Salop, March 19,

1711-12.

T.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant."

No. 335.] TUESDAY, MARCH 25, 1711-12

Respecte exemplar vite morumque iubebo  
Dedum imitatorum, et veras tunc dicere voces  
Hoc. Ars Po. 35

Keep Nature's great original in view.

And trace the living in ages' course — ELEGY.

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley, when we last met together at the club, told me that he had a great mind to see the new tragedy \* with me, assuring me at the same time, that he had not been at play these twenty years. "The last I saw," said Sir Roger, "was the Committee, which I should have gone to neither, had not I been told before-hand that it was a good church of England comedy. He then proceeded to inquire of me who this distressed mother was; and upon hearing that she was Hector's widow, he told me that her husband was a brave man, and that when he was a school-boy he had read his life at the end of the dictionary." Mr. and I enquired in the next place, if there would not be some danger in coming home late, in case the Mohecks should be abroad. "I assure you," says he, "I thought I had fallen into their hands last night; for I observed two or three lusty blue-men that followed me half way up Fleet-street, attended their pace I hind me, in proportion as put on to get away from them. You must know, continued the knight with a smile, "I fancied they had a mind to hunt me; for I remember an honest gentleman in my neighbourhood, who was served such a trick in King Charles the Second's time, of which reason he has not ventured himself in ever since. I might have shown them very good sport, had this been their design; for, as I am an old fox-hunter, I should have turned and dodged, and have played them a thousand tricks they have never seen in their lives before." Sir Roger added that "if these gentlemen had any such intention they did not succeed very well in it; for I threw them out," says he, "at the end of Norfolk-street where I doubled the corner, and got shelter in a lodging before they could imagine what was to come of me. However," says the knight, "if Captain Sentry will make one with us to-morrow night and you will both of you call upon me about six

&c. By John

\* The Distrest Mother

ack, that we may be at the house before it is full, I have my own coach in readiness to attend for John tells me he has got the fore-wheels fixed."

The captain, who did not fail to meet me there at the appointed hour, bid Sir Roger fear nothing, for he had put on the same sword which he made use of at the battle of Steenkirk.\* Sir Roger's valets, and among the rest my old friend the butler, had, I found, provided themselves with good new plants, to attend their master upon this occasion.

When we had placed him in his coach, with myself at his left hand, the captain before him, and the butler at the head of his footmen in the rear, I conveyed him in safety to the playhouse, where, having marched up the entry in good order, the captain and I went in with him, and seated him next us in the pit. As soon as the house was full and the candles lighted, my old friend stood up and looked about him with that pleasure which is not seasoned with humanity naturally feels in the sight of a multitude of people who are pleased with one another, and partake of the common entertainment. I could not but turn to myself, as the old man stood up in the middle of the pit, that he made a very proper centre for a tragic audience. Upon the entering of Pyrrhus the knight told me, that he did not believe the actor of France himself had a better strut. I was very attentive to my old friend's remarks, as I looked upon them as a piece of naturalism, and was well pleased to hear him, at the conclusion of almost every scene, telling me that he could not imagine how the play would end. While he appeared much concerned for Andromache; and a little while after as much for Hercules; and was extremely puzzled to think what would become of Pyrrhus.

When Sir Roger saw Andromache's obstinate refusal to her lover's importunities, he whispered in the ear, that he was sure she would never consent to him; to which he added, with a more than ordinary vehemence, "You can't imagine, Sir, it is to have to do with a widow." Upon Pyrrhus's threatening to leave her, the knight turned his head and muttered to himself, "Ay, do you can." This part dwelt so much upon my old friend's imagination, that at the close of the third act I was thinking on something else, he whispered in my ear, "These widows, Sir, are the most perverse creatures in the world. But pray," he said, "you that are a critic, is the play according to your dramatic rules, as you call them? Should people in tragedy always talk to be understood? Is there is not a single sentence in this play which I do not know the meaning of?"

The fourth act very luckily began before I had time to give the old gentleman an answer. "Well," said the knight, sitting down with great satisfaction, "suppose we are now to see Hector's ghost." He then renewed his attention, and, from time to time, fell a-praising the widow. He made, indeed, a little mistake as to one of her pages, whom at his entering he took for Astyanax; but quickly corrected himself right in that particular, though, at the same time, he owned he should have been very glad to have seen the little boy, who, says he, must needs

be a very fine child to him. Upon Hercules's going to Pyrrhus, the audience Sir Roger added, "baggage!"

As there was a very great silence in the audience, it was natural for them to fill the intervals between the scenes of the players, and Sir Roger, hearing a great noise struck in with them, and his friend Pylades, they were afterwards put in a second time, he, "though he spoke low in whiskers as a Sentry, seeing two men lean with an attention, fearing lest they should miss him by the elbow, and ear, that lasted till the knight was won, which Orestes gives conclusion of it, told of work, that he was stage. Seeing after he grew more than a occasion to moralize on science, adding, that as if he saw something.

As we were the first we were the last that to have a clear passage did not care to venture crowd. Sir Roger's entertainment, and in the same manner play-house, being but not only with the people which had been present, which it had given to

## No. 336.] WEDNESDAY.

Clamant  
Cuncti pene patres,  
Quæ gravis Asopum  
Vel quia nil rectum  
Vel quia turpe putat  
Imberbes didicere,

One tragic sentence  
Which Betterton's  
Or well-mouth'd Bo  
(Tho' but, perhaps  
How will our fathers  
And swear, all shall  
You'd think no fool  
Did not some grave  
Who scorn a lud st  
And, having once b

## "MR. SPECTATOR,

"As you are the learning and good suggest to your comote or prejudice that has prevailed from gray hairs and tyrant port; I hope your reasonable check to mean old men's over their juniors by the

\*1692: Gentlemen wore about this time a kind of neck-cloth called a Steenkirk, probably from its being taken notice of at this battle. In like manner, and for a similar reason, was called Ramillies, being introduced, or having been fashionable, about the time of that battle, in 1706.

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"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have formerly read with great satisfaction your papers about idols, and the behaviour of gentlemen in those coffee-houses where women officiate; and impatiently waited to see you take India and China shops into consideration: but since you have passed us over in silence, either that you have not as yet thought us worth your notice, or that the grievances we lie under have escaped your discerning eye, I must make my complaints to you, and am encouraged to do it because you seem a little at leisure, at this present writing. I am, dear Sir, one of the top China-women about town; and though I say it, keep as good things, and receive as fine company, as any of this end of the town, let the other be who she will. In short, I am in a fair way to be easy, were it not for a club of female rakes, who, under pretence of taking their innocent rambles forsooth, and diverting the spleen, seldom fail to plague me twice or thrice a day, to cheapen tea, or buy a screen. What else should they mean? as they often repeat it. These rakes are your idle ladies of fashion, who, having nothing to do, employ themselves in tumbling over my ware. One of these customers (for by the way they seldom or never buy any thing) calls for a set of tea-dishes, another for a basin a third for my best green tea, and even to the punch-bowl, there's scarce a piece in my shop but must be displaced, and the whole agreeable architecture disordered, so that I can compare them to nothing but to the night-goblins that take a pleasure to overturn the disposition of plates and dishes in the kitchens of your housewifely maids. Well, after all this racket and clutter, this is no dear, that is their aversion; another thing is charming, but not wanted; the ladies are cured of the spleen, but I am not a shilling the better for it. Lord, what signifies one poor pot of tea, considering the trouble they put me to? Vapours, Mr. Spectator, are terrible things; for though I am not possessed by them myself, I suffer more by them than if I were. Now I must beg you to admonish all such day-goblins to make fewer visits, or to be less troublesome when they come to one's shop; and to convince them that we honest shop-keepers have something better to do, than to cure folks of the vapours gratis. A young son of mine, a schoolboy, is my secretary, so I hope you will make allowances.

"I am, Sir,

"Your constant Reader, and  
very humble Servant,

"March 22nd.  
T.

"REBECCA the distressed."

No. 337.] THURSDAY, MARCH 27, 1712.

Fingit equum tenera docilem cervicem magister,  
Ire viam quam monstrat eques. — HOA. 1 Ep. ii. 63.  
The jockey trains the young and tender horse  
While yet soft-mouth'd, and breeds him to the course.

CÆCILIUS.

I HAVE lately received a third letter from the gentleman who has already given the public two essays upon education. As his thoughts seem to be very just and new upon this subject, I shall communicate them to the reader.

"SIR,

"If I had not been hindered by some extraordinary business, I should have sent you sooner my further thoughts upon education. You may please to remember, that in my last letter I endeavoured

give the best reasons that could be urged in favour of a private or public education. Upon the whole, it may perhaps be thought that I seemed rather inclined to the latter, though at the same time confessed that virtue, which ought to be our first incipal care, was more usually acquired in the former.

"I intend therefore, in this letter, to offer at methods, by which I conceive boys might be made to improve in virtue as they advance in letters.

"I know that in most of our public schools vice is punished and discouraged, whenever it is found at; but this is far from being sufficient, unless our youth are at the same time taught to form a right judgment of things, and to know what is properly true.

"To this end, whenever they read the lives and actions of such men as have been famous in their generation, it should not be thought enough to make them barely understand so many Greek or Latin sentences; but they should be asked their opinion of such an action or saying, and obliged to give their reasons why they take it to be good or bad. By this means they would insensibly arrive at proper notions of courage, temperance, honour, and justice.

"There must be great care taken how the example of any particular person is recommended to them in gross; instead of which they ought to be taught wherein such a man, though great in some respects, was weak and faulty in others. For want of this caution, a boy is so often dazzled with the story of a great character, that he confounds its beauties with its blemishes, and looks even upon the faulty part of it with an eye of admiration.

"I have often wondered how Alexander, who was naturally of a generous and merciful disposition, came to be guilty of so barbarous an action as that of dragging the governor of a town after his chariot. Now this is generally ascribed to his passion for Homer: but I lately met with a passage in Plutarch, which, if I am not very much mistaken, still gives us a clearer light into the motives of this action. Plutarch tells us, that Alexander in his youth had a master named Lysimachus, who, though he was a man destitute of all politeness, ingratiated himself both with Philip and his pupil, and became the second man at court, by calling the king Peleus, the prince Achilles, and himself Phoenix. It is no wonder if Alexander, having been thus used not only to admire but to personate Achilles, should think it glorious to imitate him in this piece of cruelty and extravagance.

"To carry this thought yet further, I shall submit to your consideration, whether, instead of a theme or copy of verses, which are the usual exercises, as they are called in the school phrase, it would not be more proper that a boy should be tasked, once or twice a week, to write down his opinion of such persons and things as occur to him by his reading; that he should descant upon the actions of Turnus or Eneas; show wherein they excelled, or were defective; censure or approve any particular action; observe how it might have been carried to a greater degree of perfection, and how it exceeded or fell short of another. He might at the same time mark what was moral in any speech, and how far it agreed with the character of the person speaking. This exercise would soon strengthen his judgment in what is blameable or praiseworthy, and give him an early seasoning of morality.

"Next to those examples which may be met with in books, I very much approve Horace's way of

setting before you the characters of the ancients; thus, this was the manner of inclining him to any aversion to any person. 'My father advised me to be contented with what I have. Do you not see, of Burrus, and the tunes of those of luxury and extravagance. I met me with an abler man, says he, 'make me may be happy in my How scandalous, bonius, who was man's wife!' The poet adds, that not at first follow orderly when he about him; so you by hearing the ill

"Xenophon's Cyrus the Great, us, that the Persians employed their principles of justice other countries and sciences; the day in hearing the the other, whether or ingratitude; a ment against the guilty of these crimes and short coat, for as a case equally

"The method of the Gymnosophists is still more curious as follow: 'When is served up, the scholar how he is rising: some of chosen as arbiters composed their decisions, that they their parents; and found out something or learnt it from But if there happens who cannot make the morning to be excluded from the the rest are at dinner

"It is not in ways of producing a general method to endeavour to instruct too soon taught the first impressions always the strongest

"The archbishop says, that, though in the art of knowing his friend's secret prince, 'went to his knees, and, as he was saying, 'O my friends,' the education of father, show it in all, do not omit

none of us likely to come to any great harm; and that, let them do their best, we shall in all probability live out the length of our days, and frequent the theatres more than ever. What makes me more desirous to have some reformation of this matter is, because of an ill consequence or two attending it: for a great many of our church musicians being related to the theatre, they have, in imitation of these epilogues, introduced, in their farewell voluntaries, a sort of music quite foreign to the design of church-services, to the great prejudice of well-disposed people. Those fingering gentlemen should be informed, that they ought to suit their airs to the place and business, and that the musician is obliged to keep to the text as much as the preacher. For want of this, I have found by experience a great deal of mischief. For when the preacher has often, with great piety and art enough, handled his subject, and the judicious clerk has with the utmost diligence culled out two staves proper to the discourse, and I have found in myself and in the rest of the pew, good thoughts and dispositions, they have been, all in a moment, dissipated by a merry jig from the organ-loft. One knows not what further ill effects the epilogues I have been speaking of may in time produce: but this I am credibly informed of, that Paul Lorrain\* has resolved upon a very sudden reformation in his tragical dramas; and that, at the next monthly performance, he designs, instead of a penitential psalm, to dismiss his audience with an excellent new ballad of his own composing. Pray, Sir, do what you can to put a stop to these growing evils, and you will very much oblige

"Your humble Servant,

"PHYSIBULUS."

No. 339.] SATURDAY, MARCH 29, 1712.

— Ut his exordia primis  
Omnia, et ipse tener mundi concrevit orbis.  
Tum darare solum et discludere Nereæ ponto  
Cuperit, et rerum paullatim sumere formas.  
Virg. Ecl. vi. 33.

He sung the secret seeds of nature's frame,  
How seas, and earth, and air, and active flame,  
Fell through the mighty void, and in their fall,  
Were blindly gather'd in this goodly ball.  
The tender soil then stiff'ning by degrees,  
Shut from the bounded earth the bounding seas.  
The earth and ocean various forms disclose,  
And a new sun to the new world arose.—DRYDEN

LONGINUS has observed, that there may be a greatness in sentiments where there is no passion, and he brings instances out of ancient authors to support this his opinion. The pathetic, as that great critic observes, may animate and inflame the subject, but is not essential to it. Accordingly, as he observes, we very often find that those who excel most in stirring up the passions very often want talent of writing in the great and sublime manner, and so on the contrary. Milton has shown himself a master in both these ways of writing. In the seventh book which we are now entering upon, an instance of that sublime which is not mixed and worked up with passion. The author appears in a kind of composed and sedate majesty; and though the sentiments do not give so great an emotion as those in the former book, they abound with

as magnificent and troubled ocean the seventh and in a calm, and producing in a

The critic which he lays way of writing should imitate have gone be works of the he writes on a how Homer w By this means flame from an copying servile shining passag up by Homer.

Milton, thou was capable of doubtless very ceptions by su nus has recom

In this book six days' wor assistance from to the wonder glorious stroke writ, the auth through the w critic I have has taken not the lawgiver d in the first ch other passage same majesty Milton has s in making use his poem, and eastern poetry imaginations of colder clim

Adam's spe an account of of nature be solemn. The that the day i upon such a s

And the s Much of h Held by t And longe His gener

The angel modest pursu which he assi very just and as we are told goes forth in with a host of jesty as beco according to exertion of C scription has one of the p chariots out mountains w

About his Cherub an And virtu From the Myriads h Against a

\* Paul Lorrain was the ordinary of Newgate at this time. Each place he held for many years: he died October 7, 1719. His accounts of the convicts executed at Tyburn, P. Lorrain generally represented them as true penitents, and dying very well, after having lived for the most part very ill: they are ungenerously styled Paul Lorrain's saints in the Tatler, No. 63.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

the creation rise up to view one after another, in such a manner, that the reader seems present at this wonderful work, and to assist among the choirs of angels who are the spectators of it. How glorious is the conclusion of the first day!

Thus was the first day ev'n and morn;  
Nor past uncelebrated, nor unsung,  
By the celestial choirs, when orient light  
Exhaling first from darkness they beheld;  
Birth-day of heav'n and earth! with joy and shout  
The hollow universal orb they fill'd.

We have the same elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth and the deep was made:

Immediately the mountains huge appear  
Emergent, and their broad bare backs up-beave  
Into the clouds, their tops ascend the sky:  
So high as heav'n the tumid hills, so low  
Down sunk a hollow bottom broad and deep,  
Capacious bed of waters—

We have also the rising of the whole vegetable world described in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have lavished on their description of the spring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally surprising and beautiful.

The several glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day:

First in his east the glorious lamp was seen,  
Regent of day, and all the horizon round,  
Invested with bright rays, jocund to run  
His longitude through heaven's high road; the gray  
Dawn, and the Pleiades before him danc'd,  
Shedding sweet influence. Less bright the moon,  
But opposite in levell'd west was set  
His mirror, with full face borrowing her light  
From him, for other lights she needed none  
In that aspect, and still that distance keeps  
Till night; then in the east her turn she shines,  
Revolv'd on heaven's great axle, and her reign  
With thousand lesser lights dividual holds,  
With thousand thousand stars, that then appear'd  
Spangling the hemisphere—

One would wonder how the poet could be so concise in his description of the six days' works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an episode and at the same time, so particular, as to give a lively idea of them. This is still more remarkable in his account of the fifth and sixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the noblest productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a most exquisite spirit of poetry in this account which our author gives us of them. The sixth day concludes with the formation of man, upon which the angel takes occasion, as he did at the battle in heaven, to remind Adam of his audience, which was the principal design of this visit.

The poet afterward represents the Messiah returning into heaven, and taking a survey of his great work. There is something inexpressibly sublime in this part of the poem, where the author describes that great period of time, filled with so many glorious circumstances; when the heavens and earth were finished; when the Messiah ascended in triumph through the everlasting gates; when he looked down with pleasure upon his new creation when every part of nature seemed to rejoice in existence, when the morning-stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy.

So ev'n and morn accomplish'd the sixth day:  
Yet not till the Creator from his work  
Desisting, though unwearied, up return'd,

Up to the heaven of heavens, his high abode;  
Thence to behold his new created world.  
Th' addition of his empire, how it shew'd  
In prospect from his throne, how good, how fair,  
Answering his great idea. Up he rode,  
Follow'd with acclamation and the sound  
Symphonious of ten thousand harps, that tun'd  
Angelic harmonies: the earth, the air  
Resounded (thou rememberest, for thou heard'st)  
The heavens and all the constellations rung,  
The planets in their station list'ning stood,  
While the bright pomp ascended jubilant.  
"Open, ye everlasting gates!" they sung,  
"Open, ye heavens, your living doors! let in  
The great Creator from his work return'd  
Magnificent, his six days' work—a world."

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning a poem which has lately appeared under that title.\* The work was undertaken with so good an intention, and is executed with so great a mastery, that it deserves to be looked upon as one of the most useful and noble productions in our English verse. The reader cannot but be amazed to find the depths of philosophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry, and to see so great a length of reason amidst so beautiful a redundancy of the imagination. The author has shown us that signs in all the works of nature which necessarily lead us to the knowledge of the first cause. In short, he has illustrated, by numberless and incontestible instances, that divine wisdom which the son of Sirach has so nobly ascribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that "He created her, he saw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works."—L.

No. 340.] MONDAY, MARCH 31, 1712.

Quis novus hic nostris successit sedibus hospes?  
Quem sese cre ferens: quam forti pectore et armis!  
VIRG. *Æn.* iv. 10.

What chief is this that visits us from far,  
Whose gallant mien bespeaks him train'd to war?

I TAKE it to be the highest instance of a noble mind, to bear great qualities without discovering in man's behaviour any consciousness that he is superior to the rest of the world. Or, to say it otherwise, it is the duty of a great person so to demean himself, as that whatever endowments he may have, he may appear to value himself upon no qualities but such as any man may arrive at. He ought to think no man valuable but for his public merit, justice, and integrity: and all other endowments to be esteemed only as they contribute to the exerting those virtues. Such a man, if he is wise and valiant, knows it is of no consideration to other men that he is so, but as he employs those high talents for their use and service. He who affects the praises and addresses of a multitude, or assumes to himself a pre-eminence upon any other consideration, must soon turn admiration into contempt. It is certain that there can be no merit in any man who is not conscious of it; but the sense that it is valuable only according to the application of it, makes that superiority amiable, which would otherwise be invidious. In this light it is considered as a thing in which every man bears a share. It annexes the ideas of dignity, power, and fame, in an agreeable and familiar manner, to him who is conscious of it; and all men who are strangers to him

are naturally inclined to hold the person of him in whose favour they are formed something

Whether such men have a yearning for heroic worth; and parts of this kind, they have them an exact aspect of the principal has done such work. It would puzzle to

the sort of man to hear of by the desire a description of something that concerns their own circumstances, friend of mine is exact in my account had marched an Alps; and, if possible, a peasant who showed a map, be yet lively and versatile, who is a man of humanity, desires an opportunity, in observing his highness and

fancies work according to circumstances and circumstances with admiration, waited for his arrival. my correspondent is curious a Spectator Eugene.\* It was now, to answer a

written to me on to find words to let there is in his countenance how daring he is at Turin; but in general him will easily express be imagined, or man. The prince of man most easily height to be grace, ceremony, and no patch: his aspect lively and thoughtful; his action noble, able, and his behaviour graceful in a certain the rest, and because of receiving the person, and completely exact and beautiful thing sublime, with his quality or character of his mind. It is sense of much content in it; and he is rather to return to gratify any taste. As his thoughts they are as little and magnificence either case, no fiercest methods of this hero has the enterprises that

\* Creation, a philosophical poem; demonstrating the existence and providence of God. In seven books. By Sir Charles Blackmore, Knt. M.D. and fellow of the college of physicians in London.

\* He stood god named Eugene after



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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DRYDEN.

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tial to it.

Oldfield is no

is time turned

more Andromache, but Mrs. Oldfield; and thou  
the poet had left Andromache stone-dead upon  
stage, as your ingenious correspondent phrases.  
Mrs. Oldfield might still have spoken a merry e-  
logue. We have an instance of this in a trage-  
where there is not only a death, but a martyrdo  
St. Catherine was there personated by Nell Gwynn  
she lies stone-dead upon the stage, but, upon the  
gentlemen's offering to remove her body, she  
business it is to carry off the slain in our English  
tragedies, she breaks out into that abrupt begi-  
ning, of what was very ludicrous, but at the same  
time thought a very good epilogue:

Hold! are you mad? you damn'd confounded dog  
I am to rise and speak the epilogue.

"This diverting manner was always practised by  
Mr. Dryden, who, if he was not the best writer of  
tragedies in his time, was allowed by every one to  
have the happiest turn for a prologue or an ep-  
logue. The epilogues to Cleomenes, Don Sebastian  
The Duke of Guise, Aurengzebe, and Love Tri-  
umphant, are all precedents of this nature.

"I might further justify this practice by that ex-  
cellent epilogue which was spoken, a few years  
since, after the tragedy of Phædra and Hippolytus;  
with a great many others, in which the authors had  
endeavoured to make the audience merry. If they  
have not all succeeded so well as the writer of this  
they have however shown that it was not for want  
of good-will.

"I must further observe, that the gaiety of it may  
be still the more proper, as it is at the end of the  
French play; since every one knows that nations  
who are generally esteemed to have as polite a taste  
as any in Europe, always close their tragic enter-  
tainments with what they call a *petite pièce*, which  
is purposely designed to raise mirth, and send away  
the audience well pleased. The same person who  
has supported the chief character in the tragedy  
very often plays the principal part in the *petite*  
*pièce*; so that I have myself seen, at Paris, Orestes  
and Lubin acted the same night by the same man.

"Tragi-comedy, indeed, you have yourself, in your  
former speculation, found fault with very justly  
because it breaks the tide of the passions while they  
are yet flowing; but this is nothing at all to the  
present case, where they have had already their full  
course.

"As the new epilogue is written conformably to  
the practice of our best poets, so it is not such a one  
which, as the Duke of Buckingham says in his Re-  
hearsal, might serve for any other play; but which  
rises out of the occurrences of the piece it was com-  
posed for.

"The only reason your mournful correspondent  
gives against this facetious epilogue, as he calls  
it, that he has a mind to go home melancholy, I  
wish the gentleman may not be more grave than  
wise. For my own part, I must confess, I think  
very sufficient to have the anguish of a fictitious  
piece remain upon me while it is representing; and  
I love to be sent home to bed in a good humour.  
Physibulus is, however, resolved to be inconsolable  
and not to have his tears dried up, he need not  
continue his old custom, and, when he has had his  
half-crown's worth of sorrow, slink out before the  
epilogue begins.

\* A tragedy by Mr. Edmund Neal, known by the name of  
Smith, 8vo. 1707. Addison wrote a prologue to this play  
when Italian operas were in vogue, to rally the vulgar taste  
of the town in preferring sound to sense. Prior wrote the e-  
pilogue here mentioned.

"It is pleasant enough to hear this tragical genius complaining of the great mischief Andromache had done him. What was that? Why, she made him laugh. The poor gentleman's sufferings put me in mind of Harlequin's case, who was tickled to death. He tells us soon after, through a small mistake of sorrow for rage, that during the whole action he was so very sorry, that he thinks he could have attacked half a score of the fiercest Mohocks in the excess of his grief. I cannot but look upon it as a happy accident, that a man who is so bloody-minded in his affliction was diverted from this fit of outrageous melancholy. The valour of this gentleman in his distress brings to one's memory the Knight of the Sorrowful Countenance, who lays about him at such an unmerciful rate in an old romance. I shall readily grant him that his soul, as he himself says, would have made a very ridiculous figure, had it quitted the body, and descended to the poetical shades, in such an encounter.

"As to his conceit of tacking a tragic head with a comic tail, in order to refresh the audience, it is such a piece of jargon, that I don't know what to make of it.

"The elegant writer makes a very sudden transition from the playhouse to the church, and from thence to the gallows.

"As for what relates to the church, he is of opinion that the epilogues have given occasion to those merry jigs from the organ-loft, which have dissipated those good thoughts and dispositions he has found in himself, and the rest of the pew, upon the singing of two staves culled out by the judicious and diligent clerk.

"He fetches his next thought from Tyburn; and seems very apprehensive lest there should happen any innovations in the tragedies of his friend Paul Lorrain.

"In the mean time, Sir, this gloomy writer, who is so mightily scandalized at a gay epilogue after a serious play, speaking of the fate of those unhappy wretches who are condemned to suffer an ignominious death by the justice of our laws, endeavours to make the reader merry on so improper an occasion, by those poor burlesque expressions of tragical dramas and monthly performances.

"I am, Sir, with great respect,

"Your most obedient, most humble Servant,

X.

"PHILOMEDES."

No. 342.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 2, 1712.

Justice parties sunt non violare homines; verecundia non offendere.—TULL.

Justice consists in doing no injury to men; decency, in giving them no offence.

As regard to decency is a great rule of life in general, but more especially to be consulted by the female world, I cannot overlook the following letter, which describes an egregious offender.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I was this day looking over your papers; and reading in that of December the 6th, with great delight, the amiable grief of Asteria for the absence of her husband, it threw me into a great deal of reflection. I cannot say but this arose very much from the circumstances of my own life, who am a soldier, and expect every day to receive orders, which will oblige me to leave behind me a wife that is very dear to me, and that very deservedly. She

is at present, for conjugal some women wherein my w a reluctance, my duty. W example of a as well as I cer of good pened, in a co to a country g ceived with th which men of diers whom a ventures, has a easy, and agre time, and had unavoidable c with the beaut ter. People struck with ev they take the could live in e much happier The turbulent used to made all the advant among the re might enter in Sylvana wou world is so d that Hortensi act of genero highest merit, who had notl tions. The w house. Whe did not propo cumstances o as his darling that it was in of sense could and therefore luable jewels. nish her, that it was an oste to a woman l her to consid take these ma gowns, the la her air and b pear she dres humour that v had for the tr woman, Hort stay with her As soon as H her looking-g was wholly o and she was o the rest of m much greater for one so ge very witty, th town. She t excellence fro to the absence is now the g shut out the t retinue of th produced; to all Hortensi

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that doctrine to this day. "Sir Paul Rycant says he," gives us an account of several well-to-do Mahometans that purchase the freedom of any little land they see confined to a cage, and think they merit as much by it as we should, hereby rendering any of our countrymen free in the vicinity at Algiers. "You must know," says Will, "the reason is, because they consider every Mahometan as a brother or sister Mahometan; and they consider themselves obliged to extend their charity even to such mean circumstances. "They do this," says Will, "that the soul of a Mahometan, when he dies, immediately passes into that of a Christian man, or of some brute, which he can't bear in his humour, or his fortune, when he is converted to us."

As I was wondering what this profusion of fear and awe signified. Will told us, that "Jack Frences a horse-dealer, who was a fellow of whom made love to a great deal of the scholars who throw away all their fondness for their books, monkeys, and lap-dogs. Upon going to Paris one fine morning, he writ a very pretty epigram upon this kind of Jack," says he, "was conducted into the parliament, where he diverted himself for some time with her favourite monkey, which was chained in one of the windows. till at length observing her services, and as he was by him, he writ the following libel to his mistress in the person of the monkey; and upon the next morning, coming down so soon as he expected in the window, and went about his business. "The lady soon after coming into the parlour, and seeing her monkey look upon a paper with great earnestness, took it up, and to this day is in such a flutter," says Will, "whether it was written by Jack or the monkey."

"MAYNARD,

"Not having the gift of speech, I have a long time wasted in vain for an opportunity of making myself known to you: and having at present the conveniences of pen, ink, and paper, by me, I shall take the occasion of giving you my history in writing, which I could not do by word of mouth. You must know, Madam, that about a thousand years ago I was an Indian brachman, and versed in all those mysterious secrets which your European philosopher, called Pythagoras, is said to have learned from our fraternity. I had so ingratiated myself by my great skill in the occult sciences with a deity whom I used to converse with, that he promised to grant me whatever I should ask him. I desired that my soul might never pass in the body of a brute creature; but this, I found, was not in his power to grant me. I then begged that, into whatever creature I should chance to transmute, I might still retain my memory, as he consented that I was the same person who lived in different animals. This, he told me, was what I desired, and accordingly promised, on the word of a deity, that he would grant me what I desired. From that time forth I lived so very unbrachman, that I was made president of a college of brachmans, in which I discharged with great integrity the duty of my office.

"I was then shuttled into another human body, and directed my part so well in it, that I became the favourite of the people, who were given up to the tanks of Greece. I have been in great honour for a thousand years, and have enjoyed all the immunities of a brachman, being obliged to rule and oppress people to enrich my sovereign; till at length I became so odious, that my master, to recover his cre-

jects, shot me through the heart with a bullet. I was one day addressing myself to him of his army.

My next remove, I found myself in the shape of a jackal, and soon listed in the service of a lion. I used to yelp near about midnight, which was his time of seeking after his prey. He always followed in the rear, and when I had run down a wild goat, or a hare, after he had feasted fully upon it himself, would now and then come to the bone that was but half-picked, for my entertainment; but, upon my being unsuccessful in my chases, he gave me such a confounded thrashing, that I died of it.

My next transmigration, I was again set upon and became an Indian tax-gatherer: but being guilty of great extravagances, and owing to an expensive jade of a wife, I ran into debt, that I durst not show my head. I sooner step out of my house but I was followed by somebody or other that lay in wait for me, and ventured abroad one night in the dusk of the evening, I was taken up and hurried into a cage, where I died a few months after.

I then entered into a flying fish, and in due season led a most melancholy life for the space of a year. Several fishes of prey pursued me in the water; and if I betook myself to land, it was ten to one but I had a flock of gulls at me. As I was one day flying amidst the English ships, I observed a huge sea-gull with a long bill, and hovering just over my head: I was dipping into the water to avoid him, I felt the bite of a monstrous shark, that swallowed me in an instant.

Some years afterward, to my great surprise, I found myself a banker in Lombard-street; and I found how I had formerly suffered for want of money. I became so very sordid and avaricious, that the town cried shame of me. I was a little old fellow to look upon; for I had starved myself, and was nothing but skin and bone when I died.

Afterward very much troubled and amazed myself, I dwindled into an emmet. I was concerned to make so insignificant a figure, and I know but some time or other I might be a mite, if I did not mend my manners. I applied myself with great diligence to the duties that were allotted to me, and was generally respected as the most industrious ant in the whole mole-hill. At last I was picked up, as I was groaning in my den, by an unlucky cock-sparrow, that I met in my neighbourhood, and had before made great pretensions upon our commonwealth.

My condition a little bettered, I lived some time in the shape of a bee; but being weary of the painful and penurious life I had undergone my two last transmigrations, I fell into a desperate, and turned drone. As I one day went out to plunder a hive, we were received by the swarm which defended it, that we were left dead upon the spot.

I tell you of many other transmigrations that I have been through; how I was a town-rake, and did penance in a bay gelding for ten years; how I was a tailor, a shrimp, and at the last of these my shapes, I was shot dead on the holidays by a young jackanapes, who needs try his new gun upon me.

shall pass over these and several other

stages of life, to remind you of the love I made to you about six years ago. I remember, Madam, how I used to sing, and played a thousand tricks, and how he was at last caught under your window. It was that unfortunate you were then so cruel. Not knowing my unlucky body, I found myself where I lived in my present shape. I was caught by a servant of yours, sent over into Great Britain, to show you how I came into your power. This is not the first time that I have been in your chain: I am, however, very grateful to you for your civility, as you often bestowed your caresses which I would have been very glad to receive when I was a man. I hope no person will not tend to my cure, and you will still continue your

"Your most devoted

"P.S. I would advise you to keep out of my way; for, I am the most formidable of my kind, or other to give him such a thrashing as he likes."—L.

#### No. 344.] FRIDAY

— In solo vivendi

Such, whose sole bliss is to be alone,  
But that one brutal reason

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I THINK it has not yet been discoursed on little ambition, which ways men fall into, to destroy their acquaintance. Such a man, if he would make a pretty thing of himself, am got into a great deal of trouble (as most extraordinary occasions seem to do) from a mere accident. I was, some time ago, unfortunately engaged to a man, who esteemed a man of food he throws down at a man for distinguishing myself. I was of superiority which the reason, ate so immoderately for like to have cost me my life. My misfortune was, that having a stomach, and having lived a body was as well prepared for it had been by appointment quished every glutton in the world. I was such a prodigy in his merry during the whole of my life, sensibly betrayed me to a man which in a little time conducted me to my rival; after which I ate a considerable proportion of the victuals thought me obliged to me, effect, however, of this engagement, I resolve never to eat more pursuant to this resolution, I had depending on the strength which happened very luckily related in our articles either a man of common sense could hard to determine: but the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

as of my age, several got when they came about for the offering, that they also gave me charity with a very good air, but time, lost, and the same time asked the churchwarden if he would forget to bid me take a pinch. Pray, Sir, think on these things; and I resolve to do so, and you will oblige,

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" Sir,  
" Your most humble Servant."

NO. 35. SATURDAY, APRIL 5, 1712.

Scit. The first of the paper, capricious of the  
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The arguments which Raphael gives of the fault of being idle, and the creation of the world have a number of suppositions which the critics judge to be too open. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a just connexion with the story.

The fourth book opens with a beautiful description of the happiness which this discourse of the arch angel has made in Adam's parents. Adam, afterwards by a very fine and easy, inquires concerning the condition of the world, and the bodies which make it. Raphael answers him, and among the six days of creation. He speaks here with a great deal of art, and shows the way from this part of the story to the next, which is the history of the fall.

He well opens that the open book is a book which is filled with Adam's account of his passion, and the reason for it, which would have been in proper to be told, and which is here devised very judiciously, and beautifully, as for his retiring.

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The angel's returning a faithful answer to Adam's inquiries was not only proper for the moral reason, but also for the story, but because it would have been too long to have given the summary of the whole, and the particular system of philosophy. He contented himself to mention, and open up, these, and concluded with great consciousness of propriety, and at the same time dressed in very plain and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the angel, enters afterwards upon his own history, and relates to him the circumstances in which he found himself upon his creation, and his conversation with his Maker, and his first meeting with Eve. There is no part of the poem more proper to raise the attention of the reader than this discourse of our great ancestor; as nothing can be more surprising and delightful to us, than to hear the sentiments that arose in the first man,

was yet new and fresh from the hands of our. The poet has interwoven every thing delivered upon this subject in holy writ with beautiful imaginations of his own, that can be conceived more just and natural whole episode. As our author knew this could not but be agreeable to his reader, he trow it into the relation of his six days' at reserved it for a distinct episode, that he give an opportunity of expatiating upon it large. Before I enter on this part of the cannot but take notice of two shining passages the dialogue between Adam and the angel. is that wherein our ancestor gives an account the pleasure he took in conversing with which contains a very noble moral :

while I sit with thee I seem in heav'n,  
sweeter thy discourse is to my ear  
a fruits of palm-trees (pleasante to thirst  
lunger both, from labour) at the hour  
sweet repast; they satiate, and soon fill,  
ugh pleasant; but thy words, with grace divine  
ted, bring to their sweetness no satiety.

her I shall mention is that in which the es a reason why he should be glad to hear Adam was about to relate :

that day was absent, as befel,  
d on a voyage uncouth and obscure,  
in excursion towards the gates of hell  
r'd in full legion (such command we had)  
se that none thence issued forth a spy,  
semy, while God was in his work,  
he incens'd at such eruption bold,  
necelon with creation might have mix'd.

is no question but our poet drew the image follows from that in Virgil's sixth book, neas and the Sibyl stand before the adagates, which are there described as shut place of torments, and listen to the groans, of chains, and the noise of iron whips, heard in those regions of pain and sorrow.

—Fast, we found, fast shut,  
fismal gates, and barricado'd strong;  
ong ere our approaching, heard within  
, other than the sound of dance or song,  
ent, and loud lament, and furious rage.

then proceeds to give an account of his and sentiments immediately after his creaw agreeably does he represent the posture he found himself, the beautiful landscape inded him, and the gladness of heart which i him on that occasion !

—As new wak'd from soundest sleep,  
n the flow'ry herb I found me laid  
my sweet, which with his beams the sun  
dry'd, and on the reeking moisture fed.  
h toward heaven my wond'ring eyes I turn'd,  
and awhile the ample sky : till rais'd  
w'k instinctive motion, up I sprung,  
herward endeavouring, and upright  
on my feet. About me round I saw  
like, and shady woods, and sunny plains,  
quid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,  
resthat liv'd and mov'd, and walk'd, or flew,  
on the branches warbling: all things smil'd  
fragrance, and with joy my heart o'erflow'd.

afterward described as surprised at his see, and taking a survey of himself and works of nature. He likewise is repre-discovering, by the light of reason, that ery thing about him, must have been the ome Being infinitely good and powerful, is Being had a right to his worship and His first address to the Sun, and to of the creation which made the most dis-  
ror—Nos. 51 & 52.

linguished figure, is very imagination :

"Thou Sun," said I,  
And thou enlighten'd  
Ye hills, and dales, y  
And ye that live and  
Tell, if ye saw, how

His next sentiment, sleep he fancies himself falling away into nothing admired. His dream, the consciousness of his removal into the garden reception, are also circ and grounded upon what

These, and the like part of the work, have novelty, at the same t graces of nature.

They are such as nor have thought of; though they seem to rise of the which he treats. In a tural, they are not obvi racter of all fine writing

The impression which of life left in the mind of with great strength and the several beasts and before him is very beautiful

—Each bird and  
Approaching two and two  
With blandishment; each  
I nam'd them as they pass'd

Adam, in the next place which he held with his solitude. The poet here Being as making an essaying to the trial that reason had endued his creature, vine colloquy, the impossible though he was the inhabit of the whole creation, w society of some rational take those blessings with is supported chiefly by the without other poetical ornaments in the whole poem. amines the justness and the more he will find him poet has wonderfully presty and condescension same time, that of human creature, as particularly

Thus I presumptuous : as  
As with a smile more bright  
— I with leave of speech  
And humble deprecation  
"Let not my words offend  
My Maker, be propitious

Adam then proceeds second sleep, and of the the formation of Eve. awakened in him at the s finely :

Under his forming hand  
Manlike, but diff'rent sex  
That what seem'd fairer  
Meen, or in her summer  
And in her looks, which  
Sweetness into my heart  
And into all things from  
The spirit of love and





erty. I am obliged to conceal all I know of the Bounteous," who lends at the ordinary rate, give men of less fortune opportunities of safer advantages. He conceals, under a distant behaviour, a bleeding compassionish tenderness. This is governed by exact circumspection, that there is no wanting in the person whom he is to serve, he is guilty of no improper expenses. This Tom; but who dare say it of so known the same care I was forced to use some in the report of another's virtue, and said of a hundred, because the man I pointed to. Actions of this kind are popular, being invidious; for every man of ordinary eyes looks upon a man who has this known in his nature as a person ready to be his in such terms as he ought to expect it; healthy, who may envy such a character, injury to its interests, but by the imitation which the good citizens will rejoice to be known not how to form to myself a greater than life, than in what is the practice of my men whom I could name, that make the improvement of their own fortunes, they do not also advance those of other would languish in poverty without that. In a nation where there are so many to be supported, I know not whether he is a good subject who does not embark of his fortune with the state, to whose views the security of the whole. This is an immediate way of laying an obligation many, and extending your benignity the man can possibly who is not engaged in.

But he who trades, besides giving the part of this sort of credit he gives his say, in all occurrences of life, have his eye wing want from the door of the industrious, being the unhappy upright man from bankruptcy without this benignity, pride or vengeance itate a man to choose the receipt of half from one whom he has undone, rather whole from one to whom he has shown this benignity is essential to the character of a trader, and any man who designs to enjoy with honour and self-satisfaction: nay, it is hard to maintain, that the practice of good and industrious men would carry them even to his profit than indulging the of serving and obliging the fortunate. Arguments on this subject, in order to incline us to those who want them most, after the: "We must always consider the necessities, and govern ourselves accordingly. My man, when he has repaid you, is upon with you; but the person whom you favour a loan, if he be a good man, will think your debt after he has paid you. The good and the conspicuous are not obliged by the you do them; they think they conferred a when they received one. Your good offices are suspected, and it is with them the same expect their favour as to receive it. But below you, who knows, in the good you of him, you respected himself more than his necessities, does not act like an obliged man only from whom he has received a benefit, but who are capable of doing him one. And little office he can do for you, he is so far from denying it, that he will labour to extenuate his actions and expressions. Moreover the

regard to what you do to a notice of no further than but what you do to a man, provided always that he is a raises the affections toward character (of which there are

There is nothing gains so much as his own practice about what act of benignity Spectator. Alas! that I compass: and I think that my patronage are either circumstances bear an affinity for, I am able to do at the tell the town, that on Friday April, there will be performed a concert of vocal and instrumental music in the benefit of Mr. Edward Keble's children; and that this Mr. Powell hopes all the good will favour him, whom the Timon, Lear, and Orestes night, when he hazards all approbation in the humble Falstaff.—T.

## No. 347.] TUESDAY

Quis furor, o cives! quæ

What blind, detested fit  
Such horrid licence to

I do not question but have been very much surprised they have met with in our cities of men among us, late Mohocks. I find the opinion of their origin and designs, is so much that very many indeed there were ever any terror which spread itself some years since on account in most people's memories appeared there was not the general consternation.

The late panic fear was deep and penetrating pain. These will have it, that the spectres and apparitions towns and villages in, though they were never seen. Others are apt to say are a kind of bull-beggar, married men, and masters deter their wives and daughters at unreasonable hours; them the "Mohocks" will of the same nature when they bid their children head and Bloody-bones.

For my own part, I am reason for the great alarm in upon this occasion; I must own, that I am in a following pieces are genuine more so, because I am name, by which the emblems altogether conformable to

I shall only further in some time since I received a manifesto, though, for I think fit to publish them

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maliciously  
enclosed our  
and pleasure  
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We do not  
particular,

KALADAR,  
ocks."

in Kaladar,

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ous city, of  
arms, noses,  
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proceedings;  
f any person  
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limbs, other-  
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subjects do

each of them keep within the respective quarters we have allotted to them. Provided, nevertheless, that nothing herein contained shall in any wise be construed to extend to the hunters, who have our full licence and permission to enter into any part of the town wherever their game shall lead them.

"And whereas we have nothing more at our imperial heart than the reformation of the cities of London and Westminster, which to our unspeakable satisfaction we have in some measure already effected, we do hereby earnestly pray and exhort all husbands, fathers, housekeepers, and masters of families, in either of the aforesaid cities, not only to repair themselves to their respective habitations at early and seasonable hours, but also to keep their wives and daughters, sons, servants, and apprentices, from appearing in the streets at those times and seasons which may expose them to military discipline, as it is practised by our good subjects the Mohocks; and we do further promise on our imperial word that as soon as the reformation aforesaid shall be brought about, we will forthwith cause all hostility to cease.

"Given from our court at the Devil-tavern,  
X. "March 15, 1712."

No. 348.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 9, 1712.

Invidiam placare parvas, virtute relicta?—Hos. 2 Sat. in 12.  
To shun detraction, would'st thou virtue fly?

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE not seen you lately at any of the places where I visit, so that I am afraid you are wholly unacquainted with what passes among my part of the world, who are, though I say it, without controversy, the most accomplished and best bred of the town. Give me leave to tell you, that I am extremely discomposed when I hear scandal, and am an utter enemy to all manner of detraction, and think it the greatest meanness that people of distinction can be guilty of. However, it is hardly possible to come into company where you do not find them pulling one another to pieces, and that from no other provocation but that of hearing any one commended. Merit, both as to wit and beauty is become no other than the possession of a few trifling people's favour, which you cannot possibly arrive at, if you have really any thing in you that is deserving. What they would bring to pass is, to make all good and evil consist in report, and wild whispers, calumnies, and impertinencies, to have the conduct of those reports. By this means, innocents are blas'd upon their first appearance in town; and there is nothing more required to make a young woman the object of envy and hatred, than to deserve love and admiration. This abominable endeavour to suppress or lessen every thing that is praiseworthy is as frequent among the men as the women. If I can remember what passed at a visit last night, it will serve as an instance that the sexes are equally inclined to defamation, with equal malice and impotence. Jack Triplett came into my Lady Airy's about eight of the clock. You know the manner we sit at a visit, and I need not describe the circle; but Mr. Triplett came in, introduced by two tapers supported by a spruce servant, whose hat is under a cap till my lady's candles are all lighted up, and the hour of ceremony begins; I say Jack Triplett came in, and singing (for he is really good company) 'Every feature charming creature'—he went on, 'It is a most unreasonable thing, that

cannot go peaceably to see their friends, but orderers are let loose. Such a shape! such what a glance was that as her chariot passed!"—My lady herself interrupted him; "Pray, his fine thing!"—"I warrant," says another, "creature I was telling your ladyship of just 'You were telling of?' says Jack; 'I wish you were so happy as to have come in and heard or I have not words to say what she is; but recable height, a modest air, a virgin shame, patience of being beheld amidst a blaze of sound charms.'—The whole room flew—'Oh, Mr. Triplett!'—When Mrs. Loft, a prude, said she knew whom the gentleman but she was indeed, as he civilly represented patient of being beheld—Then turning to next to her—'The most unbred creature I saw!' Another pursued the discourse: 'As madam, as you may think her, she is ex- belied if she is the novice she appears; she t week at a ball till two in the morning; Mr. t knows whether he was the happy man that ure of her home; but'—This was followed e particular exception that each woman in n made to some peculiar grace or advantage; Mr. Triplett was beaten from one limb and to another, till he was forced to resign the woman. In the end, I took notice Triplett ed all this malice in his heart; and saw in intenance, and a certain waggish shrug, that igned to repeat the conversation: I therefore discourse die, and soon after took an occasion commend a certain gentleman of my acquaint- for a person of singular modesty, courage, ty, and withal as a man of an entertaining sation, to which advantages he had a shape inner peculiarly graceful. Mr. Triplett, who man's man, seemed to hear me with patience a commend the qualities of his mind. He heard indeed but that he was a very honest and no fool; but for a fine gentleman, he ak pardon. Upon no other foundation than fr. Triplett took occasion to give the gentle- pedigree, by what methods some part of the was acquired, how much it was beholden to a age for the present circumstances of it: after could see nothing but a common man in his a, his breeding, or understanding.

hus, Mr. Spectator, this impertinent humour inishing every one who is produced in conver- to their advantage, runs through the world; am, I confess, so fearful of the force of ill a, that I have begged of all those who are my ishers never to commend me, for it will but my frailties into examination; and I had be unobserved, than conspicuous for disputed tions. I am confident a thousand young , who would have been ornaments to society, from fear of scandal, never dared to exert elves in the polite arts of life. Their lives ased away in an odious rusticity, in spite of advantages of person, genius, and fortune.

is a vicious terror of being blamed in some elined people, and a wicked pleasure in sup- og them in others; both which I recommend r spectatorial wisdom to animadvert upon: ! you can be successful in it, I need not say uch you will deserve of the town; but new ill owe to you their beauty, and new wits me.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

"MARY."

No. 349.] THURSDAY

—Quos ille timor  
Maximus haud urget.  
In ferrum mens prona  
Mortis— LUCAN.

Thrice happy they be  
Who that worst fear,  
Hence they no cares  
But rash undaunted  
Provoke approaching  
To spare that life which

I AM very much pleased of Phalaris,\* to one young man of great merit, he comforts the afflicted memory, as follows:—I had set a kind of seal placed him out of the that, while he lived, he of falling away from which he was possessed reputation, and deter-

This, among other why we are naturally into a man's praise to Whilst he is capable to retract our opinion we have conceived of appear to us under a does at present. In cannot be called happy it be pronounced viclusion of it.

It was upon this co being asked whether himself, deserved me must first see us die, tion can be answered

As there is not a m to a good man than change, so there is n keep up a uniformity the beauty of his cha-

The end of a man's winding up of a well- cipal persons still a fate is which they un person in the Greci death has not been or other, and censur the genius or princip scanted on it. Mont particular in setting of Petronius Arbitr thinks he discovers mind and resolution Cato, or Socrates.

polite author's affect his remarks, and me caped the observation this course of reflect that he died in the s he lived: but as hi dissolute, the indiffer close of it is to be lo carelessness and levi resolution of Socrate motives, the consciou

\* The reader hardly n of the epistles of Phalaris; but if the letters who wrote them.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ingenious  
with gaiety  
ve found a  
ryman Sir

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t and plea-  
au epistle  
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s respected  
e suffered.  
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e last. He  
rt upon the  
table; and  
e instances  
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ary occur-  
th his life.  
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e put an end  
cipal officers,  
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was carried,  
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n open litter,  
uraging them  
religion and  
to go against  
t agonies, he  
his army, and  
erward ended  
e Moors. He  
engagement,  
was again re-  
finger on his  
ra who stood

about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.—L

## No. 350.] FRIDAY, APRIL 11, 1721.

*Ea animi elatio quæ cernitur in periculis, et iustitia vacat pugnatque pro suis commodis, in vitio est.*—TULL.

That elevation of mind which is displayed in dangers, if it wants justice, and fights for its own conveniency, is vicious.

CAPTAIN SENTRY was last night at the club, and produced a letter from Ipswich, which his correspondent desired him to communicate to his friend the Spectator. It contained an account of an engagement between a French privateer, commanded by one Dominick Pottiere, and a little vessel of that place laden with corn, the master whereof, as I remember, was one Goodwin. The Englishman defended himself with incredible bravery, and beat off the French, after having been boarded three or four times. The enemy still came on with greater fury, and hoped by his number of men to carry the prize; till at last the Englishman, finding himself sink apace, and ready to perish, struck; but the effect which this singular gallantry had upon the captain of the privateer was no other than an unmanly desire of vengeance for the loss he had sustained in his several attacks. He told the Ipswich man in speaking-trumpet, that he would not take him aboard, and that he stayed to see him sink. The Englishman at the same time observed a disorder in the vessel which he rightly judged to proceed from the disdain which the ship's crew had of their captain's intemperance. With this hope he went into his boat, and approached the enemy. He was taken in by the sailors in spite of their commander: but, though they received him against his command, they treated him, when he was in the ship, in the manner he directed. Pottiere caused his men to hold Goodwin while he beat him with a stick, till he fainted with loss of blood and rage of heart; after which he ordered him into irons, without allowing him any food, but such as one or two of the men stole to him under peril of the like usage: and having kept him several days overwhelmed with the misery, stench, hunger, and soreness, he brought him to Calais. The governor of the place was soon acquainted with all that had passed, dismissed Pottiere from his charge with ignominy, and gave Goodwin all the relief which a man of honour would bestow upon an enemy barbarously treated, to recover the imputation of cruelty upon his prince and country.

When Mr. Sentry had read his letter, full of many other circumstances which aggravate the barbarity, he fell into a sort of criticism upon magnanimity and courage, and argued that they were inseparable; and that courage, without regard to justice and humanity, was no other than the fierceness of a wild beast. "A good and truly bold spirit," continued he, "is ever actuated by reason, and sense of honour and duty. The affectation of a spirit exerts itself in an impudent aspect, an overbearing confidence, and a certain negligence giving offence. This is visible in all the cocky youths you see about this town, who are noisy assemblies, unawed by the presence of wise and virtuous men; in a word, insensible of all the honours and decencies of human life. A shameful fellow takes advantage of merit clothed with modesty and magnanimity, and, in the eyes of little people, appears sprightly and agreeable: while the man of resolution and true gallantry is overlooked and regarded, if not despised. There is a propriety

and I believe what you scholars call just  
e, in opposition to turgid and bombast  
may give you an idea of what I mean.  
modesty is the certain indication of a  
t, and impudence the affectation of it.  
ites with judgment, and never rises into  
araths, manifests the true force of genius;  
mer, he who is quiet and equal in all his  
is supported in that deportment by what  
ll true courage. Alas! it is not so easy  
be a brave man as the unthinking part of  
nagine. To dare is not all that there is  
privateer we were just now talking of  
ss enough to attack his enemy, but not  
f mind enough to admire the same quality  
that enemy in defending himself. Thus  
d little mind was wholly taken up in the  
ard to the prize of which he failed, and  
done to his own vessel; and therefore  
honest man, who defended his own from  
manner as he would a thief that should

s equally disappointed, and had not spirit  
consider, that one case would be laudable,  
her criminal. Malice, rancour, hatred,  
are what tear the breasts of mean men  
ut fame, glory, conquests, desires of op-  
to pardon and oblige their opposers, are  
in the minds of the gallant." The cap-  
his discourse with a specimen of his  
ng; and gave us to understand that he  
French author on the subject of justness  
gallantry. "I love," said Mr. Sentry,  
who mixes the rules of life with annota-  
writers. My author," added he, "in his  
pon epic poetry, takes occasion to speak  
e quality of courage drawn in the two  
haracters of Turnus and Æneas. He  
rage the chief and greatest ornament of  
ut in Æneas are many others which out-  
among the rest, that of piety. Turnus is,  
all along painted by the poet full of os-  
his language haughty and vain-glorious,  
his honour in the manifestation of his  
neas speaks little, is slow to action, and  
a sort of defensive courage. If equipage  
s make Turnus appear more courageous  
as, conduct and success prove Æneas  
it than Turnus."—T.

J. SATURDAY, APRIL 12 1712.

le cinnis domus inclinata recumbit.

VIRG. *Æn.* xii. 59.

thee the fortunes of our house depend.

ook into the three great heroic poems  
appeared in the world, we may observe  
are built upon very slight foundations.  
d near 300 years after the Trojan war;  
e writing of history was not then in use  
Greeks, we may very well suppose that  
n of Achilles and Ulysses had brought  
very few particulars to his knowledge;  
re is no question but he has wrought into  
ms such of their remarkable adventures  
l talked of among his contemporaries.  
y of Æneas, on which Virgil founded  
was likewise very bare of circumstances,  
t meats afforded him an opportunity of  
g it with fiction, and giving a full range

to his own invention. V  
has interwoven, in the co  
cipal particulars, which  
among the Romans, of A  
ment in Italy.

The reader may find an  
story, as collected out of  
as it was received among  
Halicarnassus.

Since none of the critic  
fable with relation to this  
not, perhaps, be amiss to  
far as regards my present  
into the abridgement above  
the character of Æneas  
gods, and a superstitious  
oracles, and predictions.

served his character in the  
given a place in his poet  
phesies which he found r  
and tradition. The poet  
they came down to him,

after his own manner,  
more natural, agreeable,  
very many readers have  
crous prophecy which one  
to the Trojans in the thir  
fore they had built their  
be reduced by hunger to e  
when they hear that this  
stances that had been tra  
the history of Æneas, th  
very well in taking not  
above mentioned acquaint  
foretold Æneas, he should  
till his companions should  
accordingly, upon his lan  
eating their flesh upon c  
other conveniences, they  
themselves; upon which  
merrily, "We are eating  
mediately took the hint, a  
cluded the prophecy to b  
not think it proper to ou  
in the history of Æneas,  
consider with how much  
it, and taken off every  
appeared improper for a p  
The prophetess who fore  
as the person who discov

Heus etiam menas conamim  
See, we devour the plates on

Such an observation,  
mouth of a boy, would  
any other of the company  
the changing of the Troja  
which is the most viol  
Æneid, and has given off  
be accounted for the same  
fore he begins that relati  
was going to tell appear  
was justified by tradition  
me that this change of t  
circumstance in the histo  
has given a place to the s  
account of the heathen m

None of the critics I  
sidered the fable of the  
taken notice how the tr  
founded authorizes those  
the most exceptionable.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

to the curious

Milton's poem  
Iliad or Æneid.

to insert every  
is fable. The  
sider, is raised  
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woman to eat  
overcome by  
followed her ex-

s, Milton has  
fables that in-  
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s whole story  
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the disposition  
the principal  
more story in

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the night, as  
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examined the

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he again re-  
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tion of man.  
gh the garden,

order to find  
d to tempt our  
something in it

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might find  
e found

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btle wiles.

cription of the  
le to a divine  
on of nature.

as curst, as a  
from all parts,  
the nostrils of

idea of Adam  
worship, and  
raise and ado-

nd'd  
hat breathe  
at praise

an pair,  
olt

our two first  
It proceeds  
passion, and

is managed with reason, not with heat. It is as  
a dispute as we may suppose might have happen  
in Paradise, had men continued happy and im-  
cent. There is a great delicacy in the moralit  
which are interspersed in Adam's discourse, a  
which the most ordinary reader cannot but ta-  
notice of. That force of love which the father  
mankind so finely describes in the eighth book, a  
which is inserted in my last Saturday's pap  
shows itself here in many fine instances; as in the  
fond regards he casts towards Eve at her parting  
from him:

Her long with ardent look his eye pursu'd  
Delighted, but desiring more her stay.  
Oft he to her his charge of quick return  
Repeated; she to him as oft engag'd  
To be return'd by noon amid the bow'r.

In his impatience and amusement during her  
absence:

Adam the while,  
Waiting desirous her return, had wove  
Of choicest flow'rs a garland to adorn  
Her tresses, and her rural labours crown.  
As reapers oft are wont their rural queen,  
Great joy he promis'd to his thoughts, and new  
Solace in her return, so long delay'd.

But particularly in that passionate speech, where  
seeing her irrecoverably lost, he resolves to part  
with her, rather than to live without her:

Some cursed fraud  
Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,  
And me with thee hath ruin'd: for with thee  
Certain my resolution is to die:  
How can I live without thee? How forego  
Thy sweet converse and love so dearly join'd,  
To live again in these wild woods forlorn?  
Should God create another Eve, and I  
Another rib afford, yet loss of thee  
Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel  
The link of nature draw me: flesh of flesh,  
Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy state  
Mine never shall be parted, bliss or woe!

The beginning of this speech, and the prepara-  
tion to it, are animated with the same spirit as the  
conclusion, which I have here quoted.

The several wiles which are put in practice by  
the tempter, when he found Eve separated from her  
husband, the many pleasing images of nature which  
are intermixed in this part of the story, with a  
gradual and regular progress to the fatal catastrophe  
are so very remarkable, that it would be superfluous  
to point out their respective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular sim-  
ilitudes in my remarks on this great work, because  
I have given a general account of them in a  
paper on the first book. There is one, however, in  
this part of the poem, which I shall here quote, as  
it is not only very beautiful, but the closest of all  
in the whole poem; I mean that where the serpent  
is described as rolling forward in all his pride, as  
animated by the evil spirit, and conducting Eve to his  
destruction, while Adam was at too great a distance  
from her to give her his assistance. These several  
particulars are all of them wrought into the follow-  
ing similitude:

Hope elevates, and joy  
Brightens his crest; as when a wandering bee,  
Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night  
Condenses, and the cold envious round,  
Kindled through agitation to a flame,  
(Which oft, they say, some evil spirit attends)  
Hovering and blazing with delusive light,  
Misleads th' amazed night-wanderer from his way  
To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool,  
There swallow'd up and lost, from succour far.

The secret intoxication of pleasure, with all the

flushings of guilt and joy, which the poet sets in our first parents upon eating the forbidden fruit, to those flaggings of spirit, damps of mind and mutual accusations which succeed it, are adorned with a wonderful imagination, and denote a very natural sentiments.

Dido, in the fourth *Aeneid*, yielded to that temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us she trembled, the heavens were filled with lightning, and the nymphs howled upon mountain tops. Milton, in the same poetical as described all nature as disturbed upon eating the forbidden fruit :

ring, her rash hand in evil hour,  
reaching to the fruit, she pluck'd, she ate :  
felt the wound, and Nature, from her seat  
g, through all her works gave signs of woe  
all was lost.

Adam's falling into the same guilt, the sensation appears a second time in convulsions :

—He scrupled not to eat  
at his better knowledge : not deceiv'd,  
only overcome with female charm,  
trembled from her entrails, as again  
sighs, and nature gave a second groan ;  
he w'd, and, muttering thunder, some sad drops  
at completing of the mortal sin.

Adam's nature suffered by the guilt of our first parents, the symptoms of trouble and consternation wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her sympathizing in the fall.

Adam's converse with Eve, after having eaten of the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Adam and Juno in the fourteenth *Iliad*. Juno approaches Jupiter with the girdle which she received from Venus ; upon which he tells her, she appeared more charming and desirable than ever done before, even when their loves were at the height. The poet afterward describes Adam reposing on a summit of Mount Ida, which he found under them a bed of flowers, the lotus, the hyacinth, and the hyacinth : and concludes his description with their falling asleep.

The reader compare this with the following in Milton, which begins with Adam's speech

never did thy beauty since the day  
when we first and wedded thee, adorn'd  
with all perfections, so inflame my sense  
with ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now  
than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree.  
He said he, and forbore not glance or toy  
of amorous intent, well understood  
Eve, whose eye darted contagious fire.  
Her hand he seized, and to a shady bank,  
shaded overhead with verdant roof embower'd,  
led her, nothing loath ; flowers were the couch,  
hyacinths, and violets, and asphodel,  
and hyacinths, Earth's freshest softest lap,  
where they their fill of love and love's disport  
took largely, of their mutual guilt the seal,  
in silence of their sin, till dewy sleep  
rested them.

It seems as if the poet had studied Homer, and that he more resembled him in the greatness of his genius, than Milton, I think I should have had a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not observed the most remarkable passages in his works like parallels in these two great authors. In the course of these criticisms, have taken many particular lines and expressions translated from the Greek poet ; but as I thought this would have appeared too minute and tedious, I have purposely omitted them. The

greater incidents, however, being shown in the same nature in Homer, I have also guarded against the charge of being ignorant.—L.

## No. 352.] MONEY.

—Si ad honestatem  
est, aut certe omni pondere  
liqua omnia.—TULL.

If we be made for honesty,  
certainly to be estimated  
things.

WILL HONEYCOMB.  
Yesterday that the conversation  
of late years, that a fine  
matter to start a discussion  
in with the talk he gave  
takes notice, that the  
sun which he supposes  
not mentioned by any  
age. "Men," said he  
they ever did since the  
If you read the tragedians  
the artful men, and  
advanced very far in years  
and sallies of youth ;  
the young have taken  
you shall have a man  
false, and intriguing,  
cozen, and beguile. At  
the latter end of King  
a rascal of any eminence  
of resort for conversation  
what relates to the im-  
portant regard to the  
fashionable, that young  
a certain neglect of  
simple, and worthy of  
yet worse than they are  
general turn of mind  
not any remaining val-  
ue ; preferring the  
gain their ends, to the  
when they come in con-  
All this is due to the  
prevails, of being valued  
their point ; in a word,  
and unexperienced pe-  
lived force of cunning.  
upon the various faces  
of a rascal, puts on to im-  
pose, a great authority  
but truth and ingenuity  
even upon a man's fort-  
une.

"Truth and reality  
appearance, and many  
things be good for any  
better ; for why does  
to be that which he is  
good to have such a  
counterfeit and dis-  
simulation of some real ex-  
cellence in the world for a man  
is really to be what he  
sides, that it is many times  
good the pretence of a  
and if a man have it not  
discovered to want it,

\* Ingenuity seems to be





# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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p her eyes to  
hat fool talk-  
rayers?' We  
our country,  
h above the  
white shock-  
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by the scorn-  
the swelling  
he 'prentice  
ger, and the  
f a country  
bserving the  
als, it is not  
of this town,

who are acquainted with these objects, ridicule rusticity. I have known a fellow with a burden on his head steal a hand down from his load, and a twirl the cock of a squire's hat behind him: while the offended person is swearing, or out of countenance, all the wag-wits in the highway are grinning in applause of the ingenious rogue that gave him the tip, and the folly of him who had not eyes round his head to prevent receiving it. These things arise from a general affectation of smartness, wit, and courage. Wycherley somewhere calls the pretensions this way, by making a fellow say, 'Red breeches are a certain sign of valour;' and Otway makes a man, to boast his agility, trip up a beggar on crutches. From such hints I beg a speculation on this subject: in the mean time I shall do all in the power of a weak old fellow in my own defence; for as Diogenes, being in quest of an honest man, sought for him when it was broad day-light with a lantern and candle, so I intend for the future to walk the streets with a dark lantern, which has a convex crystal in it; and if any man stares at me, I give fair warning that will direct the light full into his eyes. Thus, despairing to find men modest, I hope by this means to evade their impudence.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,  
T. " SOPHROGENIUS."

No 355.] THURSDAY, APRIL 17, 1712.

Non ego mordaci distinxit carmine quinquan.  
Ovid. Trist. l. 353.  
I ne'er in gall dippt'd my envenom'd pen,  
Nor branded the bold front of shameless men.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my work or spoken in derogation of my person; but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to the extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing. I have been angry enough to make several late epigrams and lampoons; and, after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much great satisfaction from the suppressing such performances than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me, or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent for writing, it shows a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness in which they are offered. But when a man has been at some pains in making suitable return to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroic. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: "Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured, envious or so

norant or detracting? Consider with thyself his reproaches are true. If they are der that thou art not the person whom he s, but that he reviles an imaginary being, ps loves what thou really art, though he t thou appearest to be. If his reproaches if thou art the envious, ill-natured man he or, give thyself another turn, become ble, and obliging, and his reproaches of rally cease. His reproaches may indeed but thou art no longer the person whom ches."\*

apply this rule to myself; and when I satirical speech or writing that is aimed xamine my own heart, whether I deserve If I bring in a verdict against myself, I to rectify my conduct for the future in culars which have drawn the censure upon f the whole invective be grounded upon a I trouble myself no further about it, and my name at the head of it to signify no one of those fictitious names made use of or to introduce an imaginary character. ld a man be sensible of the sting of a re- so is a stranger to the guilt that is implied subject himself to the penalty, when he has never committed the crime? This is fortitude which every one owes to his own and without which it is impossible for a y merit or figure to live at peace with him- uality that abounds with wit and liberty. nous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the of France, who had prevented the publi- a book against him, has the following ich are a lively picture of the greatness visible in the works of that author: "If ew thing, it may be I should not be dis- ith the suppression of the first libel that use me; but since there are enough of ake a small library, I am secretly pleased number increased, and take delight in heap of stones that envy has cast at me ing me any harm."

hor here alludes to those monuments† of nations, which were mountains of stones n the dead bodies by travellers, that used ry one his stone upon it as they passed certain that no monument is so glorious ch is thus raised by the hands of envy. rt, I admire an author for such a temper e enables him to bear an undeserved re- thout resentment, more than for all the the finest satirical reply.

r I thought necessary to explain myself to those who have animadverted on this I to show the reasons why I have not to return them any formal answer. I er add, that the work would have been of use to the public had it been filled with flections and debates; for which reason ce turned out of my way to observe those s which have been made against it by norance. The common fry of scribblers, o other way of being taken notice of but ig what has gained some reputation in would have furnished me with business ad they found me disposed to enter the hem.

onclude with the fable of Boccacini's tra-

sch. cap. 43 and 64, ed. Berk. 1674, 8vo. 101 99  
e abundant monuments of the same kind in North  
e they are called "calms."

vellet, who was so pest  
hoppers in his ears, tha  
in great wrath to kill t  
author, "was troubling  
purpose. Had he pursue  
notice of them, the trou  
died of themselves in  
would have suffered not

No. 356.] FRID

—Aptissima q  
Charior est illis homi

—The gods will gr  
What their unerring  
In goodness, as in gr  
Ah! that we lov'd ou

It is owing to pride, a certain self-existence, action that ever was p-  
knowledge the glory an  
The heart is treacherous  
our reflections go deep e  
the most honourable in  
actions. It is our natu  
selves into a belief, that  
thoughts, we find ours  
and divested of any vie  
vain-glory. But howev  
greatness may disdain a  
but from a noble impuls  
future regards in this  
stricter inquiry they will  
expect to be rewarded o  
heroic a pitch of virtue  
at. If the tenour of our  
tive than the desire to be  
Deity, it will necessari  
more than men, if we a  
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Christian world has a L  
whose life and sufferings  
affliction, while the sen  
potence must give them

It is owing to the for  
straint with which men o  
they think they conform  
well as to the more odid  
that the word Christian  
first view all that is grea  
rous, and heroic. The m  
of the reward of worthy  
can bestow unseen, wh  
good to his slanderer, wh  
friend, never revengeful  
formed for the benefit of  
far from heroic virtues,  
nary duties of a Christian

When a man with a s  
the great catastrophe of  
ing emotions of heart m  
and sufferings of his Del  
occur to him, how will  
has often forgot them for  
the applause of a vain w  
past pleasures, which are

How pleasing is the o  
steps our Almighty Leade  
his heavenly mansions!  
similitude, and allegory,

\* This paper was publish



About the new-arriv'd, in multitudes  
 Th' ethereal people ran to hear and know,  
 How all befel. They tow'rd the throne supreme  
 Accountable made haste, to make appear,  
 With righteous plea, their utmost vigilance,  
 And easily approv'd: when the Most High  
 Eternal Father, from his secret cloud  
 Amidst, in thunder utter'd thus his voice.

The same Divine Person, who in the foregoing parts of this poem interceded for our first parents before their fall, overthrew the rebel angels, and created the world, is now represented as descending to Paradise, and pronouncing sentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumstance with which holy writ introduces this great scene, it is poetically described by our author, who has also kept religiously to the form of words in which the three several sentences were passed upon Adam, Eve, and the serpent. He has rather chosen to neglect the numerousness of his verse, than to deviate from those speeches which are recorded on this great occasion. The guilt and confusion of our first parents, standing naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as speaking to his angels that surrounded him.

See! with what heat these dogs of hell advance,  
 To waste and havoc yonder world, which I  
 So fair and good created, &c.

The following passage is formed upon that glorious image in holy writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable host of angels uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunders, or of many waters:

He ended, and the heav'nly audience loud  
 Sung hallelujah, as the sound of seas,  
 Through multitude that sung: "Just are thy ways,  
 Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works:  
 Who can extenuate thee?"

Though the author, in the whole course of his poem, and particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite allusions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of such as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of his fable. Of this kind is that passage in the present book, where, describing Sin and Death as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

—Behind her Death  
 Close following pace for pace, mounted yet  
 On his pale horse —

Which alludes to that passage in Scripture so wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination: "And I looked, and behold a pale horse, and his name that sat on him was Death, and Hell followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with sword, and with hunger, and with sickness, and with the beasts of the earth." Under this first head of celestial persons we must likewise take notice of the command which the angels received, to produce the several changes in nature, and sully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are represented as infecting the stars and planets with malignant influences, weakening the light of the sun, bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature, planting winds and storms in several quarters of the sky, storing the clouds with thunder, and, in short, perverting the whole frame of the universe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the poem, the following lines, in which we see the angels heaving up the earth, and placing

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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No  
blowing,

Fell humble; and embracing them besought  
His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint:  
" Forsake me not thus, Adam! Witness, Heav'n,  
What love sincere, and reverence in my heart  
I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,  
Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy suppliant  
I beg, and clasp thy knees. Bereave me not  
(Whereon I live), thy gentle looks, thy aid,  
Thy counsel in this uttermost distress,  
My only strength and stay! Forlorn of thee,  
Whither shall I betake me? where subsist?  
While yet we live (scarce one short hour, perhaps)  
Between us two let there be peace," &c.

Adam's reconciliation to her is worked up in the same spirit of tenderness. Eve afterward proposes to her husband, in the blindness of her despair, that to prevent their guilt from descending upon posterity, they should resolve to live childless; or, if that could not be done, they should seek their own deaths by violent methods. As those sentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiseration, they likewise contain a very fine moral. The resolution of dying to end our miseries does not show such a degree of magnanimity as a resolution to bear them, and submit to the dispensations of Providence. Our author, has, therefore, with great delicacy, represented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as disapproving it.

We are, in the next place, to consider the imaginary persons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly some of the finest compositions of genius; but, as I have before observed, are no agreeable to the nature of an heroic poem. This Sin and Death is very exquisite in its kind, if not considered as a part of such a work. The truth contained in it are so clear and open, that I shall not lose time in explaining them; but shall only observe, that a reader, who knows the strength of the English tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find such apt words and phrases to describe the actions of those two imaginary persons and particularly in that part where death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a well suitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the subject I am upon gives me an opportunity of speaking more at large of such shadows and imaginary persons as may be introduced in heroic poems, I shall beg leave to explain myself, a matter which is curious in its kind, and which not of the critics have treated of. It is certain Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary persons, who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are just short without being engaged in any series of action. Homer, indeed, represents Sleep as a person, and ascribes a short part to him in his *Iliad*; but we must consider, that though we now regard such person as entirely shadowy and unsubstantial, the heathens made statues of him, placed him in the temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes use of other allegorical persons, it is only in short expressions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the most pleasing manner; and may rather be looked upon as poetical phrases, than allegorical descriptions. Instead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the persons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inseparable companions. Instead of saying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompense, he tells us that the Hours brought him his reward. Instead of describing the effects which Minerva's arrow produced in battle, he tells us that the brains of it were

encompassed by Terror, Rout, Discord, Fury, Pursuit, Massacre, and Death. In the same figure of speaking, he represents Victory as following Discord; Discord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dressed by the Graces; Belshazzar as wearing Terror and Consternation like a garment. I might give several other instances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewise very often made use of the same way of speaking, as where he tells us that Victory sat on the right hand of the Messiah, when he marched forth against the rebel angels; that, at the rising of the sun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Discord was the daughter of Sin. Of the same nature are those expressions, where, describing the singing of the nightingale, he adds, "Silence was pleased;" and upon the Messiah's bidding peace to the chaos, "Confusion heard his voice." I might add innumerable instances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that these I have mentioned, in which persons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are such short allegories as are not designed to be taken in the literal sense, but only to convey particular circumstances to the reader, after an unusual and entertaining manner. But when such persons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a series of adventures, they take too much upon them, and are by no means proper for an heroic poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts, I cannot forbear therefore thinking, that Sin and Death are as improper agents in a work of this nature, as Strength and Necessity in one of the tragedies of Æschylus, who represented those two persons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been justly censured by the greatest critics. I do not know any imaginary person made use of in a more sublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, describing God as descending from heaven, and visiting the sins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumstance, "Before him went the Pestilence." It is certain that this imaginary person might have been described in all her purple spots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have stood at her right hand, Frenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted upon the earth in a flash of lightning. She might have tainted the atmosphere with her breath. The very glaring of her eyes might have scattered infection. But I believe, every reader will think, that in such sublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has something in it more just, as well as great, than all that the most fanciful poet could have bestowed upon her in the richness of his imagination.

L.

No. 358.] MONDAY, APRIL 21, 1712

Despere in loco.—HOR. 4. Od. xii. l. ult.

Tis joyous folly that unbends the mind.—FRANCIS.

CHARLES LILLIE attended me the other day, and made me a present of a large sheet of paper, on which is delineated a pavement in Mosaic work, lately discovered at Stunsfield near Woodstock.\* A person who has so much the gift of speech as Mr. Lillie, and can carry on a discourse without a reply, had great opportunity on that occasion to expatiate

upon so fine a thing, I remember he drew from it was the floor of discord. Viewing the many gay authors, which care and anxiety forgetfulness who business, and were usually propose, and set out all around the which, joined to and agreeable produced the grace to the slow mixture of lots of flowers, with gay lights artificial falls of songs of love human life, and Such parties of the agreeable pages awakened to mirth and go entertainments there are a hundred one who is capable the first taste, society, overrated but equally rec sure of the who such collections as one might much spleen awkward gaiety an ill grace! of mine, who do chievious, airy, taken in what self is not what see a man, who descend from what denomination instead of that, only in doing with a secret co they know better mischievous to of some very m was started, an every man should which they have bler. The same each man, but whose estate was and laced hat jested themselves streets and fr There is no in gardner, but can where people h and yet scoured know a gentle head by watch the body to eas a man of so m is seldom merr the same time. men, I am hun

\* Engraved by Vertue in 1712. See an account of it in Gough's British Topography, vol. ii. p. 28.



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22, 1712.

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to Ecl. a G.

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you.—WATSON.

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eve it." Sir  
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eived a letter  
n that his old  
r David Dun-  
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er think that  
er than I am,  
n."

Will Honeycomb, who looks upon love as his par-  
ticular province, interrupting our friend with a jolly  
laugh. "I thought, knight," said he, "thou hadst  
lived long enough in the world not to pin thy hap-  
piness upon one that is a woman, and a widow. I  
think that, without vanity, I may pretend to know  
as much of the female world as any man in Great  
Britain; though the chief of my knowledge consists  
in this, that they are not to be known." Will im-  
mediately, with his usual fluency, rambled into a  
recount of his own conquests. "I am now," says he,  
"upon the verge of fifty" (though, by the way, we  
all knew he was turned of three score). "You may  
easily guess," continued Will, "that I have not  
lived so long in the world without having had some  
thoughts of settling in it, as the phrase is. To tell  
you truly, I have several times tried my fortune that  
way, though I cannot much boast of my success.

"I made my first addresses to a young lady in  
the country; but, when I thought things were pretty  
well drawing to a conclusion, her father happened  
to hear that I had formerly boarded with a surgeon  
the old put to-bede me his house, and within a fortnight after married his daughter to a fox-hunter in  
the neighbourhood.

"I made my next application to a widow, and at-  
tacked her so briskly, that I thought myself within  
a fortnight of her. As I waited upon her one morn-  
ing, she told me, that she intended to keep for-  
eign money and furniture in her own hand, and de-  
scribed me to call upon her attorney in Lyon's Inn,  
who would adjust with me what it was proper for me  
to add to it. I was so rebuffed by this overture  
that I never inquired either for her or her attorney  
afterwards.

"A few months after, I addressed myself to  
a young lady who was an only daughter, and of  
good family. I danced with her at several balls,  
squeezed her by the hand, said soft things to her  
and in short made no doubt of her heart; and though  
my fortune was no way equal to hers, I was in hope  
that her fond father would not deny her the man she  
had fixed her affections upon. But as I went one  
day to the house, in order to break the matter to  
him, I found the whole family in confusion, and  
heard, to my unspeakable surprise, that Miss Jenn  
was that very morning run away with the butler.

"I then courted a second widow, and am at a loss  
to this day how I came to miss her, for she had often  
commended my person and behaviour. Her maid  
indeed told me one day, that her mistress had said  
she never saw a gentleman with such a spindle pair  
of legs as Mr. Honeycomb.

"After this I laid siege to four heiresses succe-  
ssively, and, being a handsome young dog in those  
days, quickly made a breach in their hearts; but  
don't know how it came to pass, though I seldom  
failed of getting the daughter's consent, I could  
never in my life get the old people on my side.

"I could give you an account of a thousand other  
unsuccessful attempts, particularly of one which  
made some years since upon an old woman, whom  
I had certainly borne away with flying colours,  
her relations had not come pouring in to her assis-  
tance from all parts of England; nay, I believe  
should have got her at last, had not she been carried  
off by a hard frost."

As Will's transitions are extremely quick, I  
turned from Sir Roger, and applying himself to me  
told me there was a passage in the book I had con-  
sidered last Saturday, which deserved to be writ-  
ten in letters of gold, and taking out a pocket Milton, re-

ing lines, which are part of one of Adam's  
to Eve after the fall:—

— Oh! why did God  
wise! that peopled highest heaven  
its masculine, create at last  
vety on earth, this fair defect  
re, and not fill the world at once  
en, as angels, without feminine?  
some other way to generate  
d? This mischief had not then befall'n,  
re that shall befall, innumerable  
ances on earth, through female shares,  
ight conjunction with this sex: for either  
l never find out fit mate; but such  
e misfortune brings him, or mistake;  
m he wishes most shall seldom gain,  
h her perverseness; but shall see her gain'd  
r worse; or, if she love, withheld  
rels; or his happiest choice too late  
et already link'd, and wedlock-bound  
ll adversary, his hate or shame;  
adfinite calamity shall cause  
an life, and household peace confound.

ger listened to this passage with great at-  
tend, desiring Mr. Honeycomb to fold down  
the place, and lend him his book, the knight  
in his pocket, and told us that he would  
these verses again before he went to

WEDNESDAY APRIL 23, 1712.

De paupertate Incentes,  
estate ferent.—HOR. 1 Ep. xvii. 43.

who all his wants conceals,  
re than he who all his wants reveals.—DUNCOMBE.

nothing to do with the business of this  
further than affixing the piece of Latin on  
of my paper; which I think a motto not  
e; since, if silence of our poverty is a re-  
tation, still more commendable is his mo-  
conceals it by a decent dress.

A. SPECTATOR,

e is an evil under the sun, which has not  
within your speculation, and is the censure,  
, and contempt, which some young fellows  
from particular persons, for the reason-  
sods they take to avoid them in general.  
y appearing in a better dress than may  
relation regularly consistent with a small  
and therefore may occasion a judgment of  
extravagance in other particulars: but the  
tage with which the man of narrow cir-  
es acts and speaks, is so feelingly set forth  
book called *The Christian Hero*, that the  
g to be otherwise is not only pardonable  
sary. Every one knows the hurry of con-  
hat are made in contempt of a person that  
be calamitous; which makes it very ex-  
o prepare one's self for the company of  
are of a superior quality and fortune, by  
g to be in a better condition than one is,  
such appearance shall not make us really

a justice due to the character of one who  
and reflections from any particular person  
account, that such persons would inquire  
manner of spending his time; of which,  
o further information can be had than that  
is so many hours in his chamber, yet, if  
ared, to imagine that a reasonable creature,  
ith a narrow fortune, does not make the  
of this retirement, would be a conclusion  
y uncharitable. From what has, or will be

said, I hope no consequ  
plying, that I would ha  
more time than the comm  
require, or more money th  
may admit of, in the p  
with his betters: for, a  
that ought to be sacred  
sitions; for each irrecove  
ought to believe he sh  
And as to his dress, I sh  
than in the modest defen  
for being perfectly satisf  
vance of making a Moho  
him with laced and emb  
no means be thought to  
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sertion which admits of  
of tolerable sense, dress  
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one of much better part  
by the rigid notions of f  
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him; his parts and learn  
and even upon these few  
intruded; for policy and  
him to be reserved amon  
himself only by the com  
Indeed among the injudi  
idiom, fine images, str  
fire,' and the rest, mad  
comely gravity, will mai  
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"All gentlemen of f  
and middle-aged, are apt  
too much upon their dress  
others in some measure  
tion. With what conf  
obliged to return the civ  
whose air and attire ha  
whom nevertheless the o  
though he is ashamed to  
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young fellow that affect  
teelly, might, with artifi  
pounds a year; as instea  
mourn in sackcloth, and  
portionably shabby; but  
this sum be to avert any  
leave him deserted by th  
he has, and prevent his p  
appearance of an easy fo  
making one, I don't kn  
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tain exclamations about  
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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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24, 1712.

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En. vii. 514.  
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a request, I  
the cat-call.

In order to make myself a master of the subject, purchased one the beginning of last week, though not without great difficulty, being informed at two or three toy-shops that the players had lately bought them all up. I have since consulted many learned antiquaries in relation to its original, and find them very much divided among themselves upon that particular. A fellow of the Royal Society, who is my good friend, and a great proficient in the mathematical part of music, concludes, from the simplicity of its make, and the uniformity of its sound, that the cat-call is older than any of the inventions of Jubal. He observes very well, that musical instruments took their first rise from the notes of birds and other melodious animals; and "what," says he, "was more natural than for the first ages of mankind to imitate the voice of a cat, that lives under the same roof with them?" He added, that the cat had contributed more to harmony than any other animal; as we are not only beholden to her for this wind instrument, but for our string-music in general.

Another virtuoso of my acquaintance will not allow the cat-call to be older than Thespis, and is apt to think it appeared in the world soon after the ancient comedy; for which reason it has still its place in our dramatic entertainments. Nor must I here omit what a very curious gentleman, who is lately returned from his travels, has more than once assured me; namely, that there was lately dug up at Rome the statue of a Momus, who holds an instrument in his right hand very much resembling our modern cat-call.

There are others who ascribe this invention to Orpheus, and look upon the cat-call to be one of those instruments which that famous musician made use of to draw the beasts about him. It is certain that the roaring of a cat does not call together a greater audience of that species than this instrument if dexterously played upon in proper time and place.

But, notwithstanding these various and learned conjectures, I cannot forbear thinking that the cat-call is originally a piece of English music. Its resemblance to the voice of some of our British songsters, as well as the use of it, which is peculiar to our nation, confirms me in this opinion. It has at least received great improvements among us, whether we consider the instrument itself, or those several quavers and graces which are thrown into its playing of it. Every one might be sensible of this who heard that remarkable overgrown cat-caller which was placed at the centre of the pit, and presided over all the rest, at the celebrated performance lately exhibited at Drury-lane.

Having said thus much concerning the origin of the cat-call, we are in the next place to consider the use of it. The cat-call exerts itself to most advantage in the British theatre. It very much improves the sound of nonsense, and often goes along with the voice of the actor who pronounces it; the violin or harpsichord accompanies the Italian recitativo.

It has often supplied the place of the ancient chorus, in the words of Mr. \*\*\*. In short, a bi-poet has as great an antipathy to a cat-call as most people have to a real cat.

Mr. Collier, in his ingenious essay upon music has the following passage:

"I believe it is possible to invent an instrument that shall have a quite contrary effect to those musical ones now in use; an instrument that shall sit the spirits, and shake the nerves and curdle the

blood, and inspire despair and cowardice and consternation, at a surprising rate. 'Tis probable the roaring of lions, the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Whether such anti-music as this might not be of service in a camp, I shall leave to the military men to consider."

What this learned gentleman supposes in speculation, I have known actually verified in practice. The cat-call has struck a damp into generals, and frightened heroes off the stage. At the first sound of it I have seen a crowned head tremble, and a princess fall into fits. The humorous lieutenant himself could not stand it; nay, I am told that even Almanzor looked like a mouse, and trembled at the voice of this terrifying instrument.

As it is of a dramatic nature, and peculiarly appropriated to the stage, I can by no means approve the thought of that angry lover, who, after an unsuccessful pursuit of some years, took leave of his mistress in a serenade of cat-calls.

I must conclude this paper with the account I have lately received of an ingenious artist, who has long studied this instrument, and is very well versed in all the rules of the drama. He teaches to play on it by book, and to express by it the whole art of criticism. He has his bass and his treble cat-call: the former for tragedy, the latter for comedy; only in tragi-comedies they may both play together in concert. He has a particular squeak, to denote the violation of each of the unities, and has different sounds to show whether he aims at the poet or the player. In short, he teaches the smut-note, the fustian-note, the stupid note, and has composed a kind of air that may serve as an act-tune to an incorrigible play, and which takes in the whole compass of the cat-call.—L.

No. 362.] FRIDAY, APRIL 25, 1712.

*Laudibus arguitur vini vinosus.*—Hos. 1 Ep. xix. 6.  
He praises wine; and we conclude from thence,  
He lik'd his glass on his own evidence.

"MR. SPECTATOR, Temple, April 24.

"SEVERAL of my friends were this morning got together over a dish of tea in very good health, though we had celebrated yesterday with more glasses than we could have dispensed with, had we not been beholden to Brooke and Hellier. In gratitude therefore to those good citizens, I am, in the name of the company to accuse you of great negligence in overlooking their merit who have imported true and generous wine, and taken care that it should not be adulterated by the retailers before it comes to the tables of private families, or the clubs of honest fellows. I cannot imagine how a Spectator can be supposed to do his duty, without frequent resumption of such subjects as concern our health, the first thing to be regarded, if we have a mind to relish any thing else. It would therefore very well become your spectatorial vigilance, to give it in orders to your officer for inspecting signs, that in his march he would look into the itinerants who deal in provisions, and inquire where they buy their several wares. Ever since the decease of Colly-Molly-Puff, of agreeable and noisy memory, I cannot say I have observed any thing sold in carts, or carried by horse or ass, or, in fine, in any moving market, which is not perished or patrifined; witness the wheelbarrows of rotten raisins, almonds, figs,

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BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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26, 1712

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p. 260 n. 36-  
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judge appeared to them when he pronounced the sentence:

— They forthwith to the place  
Repentant, where he judg'd them, prostrate fell  
Before him, repent, and both confess'd  
Humbly their faults; and pardon begg'd, with tears  
Watering the ground.—

There\* is a beauty of the same kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where *Œdipus*, after having put out his own eyes, instead of breaking his neck from the palace battlements (which furnishes so elegant an entertainment for our English audience), deems that he may be conducted to Mount Citharon, in order to end his life in that very place where he was exposed in his infancy, and where he should then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his sentiments, he describes in the beginning of this book the acceptance which these their prayers met with in a short allegory formed upon that beautiful passage in holy writ, "And another angel came and stood at the altar, having a golden censer; and there was given unto him much incense, that he should offer it with the prayers of all saints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: and the smoke of the incense, which came with the prayers of the saints, ascended up before God."

— To be even their prayers  
Flow up, nor rous'd the way, by curious winds  
Blown vagabond or trustee, in they pass'd  
Dimensionless through heavenly doors, then clad  
With incense, where the golden altar found  
By their great Intercessor, came in sight  
Before the Father's throne.—

We have the same thought expressed a second time in the intercession of the Messiah, which is conceived in very emphatical sentiments and expressions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, what Milton has so finely wrought into this part of his narration, I must not omit that wherein *Ezekiel* speaking of the angels who appeared to him in vision, adds, that every one had four faces, and that their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands and their wings, were full of eyes round about:

— The cohort bright  
Of watchful cherubim, four faces each  
Had, like a double Janus, all their shape  
Spangled with eyes.—

The assembling of all the angels of heaven, to hear the solemn decree passed upon man, is represented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here described as remembering mercy in the midst of judgment, and commanding Michael to deliver his message in the mildest terms, lest the spirit of man which was already broken with the sense of his guilt and misery, should fall before him:

— Yet lest they faint  
And the sad sentence rigorously urg'd,  
For I beheld them suffer'd, and with tears  
Beseeching their excess, all terror hide

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving sentiments. Upon their going abroad, at the melancholy night which they had passed together, they discover the lion and the eagle, each

This paragraph was not in the original paper in folio, but is added on the republication of the papers in volume when the eighteen numbers, of which Addison's critique on *Paradise Lost* consists, seem to have been carefully revised by their author, and to have undergone various and considerable alterations in consequence of his revision.  
t Rev. viii. 3, 4

them pursuing their prey towards the eastern gates of Paradise. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it presents great and just omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expresses that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet, to show the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, represents the sun in an eclipse. This particular incident has likewise a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in regard to what follows; for at the same time that the sun is under an eclipse, a bright cloud descends in the western quarter of the heavens filled with a host of angels, and more luminous than the sun itself. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear with all its lustre and magnificence:

——— Why in the east  
Darkness ere day's mid-course? and morning light  
More orient in yon western cloud that draws  
O'er the blue firmament a radiant white,  
And slow descends with something heavenly fraught?  
He err'd not for by this the heavenly hands  
Down from a sky of jasper lighted now  
In Paradise, and on a hill made halt;  
A glorious apparition——

I need not observe how properly this author, who always suits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulsion of our first parents from Paradise. The archangel on this occasion neither appears in his proper shape, nor in the familiar manner with which Raphael, the sociable spirit, entertained the father of mankind before the fall. His person, his port, and behaviour, are suitable to a spirit of the highest rank, and exquisitely described in the following passage:

——— Th' archangel soon drew nigh,  
Not in his shape celestial; but as man  
Clad to meet man: o'er his lucid arms  
A military vest of purple flow'd,  
Livelier than Melibonon, or the grain  
Of Barba, worn by kings and heroes old,  
In time of truce: Iris had dipt the woof:  
His starry helm, unbuck'd, shew'd him prime  
In manhood where youth ended: by his side,  
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,  
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand a spear.  
Adam bow'd low; he kindly from his state  
Inclin'd not but his coming thus declared.

Eve's complaint, upon hearing that she was to be removed from the garden of Paradise, is wonderfully beautiful. The sentiments are not only proper to the subject, but have something in them particularly soft and womanish:

Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? Thus leave  
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,  
Fit haunt of gods, where I had hope to spend  
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day  
That must be mortal to us both? O flowers,  
That never will in other climate grow,  
My early visitation, and my last  
At even, which I bred up with tender hand  
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!  
Who now shall rear you to the sun, or rank  
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?  
Thee, lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorn'd  
With what to sight or smell was sweet: from thee  
How shall I part? and whither wander down  
Into a lower world, to this, obscure  
And wild? How shall we breathe in other air  
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?

Adam's speech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more masculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more sublime and poetical than the following passage in it:

This most afflicts me, that departing hence  
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd

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With worship  
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The transition which the poet makes from the vision of the deluge, to the concern it occasioned in Adam, is exquisitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the first thought it introduces is rather in the spirit of Ovid:

How didst thou grieve then, Adam, to behold  
The end of all thy offspring, and so sad,  
Depopulation! These another flood,  
Of tears and sorrow, a flood, thee also drown'd,  
And sunk thee as thy sons: till gently rear'd  
By th' angel, on thy feet thou stood'st at last,  
Tho' comfortless, as when a father mourns  
His children all in view destroy'd at once.

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradise Lost*, because it is not generally reckoned among the most shining books of this poem; for which reason the reader might be apt to overlook those many passages in it which deserve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that single circumstance of the removal of our first parents from Paradise; but though this is not in itself so great a subject as that in most of the foregoing books, it is extended and diversified with so many surprising incidents and pleasing episodes, that these two last books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine poem. I must farther add, that had not Milton represented our first parents as driven out of Paradise, his fall of man would not have been complete, and consequently his action would have been imperfect.—L.

No. 364.] MONDAY, APRIL 28, 1712.

—Navibus atque  
Quadrigis petimus bene vivere.—HOR. 1 Ep. XI. 29.  
Anxious through sea and land to search for rest,  
Is but laborious idleness at best.—FRANCIS.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"A LADY of my acquaintance, for whom I have too much respect to be easy while she is doing an indiscreet action, has given occasion to this trouble. She is a widow to whom the indulgence of a tender husband has intrusted the management of a very great fortune, and a son about sixteen, both which she is extremely fond of. The boy has parts of the middle size, neither shining nor despicable, and has passed the common exercises of his years with tolerable advantage, but is withal what you would call a forward youth: by the help of this last qualification, which serves as a varnish to all the rest, he is enabled to make the best use of his learning, and display it at full length upon all occasions. Last summer he distinguished himself two or three times very remarkably, by puzzling the vicar before an assembly of most of the ladies in the neighbourhood; and from such weighty considerations as these, as it too often unfortunately falls out, the mother is become invincibly persuaded that her son is a great scholar; and that to chain him down to the ordinary methods of education, with others of his age, would be to cramp his faculties, and do an irreparable injury to his wonderful capacity.

"I happened to visit at the house last week, and missing the young gentleman at the tea-table, where he seldom fails to officiate, could not upon so extraordinary a circumstance avoid inquiring after him. My lady told me he was gone out with her woman, in order to make some preparation for their equipage; for that she intended very speedily to carry him to 'travel.' The oddness of the expression shocked me a little; however, I soon recovered my-



enough to let her know, that all I was willing to understand by it was, that she designed this sum of money to show her son his estate in a distant county, which he had never yet been. But she soon took to rob me of that agreeable mistake, and let me into the whole affair. She enlarged upon young A's prodigious improvements, and his comprehensive knowledge of all book-learning; concluding, it was now high time he should be made acquainted with men and things: that she had read he should make the tour of France and Italy, could not bear to have him out of her sight, and fore intended to go along with him.

I was going to rally her for so extravagant a notion, but found myself not in a fit humour to do with a subject that demanded the most soft delicate touch imaginable. I was afraid of saying something that might seem to bear hard upon the son's abilities, or the mother's discretion, being sensible that in both these cases, though supported with all the powers of reason, I should, instead of gaining her ladyship over to my opinion, only expose myself to her disesteem: I therefore immediately determined to refer the whole over to the Spectator.

When I came to reflect at night, as my custom upon the occurrences of the day, I could not but say that this humour of carrying a boy to travel in his mother's lap, and that upon a pretence of seeing men and things, is a case of an extraordinary nature, and carries on it a peculiar stamp of

I did not remember to have met with its parallel within the compass of my observation, though it did call to mind some not extremely unlike it. Hence my thoughts took occasion to ramble on the general notion of travelling, as it is now a part of education. Nothing is more frequent than to take a lad from grammar and law, under the tuition of some poor scholar, who is to be banished for thirty pounds a year and his victuals, send him crying and snivelling into foreign countries. Thus he spends his time as men do at puppet-shows, and with much the same advantage, in staring and gaping at an infinite variety of strange things; strange indeed to one who is not prepared to comprehend the reason and meaning of them, whilst he should be laying the solid foundations of knowledge in his mind, furnishing it with just rules to direct his future progress in life under some skilful master of the art of instruction.

Can there be a more astonishing thought in nature than to consider how men should fall into so noble a mistake? It is a large field, and may well exercise a sprightly genius; but I do not remember you have yet taken a turn in it. I wish, you would make people understand, that 'travel' is really the last step to be taken in the institution of youth; and that to set out with it, is to begin where they should end.

Certainly the true end of visiting foreign parts is to look into their customs and policies, and observe in what particulars they excel or come short of our own; to unlearn some odd peculiarities in our manners, and wear off such awkward stiffnesses and affectations in our behaviour, as may possibly have been contracted from constantly associating with one nation of men, by a more free, general, and mixed conversation. But how can any of these stages be attained by one who is a mere stranger to the customs and policies of his native country, and has not yet fixed in his mind the first

principles of mankind? Your aim, it is to build a foundation; or, if I may so say, to work a rich embryo.

"Another end of travelling, if it is to be considered, is the study of the authors of antiquity, to see how they lived, and of the natural face of the world, to see how they have given us a picture which agrees with the picture. It will be a most charming sight, if it is rightly turned for its use. A measure be made of a person is capable of concerning the uncertain ruins of alterations upon so many places, which make the modern world. And this hint may be a means of examining every spot of ground as the scene of some of the footsteps of a great man, such great virtuous men, such particular, though it is itself, may serve to enlarge a generous mind to a greater ardency in bright examples, if it is compared for the improvement. I will hardly think of entering into the study, that they do not yet have any exactness."

"But I have wanted only to desire you to show an English mother, and a ridiculous part of Europe, to be sea-sick, or to get into a coach, may perhaps of the body, yet it is in young empty heads."

"I am, Sir,

"Sir,

"I was married obligingly to bed; but, the next morning by these warlike sounds in a marriage-concealment seem to insinuate,

\* The following paragraph is in folio, whether written or inserted afterward by me on the first republication printed here from the Spectator.

"I cannot quit this head to one of the most enterprising for the pleasure it gave me. I have in my head that ingenious gentleman applied his exact knowledge, to illustrate the several work alone is a pregnant that has a taste this way. Naples, and making Horace must feel some uneasiness in his retinue. I am page, and that not without state, I should have travelled for a guide, and in company, who, of all new living,

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

issue. I fear matches, and in the honey-moon; therefore, for the future morning of a not only to can still sub-

nt Servant,  
RIDEGROOM."

hom the gayer

But to show their raillery, merous Widow, acted for the 28th instant. ous widow, or on to imitate ous character. in the exquisite honourable e character of er behalf at a h for any en- seasoned with commend it to and authority

Reader,  
L TAMIRA."

29, 1712.

us—  
Georg. iii. 272  
nspires

arts.  
pring, 160, &c.

aints us, that ies of quality , which infuses all its inhabi- ho was one of she would pro- des, she could the beginning ear, I design , and publish any of them y not pretend

ded the above- ulated for our at some of our ation with the

to determine anniversary in- e spirits, after ealed by win- rambling; or meadows, with oush, naturally easure; or n is prom- and

by a kind of instinct to throw herself on a bed of flowers, and not to let those beautiful couches which nature has provided lie useless. However it the effects of this month on the lower part of sex, who act without disguise, are very visible, is at this time that we see the young wench in country parish dancing round a Maypole, which one of our learned antiquaries supposes to be a relic of a certain pagan worship that I do not think fit mention.

It is likewise on the first day of this month we see the ruddy milkmaid exerting herself in most sprightly manner under a pyramid of silver tankards, and like the virgin Tarpeia,\* oppressed by the costly ornaments which her benefactor has upon her.

I need not mention the ceremony of the green gown, which is also peculiar to this gay season.

The same periodical love-fit spreads through the whole sex, as Mr. Dryden well observes in his description of this merry month.

For thee, sweet month, the groves green liv'd first year,  
If not the first, the fairest of the year:  
For thee the Graces lead the dancing hours,  
And nature's ready pencil paints the flowers.  
The sprightly May commands our youth to revel  
The vigils of her night, and breaks their sleep:  
Each gentle breast with kindly warmth she moves,  
Inspires new flames, revives extinguish'd loves.

Accordingly, among the works of the great masters in painting, who have drawn this genial season of the year, we often observe Cupids confused with Zephyrs, flying up and down promiscuously in several parts of the picture. I cannot but add from my own experience, that about this time of the year love-letters come up to me in great numbers, in all quarters of the nation.

I received an epistle in particular by the last post from a Yorkshire gentleman, who makes his complaints of one Zelinda, whom it seems he has courted unsuccessfully these three years past. He tells me that he designs to try her this May; and if he does not carry his point, he will never think her more.

Having thus fairly admonished the female and laid before them the dangers they are exposed to in this critical month, I shall in the next play down some rules and directions for their behaviour, avoiding those calamities which are so very frequent in this season.

In the first place, I would advise them never venture abroad in the fields, but in the company of a parent, a guardian, or some other sober discreet person. I have before shown how apt they are to trip in the flowery meadow; and shall further serve to them, that Proserpine was out a-mooing when she met with that fatal adventure to which Milton alludes when he mentions—

—That fair field  
Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,  
Herself a fairer flower, by gloomy Dis  
Was gather'd—

Since I am got into quotations, I shall conclude my head with Virgil's advice to young people, that they are gathering wild strawberries and noting that they should have a care of the snake in grass.

In the second place, I cannot but express my prescriptions which our astrologers and physicians in their almanacs for this month, such as are

I simple diet, with a moderate use of phle-

this head of abstinence I shall also advise readers to be in a particular manner careful they meddle with romances, chocolate, and the like inflamers, which I look upon as generous to be made use of during this great of nature.

I have often declared that I have nothing heart than the honour of my dear country-

I would beg them to consider, whenever elections begin to fail them, that there are mid-thirty days of this soft season, and that as but weather out this one month, the rest of the year will be easy to them. As for that part of our sex who stay in town, I would advise them to be particularly cautious how they give themselves to their most innocent entertainments. If I should not forbear the playhouse, I would recommend to them rather than comedy; and I think the puppet-show much safer for them than opera, all the while the sun is in Gemini.

My reader will observe, that this paper is written for the use of those ladies who think it worth while to contend against nature in the cause of honour. As I have abandoned crew, who do not think virtue worth attending for, but give up their reputation for a few summons, such warnings and premonitions are thrown away upon them. A prostitute is the easiest creature in all months of the year, as there is no difference between May and December.

## 5.] WEDNESDAY, APRIL 30, 1712.

Pone me pigris ubi nulla campis  
Arbor æstiva recreatur aura,  
Dulce ridentem Lalagen amabo,  
Dulce loquentem.—HOR. I Od. xxii. 17.

Set me whereson some pathless plain  
The swarthy Africans complain,  
To see the chariot of the sun  
Go near the scorching country run;  
The burning zone, the frozen isles,  
Shall hear me sing of Celia's smiles;  
If cold, but in her breast, I will despise,  
And dare all heat, but that of Celia's eyes.

Roscommon.

There are such wild inconsistencies in the conduct of a man in love, that I have often reflected that there can be no reason for allowing him more liberty than others possessed with frenzy, but that his reason has no malevolence in it to any mortal. A notion to his mistress kindles in his mind a tenderness, which exerts itself towards every woman as well as his fair one. When this passion is represented by writers, it is common with them to ascribe to it certain quaintnesses and turns of imagination, which are apparently the work of a mind that is not true; but the men of true taste can easily distinguish the exertion of a mind which overflows with tender sentiments, and the labour of one which describes distress. In performances of this kind, the most absurd of all things is to be witty; sentiment must grow out of the occasion, and must be to the circumstances of the character. If his rule is transgressed, the humble servant who says fine things he says, is but showing his misfortune; well he can dress, instead of saying how loves. Lace and drapery is as much a man, as a turn is passion.

MR. SPECTATOR,

The following verses are a translation of a Lap-

land love song, which is the history of that country.\* to find a spirit of tenderness which I never suspect in climates, though altogether wondered if I had found among the natives, who eat oranges, and hear the music. But a Lapland lyric, like all poetry, not unworthy a regular ode from a climate cursed with darkness, where it is amazing that food, or be tempted to poison. I confess, seemed a great famous stories of their enchantments.

"I am the bolder in song, because I have no ornaments, without adding to no greater praise from who smooth and clean than have suffered by carrying original are as loose as the British ladies sport, perhaps the fairest of the greeable present from a to bind it in stricter measures for our tongue, though better suit the genius of the

"It will be necessary of this song, not having a mistress at her father's side, and being at a distance in

Thou rising sun,  
Invites my fair love  
Dispel the mist, and  
And bring my Orma

Oh! were I sure  
I'd climb that pine  
Aloft in air that  
And round and round

My Orma Moor, where  
What wood conceals  
Fast by the roots  
The trees that hide

Oh! I could ride  
Or on the raven's  
Ye storks, ye swans  
And waft a lover

My bliss too long  
Apace the wasting  
Nor yet the winter  
Not storms or nig

What may for steel  
Oh! love has felt  
By bolts of steel  
But cruel love en

No longer then pass  
When thoughts to  
'Tis mad to go,  
Away to Orma! h

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am one of those d d chamber-maid, and has some time, whom I love my duty and pleasure delight has been in being son; and indeed she is for a woman of her quality, Sir. To bear witness that she is pleased to give her cast-off clothes

\* This Lapland love song is

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Servant,  
MB-BRUSH.

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—T.

l 1712.

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ork, and fur-  
hence, ac-  
s or politics,

they fly through the town in Post men, Post-boy  
Daily Courants, Reviews, Medleys, and Examines  
Men, women, and children, contend who shall  
the first bearers of them, and get their daily sus-  
tenance by spreading them. In short, when I tra-  
in my mind a bundle of rags to a quire of Spectator  
I find so many hands employed in every step the  
take through their whole progress, that while I am  
writing a Spectator, I fancy myself providing bread  
for a multitude.

If I do not take care to obviate some of my wit-  
readers, they will be apt to tell me, that my paper  
after it is thus printed and published, is still benefi-  
cial to the public on several occasions. I must con-  
fess I have lighted my pipe with my own works for  
this twelvemonth past. My landlady often sends up  
her little daughter to desire some of my old Spec-  
tators, and has frequently told me that the paper  
they are printed on is the best in the world to wrap  
spice in. They likewise make a good foundation  
for a mutton-pie, as I have more than once expe-  
rienced, and were very much sought for last Christ-  
mas by the whole neighbourhood.

It is pleasant enough to consider the changes that  
a linen fragment undergoes, by passing through the  
several hands above mentioned. The finest piece  
of Holland, when worn to tatters, assume a new  
whiteness more beautiful than the first, and after  
return in the shape of letters to their native country.  
A lady's shift may be metamorphosed into a child's  
doux, and come into her possession a second time.  
A beau may peruse his cravat after it is worn out  
with greater pleasure and advantage than ever he  
did in a glass. In a word, a piece of cloth, after  
having officiated for some years as a towel or a nap-  
kin, may by this means be raised from a dung-hill  
and become the most valuable piece of furniture in  
a prince's cabinet.

The politest nations of Europe have endeavoured  
to vie with one another for the reputation of the  
finest printing. Absolute governments, as well as  
republics, have encouraged an art which seems to  
be the noblest and most beneficial that was ever in-  
vented among the sons of men. The present King  
of France, in his pursuits after glory, has particu-  
larly distinguished himself by the promoting of this  
useful art, inasmuch that several books have been  
printed in the Louvre at his own expense, upon  
which he sets so great a value, that he considers  
them as the noblest presents he can make to foreign  
princes and ambassadors. If we look into the com-  
monwealths of Holland and Venice, we shall find  
that in this particular they have made themselves  
the envy of the greatest monarchies. Elsevir and  
Aldus are more frequently mentioned than any per-  
soner of the one, or doge of the other.

The several presses which are now in England  
and the great encouragement which has been given  
to learning for some years last past, has made our  
own nation as glorious upon this account, as for its  
late triumphs and conquests. The new edition  
which is given us of Caesar's Commentaries\* has  
already been taken notice of in foreign gazettes,  
and is a work that does honour to the English press.  
It is no wonder that an edition should be very cor-  
rect which has passed through the hands of one of  
the most accurate, learned, and judicious writers  
this age has produced. The beauty of the paper,  
of the character, and of the several cuts with which  
this noble work is illustrated, makes it the Enes

\* A most beautiful edition of Caesar's Memoirs, published  
about this time in folio, by Dr. Samuel Clarke.

that I have ever seen; and is a true instance of the English genius, which, though it does not set the first into any art, generally carries it to higher heights than any other country in the world. I am particularly glad that this author comes from a printing-house in so great a magnificence, as he is the first who has given us any tolerable account of our country.

My illiterate readers, if any such there are, will be surprised to hear me talk of learning as the glory of a nation, and of printing as an art that gains a reputation to a people among whom it flourishes. Men's thoughts are taken up with avarice and ambition, they cannot look upon any thing as at or valuable which does not bring with it an extraordinary power or interest to the person who is concerned in it. But as I shall never sink this over so far as to engage with Goths and Vandals, I shall only regard such kind of reasoners with that pity which is due to so deplorable a degree of stupidity and ignorance.—L.

No. 368.] FRIDAY, MAY 2, 1712.

*Nos decebat.*

*Logere ubi esset aliquis in lucem editus,*

*Humane vite varia reputantes mala:*

*At qui labores morte finisset graves,*

*Omnes amicos laude et lætitia exequi.*

*ÆCIP. apud TULL.*

*When first an infant draws the vital air,*

*Officious grief should welcome him to care:*

*But joy should life's concluding scene attend,*

*And mirth be kept to grace a dying friend.*

As the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news in the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter, written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the story of a heroine who is a pattern of patience and serenity.

"SIR,

Paris, April 18, 1712.

"It is so many years since you left your native country, that I am to tell you the characters of your nearest relations as much as if you were an utter stranger to them. The occasion of this is to give you an account of the death of Madame de Villacerfe, whose departure out of this life I know not whether any of your philosophy will call unfortunate or not, since it was attended with some circumstances much to be desired as to be lamented. She was her whole life happy in an uninterrupted health, and was always honoured for an evenness of temper and steadiness of mind. On the 10th instant that lady was taken with an indisposition which confined her in her chamber, but was such as was too slight to make her take a sick-bed, and yet too grievous to admit of any satisfaction in being out of it. It is notoriously known that some years ago Monsieur Festeau, one of the most considerable surgeons in Paris, was desperately in love with this lady. Her ability placed her above any application to her on account of his passion; but as a woman always has some regard to the person whom she believes to be her real admirer, she now took it in her head upon advice of her physicians to lose some of her blood (to send for Monsieur Festeau on that occasion). I happened to be there at that time, and my relation gave me the privilege to be present. As soon as her arm was stripped bare, and he began to press it in order to raise the vein, his colour changed, and I observed him seized with a sudden horror, which made me take the liberty to speak of

it to my cousin who and said, she knew to do her injury and smiling also, immediately after the most unfortunate opened an artery, visible to express the composure. I will but go on to inform you that it was thought she was so far from being natural to one of her she would not let her sister mention about her presence on occasion asked if her were taken about she ordered her to be about a quarter of surgeons, of whom their work. I know of art, but there is amputation of her not live four-and-twenty so magnanimous.

I was particularly passed as her father and took notice of particularly word Festeau, which was

"Sir, you give anguish with which removed to all interests of human life like one wholly to consider you as one who no, you are my my entrance into the sense of this accident live may have the I have therefore my will, and have to fear from their

"While this expression Festeau looked as die, instead of a Villacerfe lived till and though she was exquisite torment wonderful a patient ceased to breathe who had not the to this lady, have honour you had of but we, who have easily resign our hers.

"I am, Sir,

"and

There hardly heroic mind than this lady weighed life itself could not of the unhappy concern for her tainly be of single an exact account which was crown Such greatness v article; nor is it

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

which made her  
the dissolution,

3, 1712.

Ars. Poet. 180.  
e.—Roscommon.

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poet confines  
n whence the  
s described as

seeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the  
land of promise, which gives a particular liveliness  
to this part of the narration:

I see him, but thou canst not, with what faith  
He leaves his gods, his friends, and native soil,  
Ur of Chaldaea, passing now the fords  
To Haran; after him a cumbrous train  
Of herds, and flocks, and numerous servitude:  
Not wand'ring poor, but trusting all his wealth  
With God, who call'd him in a land unknown,  
Canaan he now attains; I see his tents  
Pitch'd about Schechem, and the neighbouring plain  
Of Moreh: there by promise he receives  
Gift to his progeny of all that land;  
From Hamath northward to the desert south:  
(Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)

As Virgil's vision in the sixth *Æneid* probably  
gave Milton the hint of this episode, the last line  
is a translation of that verse where Anchises men-  
tions the names of places, which they were to bear  
hereafter:

Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc sunt sine nomine terra.

The poet has very finely represented the joy and  
gladness of heart which rises in Adam upon his dis-  
covery of the Messiah. As he sees his day at a  
distance through types and shadows, he rejoices in  
it: but when he finds the redemption of man com-  
pleted, and Paradise again renewed, he breaks forth  
in rapture and transport:

O goodness infinite, goodness immense!  
That all this good of evil shall produce, &c.

I have hinted in my sixth paper on Milton, that  
an heroic poem, according to the opinion of the  
best critics, ought to end happily, and leave the  
mind of the reader, after having conducted it  
through many doubts and fears, sorrows and dis-  
quietudes, in a state of tranquillity and satisfaction.  
Milton's fable, which had so many other qualifi-  
cations to recommend it, was deficient in this par-  
ticular. It is here therefore that the poet has shown  
a most exquisite judgment, as well as the finest in-  
vention, by finding out a method to supply this  
natural defect in his subject. Accordingly he leaves  
the adversary of mankind, in the last view which  
he gives us of him, under the lowest state of morti-  
fication and disappointment. We see him cowering  
in ashes, grovelling in the dust, and loaded with in-  
numerable pains and torments. On the contrary,  
our two first parents are comforted by dreams and  
visions, cheered with promises of salvation, and in  
manner raised to a greater happiness than that  
which they had forfeited. In short, Satan is repre-  
sented miserable in the height of his triumph, and  
Adam triumphant in the height of misery.

Milton's poem ends very nobly. The last speech  
of Adam and the archangel are full of moral and  
instructive sentiments. The sleep that fell upon  
Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the disorder  
of her mind, produces the same kind of consolation  
in the reader, who cannot peruse the last beautiful  
speech, which is ascribed to the mother of mankind,  
without a secret pleasure and satisfaction:

Whence thou return'st, and whither went'st, I know:  
For God is also in sleep, and dreams advise,  
Which he hath sent propitious, some great good  
Presaging, since, with sorrow and heart's distress  
Wearied, I fell asleep; but now led on,  
In me is no delay: with thee to go,  
Is to stay here; without thee here to stay,  
Is to go hence unwilling: thou to me  
Art all things under heav'n, all places thou,  
Who for my wilful crime art banish'd hence.  
This farther consolation yet secure  
I carry hence; though all by me is lost,  
Such favour I unworthy am vouchsaf'd,  
By me the promis'd seed shall all restore.

flowing lakes, which conclude the poem, most glorious blaze of poetical images and

urus in his *Æthiopics* acquaints us, that of the gods differs from that of mortals, never do not stir their feet, nor proceed step out slide over the surface of the earth by swimming of the whole body. The reader observe with how poetical a description Milton uttered the same kind of motion to the angels to take possession of Paradise:

Take our mother Eve; and Adam heard  
pleas'd, but answer'd not: for now too nigh  
rebel angel stood; and from the other hill  
saw his station; all in bright array  
cherubim descended; on the ground  
ing meteorous, as evening mist  
from a river, o'er the marsh glides,  
gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel  
ward returning. High in front advanc'd,  
brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd  
as a comet—

the author helped his invention in the following by reflecting on the behaviour of the angel who writ has the conduct of Lot and his. The circumstances drawn from that story were gracefully made use of on this occasion:

On the other hand the hast'ning angel caught  
his ring parents, and to th' eastern gate  
them direct: and down the cliff as fast  
the subjected plain; then disappear'd,  
y looking back, &c.

ene which our first parents are surprised in their looking back on Paradise, wonders the reader's imagination, as nothing more natural than the tears they shed on vision:

Looking back, all th' eastern side beheld,  
Paradise, so late their happy seat,  
Cover'd by that flaming brand, the gate  
broad faces throug'd and fiery arms:  
natural tears they dropp'd, but wip'd them soon;  
world was all before them, where to choose  
place of rest, and Providence their guide.

ight presume to offer at the smallest alteration in his divine work, I should think the poem a better with the passage here quoted, than verses which follow:

hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,  
th Eden took their solitary way.

two verses, though they have their beauty, much below the foregoing passage, and reduce the mind of the reader that anguish which is well laid by that consideration:

world was all before them, where to choose  
place of rest, and Providence their guide.

number of books in *Paradise Lost* is equal of the *Æneid*. Our author in his first edition divided his poem into ten books, but afterwards the seventh and the eleventh each of two different books, by the help of some divisions. This second division was made at judgment, as any one may see who will pains of examining it. It was not done like of such a chimerical beauty as that of *Virgil* in this particular, but for the more regular disposition of this great work.

who have read *Bossu*, and many of the who have written since his time, will not be if I do not find out the particular moral inculcated in *Paradise Lost*. Though I do not mean think, with the last-mentioned author, that an epic writer first of all pitches

upon a certain moral, as the occasion of his poem, and to it; I am however of opinion that no poem ever was or can be so great a moral may not be found in *Milton* is the most unimagined. It is to the will of God make obedience makes them the moral of the principle Adam and Eve, who they kept the command were driven out of it, gressed. This is likewise episode, which shows us the multitude of angels fell from heaven cast into hell upon their great moral, which may of the fable, there are which are to be drawn from the poem, and which make it more instructive than any other.

Those who have criticized the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have to fix the number of measures the action of each of them thinks it worth his while in *Milton*, he will find, appearance in the fourth book of *Paradise* in the twelfth. As for that part of the poem the three first books, as the regions of nature, I have not subject to any calculation.

I have now finished the which does an honour to the taken a general view of the fable, the character of language, and made an particular paper. I have of the censures which each of these heads, which papers, though I might if I had been disposed to subject; I believe, however will not find any little fault in this author has fallen into one of those heads among his several blemishes.

large of *Paradise Lost*, to have celebrated this descending to particular a paper upon each book to prove that the poem to point out its particular mine wherein they can show how some passages line, others by being so which of them are reduced which by the moral, which by the expressions voured to show how the a happy invention, a direct imitation; how he has or *Virgil*, and raised the use which he has made in Scripture. I might passages in *Tasso*, which but, as I do not look up voucher, I would not put quotations as might do than to the English poet.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

able kinds of capitulate, but which may be met with. Had I designed, that it should, I believe I should not have been at the kind reception of those whose uncomplaisance tells me have been at the same time, give me the same answer as I have been at in

5, 1712.

—SHAKESPEARE

very gay and are extremely the head of my I ought not each of them: from the top of in which often t "The whole that if we look employments is not, as the

The lawyer is wherein he is on his part, but in the prostitution of falsehood for no other divine, whose with any true piety and imputation of a character of pursuits will find half disguise and proceeds not of a player. frequent men-matter of the well or ill per- are indulged or manners and to the world, per. As the slow persons, the characters of a spectator in the use of the represent or in the world, representing in *Macbeth*, in *Harry the young man of to the Jubilee*, in the *For*; all the world's circumstances. If misapplied, or it has a great of others who

bear a figure on the stage, that his talents were understood; it is their business to impose upon what cannot become him, or keep out of his way any thing in which he would shine. Were one raise a suspicion of himself in a man who passes upon the world for a fine thing, in order to alarm him, one might say, If Lord Poppington was not the stage (Cibber acts the false pretensions to genteel behaviour so very justly), he would be in the generality of mankind more that would mire than deride him. When we come to characters directly comical, it is not to be imagined what effect a well-regulated stage would have upon men's manners. The craft of a usurer, the absurdity of a fool, the awkward roughness of a fellow of no courage, the ungraceful mirth of a creature of no wit, might for ever be put out of countenance proper parts for Dogget. Johnson, by acting Caliban the other night, must have given all who saw him, a thorough detestation of aged avarice. The petulance of a peevish old fellow, who loves as hates he knows not why, is very excellently performed by the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman in the *Pop's Fortune*; where, in the character of Dr. Choleric Snap Shorto de Testy, he answers no questions but to those whom he likes, and wants no account of any thing from those he approves. Mr. Penkethman is also master of as many faces in the dumb scene as can be expected from a man in the circumstances of being ready to perish out of food and hunger. He wonders throughout the whole scene very masterly, without neglecting his vocal part. If it be, as I have heard it sometimes mentioned, a great qualification for the world to follow business and pleasure too, what is it in the ingenious Mr. Penkethman to represent a sense of pleasure and pain at the same time—as you may see him do this evening?

As it is certain that a stage ought to be wholly suppressed, or judiciously encouraged, while there is one in the nation, men turned for regular pleasure cannot employ their thoughts more usefully, for the diversion of mankind, than by convincing them that it is in themselves to raise this entertainment to the greatest height. It would be a great improvement, as well as embellishment to the theatre, if dancing were more regarded, and taught to the actors. One who has the advantage of such an agreeable girlish person as Mrs. Bicknell, joined with her capacity of imitation, could in proper gesture and motion represent all the decent ornaments of female life. An amiable modesty in one moment of a dancer, and assumed confidence in another, a sudden joy in another, a falling-off with an insouciance of being beheld, a return towards the audience with an unsteady resolution to approach them, a well-acted solicitude to please, would revive to the company all the fine touches of mind which they had before beheld. Such elegant entertainments, these would polish the town into judgment in the gratifications; and delicacy in pleasure is the first step people of condition take, in reformation of the vice. Mrs. Bicknell has the only capacity for all sort of dancing of any on the stage; and I dare say all who see her performance to-morrow night, will be of my mind.—T.

. 371.] TUESDAY, MAY 6, 1712.

ne igitur landas quod de sapientibus unus  
 erat? Jev. Sak. x. 28.  
 shall the sage\* your approbation win.  
 see laughing features wore a constant grin?

I communicate to my readers the following  
 the entertainment of this day:—

I know very well that our nation is more fa-  
 that sort of men who are called 'whims'  
 merists,' than any other country in the  
 or which reason it is observed, that our  
 comedy excels that of all other nations in  
 ty and variety of its characters.  
 ing those innumerable sets of whims which  
 try produces, there are none whom I have  
 with more curiosity than those who have  
 any particular kind of diversion for the en-  
 ent of themselves and their friends. My  
 all single out those who take delight in  
 company that has something of burlesque  
 tle in its appearance. I shall make my-  
 stood by the following example. One of  
 of the last age, who was a man of a good  
 thought he never laid out his money better  
 jest. As he was one year at the Bath,  
 that, in the great confluence of fine peo-  
 were several among them with long chins,  
 the visage by which he himself was very  
 distinguished, he invited to dinner half a score  
 remarkable persons, who had their mouths  
 iddle of their faces. They had no sooner  
 themselves about the table but they began  
 upon one another, not being able to imagine  
 brought them together. Our English pro-

'Tis merry in the hall,  
 When beards wag all.

so in the assembly I am now speaking of,  
 g so many peaks of faces agitated with  
 nking, and discourse, and observing all  
 that were present meeting together very  
 the centre of the table, every one grew  
 if the jest, and came into it with so much  
 our, that they lived in strict friendship and  
 rom that day forward.

same gentleman some time after packed  
 a set of eggers as he called them, consisting  
 had an unlucky cast in their eyes. His  
 on this occasion was to see the cross bows,  
 signs, and wrong connivances, that passed  
 many broken and refracted rays of sight.  
 third feast which this merry gentleman ex-  
 as to the stammerers, whom he got together  
 lent body to fill his table. He had ordered  
 servants, who was placed behind a screen,  
 down their table-talk, which was very easy  
 ie without the help of short-hand. At ap-  
 the notes which were taken, that though  
 versation never fell, there were not above  
 rds spoken during the first course; that  
 ving up the second, one of the company  
 rter of an hour in telling them that the  
 and asparagus were very good; and that  
 ook up the same time in declaring himself  
 ne opinion. This jest did not, however, go  
 l as either of the former; for one of the

guests being a brave man  
 than he knew how to ex-  
 and sent the facetious in-  
 which, though it was af-  
 terposition of friends, y  
 entertainments.

"Now, sir, I dare sa-  
 that as there is no more  
 to be discouraged, and  
 of unluckiness than wit-  
 for one man to refine up-  
 and impossible for any  
 ever his parts may be, to  
 to its utmost perfection  
 account of an honest get-  
 who, upon hearing the  
 mentioned, has himself  
 to convert it to the bene-  
 half a dozen of his frie-  
 were each of them famo-  
 dundant phrases in their  
 me?—D'ye see?—That  
 of his guests making fre-  
 elegance, appeared so re-  
 that he could not but  
 peering equally ridiculo-  
 pany. By this means to-  
 gether, every one, talkin-  
 spection, and carefully  
 tive, the conversation wa-  
 cies, and had a greater  
 less of sound in it.

"The same well-mean-  
 sion, at another time, to  
 friends as were addicted  
 of swearing. In order  
 of the practice, he had  
 above mentioned, havin-  
 a private part of the room  
 when men open their  
 honest friend began to  
 norous but unnecessary  
 house since their sittin-  
 much good conversation  
 way to such superfluous  
 says he, 'would they ha-  
 we put the laws in ex-  
 Every one of them took  
 part; upon which he tol-  
 conversation would have  
 ordered it to be taken d-  
 humour-sake, would rea-  
 There were ten sheets of  
 reduced to two, had then  
 interpolations I have be-  
 reading of it in cold blo-  
 conference of fiends that  
 one trembled at himself  
 he had pronounced amid-  
 of discourse.

"I shall only mention  
 he made use of the same  
 ent kind of men, who ar-  
 versation, and murder t-  
 two former, though they  
 mean, that dull genera-  
 friend got together abo-  
 quaintance, who were  
 malady. The first day  
 entered upon the siege  
 four o'clock, their time  
 a North Briton took t-

ritus.  
 the last Duke of Buckingham, and father of the  
 Mary Wortley Montague.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

his hands so  
The third  
er by a story  
an to reflect  
one another,  
at lethargy  
zed for seve-

that extra-  
makind are  
I look upon  
you please,  
rs, I thought  
le to you.

7, 1712.

III.  
Met. i. 759

\*—DRYDEN.

y 6, 1712.  
garden, and  
as I was toll-  
ning, crowds  
ble at a pup-  
n. I had at  
Mr. Powell  
th, as if they  
lerings: but  
inced of the  
ell and com-  
that he has  
e to-morrow  
oor charity-  
informed, sir,  
any show, or  
of wood and  
to pay out of  
onest and in-  
y this means  
y a tax to la-  
also, that all  
countries, the  
necessities of  
and diseased  
entlemen are  
assing time,  
for knowing  
e case is so, I  
le of quality,  
pleasure, to  
ty, that they  
ve something  
their luxury  
measure, for  
fortunes. It  
e ladies who  
e playhouses  
ay to this ex-  
This method  
service to the  
e you would  
h Mr. Powell  
made in it by  
ns, trumpets,  
on of Troy,

to is wanting.

adorned with Highland dances, are to make up the entertainment of all who are so well disposed as not to forbear a light entertainment, for no other reason but that it is to do a good action.

"I am, sir, your most humble Servant,

"RALPH BELLAMY.

"I am credibly informed, that all the insinuations which a certain writer made against Mr. Powell at the Bath, are false and groundless."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"My employment, which is that of a broker, leading me often into taverns about the Exchange, has given me occasion to observe a certain company, which I shall here submit to your animadversion. In three or four of these taverns, I have, at different times, taken notice of a precise set of people, with grave countenances, short wigs, black clothes, or dark camlet trimmed with black, and mourning gloves and hat-bands, who meet on certain days at each tavern successively, and keep a sort of moving club. Having often met with their faces, and observed a certain sinking way in their dropping in one after another, I had the curiosity to inquire into their characters, being the rather drawn to it by their agreeing in the singularity of their dress; and I find, upon due examination, they are a knot of parish clerks, who have taken a hobby one another, and perhaps settle the bills of mourning over their half-pints. I have so great a veneration for any who have but even an amiable Amen in the service of religion, that I am almost lest these persons should incur some scandal by the practice; and would therefore have them, without railery, advised to send the Florence and yield home to their own houses, and not pretend to be as well as the overseers of the poor.

"I am, sir, your most humble Servant,

"HUMPHRY TRANSFER."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

May 6th.

"I was last Wednesday night at a tavern in the city, among a set of men who call themselves 'a lawyers' club.' You must know, sir, this club consists only of attorneys; and at this meeting, some one proposes the cause he has then in hand to the board, upon which each member gives his judgment according to the experience he has met with. It happens that any one puts a case of which they had no precedent, it is noted down by their clerk Will Goosequill (who registers all their proceedings), that one of them may go the next day with to a counsel. This indeed is commendable, and ought to be the principal end of their meetings. I had you been there, to have heard them relate the methods of managing a cause, their manner of drawing out their bills, and, in short, their arguments upon the several ways of abusing their clients, of the applause that is given to him who has done most artfully, you would before now have given your remarks on them. They are so conscious that their discourses ought to be kept a secret, that they are very cautious of admitting any person who is not of their profession. When any who are not of the law are let in, the person who introduces him, though he is a very honest gentleman, and he is taken as their cant is, to pay costs. I am admitted by the recommendation of one of their principals, a very honest, good-natured fellow, that will never in a plot, and only desires to drink his bottle and smoke his pipe. You have formerly remarked on several sorts of clubs; and as the tendency of

only to increase fraud and deceit, I hope you will please to take notice of it.

"I am, with respect, your humble Servant,  
T. H. R."

No. 373.] THURSDAY, MAY 8, 1712.

*Fallit enim vitium specie virtutis et umbra.*

*Juv. Sat. xiv. 109.*

Vice oft is hid in Virtue's fair disguise,  
And in her borrow'd form escapes inquiring eyes.

MR. LOCKE, in his treatise of the Human Understanding, has spent two chapters upon the abuse of words. The first and palpable abuse of words, he says, is when they are used without clear and distinct ideas; the second, when we are so inconstant and unsteady in the application of them, that we sometimes use them to signify one idea, sometimes another. He adds, that the result of our contemplations and reasonings, while we have no precise ideas fixed to our words, must needs be very confused and absurd. To avoid this inconvenience, more especially in moral discourses, where the same word should be constantly used in the same sense, he earnestly recommends the use of definitions. "A definition," says he, "is the only way whereby the precise meaning of moral words can be known." He therefore accuses those of great negligence who discourse of moral things with the least obscurity in the terms they make use of; since, upon the fore-mentioned ground, he does not scruple to say that he thinks "morality is capable of demonstration, as well as the mathematics."

I know no two words that have been more abused by the different and wrong interpretations which are put upon them, than these two, modesty and assurance. To say such a one is a modest man, sometimes indeed passes for a good character; but at present is very often used to signify a sheepish, awkward fellow, who has neither good breeding, politeness, nor any knowledge of the world.

Again, a man of assurance, though at first it only denoted a person of a free and open carriage, is now very usually applied to a profligate wretch, who can break through all the rules of decency and morality without a blush.

I shall endeavour therefore in this essay to restore these words to their true meaning, to prevent the idea of modesty from being confounded with that of sheepishness, and to hinder impudence from passing for assurance.

If I was put to define modesty, I would call it "the reflection of an ingenious\* mind, either when a man has committed an action for which he censures himself, or fancies that he is exposed to the censure of others."

For this reason a man truly modest is as much so when he is alone as in company, and as subject to a blush in his closet as when the eyes of multitudes are upon him.

I do not remember to have met with any instance of modesty with which I am so well pleased as that celebrated one of the young prince, whose father being a tributary king to the Romans, had several complaints laid against him before the senate, as a tyrant and oppressor of his subjects. The prince went to Rome to defend his father; but coming into the senate, and hearing a multitude of crimes proved upon him, was so oppressed when it came to his turn to speak, that he was unable to utter a

word. The sto more moved at his humility\* than the thetic oration, father for this

I take "assurance" as a man's self, things without mind." That assurance is a mode above all, a man do nothing again. An open and a sequence of such if his words or sented, retires v. ness of his own despite the little

Every one of himself the mentioned.

A man with uneasy by the converses with all sense of his

It is more the mentioned position very eminent d never have un august assembl he would have him, though it

From what b and assurance meet in the s mixed and ble we endeavour assurance;" b between bashful

I shall conclude man may be sible for the sa

We have mixture in peo cation, who, the man's eyes, of fusion, can volu or most indece

Such a pers to do ill even i all those check plexion seem to

Upon the wh this maxim, th proper method in his words a shelter itself in times attended

No. 374.

*Nil actum*

He reckon Great to be

THERE is a name. It is As we lose the to flay to execu

\* "Ingenuity"

\* "Ingenuity" never to be here used for "ingenuous."

ingenuousness."

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

all and throw  
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r the folly of  
of virtue to-  
ne, and to-  
t make use  
and virtue?  
sick friend?  
and suspend  
is weakness,  
ch in pain?  
Your mis-  
le madness,  
diversions as  
r to all men.  
that to sus-  
and resolve  
onable folly.  
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lf to-day, he  
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d yesterday.  
om the rest,  
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n, if he does  
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assuming to  
e foundation  
as the man-  
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ed by others,  
y thing that  
ts of his, to  
e to support  
perform, than  
let which he  
he obtained  
d these loose  
osed, by the  
ey might be  
y glory must  
his victory;

otherwise my loss will be greater than that of Pompey. Our personal reputation will rise or fall as we bear our respective fortunes. All my private enemies among the prisoners shall be spared. I will forget this, in order to obtain such another day. Trebutius is ashamed to see me; I will go to his tent, and be reconciled in private. Give all the men of honour, who take part with me, the terms offered before the battle. Let them owe this to their friends who have been long in my interests. Power is weakened by the full use of it, but extended by moderation. Galbinus is proud, and will be servile in his present fortune: let him wait. Send for Stertinius: he is modest, and his virtue is worth gaining. I have cooled my heart with reflection, and am fit to rejoice with the army to-morrow. He is a popular general, who can expose himself like a private man during a battle; but he is more popular who can rejoice but like a private man after a victory."

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a common mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflections when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

"Be it so then. If I am to die to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-morrow. It will not be then because I am willing it should be then; nor shall I escape it, because I am unwilling. It is in the gods when, but in myself how, I shall die. If Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of indigestion, how shall I behold the day after to-morrow! If they are from the gods, their admonition is not to prepare me to escape from their decree, but to meet it. I have lived a fulness of days and of glory: what there that Cæsar has not done with as much honour as ancient heroes?—Cæsar has not yet died! Cæsar is prepared to die."

T.

No. 375.] SATURDAY, MAY 10, 1712.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris  
Recte beatum: rectius occupat  
Nomen beati, qui deorum  
Muneribus sapienter uti,  
Duramque callet pauperiem pati,  
Pejusque letho flagitium timet.—HON. 4 Od. ix. 45.  
We barbarously call them blest  
Who are of largest tenements possess,  
While swelling coffers break their owner's rest.  
More truly happy those who can  
Govern that little empire, man;  
Who spend their treasure freely, as 'twas giv'n  
By the large bounty of indulgent Heaven;  
Who, in a fix'd unalterable state,  
Smile at the doubtful tide of Fate,  
And scorn alike her friendship and her hate:  
Who poison less than falsehood fear,  
Loath to purchase life so dear.—SPESEY.

I HAVE more than once had occasion to mention a noble saying of Seneca the philosopher, that a virtuous person struggling with misfortunes, and rising above them, is an object on which the gods themselves may look down with delight. I have therefore set before my reader a scene of this kind of distress in private life, for the speculation of a day.

An eminent citizen, who had lived in good

at my being  
a fault, for  
make you  
happy while  
be, if any  
er of,

Servant,  
—

and soon after  
ne generous  
endship and  
in a condi-  
To con-  
the double  
y family to  
myself happy

1712.

vi. 11.

at some time  
as not done  
unt of very  
olic streets,  
your notice.  
le ever met  
ve me most  
all the cries  
passengers,  
ts, by some-  
self, in the  
themselves  
ne person I  
ll, but very  
ple, for no  
his manner  
a subsidy.  
n old man  
of the sub-  
forming the  
by a goose.  
nfirms what  
e little heed  
nce till, be-  
passed by a  
nd, who just  
er after one  
ose behind  
I could not  
on for the  
amazement to  
ainted with  
day, giving  
e departure  
While I was  
house, and  
r whimsical  
gave me the  
ation of the  
se two ani-  
peripatetic  
man in that  
self, by fre-  
vigilance,  
y regularly

from time to time. The watchman was so affected with it, that he bought her, and has taken her a partner, only altering their hours of duty from night to day. The town has come into it, and they live very comfortably. This is the matter of fact. Now I desire you, who are a profound philosopher, to consider this alliance of instinct and reason. Your speculation may turn very naturally upon the force the superior part of mankind may have upon the spirits of such as, like this watchman, may be very near the standard of geese. And you may add to this practical observation, how, in all ages and times, the world has been carried away by odd unaccountable things, which one would think would pass upon no creature which had reason; and under the symbol of this goose, you may enter into the manner and method of leading creatures with their eyes open through thick and thin, for they know no what, they know not why.

"All which is humbly submitted to your spectral wisdom, by,

"Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,

"MICHAEL GAMBEL."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have for several years had under my care the government and education of young ladies, which trust I have endeavoured to discharge with due regard to their several capacities and fortunes. I have left nothing undone to imprint in every one of them a humble courteous mind, accompanied with a graceful becoming mien, and have made them pretty much acquainted with the household part of family affairs; but still I find there is something very much wanting in the air of my ladies, different from what I have observed in those who are esteemed your fine-bred women. Now, Sir, I must own to you, I never suffered my girls to learn to dance; but since I have read your discourse of dancing, where you have described the beauty and spirit there is in regular motion, I own myself your convert, and resolve for the future to give my young ladies the accomplishment. But upon imparting my design to their parents, I have been made very uneasy for some time, because several of them have declared that if I did not make use of the master they recommended, they would take away their children. There was Colonel Jumper's lady, a colonel of the train-bands, that has a great interest in her parish she recommends Mr. Trot for the prettiest master in town; that no man teaches a jig like him; that she has seen him rise six or seven capers together with the greatest ease imaginable; and that his scholars twist themselves more ways than the scholar of any master in town; besides, there is Madam Pium, an alderman's lady, recommends a master of their own name, but she declares he is not of their family, yet a very extraordinary man in his way for, besides a very soft air he has in dancing, he gives them a particular behaviour at a tea-table, and in presenting their snuff-box; teaches to twirl, slip or flirt a fan, and how to place patches to the best advantage, either for fat or lean, long or oval faces for my lady says there is more in these things than the world imagines. But I must confess, the major part of those I am concerned with leave it to me. I desire, therefore, according to the enclosed direction, you would send your correspondent who he writ to you on that subject to my house. If proper application this way can give innocence new charms and make virtue legible in the countenance, I shall spare no charge to make my scholars, in their very

and limon, bear witness how careful I have the other parts of their education.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,  
"RACHAEL WATCHFUL."

. 377.] TUESDAY, MAY 13, 1712.

*Quid quisque vitet, nunquam homini satis  
Cautum est in horis.—HON. 2 Od. xii. 13.*  
What each should fly, is seldom known;  
We unprovided, are undone.—CHARR.

was the mother of poetry, and still produces, he most ignorant and barbarous, a thousand riddles and poetical complaints. It is a footman talk like Oroondates, and converts a rustic into a gentle swain. The most orphibean or mechanic in love bleeds and raves with a certain elegance and tenderness which this passion naturally inspires. inward languishings of a mind infected with passion have given birth to a phrase which is used by all the mating tribe, from the lowest—I mean that of "dying for

meas, which owe their very being to this; are full of these metaphorical deaths. And heroines, knights, squires, and damsels, find them in a dying condition. There is the seed of mortality in our modern tragedies, every one gasps, faints, bleeds, and dies. The poets, to describe the execution which by this passion, represent the fair sex as that destroy with their eyes; but I think they have, with great justness of thought, compared a beautiful woman to a porcupine, that sends from every part.

often thought that there is no way so for the cure of this general infirmity, as a reflecting upon the motives that produce it. As passion proceeds from the sense of any perfection in the person beloved, I would not discourage it; but if a man considers his heavy complaints of wounds and deaths, some little affectations of coquetry, which are introduced into charms by his own fond imagination, laying before himself the cause of his may be sufficient to effect the cure of it.

this view that I have looked over the sedices of letters which I have received from you, and composed out of them the following mortality, which I shall lay before you without any further preface, as hoping that it will be useful to him in discovering those several where there is most danger, and those fatal where are made use of to destroy the heedless fly:—

er, slain at a puppet-show on the third of

7, shot from a casement in Piccadilly.

wounded by Zelinda's scarlet stocking, as stepping out of a coach.

apple, smitten at the opera by the glance that was aimed at one who stood by him. his love, lost his life at a ball.

apple, killed by the tap of a fan on his left eye Coquetilla, as he was talking carelessly in a bow-window.

on softly, murdered at the play-house in a box by a frown.

er, mortally wounded by Cleora, as she dug her tucker.

Ralph Gapley, Esq. ring.

F. R. caught his death the 1st.

W. W. killed by accident playing with the glove-box in Drury-lane.

Sir Christopher Cran a whale-bone petticoat.

Sylvius, shot through James's church.

Damon struck through the necklace.

Thomas Trusty, Fr Meanwell, Edward Cran-

row, fell all four at the Widow Trapland.

Tom Rattle, chancing as he came out of the

upon him, and laid him

Dick Tastewell, slain box in the third act of

Samuel Felt, haberd to Islington, by Mrs. S

was clambering over a

B. F. T. W. S. I. M last birth-day massacre.

Roger Blinko, cut off his age by a white-wash

Musidorus, slain by dimple, in Belinda's left

Ned Courtly, present (which she had dropped

it, and took away his life

John Gosselin, having a pair of blue eyes, as

was dispatched by a smile

Strephon, killed by C into the pit.

Charles Careless, shot who unexpectedly popped

of a coach.

Jesiah Wither, aged to his long home by Elizabeth

Jack Freelove, murdered William Wiscacre, G

tears by Moll Common.

John Pleadwell, Esq. rister-at-law, assassinated

inst. by Kitty Sly, who for his advice.

I.

No. 378.] WEDNESDAY

Aggredere, O magnos! a

Mature in years, to read

I WILL make no apology to my reader with the following

a great genius, a friend who is not ashamed to

of his Maker.

MES  
A SACRED  
Composed of several passages  
Written in Italian  
Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin  
To heavenly themes sublimer  
The mossy fountains, and the  
The dreams of Pindus, and the



BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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 with pre  
 begun  
 ear a sea  
 arise,  
 fills the skies,  
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 Dove,  
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 prostrate kings,  
 can spring

For these ladies spray & rests glow,  
 For these the Queen's radiant ans glow,  
 For these the sparkling petals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
 No more the tag sun shall add the morn,  
 No more the Cynthia fill her silver horn,  
 But rest, dissolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts, thy halls, thy domes, shall shine  
 Forever, and for ever, all day be thine!  
 These shall white the skies, & make decay,  
 These shall dust, and mountains roll away,  
 But fix this word, His saying, power remains;  
 His shall be ever his, thy own Messiah reigns  
 T.

No. 379.] THURSDAY, MAY 15, 1712.

Sentium nihil est, nate sunt hoc erat aliter.  
 Prosa Sat. 1. 2.  
 — Science in science full reveal'd — *Onions*.

I have often wondered at that ill-natured position which has sometimes been maintained in the schools, &c. &c. is comprised in an old Latin verse, namely, that "A man's knowledge is worth nothing if he communicates what he knows to any one besides." There is certainly no more sensible pleasure to a well-natured man, than if he can by any means gratify or inform the mind of another. I might add, that this virtue naturally carries it own reward along with it, since it is almost impossible it should be exercised without the improvement of the person who practises it. The reading of books, and the daily occurrences of life, are continually furnishing us with matter for thought and reflection. It is extremely natural for us to desire to see such our thoughts put in the dress of words, without which, indeed, we can scarce have a clear and distinct idea of them, ourselves. When they are thus clothed in expressions, nothing so truly shows us whether they are just or false, as those effects which they produce in the minds of others.

I am apt to flatter myself, that, in the course of these my speculations, I have treated of several subjects, and laid down many such rules for the conduct of a man's life, which my readers were either wholly ignorant of before, or which at least those few who were acquainted with them, looked upon as so many secrets they have found out for the conduct of themselves, but were resolved never to have made public.

I am the more confirmed in this opinion from my having received several letters, wherein I am censured for having prostituted Learning to the embraces of the vulgar, and made her, as one of my correspondents phrases it, a common strumpet. I am charged by another with laying open the arcanes or secrets of prudence to the eyes of every reader.

The narrow spirit which appears in the letters of these my correspondents is the less surprising, as it has shewn itself in all ages; there is still extant a epistle written by Alexander the Great to his tutor Aristotle, upon that philosopher's publishing some part of his writings; in which the prince complains of his having made known to all the world those secrets in learning which he had before communicated to him in private lectures, concluding, that he had rather excel the rest of mankind in knowledge than in power.

Louisa de Padua, a lady of great learning, and countess of Aranda, was in like manner angry with the famous Gratian, upon his publishing his treatise of the Discrete, wherein she fancied that he had laid open those maxims to common readers which ought

have been reserved for the knowledge of the

objections are thought by many of so much that they often defend the above-mentioned by affirming they have affected such an object in their style and manner of writing, that, very one may read their works, there will be very few who can comprehend their meaning. As the Latin satirist, affected obscurity for reason; with which, however, Mr. Cowley added, that, writing to one of his friends, says he, "tell me, that you do not know Persius be a good poet or no, because you understand him; for which very reason I at he is not so."

For, this art of writing unintelligibly has been much improved, and followed by several persons, who, observing the general inclination of mankind to dive into a secret, and the reputation have acquired by concealing their meaning under obscure terms and phrases, resolve, may be still more abstruse, to write with meaning at all. This art, as it is at present practised by many eminent authors, consists in using so many words at a venture into difficulties, and leaving the curious reader to find the meaning of them.

The Egyptians, who made use of hieroglyphics for several things, expressed a man who condescended to knowledge and discoveries altogether within the figure of a dark lantern closed on all sides, though it was illuminated within, affording a manner of light or advantage to such as it. For my own part, as I shall from time to time communicate to the public whatever discoveries happen to make, I should much rather be like to an ordinary lamp, which consumes and itself for the benefit of every passenger.

I conclude this paper with the story of Roscius's sepulchre. I suppose I need not inform you, that this man was the founder of the Roman sect, and that his disciples still pretend to discoveries, which they are never to communicate to the rest of mankind.\*

A certain person having occasion to dig some place in the ground, where this philosopher lay, met with a small door, having a wall on all sides of it. His curiosity, and the hopes of some hidden treasure, soon prompted him to open the door. He was immediately surprised by a sudden blaze of light, and discovered a vault. At the upper end of it was a statue of a man in armour, sitting by a table, and leaning on his right arm. He held a truncheon in his right hand, and had a lamp burning before him. The man no sooner set one foot within the vault, than the statue erected itself from its leaning position, bolt upright, and upon the fellow's advancing another step, lifted up the truncheon in his right hand. The man still ventured a third step, but the statue, with a furious blow, broke the lamp into a thousand pieces, and left his guest in a sudden darkness.

On the report of this adventure, the country soon came with lights to the sepulchre, and found that the statue, which was made of brass, was more than a piece of clock-work; that of the vault was all loose, and underlaid

with several springs, which, on being touched, naturally produced light.

Roscius, say his disciples, by this method to show the world the ever burning lamps of truth, was resolved no one should be deceived from the discovery.—X

## No. 380.] FRIDAY

Rivalem patienter habet

With patience bear a

"Sir,

"THE character you have given of the ladies' philosopher, has been seen you give to others. I thought I should address myself to you in order to desire your opinion on a subject I may call a lover. I have thought that I thought made perfect that most of my friends thought we were really much pains to undeceive a young gentleman of fortune who was then in the town, and seeing our interest in the liberty of taking I ingenuously told her I did not know what might be the consequence of getting acquainted with her, to take upon her to examine whether a new face had more than the old I will leave it to you to be determined that he utterly courted, but withal perfect for me; but, whether a way of friendship or not, and what I may really many who talk in a language of character, and yet guard themselves in direct terms to the point of distinguish between courtship and friendship. I hope you will do me the favour to let me know, and my friend, if they please, mean time I carry it with me the nymph and the swain, each believes I, who know myself revenged in their conduct, creates an irreconcilable right again, you shall hear."

"Sir, your most obedient servant,

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Your observations on the character of the ladies' philosopher have had a good effect on me, but there is another fault in your notice, I mean of very zealous and punctilious that is only preparatory, and yet neglect to join in is an instance of this in the comb's, who sits opposite in till the prayers are said, he has entered his seat (in congregation) he devoutly face for three or four minutes acquaintance, sits down, and it be the evening service."

\* See the account of the discovery of the sepulchre of Roscius, in the *Œuvres de Gabalis*, par l'Abbe Villars, 1742, 2 vols. ed. of Pope's Works, ed. of Warb. vol. 1. p. 109, 12mo.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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" J. S."

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" T. B."

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LEMON."  
ay 15, 1712  
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of fifty boys,  
boys to the  
ope you will  
— — —  
se well there

do them the same favour in Friday's *Spectator* for  
Sunday next, when they are to appear with their  
humble airs at the parish church of St. Bride's  
S.r. the mention of this may possibly be serviceable  
to the children; and sure no one will omit a good  
action attended with no expense.

" I am, Sir,  
" Your very humble Servant,  
T. " THE SEXTON."

No 381 | SATURDAY, MAY 17, 1712.

*Aquum memento rebus in arduis  
Sociare mentem, non setus in bonis,  
An insidens temperatam  
Latitia, meriture Belli.*—*HOR. 2 Od. m. 1.*  
Be calm, my Bellias, and serene,  
Howe'er fortune change the scene,  
In thy most dejected state,  
Suck rest underneath the weight;  
Nor yet, when happy days begin,  
And the full tide comes rolling in,  
Let a fierce, unruly, joy  
The settled quiet of thy mind destroy.—*ABST.*

I HAVE always preferred cheerfulness to mirth  
The latter I consider as an act, the former as a habit  
of the mind. Mirth is short and transient, cheer-  
fulness fixed and permanent. Those are often raised  
into the greatest transports of mirth, who are sub-  
ject to the greatest depressions of melancholy. On  
the contrary, cheerfulness, though it does not give  
the mind such an exquisite gladness, prevents it  
from falling into any depths of sorrow. Mirth  
like a flash of lightning, that breaks through a gloom  
of clouds, and glitters for a moment; cheerfulness  
keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills  
it with a steady and perpetual serenity.

Men of austere principles look upon mirth as a  
wanton and dissolute for a state of probation, and  
filled with a certain triumph and insolence of heart  
that is inconsistent with a life which is every mo-  
ment obnoxious to the greatest dangers. Writers  
of this complexion have observed, that the Sacred  
Person who was the great pattern of perfection never  
seem to laugh.

Cheerfulness of mind is not liable to any of the  
exceptions: it is of a serious and composed nature  
it does not throw the mind into a condition improper  
for the present state of humanity, and is very com-  
mon in the characters of those who are looked  
upon as the greatest philosophers among the heathen  
as well as among those who have been deservedly re-  
spected as saints and holy men among Christians.

If we consider cheerfulness in three lights, as  
regard to ourselves, to those we converse with, and  
to the great Author of our being, it will not a little  
commend itself on each of these accounts. The  
man who is possessed of this excellent frame  
of mind, is not only easy in his thoughts, but a perfect  
master of all the powers and faculties of his soul.  
His imagination is always clear, and his judgment  
undisturbed; his temper is even and unruffled  
whether in action or in solitude. He comes with  
relish to all those goods which nature has provided  
for him, tastes all the pleasures of the creature  
which are poured about him, and does not feel the  
full weight of those accidental evils which molest  
mortal man.

If we consider him in relation to the persons  
whom he converses with, it naturally produces in  
another good-will towards him. A cheerful mind is  
not only disposed to be affable and obliging; but raises  
the same good humour in those who come within  
influence. A man finds himself pleased, he de-

to know why, with the cheerfulness of his companion. It is like a sudden sunshine that awakens a secret delight in the mind, without her attending to it.

The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendship and benevolence towards the person who has so kindly an effect upon it.

When I consider this cheerful state of mind in its first relation, I cannot but look upon it as a constant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward cheerfulness is an implicit praise and thanksgiving to Providence under all its dispensations. It is a kind of acquiescence in the state wherein we are placed, and a secret approbation of the Divine Will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things which, in my opinion, can reasonably deprive us of this cheerfulness of heart. The first of these is the sense of guilt. A man who lives in a state of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that evenness and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the soul, and the natural fruit of virtue and innocence. Cheerfulness in an unrepentant man deserves a harder name than language can furnish us with, and is many degrees beyond what we customarily call folly or madness.

Atheism, by which I mean a disbelief of a Supreme Being, and consequently of a future state, under whatever titles it shelter itself, may likewise very reasonably deprive a man of this cheerfulness of temper. There is something so particularly gloomy and offensive to human nature in the prospect of non-existence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is possible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is so little to be doubted, that it is almost the only truth we are sure of; and such a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, spleen, and envy. It is indeed no wonder, that men who are treasurers to themselves should be so to the rest of the world; and how is it possible for a man to be otherwise than uneasy in himself, who is in danger every moment of losing his entire existence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and Atheist have therefore no pretence to cheerfulness, and would act very unreasonably should they endeavour after it. It is impossible for any one to live in good-humour, and enjoy his present existence, who is apprehensive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miserable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned these two great principles, which are destructive of cheerfulness in their own nature, as well as in right reason, I cannot think of any other that ought to banish this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and sickness, shame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itself, considering the shortness of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deserve the name of evils. A good mind may bear up under them with fortitude, with indolence, and with cheerfulness of heart. The tossing of a tempest does not discompose him, which he is sure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man who uses his best endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reason, has two perpetual sources of cheerfulness, in the consideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependance. If he looks into himself, he cannot but rejoice in that existence which is so lately bestowed upon him, and which,

after millions of its beginning,

naturally arise in entrance into existence at its first setting out, and progress, and what of perfection, and happiness! The cheerfulness of a perpetual day, a virtuous man, every moment can conceive.

The second source of cheerfulness is the consideration of our dependance on him as yet but imperfections, we as great, glorious every where upon with an immensity depend upon a man make us happy, and desire it of him secure us in this

Such considerations perpetually cherish all that secret happiness men are subject to affliction; all the any evil that accide likewise add to the folly that are apt to establish in temper, as makes us whom we convert made to please.

No. 382.]

Hab  
The

I OUGHT not of my correspondence say I have given a reason. He sent an excellent wine who had by the egregious error received the obsequies of the candour which and promises a the future. He more errors of benevolence. The upon the amiable generous acknowledgements as for repaid by it; for the injury, em He that says, I such an action, you, that though was never in his you that he is yours. It must be a judgment of a spirit, and not is quite different, when return made in

To make the best manner of it by a proper order who told his way. The n, which was for his error k a cane at roarious lan-

The whole g, who com-ight hand on horseback in rden. When was going to gility, threw t.

the pleasure the repara-s soldier, ap-by his grati-resentment.

se extraordi-see an inge-up for faults n in the very in a man has

by owning, confidence; his favour; hose gay fel-pudent, and

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at the bar, all that they ole assembly d his case to ng any thing in before we own mouth,

d sorrow we the great op- from the un-at we call a

high spirit. It is far from greatness of spirit to persist in the wrong in any thing; nor is it a diminution of greatness of spirit to have been in the wrong. Perfection is not the attribute of man, therefore I am not degraded by the acknowledgment of an imperfection; but it is the work of little minds to impute the fortitude of great spirits on worthy occasions, by obstinacy in the wrong. This obstinacy prevails so far upon them, that they make it extend to the defence of faults in their very servants. I would swell this paper to too great a length should I insert all the quirels and debates which are going on foot in this town; where one party, and in some cases both, is sensible of being on the faulty side and ~~are~~ not spirit enough to acknowledge it. Among the ladies the case is very common; for there are very few of them who know that it is to maintain a true and high spirit, to throw away from it all which itself disapproves, and to scorn so pitiful a shame, as that which disables the heart from accepting a liberality of affection and sentiments. The candid mind, by acknowledging and discarding its faults, has reason and truth for the foundation of all its passions and desires, and consequently is happy and simple: the disingenuous spirit, by indulgence of one unacknowledged error, is entangled with an after-life of guilt, sorrow, and perplexity.—T.

#### No. 383.] TUESDAY, MAY 20, 1712.

Crimine de hortis — Juv. Sat. l. 75

A beauty to garden, but by vice maintain'd

As I was sitting in my chamber, and thinking of a subject for my next Spectator, I heard two or three irregular bounces at my landlady's door, and upon the opening of it, a loud cheerful voice inquiring whether the philosopher was at home. The child who went to the door answered very innocently, that he did not lodge there. I immediately recollected that it was my good friend Sir Roger vol. 1: and that I had promised to go with him to the water to Spring-garden,\* in case it proved good evening. The knight put me in mind of a promise from the bottom of the staircase, but told me, that if I was speculating, he would stay below until I had done. Upon my coming down, I found all the children of the family got about my old friend; and my landlady herself who is a notable prating gossip, engaged in a conference with him being mightily pleased with his stroking her little boy on the head, and bidding him to be a good child and mind his book.

We were no sooner come to the Temple-stair but we were surrounded with a crowd of watermen offering us their respective services. Sir Roger after having looked about him very attentively, spied one with a wooden leg, and immediately gave him orders to get his boat ready. As we were walking towards it, "You must know," says Sir Roger, "I never make use of any body to row me, this is not lost either a leg or an arm. I would rather have a few strokes of his oar than not employ an honest man that has been wounded in the queen's service. If I was a lord or a bishop, and kept barge, I would not put a fellow in my livery that had not a wooden leg."

My old friend, after having seated himself, and trundled the boat with his coachman, who, being a very sober man, always serves for ballast on these occasions, we made the best of our way for Vaux-

\* Now known by the name of Vauxhall.

all.\* Sir Roger obliged the waterman to give us the history of his right leg; and hearing that he had left it at La Hogue, with many particulars which passed in that glorious action, the knight, in the triumph of his heart, made several reflections on the greatness of the British nation; as, that one Englishman could beat three Frenchmen; that we could never be in danger of popery so long as we took care of our fleet; that the Thames was the noblest river in Europe; that London-bridge was a greater piece of work than any of the seven wonders of the world; with many other honest prejudices which naturally cleave to the heart of a true Englishman.

After some short pause, the old knight, turning about his head twice or thrice to take a survey of his great metropolis, bid me observe how thick the city was set with churches, and that there was scarce a single steeple on this side Temple-bar. "A most heathenish sight!" says Sir Roger: "there is no religion at this end of the town. The fifty new churches will very much mend the prospect; but church-work is slow, church-work is slow."

I do not remember I have any where mentioned in Sir Roger's character, his custom of saluting every body that passes by him with a good-morrow or a good-night. This the old man does out of the overflowings of his humanity; though at the same time, it renders him so popular among all his country neighbours, that it is thought to have gone a good way in making him once or twice knight of the shire. He cannot forbear this exercise of benevolence even in town, when he meets with any one in his morning or evening walk. It broke from him to several boats that passed by us upon the water; but, to the knight's great surprise, as he gave the good-night to two or three young fellows a little before our landing, one of them, instead of returning the civility, asked us what queer old put we had in the boat, and whether he was not ashamed to go a-wenching at his years? with a great deal of the like Thames-ribaldry. Sir Roger seemed a little shocked at first, but at length assuming a face of magistracy, told us, that if he were a Middlesex justice, he would make such vagrants know that her majesty's subjects were no more to be abused by water than by land.

We were now arrived at Spring-garden, which is excellently pleasant at this time of the year. When I considered the fragrancy of the walks and bowers, with the choirs of birds that sung upon the trees, and the loose tribe of people that walked under their shades, I could not but look upon the place as a kind of Mahometan paradise. Sir Roger told me it put him in mind of a little coppice by his house in the country, which his chaplain used to call an aviary of nightingales. "You must understand," says the knight, "there is nothing in the world that pleases a man in love so much as your nightingale. Ah, Mr. Spectator, the many moonlight nights that I have walked by myself, and thought on the widow by the music of the nightingale!" He here fetched a deep sigh, and was falling into a fit of musing, when a mask, who came behind him, gave him a gentle tap upon the shoulder, and asked him if he would drink a bottle of mead with her? But the knight being startled at so unexpected a familiarity, and displeased to be interrupted in his thoughts of the widow, told her "she was a wanton baggage;" and bid her go about her business.

We conclude the tale, and a slice of eating ourselves, and bid him call that had but one on him at the o to be saucy; commands with

As we were g thinking himse rum, to animat told the mistres that he should if there were t pets.—I.

No. 384.] W

"Hague, May 24, have so often si killed him in ou Dauphin of Fra and death itself they will take t assured by a ve instant this you to be since the c now sending his modesty to cont merci in Lorrain few domestics o mar<sup>o</sup> having det an ambassador enemies will a Utrecht, when long at that cou his lamentable s

I SHOULD be overlook some My lord bishop lished some ser me to determin man, and a god flattery and b princes, assert found us as to tainment shall Post-Boy, and Asaph. I shou of the Post-Bo publicans for a of the pretend minister of Ha in my motto. England conc that family.

"The publi latest of which and the first natural for pe doing so; and these following

"First, from to make for th public affairs, several princ been studiously thereupon, I c saging, that th if ever we shou the throne, of and true honou tions, and lose

<sup>o</sup> Ambassador of the Hanoverian f  
† Dr. William

\* In the original publication in folio, it is printed Fox-hall.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ose charge a  
 whenever it  
 er justly or  
 mine: but I  
 o deliver my-  
 ches and the  
 ng to all the  
 course of my  
 er occasions,  
 the loving,  
 ce's person,  
 violable and  
 submission to  
 convenient to  
 k myself at  
 e that either  
 y other holy  
 y them, sub-  
 country in  
 re condition  
 a they would  
 ans. I ever  
 against that  
 it that might  
 justice, in a  
 a free and  
 No. People  
 ey will, but  
 arty. When  
 have brought  
 eck, religion  
 d submissive  
 shake it off:  
 This always  
 ent of these  
 to posterity  
 as mine can  
 no loved his  
 Englishman,  
 e transmitted  
 made for and  
 could think  
 the occasions  
 ence, without  
 public; and  
 ey were then  
 those people  
 les to me, as  
 erly was. I  
 matters; and  
 ell-grounded,  
 er.  
 ese sermons  
 myself some  
 the memory  
 o have very  
 the people of  
 value for the  
 tion of the  
 ere the great  
 d to see their  
 and the great  
 ightly and  
 r deliverance  
 ced and vili-  
 at was their  
 ir boast and  
 are in bring-  
 st, must have  
 nly disclaim-  
 ents thereof.

Who could expect such a requital of such merit I have, I own it, an ambition of exempting myself from the number of unthankful people: and as loved and honoured those great princes living, as lamented over them when dead, so I would gladly raise them up a monument of praise as lasting as any thing of mine can be: and I choose to do it this time, when it is so unfashionable a thing to speak honourably of them.

"The sermon that was preached upon the Duke of Gloucester's death was printed quickly after, and is now, because the subject was so suitable, joined to the others. The loss of that most promising and hopeful prince was at that time, I saw, unspeakably great; and many accidents since have convinced us that it could not have been overvalued. That precious life, had it pleased God to have prolonged in the usual space, had saved us many fears and jealousies, and dark distrusts, and prevented many alarms that have long kept us, and will keep us still, waking and uneasy. Nothing remained but comfort and support us under this heavy stroke, but the necessity it brought the king and nation united of settling the succession in the house of Hanover, and giving it a hereditary right by act of parliament as long as it continues Protestant. So much good did God, in his merciful providence, produce from misfortune, which we could never otherwise have sufficiently deplored!

"The fourth sermon was preached upon the queen's accession to the throne, and the first year in which that day was solemnly observed (for by some accident or other it had been overlooked the year before); and every one will see, without the date of it, that it was preached very early in the reign, since I was able only to promise and presage a future glories and successes, from the good appearances of things, and the happy turn our affairs began to take; and could not then count up the victories and triumphs that, for seven years after, made it, in the prophet's language, a name and a praise among all the people of the earth. Never did seven such years together pass over the head of any English monarch, nor cover it with so much honour. The crown and sceptre seemed to be the queen's least ornaments; those, other princes wore in common with her, and her great personal virtues were the same before and since; but such was the fame of her administration of affairs at home, such was the reputation of her wisdom and felicity in choosing ministers, and such was then esteemed the faithfulness and zeal, their diligence and great abilities, in executing her commands; to such a height of military glory did her great general and her armies carry the British name abroad; such was the harmony and concord betwixt her and her allies, and such was the blessing of God upon all her counsels and undertakings, that I am as sure as history can make me, no prince of ours ever was so prosperous and successful, so beloved, esteemed, as honoured by their subjects and their friends, so near so formidable to their enemies. We were, all the world imagined then, just entering on the ways that promised to such a peace as would have answered all the prayers of our religious queen, the care and vigilance of a most able ministry, the payment of a willing and most obedient people, as we as all the glorious toils and hazards of the soldier; when God, for our sins, permitted the spirit of discord to go forth, and by troubling sore the camp the city and the country, (and oh that it had altogether spared the places sacred to his worship)



or a time, this beautiful and pleasing prospect give us, in its stead, I know not what—nines will tell the rest with pleasure. It ne me better to pray to God to restore us ker of obtaining such a peace as will be to the safety, honour, and welfare of the d her dominions, and the general satisfac her high and mighty allies.—T.  
2, 1712."

## S. THURSDAY, MAY 22, 1712.

*Thesea pectora juncta fide.*—OVID, *I Trist.* lib. 66.  
is that with sympathizing ardour glow'd,  
oly friendship, such as Theseus vow'd.

ed the paper for this day as a loose essay adship, in which I shall throw my observa- ether without any set form, that I may eating what has been often said on this

ship is a strong and habitual inclination rsons to promote the good and happiness other. Though the pleasures and advan- friendship have been largely celebrated by aoral writers, and are considered by all as edients of human happiness, we very et with the practice of this virtue in the

man is ready to give in a long catalogue virtues and good qualities he expects to e person of a friend, but very few of us l to cultivate them in ourselves.

ad esteem are the first principles of friend- h always is imperfect where either of these ating.

the one hand, we are soon ashamed of nan whom we cannot esteem; so, on the igh we are truly sensible of a man's abi- can never raise ourselves to the warmth ship, without an affectionate good-will to- person.

hip immediately banishes envy under all es. A man who can once doubt whether rejoice in his friend's being happier than ay depend upon it that he is an utter t this virtue.

something in friendship so very great, that in those fictitious stories which are o the honour of any particular person, the ve thought it as necessary to make their nd as a lover. Achilles has his Patro- Eneas his Achates. In the first of these we may observe, for the reputation of l I am treating of, that Greece was almost the hero's love, but was preserved by his

acter of Achates suggests to us an ob- ve may often make on the intimacies of who frequently choose their companions the qualities of the heart than those f, and prefer fidelity in an easy, inoffen- ying temper, to those endowments which eld greater figure among mankind. I ember that Achates, who is represented t favourite, either gives his advice, or ow, through the whole *Æneid*.

ship which makes the least noise is very useful; for which reason I should prefer friend to a zealous one.

one of the best men of ancient Rome, remarkable instance of what I am here This extraordinary person, amidst the

civil wars of his country of all parties equally to liberty, by constantly affection of both the e serve his friends on eith money to young Marius an enemy to the com one of Sylla's chief favo general.

During the war betw stil maintained the same of Cæsar, he sent mone and did a thousand go and friends when that pe even in that bloody was gustus, Atticus still ke friendships: inasmuch t Nepos, whenever he was part of the empire, writ was doing, what he read, go; and the latter gave count of all his affairs.

A likeness of inclinat so far from being requis two minds towards each imagined, that I believe firmest friendships to have persons of different humo pleased with those perfe and which it does not find ments. Besides that a p plies his own defects, and band possessed of those ments which are in the p eye of the world is look

The most difficult pro letting a man see his fault if possible, be so contri our advice is given him selves as for his own ad therefore of a friend sho and not too frequent.

The violent desire of p proved, may otherwise cha it, while he finds himself not conscious of. A min manized by friendship o proaches; either it must pression, or abate consi esteem it had for him wh

The proper business of and courage; and a soul self; whereas, if it be v these succours, it droops

We are in some measur violate our duties to a fr since the former arises fro latter from a necessity to our own consent.

As it has been said on not to break with a fault expose the weakness of h hold much stronger with that he may never be up valuable a treasure which sion.—X.

No. 386.] FRIDA

*Cum tristibus severe, cum remi- viter, cum juvenute comiter*

THE piece of Latin on

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

but I have set the rules of Catiline, merely, with the wicked." The two or bear to consent only to upon a com- sign and in- this manner from a man's to do it out the most fruit- aginable. To er end but an is of all en- must be sin- not to inter- it is a most ple who want e into conver- are the least n inclination rather be in- had better go n force them- d humour. In a friend a sad eve a heavy ere meant is, nation to the or not pre- a very happy ds of dispos- open to re- ot obstinately

with the cha- o. You meet the wise, the d the witty; in it that can y one sect of use, good na- a enjoys him- to contributes er was at a second time. e of Acasto, a ful to the ge- ng pleasing. agreeable as companions rally the pre- g that if you in his seat, e rest of the

ng agreeable thing as art hose you are entertained, A man thus y call a good in all the g friendly in minds more s of humour in a man of d be treated

with respect even in a man no otherwise general The forwardness of youth, when it proceeds fr alacrity and not insolence, has also its allowance The companion who is formed for such by nature gives to every character of life its due regards, a is ready to account for their imperfections, and ceive their accomplishments as if they were his ow It must appear that you receive law from, and give it, to your company, to make you agreeable

I remember Tully, speaking, I think, of Antio says, that, *In eo facillia erant, quæ nulla arte in posunt*: "He had a witty mirth, which could be acquired by no art." This quality must be of a kind of which I am now speaking; for all sorts of behaviour which depend upon observation and knowledge of life are to be acquired; but that which one can describe, and is apparently the act of nature, must be every where prevalent, because every thing it meets is a fit occasion to exert it; and who follows nature can never be improper or unseasonable.

How unaccountable then must their behaviour be, who, without any manner of consideration what the company they have just now entered upon, give themselves the air of a messenger, as make as distinct relations of the occurrences the last met with, as if they had been dispatched from those they talk to, to be punctually exact in a report of those circumstances! It is unpardonable in those who are met to enjoy one another that a free man shall pop in, and give us only the last part of his own life, and put a stop to ours during the history. If such a man comes from 'Change, whether you will or not, you must hear how the stocks go, and, though you are never so intently employed on a graver subject, a young fellow of the other end of the town will take his place and tell you, Mrs. Swallow is charmingly handsome, because he just now saw her. But I think I need not dwell on this subject, since I have acknowledged there can be no rules made for excelling this way; and precepts of this kind fare like rules for writing poetry, while it is said, may have prevented ill poets, but never made good ones.

T.

No. 387.] SATURDAY, MAY 24, 1712.

Quid pure tranqillet—Hos. 1 Ep. xviii. 102.

What calms the breast, and makes the soul serene.

IN my last Saturday's paper I spoke of cheerfulness as it is a moral habit of the mind, and accordingly mentioned such moral motives as are apt to cherish and keep alive this happy temper in the soul of man: I shall now consider cheerfulness in its natural state, and reflect on those motives to which are indifferent either as to virtue or vice.

Cheerfulness is, in the first place, the best promoter of health. Repinings, and secret murmurings of heart, give imperceptible strokes to those delicate fibres of which the vital parts are composed, and wear out the machine insensibly; not to mention those violent ferments which they stir up in the blood, and those irregular disturbed motions which they raise in the animal spirits. I scarce remember in my own observation, to have met with many old men, or with such, who (to use our English phrase) wear well, that had not at least a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and cheerfulness of heart. The truth of it is, health and cheerfulness mutually beget each other; and this difference, that we seldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain

liness, but very often see cheerfulness where there is no great degree of health.

Cheerfulness bears the same friendly regard to the mind as to the body. It banishes all anxious and discontent, soothes and composes the passions, and keeps the soul in a perpetual calm. But already touched on this last consideration, I will take notice, that the world in which we live is filled with innumerable objects that appear to raise and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

We consider the world in its subserviency to us, we would think it was made for our use; but consider it in its natural beauty and harmony, and we are apt to conclude it was made for our eyes. The sun, which is as the great soul of the world, and produces all the necessities of life, has a particular influence in cheering the mind of man, making the heart glad.

Several living creatures which are made for our use or sustenance, at the same time either amuse us with their music, furnish us with game, or give us pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are made to shine to the imagination, as to the soil which they pass.

Painters are writers of great distinction, who have made an argument for Providence, that the whole world is covered with green rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and dark, that it comforts and strengthens the eye, and does not weaken or grieve it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging in their rooms, to ease the eye upon, after too great an exertion to their colouring. A famous modern painter\* accounts for it in the following manner: "The most luminous, and most dissipated the animal spirits which are in the eye; on the contrary, those that are more dense do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas the rays that produce in us the colour of green, fall upon the eye in such a due manner, that they give the animal spirits their proper exercise, and, by keeping up the struggle in a moderate degree, excite a very pleasing and agreeable temper." Let the cause be what it will, the effect is the same; for which reason, the poets ascribe to the colour of green the epithet of cheerful.

Consider further this double end in the works of Providence, and how they are at the same time both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which several races of plants are propagated, and which are always lodged in the most beautiful blossoms. Nature seems to hide her design, and to be industrious in making the world gay and delightful, while she is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preservation. The husbandman, after the same manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a garden or landscape, and making every thing about him, whilst in reality he thinks of nothing but of the harvest, and the increase which he derives from it.

We may further observe how Providence has contrived to keep up this cheerfulness in the mind of man, having formed it after such a manner, as to be capable of conceiving delight from several objects which seem to have very little use in

them; as from the view of the sea, and the like grotesque and ridiculous objects, are versed in philosophy, and consider things in a higher, by which they appeared to us endowments which it actually is but a very joyless and empty thing. Why has Providence contrived in us such imaginary pleasures, sounds and smells, while he is conversant with the real world, might have his conversation with agreeable sensations, and the reverse is a kind of the either raise in us pleasure.

The reader's own experience of the vicissitude of days, and seasons, with all that varies the face of nature, and the succession of beautiful

I shall not here mention the pleasures of the arts, with the pleasures of conversation, and other pleasures, because I would only mention them to a cheerful temper, persons of all ranks are sufficiently shown us that this world should be a place of pleasures, or that the heart should be in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate as it is a virtue in which we are served to be more deficient. Melancholy is a kind of island, and often conveyed by a wind. A celebrated Fable tells us that to those who begin the season of the year, and the gloomy month of November in England hang and droop, a lover walked out into the world.

Every one ought to consider his climate or constitution, and in himself those considerations which lead to a serenity of mind, and to a full and lively temper, and fully against those little pleasures which are common to human nature, and improvement of them, and an uninterrupted happiness.

At the same time that we consider the world in its utility, we must own there are pleasures spring up amidst the cares of life, which are provided for us; but these, if we be far from overcasting our minds, and destroying that cheerful temper which has been recommending.

With good, and pain with good, nature, is very truly as the poet says in his Essay on Human Understanding, in the following words:

"Beyond all this world, why God hath scattered pleasures of pleasure and pain around and affect us, almost all that our thoughts are with; that we, finding in our hearts a want of complete happiness, which the creature is led to seek it in the enjoyment of, there is fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

\* Sir Isaac Newton.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS

MAY 26, 1712.

et artis  
udere fontes.  
Vind. Georg. li. 174.  
sacred spring,  
sages sing.

read your papers, to  
authors from whence  
ed a passage lately  
omon's Song, it oc-  
d, upon reading it,  
ly soft and tender,  
is paraphrase of it;  
ttle forbear sending  
pprobation which I  
en me so sensible a  
bear endeavouring  
th any appearance  
am, Sir,  
umble Servant."

LOMON'S SONG.

ashing rose  
disclose,  
r:

us pride prevail,  
sunshine blest.  
he rest:  
ere, shed  
er's head,  
ad.  
yield.  
art combine,

han mine.

pass  
grass;  
ns, shine,  
f divine;  
old,  
igh,

invite:  
ng sight,  
ght.

my head.  
haste;  
to the taste;  
he bowl,  
soul;  
rove,  
ners of his love

t  
pprest!

lies,

e:  
urs stay  
s away;  
p.  
mbrace.

s you go  
d the bow,  
on rove,

Let sacred silence dwell around,  
To keep off each intruding sound;  
And when the balmy slumber leaves his eyes,  
May he to joys, unknown till then, arise!

VI.

Bat see! he comes! with what majestic gait  
He onward bears his lovely state!  
Now through the lattice he appears,  
With softest words dispels my fears.  
Arise, my fair one, and receive  
All the pleasures love can give!  
For, now the spilen winter's past,  
No more we fear the northern blast;  
No storms nor threat'ning clouds appear,  
No falling rains deform the year:  
My love admits of no delay;  
Arise, my fair, and come away!

VII.

Already, see! the teeming earth  
Brings forth the flow'rs, her beauteous birth.  
The dews, and soft-descending show'rs,  
Nurse the new-born tender flow'rs.  
Hark! the birds melodious sing,  
And sweetly usher in the spring.  
Close by his fellow sits the dove,  
And billing whispers her his love.  
The spreading vines with blossoms sweet,  
Diffusing round a grateful smell.  
Arise, my fair one, and receive  
All the blessings love can give:  
For love admits of no delay;  
Arise, my fair, and come away!

VIII.

As to its mate the constant dove  
Flies through the covert of the spicy grove,  
So let us hasten to some lonesome shade;  
There let me safe in thy lov'd arms be laid;  
Where no intruding hateful noise  
Shall damp the sound of thy melodious voice.  
Where I may gaze, and mark each beauteous grace  
For sweet thy voice, and lovely is thy face.

IX.

As all of me, my Love, is thine,  
Let all of thee be ever mine.  
Among the lilies we will play;  
Fairer, my Love, thou art than they.  
Till the purple morn arise,  
And balmy sleep forsake thine eyes;  
Till the gladsome beams of day  
Remove the shades of night away!  
Then, when soft sleep shall from thy eyes depart,  
Rise like the bounding roe, or lusty hart,  
Glad to behold the light again  
From Beth's mountains darling o'er the plain.

T.

No. 389.] TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1712.

—Meliora pili docuere parentes.—  
Their pious sires a better lesson taught.

NOTHING has more surprised the learned in I-  
land, than the price which a small book, ent-  
Spaccio della Bestia trionfante, bore in a late  
tion.\* This book was sold for thirty pounds.

\* The book here mentioned was bought by Walter G.  
Esq. at the auction of the library of Charles Barnard, Esq.  
1711, for twenty-eight pounds. The same copy became  
cessively the property of Mr. John Nichols, of Mr. J.  
Ames, of Sir Peter Thomson, and of M. C. Tinel, Esq. a  
whose books it was lately sold by auction, at Mr. Groom  
Litchfield-street. The author of this book, Giordano B.  
was a native of Nola in the Kingdom of Naples, and was  
Rome by the order of the Inquisition in 1600. Marbott, a  
ing of Atheists, says, "Jordanum tamen Brenum hunc  
non annumerarem." manifesta in illo atheismi ve-  
non deprehendo." Polyhist. l. i. s. 22. Bruno published  
other writings said to be atheistical. The book spoken of  
was printed, not at Paris, as is said in the title-page, s.  
1544, but at London, and in 1584, 12mo. dedicated to  
Philip Sydney. It was for some time so little regarded,  
it was sold with five other books of the same author, for ten  
five pence French, at the sale of Mr. Rigor's library in 1  
but it is now very scarce, and has been sold at the stated  
price of £20. Nicéron. Hommes illust. tom. xviii. p.  
There was an edition of it in English in 1713.

by one Jordanus Brunus, a professed  
a design to depreciate religion, every  
so fancy, from the extravagant price it  
ere must be something in it very for-

ress that, happening to get a sight of  
myself, I could not forbear perusing it  
rehension; but found there was so very  
in it, that I shall venture to give my  
account of the whole plan upon which  
treatise is built.

r pretends that Jupiter, once upon a  
l on a reformation of the constellations:  
rpose, having summoned the stars to-  
uplains to them of the great decay of  
f the gods, which he thought so much  
aving called several of those celestial  
names of the heathen deities, and by  
made the heavens as it were a book of  
eology. Momus tells him that this is  
ndered at, since there were so many  
ories of the deities. Upon which the  
occasion to cast reflections upon all

is, concluding that Jupiter, after a full  
arded the deities out of heaven, and  
rs by the names of the moral virtues.  
fable, which has no pretence in it to  
gument, and but a very small share of  
ever recommended itself, wholly by its  
hose weak men who would distinguish  
y the singularity of their opinions.

two considerations which have been  
against Atheists, and which they never  
over. The first is, that the greatest  
ancient persons of all ages have been  
, and always complied with the public  
hip established in their respective coun-  
were was nothing in them either deroga-  
mour of the Supreme Being, or preju-  
good of mankind.

s and Ciceros among the ancients; the  
Boyles, and the Lockes, among our own  
; are all instances of what I have been  
to mention any of the divines, however  
nee our adversaries challenge all those,  
have too much interest in this case to  
evidences.

as been often urged as a consideration  
e weight, is not only the opinion of the  
ut the general consent of mankind to  
ith; which I think could not possibly  
pass, but from one of the three fol-  
as: either that the idea of a God is in-  
existent with the mind itself; or that  
so very obvious, that it is discovered by  
rtion of reason in persons of the most  
acities; or, lastly, that it has been de-  
to us through all ages by a tradition  
man.

sts are equally confounded, to which  
three causes we assign it; they have  
ed by this last argument from the ge-  
t of mankind, that after great search  
ey pretend to have found out a nation  
mean that polite people the Hottentots.  
shock my readers with a description of  
and manners of these barbarians, who  
respect scarce one degree above brutes,  
anguage among them but a confused  
h is neither well understood by them-  
selves.

however, to be imagined, how much the

Atheists have gloried in their  
and allies.

If we boast of a Socrates  
now confront them with these  
Hottentots.

Though even this point has  
been several times controverted,  
harm it could do to religion  
give them up this elegant po-

Methtinks nothing more  
their cause, than that no o-  
creatures join with them, but  
they themselves own reason  
who have little else but the  
title them to any place in the

Besides these poor creatures  
then been instances of a few  
nations, who have denied the

The catalogue of these is  
even Vanini, the most celeb-  
cause, professed before his  
the existence of a God; and  
which lay before him on the  
that alone was sufficient to  
leging several arguments to  
possible nature alone could

I was the other day readi-  
mir Lyszynski, a gentleman  
convicted and executed for  
of his punishment was very  
his body was burnt, his ashes  
and shot into the air towards

I am apt to believe, that  
method of punishment shows  
(such is the natural good sen-  
tion), that whether we ram-  
a great gun, or pulverized our  
Poland, we should not have

I should however propose  
lasted, that, instead of Tan-  
keep two or three cannons re-  
Cape of Good Hope, in order  
into the country of the Hot-

In my opinion, a solemn j-  
an honour for an Atheist;  
method of exploding him, a  
ludicrous kind of martyrdom  
proper enough to the nature

There is indeed a great  
manner of treating them.  
active a nature, that it seldo-  
for which reason I am afraid  
our Atheists, we might poss-  
our sectaries; and as one de-  
situde of human affairs, it  
come to a man's own turn to  
a demiculverin.

If any of my readers ima-  
these gentlemen in two ludic-  
confess, for my own part, I  
such unbelievers, upon a po-  
mon sense of mankind, is a  
honour, giving them a figure  
and making people fancy  
them than they really have

As for those persons who  
ligious worship, I am for the  
most tenderness, and should  
their errors with the greatest  
but as these miscreants are  
gion in general, for strip-  
themselves own is of exec-



No, thou aloud may'st thy petitions trust!  
 Thou need'st not whisper; other great ones must;  
 For few, my friend, few dare like thee be plain,  
 And pray'r's low artifice at shrines disdain.  
 Few from their pious mumblings dare depart,  
 And make profession of their inmost heart,  
 Keep me, indulgent Heaven, through life sincere,  
 Keep my mind sound, my reputation clear.  
 These wishes they can speak, and we can hear.  
 Thus far their wants are audibly express'd;  
 Then sinks the voice, and muttering groans the rest.  
 "Hear, hear at length, good Hercules, my vow!  
 O chink some pot of gold beneath my plough!  
 Could I, O could I, to my ravish'd eyes  
 See my rich uncle's pompous funeral rise;  
 Or could I once my ward's cold corpse attend;  
 Then all were mine!"

WHERE Homer represents Phoenix, the tutor of Achilles, as persuading his pupil to lay aside his resentments, and give himself up to the entreaties of his countrymen, the poet, in order to make him speak in character, ascribes to him a speech full of those fables and allegories, which old men take delight in relating, and which are very proper for instruction. "The gods," says he, "suffer themselves to be prevailed upon by entreaties. When mortals have offended them by their transgressions, they appease them by vows and sacrifices. You must know, Achilles, that prayers are the daughters of Jupiter. They are crippled by frequent kneeling, have their faces full of cares and wrinkles, and their eyes always cast towards heaven. They are constant attendants on the goddess Atë, and march behind her. This goddess walks forward with a bold and haughty air; and, being very light of foot, runs through the whole earth grieving and afflicting the sons of men. She gets the start of Prayers, who always follow her, in order to heal those persons whom she wounds. He who honours these daughters of Jupiter, when they draw near to him, receives great benefit from them; but as for him who rejects them, they entreat their father to give his orders to the goddess Atë, to punish him for his hardness of heart." This noble allegory needs but little explanation; for, whether the goddess Atë signifies injury, as some have explained it; or guilt in general, as others; or divine justice, as I am more apt to think; the interpretation is obvious enough.

I shall produce another heathen fable, relating to prayers, which is of a more diverting kind. One would think, by some passages in it, that it was composed by Lucian, or at least by some author who has endeavoured to imitate his way of writing; but as dissertations of this nature are more curious than useful, I shall give my reader the fable, without any further inquiries after the author.

"Menippus the philosopher was a second time taken up into heaven by Jupiter, when, for his entertainment, he lifted up a trap-door that was placed by his footstool. At its rising, there issued through it such a din of cries as astonished the philosopher. Upon his asking what they meant, Jupiter told him they were the prayers that were sent up to him from the earth. Menippus, amidst the confusion of voices, which was so great that nothing less than the ear of Jove could distinguish them, heard the words, 'riches, honour,' and 'long life,' repeated in several different tones and languages. When the first hubbub of sounds was over, the trap-door being left open, the voices came up more separate and distinct. The first prayer was a very odd one; it came from Athens, and desired Jupiter to increase the wisdom and the beard of his humble supplicant. Menippus knew it by the voice to be

the prayer.

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

When he only that he the world. I the favour for might see the was brought might live to port, he is an an excuse; which he flung was resolved

le, the moral a, and is the d by Socrates Persius, who nature in their nity of men's of the mind, s which they ntly exposed ns of prayer, y, that by this en's desires ot break out so great and

1712.

ON.

owers.

oking-glass.

some young relation of a ad been dis- turn the dis- be malicious, on from the und amongst mind by, as dded that, if nged into a ed to ask its ight worked ing, that it

my glass, the s aspect ap- spoke in the

efore a man, wo brothers, y the clear- be owned. s) they had to their dis- elly sunk in though his ke fire im- him appear whose breast trary, took g, and was These odd- ut disgusted young gen-

tllemen were sent from court to study mathematics at the university.

"I need not acquaint you, that I was very well made, and reckoned a bright polite gentleman. I was the confidant and darling of all the fair; and if the old and ugly spoke ill of me, all the world knew it was because I scorned to flatter them. No ball, no assembly, was attended until I had been consulted. Flavia coloured her hair before me, Celia showed me her teeth, Panthea heaved her bosom, Cleora brandished her diamond; I have seen Chloe's foot, and tied artificially the garters of Rhodope.

"It is a general maxim, that those who doat upon themselves can have no violent affection for another: but, on the contrary, I found that the women's passion rose for me in proportion to the love they bore to themselves. This was verified in my amour with Narcissa, who was so constant to me, that if I was pleasantly said, had I been little enough, she would have hung me at her girdle. The most dangerous rival I had was a gay empty fellow, who by the strength of a long intercourse with Narcissa, joined to his natural endowments, had formed himself into a perfect resemblance with her. I had been discarded, had she not observed that he frequently asked my opinion about matters of the last consequence. This made me still more considerable in her eye.

"Though I was eternally caressed by the ladies, such was their opinion of my honour, that I was never envied by the men. A jealous lover of Narcissa one day thought he had caught her in an amorous conversation: for, though he was at such a distance that he could hear nothing, he imagined strange things from her airs and gestures. Sometimes with a serene look she stepped back in a listening posture, and brightened into an innocent smile. Quickly after she swelled into an air of majesty and disdain, then kept her eyes half shut after a languishing manner, then covered her blushes with her hand, breathed a sigh, and seemed ready to sink down. In rushed the furious lover: but how great was his surprise to see no one there but the innocent Fidelio, with his back against the wall betwixt two windows!

"It were endless to recount all my adventures. Let me hasten to that which cost me my life, and Narcissa her happiness.

"She had the misfortune to have the small-pox, upon which I was expressly forbid her sight, it being apprehended that it would increase her distemper; and that I should infallibly catch it at the first look. As soon as she was suffered to leave her bed, she stole out of her chamber, and found me all alone in an adjoining apartment. She ran with transport to her darling, and without mixture of fear lest I should dislike her. But oh me! what was her fury when she heard me say, I was afraid and shocked at so loathsome a spectacle! She stepped back, swollen with rage, to see if I had the insolence to repeat it. I did, with this addition, that her ill-timed passion had increased her ugliness. Enraged, inflamed, distracted, she snatched a bodkin, and with all her force stabbed me to the heart. Dying, I preserved my sincerity, and expressed the truth, though in broken words; and by reproachful grimaces to the last I mimicked the deformity of my murderess.

"Cupid, who always attends the fair, and paid the fate of so useful a favourite as I was, obtained of the destinies, that my body should remain incorruptible, and retain the qualities my mind had possessed. I immediately lost the figure of man, and

smooth, polished, and bright, and to this the first favourite with the ladies."—T.

393.] SATURDAY, MAY 31, 1712.

Nescio qua præter solitum dulcedine læti.

VIRG. Georg. i. 412.

Unusual sweetness purer joys inspires.

ING over the letters that have been sent me, and to find the following one, which I received 20 years ago from an ingenious friend who lived in Denmark:—

DEAR SIR, Copenhagen, May 1, 1710.

I spring with you have already taken possession of the fields and woods. Now is the season of and of moving complaints upon trivial affairs. Now the griefs of lovers begin to flow, and wounds to bleed afresh. I, too, at this time from the softer climates, am not without my share at present. You perhaps may laugh at me, most romantic wretch, when I have discovered to you the occasion of my uneasiness; and cannot help thinking my unhappiness real, in being confined to a region which is the very reverse of it. The seasons here are all of them unseasonable, and the country quite destitute of rural beauties. I have not heard a bird sing, nor a brook murmur, nor a breeze whisper, neither have I been in the sight of a flowery meadow, these two months. Every wind here is a tempest, and every current an turbulent ocean. I hope, when you reflect upon this, you will not think the grounds of my complaint the least frivolous and unbecoming a man's thought; since the love of woods, of fields, of rivers and fountains, seems to be implanted in our natures the most early of all, before the fair sex had a being.

"I am, Sir," &c.

I transport myself with a wish from one country to another, I should choose to pass my winter in Italy, my summer in France, and my autumn in France. Of all these seasons there is none that can vie with the spring in its beauty and delightfulness. It bears the same relation to the seasons of the year, that the morning to the divisions of the day, or youth to the stages of life. The English summer is not so pleasant as that of any other country in Europe, not so pleasant but because it has a greater degree of spring in it. The mildness of our climate, those frequent refreshments of dews and rains that fall among us, keep up a perpetual cheerfulness in our fields, and fill the hottest months of the year with a lively verdure.

At the opening of the spring, when all nature recovers herself, the same animal pleasure is communicated to the birds sing, and the whole brute creation rejoices, rises very sensibly in the heart of man, and is the source of those pleasures which the poets who have observed

Milton these secret overflows of gladness diffuse themselves through the mind of the poet, upon surveying the gay scenes of nature has touched upon it twice or thrice in his *Lost*, and describes it very beautifully under the name of "vernal delight," in that passage represents the devil himself as almost sen-

As and fruits at once of golden hue  
And with gay enamell'd colours mixt:  
In the sun more glad improv'd his beams

Than in fair evening clime  
When God had shower'd  
That landscape: and o'er  
Meets his approach, and  
Vernal delight, and joy  
All sadness, but despair

Many authors have represented the human creature, and represent it as a thing in this world, and as any solid or substantial pleasure of this nature are very vain and voluptuous, those speculative pleasures, those speculations of the side of things, and lay out their pleasures in vain amusements which are to no purpose, several objects that encourage them, official to men of dark and gloomy was for this reason that they had a cheerfulness of mind, and papers, and which I was prevented from the consideration of. Being on whom we desire a survey of that universe as it is present, but from reflection in which this paper is a perpetual feast to the mind, nothing he sees cheers and animates, has imprinted so many pleasures impossible for a mind to be gross and sensual delight without several secret pleasures. The Psalmist has, in several places, celebrated those beautiful pleasures that make the heart glad, and the delight which I have been

Natural philosophy, the contemplation of creation, and renders it more agreeable to the imagination, but to the understanding in the murmur of brooks in the shade of groves and in the dery of fields and meadows, the ends of Providence and the wonders of divinity are to be seen in them. It heightens the mind, and raises such a rational devotion, little inferior to devotion.

It is not in the power of any kind of worship to the gods to indulge these more rational pleasures which are doubtless high pleasures. I shall therefore conclude this paper with the pleasure which the mind finds in the present season of the year, and of a practice for which it has abilities.

I would have my reader to consider this natural pleasure of this vernal delight, as a Christian virtue. When we have this pleasing instinct, this complacency, arising from the contemplation of nature, let us consider to what use we may put it. All these entertainments thus opens his hand, and the Apostle instructs us to use it with a present temper of mind, with religious exercise as is paid by that precept which as we pray, and those who are cheerfulfulness of heart with the survey of nature's works as a preparation for gratitude, and a way towards praise and thanksgiving with such a secret gladness

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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2, 1712.

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faces to ap-

prove and smile at all he says in the gross. A  
good comedy enough to observe a superior talking  
half sentences, and playing a humble admirer's  
countenance from one thing to another, with such  
perplexity, that he knows not what to sneer in ap-  
probation of. But this kind of complaisance is pe-  
culiarly the manner of courts; in all other places  
you must constantly go further in compliance with  
the persons you have to do with, than a mere con-  
formity of looks and gestures. If you are in a  
country life, and would be a leading man, a good  
stomach, a loud voice, and a rustic cheerfulness, will  
go a great way, provided you are able to drink; and  
drink any thing. But I was just now going to dress  
the manner of behaviour I would advise people to  
practise under some maxim; and intimated, that  
every one almost was governed by his pride. There  
was an old fellow about forty years ago so peevish  
and fretful, though a man of business, that no one  
could come at him; but he frequented a particular  
little coffee-house, where he triumphed over every  
body at trick-track and backgammon. The way to  
pass his office well, was first to be insulted by him  
at one of those games in his leisure hours; for his  
vanity was to show that he was a man of pleasure  
as well as business. Next to this sort of insinuation,  
which is called in all places (from its taking its birth  
in the households of princes) making one's court,  
the most prevailing way is, by what better-  
people call a present, the vulgar a bribe. I hardly  
conceive that such a thing is conveyed with more  
gallantry in a billet-doux that should be understood  
at the Bank, than in gross money, but as to sub-  
born people, who are so surly as to accept of nothing  
note nor cash, having formerly dabbled in chemistry,  
I can only say, that one part of matter asks one thing  
and another another, to make it fluent; but there is  
nothing but may be dissolved by a proper mean. Thus  
the virtue which is too obdurate for gold or paper, shall  
melt away very kindly in a liquid. The island of  
Barbadoes (a shrewd people) manage all their ap-  
peals to Great Britain by a skilful distribution of  
citron water\* among the whisperers about men of  
power. Generous wines do every day prevail, and  
that in great points, where ten thousand times their  
value would have been rejected with indignation.

But, to wave the enumeration of the sundry ways  
of applying by presents, bribes, management of  
people's passions and affections, in such a manner  
as it shall appear that the virtue of the best man is  
by one method or other corruptible, let us look on  
for some expedient to turn those passions and affec-  
tions on the side of truth and honour. When a man  
has laid it down for a position, that parting with his  
integrity, in the minutest circumstance, is losing  
so much of his very self, self-love will become a  
virtue. By this means, good and evil will be the  
only objects of dislike and approbation; and he  
that injures any man, has effectually wounded  
the man of this turn as much as if the harm had been  
to himself. This seems to be the only expedient to  
arrive at an impartiality: and a man who follows  
the dictates of truth and right reason, may by ad-  
vice be led into error, but never can into guilt.

T.

No. 395.] TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 1712.

Quod nunc ratio est, impetus ante fuit.—OVID. *Rem. Amor.*

'Tis reason now, 'twas appetite before.

"BEWARE of the ides of March," said the Romans.

\* Then commonly called Barbadoes water.

Julius Caesar: "Beware of the month of May." The caution of the first was unhappily neglected. Caesar's confidence cost him his life. I flatter myself that my pretty readers had regard to the advice I gave them, since I received very few accounts of any notable made in the last month.

Though I hope for the best, I shall not positively on this point, till I have seen it well over; at which period of time, as my friend Sir Roger has often told me, he has never seen as a justice of peace, among the dissipated people in the country, than at any one of the year.

Must I forget a letter which I received to-day, since from a lady, who, it seems, is no longer, telling me she looked upon me as then out, for that she had all along by the new style.

On the other hand, I have great reason to believe, that the angry letters which have been sent to appointed lovers, that my advice has been of great service to the fair sex, who, according to the proverb, were "forewarned, forearmed."

These gentlemen tell me, that he would give me a hundred pounds, rather than I should publish that paper; for that his mistress had promised to explain herself to him at the beginning of May, upon reading that disconcerting him, that she would give him her answer

acquaints me, that when he desired Sylvia to walk in the fields, she told him, the Spectator had forbidden her.

One of my correspondents, who writes himself Mr. C., complains that, whereas he constantly breakfasts with his mistress upon chocolate, and that upon her the first of May, he found her treat very much changed for the worse, and forced to feed ever since upon green tea.

I shall conclude it with a caveat to my gun. I heartily wish them joy of their happy success.

They now reflect with pleasure on the dangers they have escaped, and look back with as much concern on the perils that threatened them, as the grandmothers did formerly on the burnings and shames, after having passed through the flames.

The instigations of the spring are now over. The nightingale gives over her "love-song," as Milton phrases it; the blossoms are faded, and the beds of flowers swept away by the mower.

I now allow my fair readers to return to their dances and chocolate, provided they make them with moderation, till about the middle of the month, when the sun shall have made some work of the Crab. Nothing is more dangerous than much confidence and security. The Trojans stood upon their guard all the while the city lay before their city, when they fancied it was raised, and the danger past, were the city burnt in their beds. I must also say that as in some climates there is a perishing, so in some female constitutions there is a fatal May. These are a kind of valetudinary chastity, whom I would continue in a diet. I cannot think these wholly out of all they have looked upon the other sex at years through a pair of spectacles. Will

Honeycomb has often ascribed one of this species of grand climacteric, than this side five-and-twenty acquaintance, who had in the affections of a young man made his fortune by running with his mother.

But as I do not desire evergreens of the sex, I leave those who would willingly reason and virtue, and blood. If there are any innocences, they must now take that melancholy view in the sister, in those beautiful

—Long she flourished  
Grew sweet to sense,  
Till at the last a cruel  
Crop this fair rose, and  
Then cast it like a low

On the contrary she was cautious I gave her, and modesty, will now flourish with all her virgin blushes. I must, however, desire that it would be for a successful campaign, to quarters. It would be a lady to lose, in any other she has been at the pains

There is no charm to supply the place of virgin beauty is unlovely, and breeding degenerates into impudence. It is observed represented by both pale female shapes; but if a particular title to that leave it to the divines to posit vice, as they may tions. It is sufficient for against it, as they may be

I desire this paper may draw ordinary attention, at all of London and Westminster

No. 396.] WEDNESDAY

Barbara, Celarent, D

HAVING a great deal to do at present, I shall beg that you will send him with a letter that I wrote ago from a gentleman, who calls himself Peter de Quir. I have not time to say more than that I have at last discovered that he does not take them at

"To Mr.

"From St. John's College

"The monopoly of printing has been an immemorial privilege, and we cannot help regret that our ancient right as to the pretender to clenching who in application to you ago, styled himself Philo, are by character a profes

\* The students of

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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content with the employment of refining upon  
Shakspeare's points and quibbles (for which he  
must be allowed to possess a superlative genius),  
and now and then penning a catch or a ditty, in-  
stead of inditing odes and sonnets, the gentlemen  
of the *bon goût* in the pit would never have been just  
to all that grimace in daunting the frippery of state,  
the poverty and languor of thought, the unnatural  
wit, and inartificial structure of his dramas.

"I am, Sir,  
"Your very humble Servant,  
"PETER DE QUIR."

No. 397.] THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1712

Dolor ipse disertam  
Fecerat — OVID, Metam. xiii. 225.  
Her grief inspired her then with eloquence.

As the Stoic philosophers discard all passions in  
general, they will not allow a wise man so much as  
to pity the afflictions of another. "If thou seest  
thy friend in trouble," says Epictetus, "thou mayest  
put on a look of sorrow, and condole with him, but  
take care that thy sorrow be not real." The man  
rigid of this sect would not comply so far as to  
show even such outward appearance of grief; but  
when one told them of any calamity that had be-  
fallen even the nearest of their acquaintance  
would immediately reply, "What is that to me?"  
If you aggravated the circumstances of the afflic-  
tion, and showed how one misfortune was followed  
by another, the answer was still, "All this may be  
true, but what is it to me?"

For my own part, I am of opinion compassion  
does not only refine and civilize human nature, but  
has something in it more pleasing and agreeable  
than what can be met with in such an indolent lap-  
piness, such an indifference to mankind, as that  
which the Stoics placed their wisdom. As love is  
the most delightful passion, pity is nothing else but  
love softened by a degree of sorrow. In short, it is  
a kind of pleasing anguish, as well as generous  
sympathy, that knits mankind together, and blends  
them in the same common lot.

Those who have laid down rules for rhetoric or  
poetry advise the writer to work himself up, if pos-  
sible, to the pitch of sorrow which he endeavours to  
produce in others. There are none therefore who  
stir up pity so much as those who indite their own  
sufferings. Grief has a natural eloquence belonging  
to it, and breaks out in more moving sentiment  
than can be supplied by the finest imagination.  
Nature on this occasion dictates a thousand passen-  
ate things which cannot be supplied by art.

It is for this reason that the short speeches or  
sentences which we often meet with in history  
make a deeper impression on the mind of the reader  
than the most laboured strokes in a well-written  
tragedy. Truth and matter of fact sets the person  
actually before us in the one, whom fiction places  
at a greater distance from us in the other. I do  
not remember to have seen any ancient or modern  
story more affecting than a letter of Anna of Bo-  
logne, wife to King Henry the Eighth, and mother  
to Queen Elizabeth, which is still extant in the Co-  
ton library, as written by her own hand.

Shakspeare himself could not have made her tal-  
in a strain so suitable to her condition and charac-  
ter. One sees in it the expostulations of a slighted  
the resentments of an injured woman, and the sor-  
rows of an imprisoned queen. I need not acquaint

at this princess was then under prosecution to the king's bed, and that she publicly beheaded upon the same account this prosecution was believed by many; she herself intimates, rather from the Jane Seymour, than from any actual of Boulogne.

*Boleyn's last Letter to King Henry.*

Cotton Lib. Otho. C. 10.

ce's displeasure and my imprisonment, strange unto me, as what to write, or e, I am altogether ignorant. Whereas o me (willing me to confess a truth, i your favour), by such a one, whom e mine ancient professed enemy, I no ed this message by him, than I rightly r meaning; and if, as you say, conth indeed may procure my safety, I l willingness and duty perform your

ot your grace ever imagine, that your ll ever be brought to acknowledge a ot so much as a thought thereof pre- to speak a truth, never prince had wife all duty, and in all true affection, than er found in Ann Boleyn: with which lace I could willingly have contented d and your grace's pleasure had been Neither did I at any time so far forget ' exaltation or received queenship, but looked for such an alteration as now I ground of my preferment being on no tion than your grace's fancy, the least new was fit and sufficient to draw that e other subject. You have chosen me ate to be your queen and companion. y desert or desire. If, then, you found such honour, good your grace, let not cy, or bad counsel of mine enemies, r princely favour from me: neither let at unworthy stain, of a disloyal heart good grace, ever cast so foul a blot on tiful wife, and the infant princess your 'ry me, good king, but let me have a nd let not my sworn enemies sit as my judges; yea, let me receive an open truth shall fear no open shame; then either mine innocency cleared, your conscience satisfied, the ignominy and e world stopped, or my guilt openly o that, whatsoever God or you may me, your grace may be freed from an ; and mine offence being so lawfully grace is at liberty both before God and f to execute worthy punishment on me al wife, but to follow your affection al- on that party, for whose sake I am now se name I could some good while since unto, your grace being not ignorant of therein.

u have already determined of me, and f my death, but an infamous slander, ou the enjoying of your desired happi- desire of God, that he will pardon your rein, and likewise mine enemies, the thereof; and that he will not call you ccount for your unprincely and cruel at his general judgment-seat, where I myself must shortly appear, and in sent I doubt not (whatsoever the world

may think of me) mine innocency known, and sufficiently cleared.

"My last and only request may only bear the burden of assurance, and that it may not touch those poor gentlemen, who are likewise in strait imprisonment: ever I have found favour in the name of Ann Boleyn hath I ears, then let me obtain this leave to trouble your grace with earnest prayers to the Trinity in his good keeping, and to your actions. From my doleful prison, sixth of May;

"Your most loyal, and

L.

No. 398.] FRIDAY,

Insanire pares certa ratione mod

With art and wisdom, and be m

CYNTHIO and Flavia are p this town, who have been lo last past, and writ to each o under those feigned names Mrs. Such-a-one not being soul out of the ordinary track up to that elevation which moured so much superior to world. But ever since the made such a figure as she no charming women, Cynthia h her adorers. Lætitia has be town these three months, an acted the part of a lover very sence of Flavia. Flavia has him, and has too sincere a serve a thousand things which this change of mind to any she was. Cynthia was mu piazza in Covent-garden, an that he was a very ill man professing love to Flavia, v thrall to another. "It is not constant to Flavia; b greater crime, since I cannot to profess that I do. To m coldness that usually indeed o is ruining one's self with on it is really doing her an inj deration forsooth, of injuring him resolve to break off up opportunity of making her in this thought, he saw Rob at Will's coffee-house, pas must know, is the best man billet; the fellow has a thin b looks, sufficient sense, and man carried Cynthia's first frequent visits ever since. The fellow covers his knowle messages with the most exp ginable. The first he oblig by complaining to her that children; and if she did not he was sure there was no ha his family must go supperless man would pay him accordi ness. Robin, therefore, Cy make use of, and gave him

called him to her, and Cynthio who passed by, he knew it was, but upon him needed not much search to find a well-dressed Cynthio designed her. Robin was posted, he drove hackney-coach and a woman at the door talking with him pulled up the glass as usual. The report of this stairs, and Robin could not be favoured\* his master; were the lady was but his ask for him, adding that relation, because they were till he was awake. The following epistle, which

June 4, 1712.

basest, falsest of mankind the bearer saw you.

The injured FLAVIA."

In the letter, he asked Robin what she said at the desk; he spoke short to him, and had nothing to say to all the men in the world; the maid followed, and bid

as follows:—

Three afternoon, 1712.

The bearer have seen me but I desire to know, what your letter means by I shall stay here all the

amazed CYNTHIO."

and with this, Flavia an-

two in my anti-chamber have recovered myself which you ought to forgive come to me immediately you and a creature of the coach an hour ago.

most humble Servant,

"FLAVIA."

letter which my Cynthio you must have been want of hearing the whole

instant, and Cynthio

six minutes after three, Will's Coffee-house. by your lodging with a have the honour to be relation, and a pretty starting manner of writing done me the honour er, has in it something

ed.

very unaccountable, and alarms one that thoughts of passing his days with you, I born to admire you with all your imperfections.

"CYNTHIO"

Robin ran back and brought for answer:

"Exact Sir, there are at Will's Coffee-house minutes after three, June 4; one that thoughts, and all my little imperfections, I to me immediately, or I shall determine perhaps not be very pleasing to you."

"FLAVIA"

Robin gave an account that she looked angry when she gave him the letter; and told her, for she asked, that Cynthio only the clock, taking snuff, and writ two or three on the top of the letter when he gave him.

Now the plot thickened so well, as that saw he had not much more to do, to ac being irreconcilably banished; he writ,

"MADAM,

"I have that prejudice in favour of all that it is not possible for you to determine what will not be very pleasing to

"Your obedient Servant,

"CYNTHIO"

This was delivered, and the answer returned a little more than two seconds

"SIR,

"Is it come to this? You never loved the creature you were with is the proper for your associate. I despise you, and hope soon hate you as a villain to

"The credulous FLAVIA"

Robin ran back with:

"MADAM,

"Your credulity when you are to gain you and suspicion when you fear to lose it, may very hard part to behave as becomes your slave,

"CYNTHIO"

Robin whipt away and returned with,

"MR. WELLFORD,

"Flavia and Cynthio are no more. I rel from the hard part of which you compel banish you from my sight for ever.

"ANN HENRY"

Robin had a crown for his afternoon's work this is published to admonish Cecilia to avoid injury done to Flavia.—T.

No. 399.] SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1712.

Ut nemo in sese tentat descendere!—PERRA, SAT. None, none descends into himself to find The secret imperfections of his mind.—DEYER.

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the very different from hypocrisy in the city modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing has the show of religion in it, and would be engaged in many criminal gallantries and which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices a seeming religious deportment.



is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper; I mean that hypocrisy, which a man does not only deceive the world, but which he imposes on himself; that hypocrisy, which he has his own heart from him, and makes himself more virtuous than he really is, and does not attend to his vices, or mistake even his virtues. It is this fatal hypocrisy, and which I have taken notice of in those words, "Understand his errors? cleanse thou me from faults."

Those professors of impiety deserve the attention and endeavours of moral writers, who, from vice and folly, how much they may lay a claim to their care and company, are walking in the paths of death, and fancy themselves engaged in a course of virtue. I shall endeavour therefore to lay down some rules for the discovery of those vices that lurk in the corners of the soul, and to show my readers the methods by which he may arrive at a true knowledge of himself. The rules I have prescribed for this purpose are, to examine ourselves by the rules which are laid down in sacred writ, and to compare our lives with that of that person who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the standing example, as well as the great guide and instructor, to receive his doctrines. Though these rules may not be too much insisted upon, I shall insist on them, since they have been handled so often by eminent writers.

I therefore propose the following methods for the attainment of such as would find out their seeds, and make a true estimate of themselves:—In the first place, let them consider well what characters which they bear among their friends, and how very often flatter us, as much as we desire. They either do not see our faults, or they are from us, or soften them by their praise, after such a manner that we think it should be taken notice of. An adversary, on the contrary, makes a stricter search into every flaw and imperfection in our lives, though his malice may set them in a wrong light, it has generally some ground for its observations. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, and inflames his crimes. A wise man pays just attention to both of them, so far as they tend to the improvement of the one, and the correction of the other. Plutarch has written of the benefits which a man may receive from his friends, and among the good fruits of friendship, this in particular, that by the reflection it casts upon us we see the worst of ourselves, and open our eyes to several defects in our lives and conversations, which could not have been observed without the help of a third monitor.

It is likewise to come at a true knowledge of ourselves, we should consider on the other hand how we deserve the praises and approbations which are bestowed upon us; whether the actions which we proceed from laudable and worthy motives, how far we are really possessed of the virtues which gain us applause among those with whom we converse. Such a reflection is absolutely necessary, we consider how apt we are either to magnify ourselves by the opinions of others, or to neglect the report of our own hearts to the world.

In the next place, that we should consider ourselves in a point of so much consequence, that we should not lay too great a stress on our own merits, which we possess that are of a doubtful nature, and which we may esteem all those in the world who dissent from us, who are as good as ourselves. We should always be cautious of our own greatness and circumspection in our actions, and it is impossible that we may be without some rate zeal, bigotry, and partiality of opinion, how praiseworthy they may appear to weak men of our age, and in the midst of infinite calamities among men, who are criminal in their own nature, and who are persons eminent for piety and virtue, who are absurd principles of action, and who are under the colour of piety, in part, I must own I never yet saw any thing so and reasonable, that a man could be so cruel and violence, and at the same time so virtuous.

We should likewise be very cautious of those actions which proceed from our favourite passions, particularly from those which promote our worldly interests, and these and the like cases, a man should be very much perverted, and a wrong bias should be put on these are the inlets of pride, and the avenues of the mind, by which we are led to secret faults and admissions, which are not served or taken notice of. We should therefore be very cautious of those actions to which he is led by his passions, besides reason, and always against his conscience, and in every resolution that he takes, when it is conformable to his duty, and his age, or way of life, or when it is to his advantage or his profit.

There is nothing of greater consequence to us, than thus diligently to sift our thoughts, and to search these dark recesses of the mind, and to publish our souls in such a solid manner, that we will turn to account in the day of judgment, and must stand the test of infinity.

I shall conclude this essay with a description of two kinds of hypocrisy; namely, that of deceiving the world, and that of posing on ourselves, are to be distinguished by beauty in the hundred and third of the first kind of hypocrisy, which is by reflections on God's omnipotence, which are celebrated in poetry as any other I ever saw, or profane. The other kind of hypocrisy, which a man deceives himself, is in those verses, where the Psalmist says, "Great Searcher of hearts in the earth," "Try me, O God! and seek to know if there be any way of wickedness in me, or if there be any way of wickedness in the way everlasting."

L.

No. 400.] MONDAY

———Latet anguis in herba

There's a snake in the grass.—

It should, methinks, present itself to the mind, that there is always creates offence; and that wantonness are defeated by it so much boldness, as to intemperance are quite extinguished.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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l address: for we

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admirers. They are honest arts when their purpose is such, but infamous when misapplied. It is certain that many a young woman in this town has had her heart irrecoverably won, by men who have so made one advance which ties their admirers, though the females languish with the utmost anxiety. I have often, by way of admonition to my female readers, given them warning against agreeable company of the other sex, except they are well acquainted with their characters. Women may disguise it if they think fit; and the more to do it they may be angry at me for saying it; but I say it is natural to them, that they have no manner of approbation of men, without some degree of love. For this reason he is dangerous to be entertained as a friend, or a visitant, who is capable of gaining so eminent esteem or observation, though it be never so remote from pretensions as a lover. If a man's heart has not the abhorrence of any treacherous design, he may easily improve approbation into kindness, and kindness into passion. There may possibly be no manner of love between them in the eyes of all their acquaintance; no, it is all friendship; and yet they may be as fond as shepherd and shepherdess in a pastoral, but still the nymph and the swain may be to each other, no other, I warrant you, than Pyrlades and Orestes.

When Lucy decks with flowers her swelling breast,

And on her elbow leans, describing rest;

Unable to refrain my madding mind,

Nor sheep nor pasture worth my care I find.

Once Delia slept, on easy moss reclin'd,

Her lovely limbs half bare, and bade the wind;

I smooth'd her coats, and stole a silent kiss:

Condemn me, shepherds, if I did amuse

Such good offices as these, and such friendly thoughts and concerns for one another, are what make up the amity, as they call it, between men and women.

It is the permission of such intercourse that makes a young woman come to the arms of her husband after the disappointment of four or five parties, which she has successively had for different men before she is prudentially given to him for what she has neither love nor friendship. For what should a poor creature do that has lost all her friends? There's Marinet the agreeable has, to my knowledge, had a friendship for Lord Welford, which had like to break her heart: then she had so great a friendship for Colonel Hardy, that she could not resist any woman else should do any thing but rail at him. Many and fatal have been the disasters between friends who have fallen out, and their resentments are more keen than ever those of other men can possibly be: but in this it happens unfortunately that as there ought to be nothing concealed from one friend to another, the friends of different sexes may often find fatal effects from their unanimity.

For my part, who study to pass life in as much innocence and tranquillity as I can, I shun the company of agreeable women as much as possible: and must confess that I have, though a tolerable good philosopher, but a low opinion of Platonic love: for which reason I thought it necessary to give my fair readers a caution against it, having, to my great concern, observed the waist of a Platonist lately swell to a roundness which is inconsistent with that philosophy.—T.

[L.] TUESDAY, JUNE 10, 1712.

ore hinc eunda insunt vitia: injuriæ,  
 siles, inimicitie, iudicium,  
 in, pax, furor.

TER. ERM. act I. sc. I.

rious state of love, to be attended with injuries,  
 enmities, truces, quarrelling, and reconciliation.

I publish, for the entertainment of this  
 sort of a packet, which I have just re-  
 ceiv'd one of my female correspondents.

SPECTATOR,

you have often confessed that you are not  
 your papers should sometimes convey the  
 of distressed lovers to each other, I am  
 out will favour one who gives you an un-  
 stance of her reformation, and at the same  
 vancing proof of the happy influence your  
 ve had over the most incorrigible part of  
 incorrigible sex. You must know, Sir, I  
 that species of women, whom you have  
 acterized under the name of 'jilts,' and  
 d you these lines as well to do public pe-  
 having so long continued in a known  
 to beg pardon of the party offended. I  
 choose this way, because it in some mea-  
 sures the terms on which he intimated the  
 tween us might possibly be made up, as  
 ee by the letter he sent me the next day  
 d discarded him; which I thought fit to  
 a copy of, that you might the better know  
 case.

at further acquaint you, that before I jilted  
 had been the greatest intimacy between  
 ear and a half together, during all which  
 rished his hopes, and indulged his flame.  
 ou to guess, after this, what must be his  
 when upon his pressing for my full consent  
 I told him I wondered what could make  
 he had ever any place in my affections.  
 sex allow him sense, and all ours good.

His person is such as might, without  
 nke him believe himself not incapable of  
 oved. Our fortunes, indeed, weighed in  
 scale of interest, are not exactly equal,  
 the way was the true cause of my jilting  
 I had the assurance to acquaint him with  
 ing maxim, that I should always believe  
 s passion to be the most violent, who could  
 the largest settlement. I have since  
 my opinion, and have endeavoured to let  
 r so much by several letters, but the bar-  
 an has refused them all; so that I have no  
 of writing to him but by your assistance.  
 bring him about once more, I promise to  
 all gloves and favours, and shall desire the  
 Sir Roger and yourself to stand as god-  
 o my first boy.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

"AMORET."

"PHILANDER TO AMORET.

ADAM,

a so surprised at the question you were  
 o ask me yesterday, that I am still at a loss  
 ay to it. At least my answer would be too  
 trouble you with, as it would come from a  
 who it seems is so very indifferent to you.  
 if it, I shall only recommend to your consi-  
 deration the opinion of one whose sentiments on  
 matters I have often heard you say are ex-  
 just. 'A generous and constant passion,'

says your favourite author  
 where there is not too gre-  
 cumstances, is the greatest  
 person beloved; and, if o-  
 haps never be found in a

"I do not, however, a-  
 shortly much better believ-  
 at present; since, when  
 ceed his, you were pleas'd  
 would increase according

"The world has seen  
 time to please a fickle w-  
 been employed much mo-  
 tage in other pursuits.

liberty to acquaint you, h-  
 in a lady's ears, that th-  
 happen to return, unless  
 to make your recantation  
 lic, as they are already a-  
 which you have treated m-

"AMORET TO

"SIR

"Upon reflection, I f-  
 both to you and myself t-  
 the part I now act may c-  
 corum usually observed I-  
 break through all rules, t-  
 some measure equal my  
 in my present hopes of r-  
 Antenor's estate with co-  
 yesterday in a gilt char-  
 refused to see him. Tho-  
 eyes after what has pas-  
 amidst all their confusio-  
 tenderness in mine, as  
 who love. I shall be all  
 in the country; but the  
 dens, without Philander,  
 unhappy

"I must desire you, d-  
 lish this my letter to Ph-  
 and to assure him that I  
 death of his rich uncle in

No. 402.] WEDNES

Ipsæ sibi tradit Spectat-  
 Sent by the Spectator

WERE I to publish a  
 ceive from different han-  
 circumstances and quali-  
 without reflections on t-  
 raise all the passions o-  
 minds. As instances o-  
 or three letters; the wr-  
 recourse to any legal po-  
 have written rather to v-  
 ceive consolation.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young woma-  
 suitably married to a g-  
 But this person of min-  
 passion in a nobleman's  
 husband. This friend-  
 cess, and frequent oppo-  
 apart. My heart is in  
 face is covered over wit-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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ne is dead in  
ear of shame  
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SYLVIA."

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irresistible a  
der his future  
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tricks to sus-  
of hopes for  
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a gentleman,  
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nnot but ap-  
f repentance,  
at disposition  
esent the de-  
ons would be  
piness. Mr.  
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ree possessed  
ANNIBAL."

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low : I have  
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ch other. In  
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im tenderly.  
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at he thought  
up what he  
few months I  
altered, and

he has affected a certain art of getting me alone, and talking with a mighty profusion of passionate words, how I am not to be resisted longer, how irresistible his wishes are, and the like. As long as I have been acquainted with him, I could not on such occasions say downright to him, 'You know you may make me yours when you please.' But the other night, he with great frankness and openness explained to me, that he thought of me only as a mistress. I answered this declaration as it deserved; upon which he only doubled the terms on which he proposed my yielding. When my anger heightened upon him, he told me he was sorry he had made so little use of the unguarded hours we had been together so remote from company, 'as indeed,' continued he, 'so we are at present.' I flew from him to a neighbouring gentlewoman's house, and, though her husband was in the room, threw myself on a couch, and burst into a passion of tears. My friend desired her husband to leave the room. 'But,' said he, 'there is something so extraordinary in this, that I will partake in the affliction; and be it what it will, she is so much your friend, that she knows she may command what services I can do her.' The man sat down by me, and spoke so like a brother, that I told him my whole affliction. He spoke of the injury done me with so much indignation, and animated me against the love he said he saw I had for the wretch who would have betrayed me, with so much reason and humanity to my weakness, that I doubt not of my perseverance. His wife and he are my comforters, and I am under no more restraint in their company than if I were alone; and I doubt not but in a small time contempt and hatred will take place of the remains of affection to a rascal.

"I am, Sir, your affectionate Reader.

"DORINDA."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I had the misfortune to be an uncle before I knew my nephews from my nieces; and now we are grown up to better acquaintance, they deny me the respect they owe. One upbraids me with being their familiar, another will hardly be persuaded that I am an uncle, a third calls me little uncle, and a fourth tells me there is no duty at all due to an uncle. I have a brother-in-law whose son will use all my affection, unless you shall think this worthy of your cognisance, and will be pleased to prescribe some rules for our future reciprocal behaviour. It will be worthy the particularity of your genius to lay down rules for his conduct, who was, as it were, born an old man; in which you will much oblige.

"Sir, your most obedient Servant,

T.

"CORNELIUS NEPOS."

No. 403.] THURSDAY, JUNE 12, 1712.

Qui mores hominum multorum vidit.

HOR. Ars Poet. v. 112.

Of many men he saw the manners.

WHEN I consider this great city in its secret quarters and divisions, I look upon it as an aggregate of various nations distinguished from each other by their respective customs, manners, and interests. The courts of two countries do not so much differ from one another, as the court and city in their peculiar ways of life and conversation. In short, the inhabitants of St. James's, notwithstanding they live under the same laws, and speak the same language, are a distinct people from those of

Cheapside, who are likewise removed from those of the Temple on one side, and those of Smithfield on the other, by several climates and degrees in their ways of thinking and conversing together.

For this reason, when any public affair is upon the anvil, I love to hear the reflections that arise upon it in the several districts and parishes of London and Westminster, and to ramble up and down a whole day together, in order to make myself acquainted with the opinions of my ingenious countrymen. By this means I know the faces of all the principal politicians within the bills of mortality; and as every coffee-house has some particular statesman belonging to it, who is the mouth of the street where he lives, I always take care to place myself near him, in order to know his judgment on the present posture of affairs. The last progress that I made with this intention, was about three months ago, when we had a current report of the king of France's death. As I foresaw this would produce a new face of things in Europe, and many curious speculations in our British coffee-houses, I was very desirous to learn the thoughts of our most eminent politicians on that occasion.

That I might begin as near the fountain-head as possible, I first of all called in at St. James's, where I found the whole outward room in a buzz of politics. The speculations were but very indifferent towards the door, but grew finer as you advanced to the inner end of the room, and were so very much improved by a knot of theorists, who sat in the inner room, within the steams of the coffee-pot, that I have heard the whole Spanish monarchy disposed of, and all the line of Bourbon provided for in less than a quarter of an hour.

I afterwards called in at Giles's, where I saw a crowd of French gentlemen sitting upon the life and death of their grand monarch. Those among them who had espoused the whig interest, very positively affirmed, that he departed this life about a week ago, and therefore proceeded without any further delay to the release of their friends in the galleys, and to their own re-establishment; but finding they could not agree among themselves, I proceeded on my intended progress.

Upon my arrival at Jenny Man's I saw an alert young fellow that cocked his hat upon a friend of his who entered just at the same time with myself, and accosted him after the following manner: "Well, Jack, the old prig is dead at last. Sharp's no word. Now or never, boy. Up to the walls of Paris directly." With several other deep reflections of the same nature.

I met with very little variation in the politics between Charing-cross and Covent-garden. And upon my going into Will's, I found their discourse was run off from the death of the French king to that of Monsieur Boileau, Racine, Corneille, and several other poets, whom they regretted on this occasion, as persons who would have obliged the world with very noble elegies on the death of so great a prince, and so eminent a patron of learning.

At a coffee-house near the Temple, I found a couple of young gentlemen engaged very smartly in dispute on the succession to the Spanish monarchy. One of them seemed to have been retained as advocate for the Duke of Anjou, the other for his imperial majesty. They were both for regulating the title to that kingdom by the statute laws of England; and finding them going out of my depth, I passed on to St. Paul's churchyard, where I listened with great attention to a learned man, who gave

the company a France during

I then turned where the church hearing the no bacco, and ru he, "the king have plenty o will not be dis for these ten y how the death pilchards, and general joy int

I afterward at the upper e with a non-jurc man who was conventicle. the late French or Nero. The heat on both si me very frequen I was under soe peal to me, an the bar, and ma

I here gazed I found one to in the coffee-ro grief for the de his explaining arise from the having sold out he heard the ne who was the or circle of admir ness that he had before, that the which he added we had received it could be othe gether, and dict rity, there came who told us th France just com gone out a-hunt away: upon wh that hung upon his shop with put a stop to n with much satis hear so many d esent, and to o piece of news e regard to his o tage.—L.

No. 404.]

—Non omnia  
With different

NATURE does the universe has use and purpos course and spher least deviates, it for which it was the dispositions formed in a cha either case the whole in some d that most of the in the world is s

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

men are not  
igned them.  
s which may  
ers. Nature  
while the in-  
she brings  
herself for a  
; if he pro-  
acarry. Na-  
as she never  
form, so she  
omises. But  
they may be  
fit for; they  
of what their  
all their am-  
each. Thus  
lents, in the  
quiet and re-  
u what they  
ion they are

emory, and a  
lication. In  
ch Cleanthes  
re; but this  
naccountable  
man: all his  
of attending  
of justice, or  
lays, dances,  
wing-rooms,  
or physician,  
will remain  
ample of ta-  
on the world  
ature in her  
he has some-  
always of a  
ulents other-  
bears a high  
course, and  
those that do  
lication of a  
clining from  
les. By the  
may possibly  
imely salad;  
pid! Just as  
alerio had a  
nd learning,  
was believed  
id not excel;  
ut one: Va-  
s resolved to  
great pains  
ot that extra-

pon Nature,  
effects might  
much alone  
in war. To  
tion upon a  
order as it  
half done as  
nclined him  
f the Muses;  
nd were re-  
his modest  
made but a  
declamatory  
in poetry.

Nature, if left to herself, leads us on in the be-  
course, but will do nothing by compulsion and con-  
straint: and if we are not satisfied to go her way  
we are always the greatest sufferers by it.

Wherever Nature designs a production, she  
always disposes seeds proper for it, which are  
absolutely necessary to the formation of any moral  
or intellectual excellence, as they are to the being  
and growth of plants; and I know not by what fat  
and folly it is, that men are taught, not to reckon  
him equally absurd that will write verses in spite  
of Nature, with that gardener that should undertake  
to raise a jonquil or tulip without the help of their  
respective seeds.

As there is no good or bad quality that does not  
affect both sexes, so it is not to be imagined but the  
fair sex must have suffered by an affectation of this  
nature, at least as much as the other. The ill effect  
of it is in none so conspicuous as in the two opposite  
characters of Cælia and Iras: Cælia has all the  
charms of person, together with an abundant sweet-  
ness of nature, but wants wit, and has a very ill  
voice; Iras is ugly and ungenteel, but has wit and  
good sense. If Cælia would be silent, her beholders  
would adore her: if Iras would talk, her hearers  
would admire her: but Cælia's tongue runs mean-  
santly, while Iras gives herself silent airs and soft  
languors, so that it is difficult to persuade one's self  
that Cælia has beauty, and Iras wit: each neglects  
her own excellence, and is ambitious of the other's  
character; Iras would be thought to have as much  
beauty as Cælia, and Cælia as much wit as Iras.

The great misfortune of this affectation is, that  
men not only lose a good quality, but also contract  
a bad one. They not only are unfit for what they  
were designed, but they assign themselves to what  
they are not fit for; and instead of making a very  
good figure one way, make a very ridiculous one  
another. If Semanthe would have been satisfied  
with her natural complexion, she might still have  
been celebrated by the name of the olive beauty;  
but Semanthe has taken up an affectation to white  
and red, and is now distinguished by the character  
of the lady that paints so well. In a word, could  
the world be reformed to the obedience of that famous  
dictate, "Follow Nature," which the oracle of Del-  
phos pronounced to Cicero, when he consulted what  
course of studies he should pursue, we should see  
almost every man as eminent in his proper sphere  
as Tully was in his, and should in a very short time  
find impertinence and affectation banished from  
among the women, and coxcombs and false charac-  
ters from among the men. For my part, I could  
never consider this preposterous repugnancy to Na-  
ture any otherwise, than not only as the greatest  
folly, but also one of the most heinous crimes, since  
it is a direct opposition to the disposition of Provi-  
dence, and (as Tully expresses it) like the sin of  
the giants, an actual rebellion against Heaven.—2.

No. 405.] SATURDAY, JUNE 14, 1712.

With hymns divine the joyous banquet ends;  
The peans lengthen'd till the sun descends:  
The Greeks restored, the grateful notes prolong;  
Apollo listens, and approves the song.—POPE.

I am very sorry to find, by the opera bills for this  
day, that we are likely to lose the greatest performer  
in dramatic music that is now living, or that per-  
haps ever appeared upon a stage. I need not ac-  
quaint my readers that I am speaking of Signor  
Nicolini. The town is highly obliged to that excel-

ent artist, for having shown us the Italian music at its perfection, as well as for that generous approbation, he lately gave to an opera of our own country, in which the composer endeavoured to do justice to the beauty of the words, by following that noble example which has been set him by the greatest foreign masters in that art.

I could heartily wish there were the same application and endeavours to cultivate and improve our church music as have been lately bestowed on that of the stage. Our composers have one very great advantage to it. They are sure to meet with excellent words, and at the same time a wonderful variety of them. There is no passion that is not truly expressed in those parts of the inspired writings, which are proper for divine songs and anthems.

There is a certain coldness and indifference in the phrases of our European languages, when they are compared with the oriental forms of speech; and it happens very luckily, that the Hebrew idioms run to the English tongue with a particular grace and purity. Our language has received innumerable elegancies and improvements, from that infusion of Hebrewisms, which are derived to it out of the poetical passages in holy writ. They give a force and energy to our expressions, warm and animate our language, and convey our thoughts in more ardent and intense phrases, than any that are to be met with in our own tongue. There is something so pathetic in this kind of diction, that it often sets the mind in flame, and makes our hearts burn within us. How cold and dead does a prayer appear, that is composed in the most elegant and polite forms of speech, which are natural to our tongue, when it is heightened by that solemnity of phrase which may be drawn from the sacred writings. It has been said by some of the ancients, that if the gods were to talk with men, they would certainly speak in Plato's style; but I think we may say with justice, that when mortals converse with their Creator, they cannot do it in so proper a style as in that of the Holy Scriptures.

If any one would judge of the beauties of poetry that are to be met with in the divine writings, and compare how kindly the Hebrew manners of speech mix and incorporate with the English language; after having perused the Book of Psalms, let him read a literal translation of Horace or Pindar. He will find in these two last such an absurdity and confusion of style, with such a comparative poverty of imagination, as will make him very sensible of what I have been here advancing.

Since we have therefore such a treasury of words, so beautiful in themselves, and so proper for the uses of music, I cannot but wonder that persons of distinction should give so little attention and encouragement to that kind of music which would have its foundation in reason, and which would improve our virtue in proportion as it raised our delight. The passions that are excited by ordinary compositions generally flow from such silly and absurd occasions, that a man is ashamed to reflect upon them seriously; but the fear, the love, the sorrow, the indignation, that are awakened in the mind by hymns and anthems, make the heart better, and proceed from such causes as are altogether reasonable and praiseworthy. Pleasure and duty go hand in hand; and the greater our satisfaction is, the greater is our religion.

Music, among those who were styled the chosen people, was a religious art. The songs of Zion,

which we have to put among the things that were nothing else but the greatest conquest of the manner of the composition of the words, and then to music, though they were the nation's devotion of his people.

The first original of worship, consisted of nothing else but voluptuousness. In religion, this form of music, in which, the first of music was vicious, and laudable, to improve, and to improve.

Homer and Virgil should be applied to as surrounding about his throne passages in ancient instrumental music, religious worship, and the soul, which of this nature, purify and exalt the proper turn, and the soul, which them by sensual.

Music, when the mind of the deceptions. It is praise into raptures of worship, and impressions in the company any transition in the ordinary

## No. 406.]

Hæc studia adolescenti  
cunctas res ornant  
delectant domi, non  
peregrinantur, rursus  
These studies nourish  
of prosperity, the  
they are delectable  
they gladden us in  
country.

THE following is the joys and satisfaction is from a gentleman very great respect the satisfaction is a letter to me, of Lapland lover: to translate another able manner. young and old paper which my tastes in solitude description of art honourable.

"DEAR SIR  
"You have of  
by which I find



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

that mixt state,  
are qualified  
others and mo-  
es, in praising  
in the former;  
uch rest; and,  
much precipi-  
and are good  
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ners, and are  
selves. Those  
s useful to all  
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lous towns in  
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of people who  
ean who have  
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lited to a great  
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ral nature are  
may think fit  
letter, when  
writing, will  
our own hand,  
it is natural

to have a fondness for what one does one's self, &c.  
I assure you, I would not have any thing of me  
displace a single line of yours."

## I

He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
In, my love, cheer, and at us ready go.

## II

Around us for the busy world are spread  
From all the sun with all its cheerful ray  
Darkening and bright we have the world's tread,  
No lay ensuing to cheat the tedious day.

## III

He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
In, my love, cheer, and at us ready go.

## IV

He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
He, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
In, my love, cheer, and at us ready go.

## V

Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love.

## VI

Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love.

## VII

Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love  
Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love.

T.

No. 407.] TUESDAY, JUNE 17, 1712.

Our love, my love, cheer, and at us ready go  
Thou art, my love, my love, my love, my love

Most foreign writers, who have given any character of the English nation, whatever views they are able to it, allow, in general, that the people are naturally modest. It proceeds perhaps from the our national virtue, that our orators are observed to make less gesture or action than those of other countries. Our preachers stand stock-still in the pulpit, and will not so much as move a finger to pull the best sermons in the world. We need not the same speaking statues at our bars, and in public places of debate. Our words flow from us a smooth continued stream, without those strains of the voice, motions of the body, and majesty of the hand, which are so much celebrated in the orators of Greece and Rome. We are like of and death in cold blood, and keep our temper in discourse which turns upon every thing that is set to us. Though our zeal breaks out in the heat of disputes and figures, it is not able to stir a hair of us. I have heard it observed more than once, that those who have seen Italy, that an untaught Englishman cannot relish all the beauties of Italian pictures, because the pictures which are exhibited in them are often such as are peculiar to that country. One who has not seen an Italian in the pulpit, would not know what to make of that and gesture in Raphael's picture of St. Paul preaching at Athens, where the apostle is represented

up both his arms, and pouring out the of his rhetoric amidst an audience of pagan here.

certain that proper gestures and vehement of the voice cannot be too much studied in orator. They are a kind of comment he utters, and enforce every thing he says, ask hearers, better than the strongest argument can make use of. They keep the audience and fix their attention to what is delivered at the same time that they show the speaker next, and affected himself with what he so truly recommends to others. Violent gesticulation naturally shake the hearts of the ignorant, and fill them with a kind of reverent. Nothing is more frequent than to see men stand and tremble at the sight of a preacher, though he is placed quite out of hearing; as in England we very frequently see men asleep with solid and elaborate discourses of piety, who would be warmed and transported of themselves by the bellowing and dissonance of enthusiasm.

useless, when accompanied with such an effect of voice and body, has such an influence on the mind, what might we not expect from those admirable discourses which are in our tongue, were they delivered with a fervour, and with the most agreeable voice and gesture!

we are told that the great Latin orator very soon impaired his health by the *laterum contentio*, violence of action, with which he used to himself. The Greek orator was likewise famous for this particular in rhetoric, that he was an antagonist, whom he had banished from reading over the oration which had produced banishment, and seeing his friends admiring not forbear asking them, if they were so affected by the bare reading of it, how much they would have been alarmed, had they actually throwing out such a storm of fire?

cold and dead a figure, in comparison of a great man, does an orator often make at a bar, holding up his head with the most serenity, and stroking the sides of a long robe reaches down to his middle! The truth there is often nothing more ridiculous than the gestures of an English speaker: you see some running their hands into their pockets as if they can thrust them, and others looking at attention on a piece of paper that has been written on it; you may see many a smart man turning his hat in his hands, moulding it into all different cocks, examining sometimes the top of it, and sometimes the button, during the course of his harangue. A deaf man might think he was cheapening a beaver, when he is talking of the fate of the British nation. I remember when I was a young man, and in frequent Westminster-hall, there was a man who never pleaded without a piece of red in his hand, which he used to twist with his thumb or finger all the while he was speaking; ways of those days used to call it "the red of his discourse," for he was not able to utter without it. One of his clients, who was wiser than wise, stole it from him one day in the heat of his pleading; but he had better have done so, for he lost his cause by his jest.

He all along acknowledged myself to be a

dumb man, and therefore a improper person to give advice. I will believe every one that we ought either to do (which seems to be very good for our nation), or at least to be graceful and expressive.

No. 408.] WEDNESDAY

*Deceit affectus animi neque serviliter.*—TULL. de Finib.  
The affections of the heart are not servilely depressed.

"MR. SPECTATOR,  
"I HAVE always been a great admirer of speculations, as well as of your manner of treating them. I have always thought the most useful reason; and to make the most entertaining, I always thought of human wit: others perhaps make us wiser, but that end, but makes us less so; that the oracle pronounces to all men living, because of human nature for the inquiry into which as mankind, as it is of more consequence to nature and measures of settling the distances of the times of their circumference."

"One good effect that may be drawn from a near observation of the human mind, we shall cease to wonder at, when we are used to reckon what nothing is produced without serving the nature and the mind shall be able to trace the conception to its death. at the proceedings of the mind, we know the one was affected by the other by a furious ardour, and men follow their passions with heat, or as any other reason must be employed, but they must ever remain."

"The strange and absurdity of men's actions, and the manner in which they proceed immediately from the mind, emits no such truth necessarily arise from the mind as the winds move it, and they too gentle, they guide it in and furious, they overtake in the same manner is the mind by the passions; reason of pilot, and can never if she be not wanting, the passions will never complying with them; rejection; and if a man's hand, he then betrays the mind."

"As nature has framed beings as it were in a placed as the middle link. Hence he participates in an admirable tie, which in the of passions; and as a of brute part of his creature."

ked; if love, speak him of predominate, e. Hence it ned, that as angel or the transmigrate old be no unal species of that tyrants, tured, might

all passions ll; constitu- reason, and the strength hich are ever ouragement, as man, who, pat, was very he made on an hour in capers: and ng the retire- doubt but we passions they I remember should enter- ours, that so n emergency e reason be passions, and ign that may e same time r break their ble, and con-

too slow and necessary it e gales of the agnating and to the health nimal spirits p it in life, ssible for the ir assistance. being; they e with us; to e; to others strong for the gment.

ty nice pro- and passion; the strongest eaker under- asions; and ld not be too er. Young unruly, give derable; the is a fault, if but surely, hardly have ore be very late the pas- m, which is o be without makes a man rity used in ect, it breaks nly destroys ly improve.

And surely it is a mighty mistake that the passion should be so entirely subdued: for little irregularities are sometimes not only to be borne with but to be cultivated too, since they are frequently attended with the greatest perfections. All great geniuses have faults mixed with their virtues, as resemble the flaming bush which has thorns among lights.

"Since therefore the passions are the principle of human actions, we must endeavour to manage them so as to retain their vigour, yet keep them under strict command; we must govern them rather like free subjects than slaves, lest, while we intend to make them obedient, they become abject, and unfit for those great purposes to which they were designed. For my part I must confess I could never have any regard to that sect of philosophers who so much insisted upon an absolute indifference and vacancy from all passion: for it seems to me a thing very inconsistent, for a man to divest himself of humanity in order to acquire tranquillity of mind; and to eradicate the very principles of action, because it is possible they may produce ill effects.

"I am, Sir, your affectionate Admirer,  
Z. "T. A."

No. 409.] THURSDAY, JUNE 19, 1712

—Munus contingere cuncta lepore.—Lucr. l. 588.  
To grace each subject with salivating wit.

GRATIAN very often recommends *fine taste* as the utmost perfection of an accomplished man.

As this word arises very often in conversation, I shall endeavour to give some account of it, and to lay down rules how we may know whether we are possessed of it, and how we may acquire that fine taste of writing which is so much talked of among the polite world.

Most languages make use of this metaphor, to express that faculty of the mind which distinguishes all the most concealed faults and nicest perfection in writing. We may be sure this metaphor would not have been so general in all tongues, had there not been a very great conformity between that mental taste, which is the subject of this paper, and the sensitive taste, which gives us a relish of every different flavour that affects the palate. Accordingly we find there are as many degrees of refinement in the intellectual faculty as in the senses which is marked out by this common denomination.

I knew a person who possessed the one in a great a perfection, that, after having tasted ten different kinds of tea, he would distinguish, without seeing the colour of it, the particular sort which was offered him; and not only so, but any two out of them that were mixed together in an equal proportion; nay, he has carried the experiment so far as, upon tasting the composition of three different sorts, to name the parcels from whence the three several ingredients were taken. A man of a fine taste in writing will discern, after the same manner, not only the general beauties and imperfections of an author, but discover the several ways of thinking and expressing himself, which diversify him from all other authors, with the several foreign influences of thought and language, and the particular manner from whom they were borrowed.

After having thus far explained what is generally meant by a fine taste in writing, and shown the propriety of the metaphor which is used as an

casian, I think I may define it to be "that faculty the soul, which discerns the beauties of an author in pleasure, and the imperfections with dislike." A man would know whether he is possessed of this faculty, I would have him read over the celebrated works of antiquity, which have stood the test of so many different ages and countries, or those works among the moderns which have the sanction of the siter part of our contemporaries. If, upon the perusal of such writings, he does not find himself delighted in an extraordinary manner, or if, upon adding the admired passages in such authors, he finds a coldness and indifference in his thoughts, he is not right to conclude, not (as is too usual among tasteless readers) that the author wants those perfections which have been admired in him, but that he himself wants the faculty of discovering them.

He should, in the second place, be very careful to observe, whether he tastes the distinguishing perfections, or, if I may be allowed to call them so, the specific qualities of the author whom he peruses; whether he is particularly pleased with Livy for his manner of telling a story, with Sallust for his entering into those internal principles of action which rise from the characters and manners of the persons he describes, or with Tacitus for displaying those outward motives of safety and interest which give birth to the whole series of transactions which he relates.

He may likewise consider, how differently he is affected by the same thought which presents itself in a great writer, from what he is when he finds it delivered by a person of an ordinary genius; for here is as much difference in apprehending a thought clothed in Cicero's language, and that of a common author, as in seeing an object by the light of a taper, or by the light of the sun.

It is very difficult to lay down rules for the acquirement of such a taste as that I am here speaking of. The faculty must in some degree be born with us; and it very often happens, that those who have other qualities in perfection, are wholly void of this. One of the most eminent mathematicians of the age has assured me, that the greatest pleasure he took in reading Virgil was in examining Æneas's voyage by the map; as I question not but many a modern compiler of history would be delighted with little more than that divine author than the bare matters of fact.

But, notwithstanding this faculty must in some measure be born with us, there are several methods of cultivating and improving it, and without which it will be very uncertain, and of little use to the person that possesses it. The most natural method for this purpose is to be conversant among the writings of the most polite authors. A man who has any relish for fine writing, either discovers new beauties, or receives stronger impressions, from the masterly strokes of a great author, every time he peruses him; besides that he naturally wears himself into the same manner of speaking and thinking.

Conversation with men of a polite genius is another method for improving our natural taste. It is impossible for a man of the greatest parts to consider anything in its whole extent, and in all its variety of lights. Every man, besides those general observations which are to be made upon an author, forms several reflections that are peculiar to his own manner of thinking; so that conversation will naturally furnish us with hints which we did not attend to, and make us enjoy other men's parts and reflections as well as our own. This is the best reason I can give for the observation which several

have made, that the way of writing in the periods of time they did at Rome and Greece about the time of that Corneille, Molière, Racine, Bruyère, &c. was written so well, and that they have been friends and

It is likewise a form to himself to be well versed in both ancient and modern, he could wish that he had besides the mechanical little taste may be the very spirit of us the several in the mind Thus, although that the united other points of roughly explained something more elevates and astuteness of mind to besides Longinus

Our general turns of wit, a manner of enlarging the mind been carefully among the ancients, favoured, in several Gothic taste which I entertained the essay upon wit, several of those in the different time to show consists. I afterwards force which lies to affect the mind pieces as have fiction to record the world, or perhaps particularized the beauties which shall next Saturday Pleasures of the shall consider suggest to the many passages and verse. As entirely new, I with candour.

No. 410.]

Du  
Nec magis con  
Quæ, cum am  
Harum videre  
Quam inhon  
Quo pacto ex  
Nosse omnia

When they are ab and when at sup pick the choices verty at home, crasts dipped in against wenching  
WILL HONEY

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

the town only by way  
 last rainy night, he,  
 was driven into the  
 escaped also a lady  
 and to foot. Will  
 as, that she saluted  
 e, and turning im-  
 said, she supposed  
 Roger de Coverley:  
 and follow than Sir  
 with "Madam, the  
 she dressed in a black  
 without ribands; her  
 whole in an agree-  
 dresses being often  
 town, at once con-  
 sension to modesty.  
 y air, "Your friend,  
 rised to see a woman  
 ut I dismissed my  
 t down to my coun-  
 es take up too much  
 admit any other ex-  
 Mr. Honeycomb

honour of setting her  
 was gone to call a  
 otman returned with  
 re appeared nothing  
 with Mr. Honeycomb  
 vern at the gate for  
 he impertinence she  
 place. Mr. Honey-  
 ar, determined the  
 Roger, as the better  
 leading her through  
 th his hat, and gal-  
 ce through rows of  
 ukey in the state she  
 ringing up the rear.  
 upon the fair one to  
 er declaring she had  
 couple of chickens,  
 drank a full bottle  
 Man's Wish to Sir  
 oom for some time  
 ving billet, which he  
 to her friend Will  
 it to Sir Andrew  
 to the club:—

ry gentleman, but I  
 es you had at the  
 wn to the country,  
 but your singing, let  
 y-street, Covent-gar-  
 ged by your humble  
 DE COVERLEY."

l stand the raillery  
 t to put a stop to it,  
 he following letter,  
 e board:—

of one of the chap-  
 lish verse inserted  
 ve ventured to send  
 the Proverbs in a  
 t worthy appearing  
 will be a sufficient

stant Reader,  
 "A. B."

My son, th' instruction that my words impart,  
 Grave on the living tablet of thy heart:  
 And all the wholesome precepts that I give,  
 Observe with strictest reverence, and live.

Let all thy homage be to Wisdom paid;  
 Seek her protection, and implore her aid;  
 That she may keep thy soul from harm secure,  
 And turn thy footsteps from the harlot's door,  
 Who with rum'd charms lures the unwary lad,  
 And soothes with flattery their souls to sin.

Once from my window, as I cast mine eye  
 On those that pass'd in giddy numbers by,  
 A youth among the foolish youths I spy'd,  
 Who took not sacred wisdom for his guide.

Just as the sun withdrew his cooler light,  
 And evening soft led on the shades of night,  
 He stole in covert twilight to his fate,  
 And pass'd the corner near the harlot's gate

When lo, a woman comes!—  
 Loose her attire, and such her glaring dress,  
 So aptly did the harlot's mind express:

Subtle she is, and practis'd in the arts  
 By which the wanton conquers headless hearts:  
 Stubborn and loud she is; she haunts her home;  
 Varying her place and form, she hovers to roam;  
 Now she's within, now in the street dash stray,  
 Now at each corner stands, and waits her prey.  
 The youth she seizes; and laying now aside  
 All modesty, the female's justest pride,  
 She said with an embrace, "Here at my house  
 Peace-offerings are, this day I paid my vows.  
 I therefore came abroad to meet my dear,  
 And lo, in happy hour, I find thee here.

My chamber I've adorn'd, and o'er my bed  
 Are cov'ring of the richest tapestry spread;  
 With linen it is deck'd from Egypt brought,  
 And carvings by the curious artist wrought:  
 It wants no glad perfume Arabia yields  
 In all her citron groves and spicy fields;  
 Here all her store of richest odours meet,  
 I'll lay thee in a wilderness of sweets;  
 Whatever to the sense can grateful be  
 I have collected there—I want but thee.  
 My husband's gone a journey far away,  
 Much gold he took abroad, and long will stay.  
 He named for his return a distant day."

Upon her tongue did such smooth mischief dwell,  
 And from her lips such welcome flattery fell,  
 Th' unguarded youth, in silken fetters ty'd,  
 Reas'd his reason, and with ease comply'd.  
 Thus does the ox to his own slaughter go,  
 And thus is senseless of th' impending blow;  
 Thus flies the simple bird into the snare,  
 That skilful fowlers for his life prepare.  
 But let my sons attend. Attend may they  
 Whom youthful vigour may to sin betray;  
 Let them false charmers fly, and guard their heart  
 Against the wily wanton's pleasing art;  
 With care direct their steps, nor turn astray  
 To tread the paths of her deceitful way;  
 Lest they too late of her fell pow'r complain,  
 And fall, where many nighters have been slain.

No. 411.] SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1711

PAPER L.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION CONTENTS.

The perfection of our sight above our other senses. The  
 sources of the imagination arise originally from sight.  
 pleasures of the imagination divided under two heads,  
 pleasures of the imagination in some respects equal  
 of the understanding. The extent of the pleasure  
 imagination. The advantages a man receives from  
 of these pleasures. In what respect they are prefer-  
 those of the understanding.

Avia Pleridum parago loca, nullum  
 Trita solo: juvat integre abscondere  
 Atque haurire ———— Lich. I.

In wild unclear'd, to Mænor a retreat,  
 O'er ground untrod before, I deviant roam;  
 And deep-enamour'd into latent springs  
 Presume to peep at coy virgin Nymphs.

Our sight is the most perfect and most delicate  
 of all our senses. It fills the mind with the  
 variety of ideas, converses with its objects at the  
 greatest distance, and continues the longest

tion without being tired or satiated with its proper enjoyments. The sense of feeling can indeed give us a notion of extension, shape, and all other ideas that enter at the eye, except colours; but at the same time it is very much straitened, and confined in its operations to the number, bulk, and distance of its particular objects. Our sight seems designed to supply all these defects, and may be considered as a more delicate and diffusive kind of touch, that spreads itself over an infinite multitude of bodies, comprehends the largest figures, and brings into our reach some of the most remote parts of the universe.

It is this sense which furnishes the imagination with its ideas; so that by "the pleasures of the imagination," or "fancy" (which I shall use promiscuously), I here mean such as arise from visible objects, either when we have them actually in our view, or when we call up their ideas into our minds by painting, statues, descriptions, or any the like occasion. We cannot indeed have a single image in the fancy that did not make its first entrance through the sight; but we have the power of retaining, altering, and compounding those images which we have once received, into all the varieties of picture and vision that are most agreeable to the imagination: for by this faculty, a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.

There are few words in the English language which are employed in a more loose and uncircumscribed sense than those of the fancy and the imagination. I therefore thought it necessary to fix and determine the notion of these two words, as I intend to make use of them in the thread of my following speculations, that the reader may conceive rightly what is the subject which I proceed upon. I must therefore desire him to remember, that by "the pleasures of the imagination," I mean only such pleasures as arise originally from sight, and that I divide these pleasures into two kinds: my design being first of all to discourse of those primary pleasures of the imagination, which entirely proceed from such objects as are before our eyes; and in the next place to speak of those secondary pleasures of the imagination which flow from the ideas of visible objects, when the objects are not actually before the eye, but are called up into our memories, or formed into agreeable visions of things that are either absent or fictitious.

The pleasures of the imagination, taken in their full extent, are not so gross as those of sense, nor so refined as those of the understanding. The last are indeed more preferable, because they are founded on some new knowledge or improvement in the mind of man; yet it must be confessed, that those of the imagination are as great and as transporting as the other. A beautiful prospect delights the soul as much as a demonstration; and a description in Homer has charmed more readers than a chapter in Aristotle. Besides, the pleasures of the imagination have this advantage above those of the understanding, that they are more obvious and more easy to be acquired. It is but opening the eye, and the scene enters. The colours paint themselves on the fancy, with very little attention of thought or application of mind in the beholder. We are struck, we know not how, with the symmetry of any thing we see, and immediately assent to the beauty of an object, without inquiring into the particular causes and occasions of it.

A man of a many pleasure receiving. He find an agree meets with a and often feels of fields and possession. It in every thing uncultivated pa sures; so that another light, charms, that co of mankind.

There are id be idle and in sures that are take is at the e and their very or folly. A m make the spher as possible, tha and find in the would not blus of the imagin bent of thought employments, to sink into tha are apt to acc but, like a geu them from slot upon any labor

We might I fancy are mor the understand thinking, and the brain. De painting, or pe body as well a clear and brig disperse grief a spirits in pleas reason, Sir Fra has not thou reader a poem dissuades him and advises him with splendid fables and cou

I have in settled the not tion which are king, and end recommend to pleasures. I several source derived.—O.

No. 412.]

ON THE P

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the gaiety or variety of colours, in the disposition of parts, in the arrangement of bodies, or in a just mixture of all together. Among these kinds of beauty the eye takes most delight in. We nowhere meet with a more glorious show in nature, than what appears in the rising and setting of the sun, wholly made up of these different stains of light and shade. For this reason we find the poets, who address themselves to the imagination, borrowing more of their epithets from colours, than any other topic.

The fancy delights in every thing that is great, or beautiful, and is still more pleased with the kinds of these perfections in the same object, capable of receiving a new satisfaction by the change of another sense. Thus, any concord, as the music of birds, or a fall of waters, awakens every moment the mind of the beholder, and makes him more attentive to the several beauties of the place that lie before him. Thus, if we see a fragrant smell, or perfume, they excite the pleasures of the imagination, and make the colours and verdure of the landscape appear more agreeable; for the ideas of both senses mix together, and are pleasanter together, when they enter the mind separately: as the colours of a picture, when they are well set off one another, and receive an additional beauty from the advantage of their situa-

tion, on the occasion of admiring them.

One of the final causes that is great may be the pleasure of our being has so formed in it, but Himself can never be proper happiness. Because of our happiness must be of his being, that he may wish for such a contentment, naturally delight in the great or unlimited. Our pleasing motion of the consideration of any deal of room in the fancy improve into the highest devotion when we cannot neither circumscribed by the comprehended by the being.

He has annexed a new any thing that is new, encourage us in the pleasure engage us to search into it; for every new idea it, as rewards any pains, sition, and consequently us upon fresh discoveries.

He has made every own species pleasant, tempted to multiply them with inhabitants; for wherever nature is crowded, the monster (the result of the breed is incapable of producing a new order of all animals were allured species, generation would earth unpeopled.

In the last place, he has made so many objects beautiful in all other objects, render the whole creation more agreeable. He has given almost every of raising an agreeable that it is impossible for coldness or indifference beauties without a necessity. Things would be to the eye, if we saw figures and motions; and for their exciting in us are different from any themselves (for such are not to add supernumerary and make it more agreeable. We are every where entertained and apparitions: we dwell in the heavens and in the visionary beauty poured out: but what a rough should we be entertained disappear, and the severe shade vanish? In show delightfully lost and be- sion, and we walk about a romance, who sees be meadows; and, at the sight of birds, and the pur- the finishing of some so breaks up, and the disc- a barren heath, or in a

113.] TUESDAY, JUNE 24, 1712.

#### PAPER III

#### THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

#### CONTENTS.

The necessary cause of our being pleased with what is new, or beautiful, unknown. Why the final cause is more useful. The final cause of our being pleased with what is great. The final cause of our being pleased with what is new. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in our own species. The final cause of our being pleased with what is beautiful in

the last, vis est notissima— OVID, Met. ix. 207. The cause is secret, but the effect is known.—ADDISON

In yesterday's paper we considered how that which is great, new, or beautiful is apt to excite the imagination with pleasure, we must own it is impossible for us to assign the necessary cause of this pleasure, because we know neither the nature of an idea, nor the substance of a human mind might help us to discover the conformity or disagreement of the one to the other; therefore, for want of such a light, all that we can do in speculations of this kind, is to reflect on the operations of the soul that are most agreeable, and range, under their proper heads, what is most pleasing to the mind, without being able to set out the several necessary and efficient causes whence the pleasure or displeasure

arises lie more bare and open to our observation, as there are often a greater variety that produce the same effect; and these, though they are altogether so satisfactory, are generally more so than the other, as they give us greater

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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gives me hopes of your favour to it, and that is no  
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diffusive as possible. Every one that has half  
guinea is put into the possibility, from that sum-  
sum, to raise himself an easy fortune: when the  
little parcels of wealth are, as it were, thus throw  
back into the redonation of Providence, we are  
expect that some who live under hardships or o-  
curity may be produced to the world in the figure  
they deserve by this means. I doubt not but th  
last argument will have force with you; and I ca  
not add another to it, but what your severity will  
fear, very little regard, which is, that I am,

"Sir, your greatest Admirer,  
"RICHARD STEELE."

No. 414.] WEDNESDAY, JUNE 25, 1712.

PAPER IV.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

CONTENTS.

The works of nature more pleasant to the imagination than  
those of art. The works of nature still more pleasant, the  
more they resemble those of art. The works of an art  
pleasant, the more they resemble those of nature. Our  
kitchen plantations and gardens considered in the foregoing  
light.

—Alterius sic

Altera poscit opem res, et conjurat amice.

Hon. Ars Poet. v. 418.

But mutually they need each other's help.—ROSCONIA.

If we consider the works of nature and art as they  
are qualified to entertain the imagination, we shall  
find the last very defective, in comparison of the  
former; for though they may sometimes appear a  
beautiful or strange, they can have nothing in them  
of that vastness and immensity, which afford a  
great an entertainment to the mind of the beholder.  
The one may be as polite and delicate as the other,  
but can never show herself so august and magnifi-  
cent in the design. There is something more bold  
and masterly in the rough careless strokes of nature  
than in the nice touches and embellishments of art.  
The beauties of the most stately garden or palace  
lie in a narrow compass; the imagination immedi-  
ately runs them over, and requires something else to  
gratify her; but in the wide fields of nature, the  
sight wanders up and down without confinement, and  
is fed with an infinite variety of images, without any  
certain stint or number. For this reason we always  
find the poet in love with the country life, when  
nature appears in the greatest perfection, and fur-  
nishes out all those scenes that are most apt to de-  
light the imagination.

Scriptorum chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.

Hon. 2 Ep. c. 77.

—To grottoes and to groves we run,

To ease and silence, every Muse's son.—POPE.

Hic secura quies, et nescia fallere vita,

Spelunce, vivique lacus: hic frigida Tempe,

Dives opum varieturum: hic latius otia fundis,

Mugitusque bonum, mollesque sub arbore somni.

Virg. Georg. ii. 487.

Here easy quiet, a secure retreat,

A harmless life that knows not how to cheat,

With home-bred plenty the rich owner bleats,

And rural pleasures crown his happiness,

Unvex'd with quarrels, undisturb'd with noise,

The country king his peaceful realm enjoys:

Cool grots and living lakes, the flow'ry pride

Of meads, and streams that through the valley glide;

And shady groves that easy sleep invite,

And, after toilsome days, a sweet repose at night.—DANIEL

But though there are several of those wild scenes

that are more delightful than any artificial shows, yet we find the works of nature still more pleasant, the more they resemble those of art: for in this case our pleasure rises from a double principle; from the agreeableness of the objects to the eye, and from their similitude to other objects. We are pleased as well with comparing their beauties, as with surveying them, and can represent them to our minds, either as copies or originals. Hence it is that we take delight in a prospect which is well laid out, and diversified with fields and meadows, woods and rivers; in those accidental landscapes of trees, clouds, and cities, that are sometimes found in the veins of marble; in the curious fret-work of rocks and grottos: and, in a word, in any thing that hath such a variety or regularity as may seem the effect of design in what we call the works of chance.

If the products of nature rise in value according as they more or less resemble those of art, we may be sure that artificial works receive a greater advantage from their resemblance of such as are natural; because here the similitude is not only pleasant, but the pattern more perfect. The prettiest landscape I ever saw, was one drawn on the walls of a dark room, which stood opposite on one side to a navigable river, and on the other to a park. The experiment is very common in optics. Here you might discover the waves and fluctuations of the water in strong and proper colours, with the picture of a ship entering at one end, and sailing by degrees through the whole piece. On another there appeared the green shadows of trees, waving to and fro with the wind, and herds of deer among them in miniature, leaping about upon the wall. I must confess the novelty of such a sight may be one occasion of its pleasantness to the imagination; but certainly its chief reason is its nearest resemblance to nature, as it does not only, like other pictures, give the colour and figure, but the motion of the things it represents.

We have before observed, that there is generally in nature something more grand and august than what we meet with in the curiosities of art. When, therefore, we see this imitated in any measure, it gives us a nobler and more exalted kind of pleasure than what we receive from the nicer and more accurate productions of art. On this account our English gardens are not so entertaining to the fancy as those in France and Italy, where we see a large extent of ground covered over with an agreeable mixture of garden and forest, which represent every where an artificial rudeness, much more charming than that neatness and elegance which we meet with in those of our own country. It might indeed be of ill consequence to the public, as well as unprofitable to private persons, to alienate so much ground from pasturage and the plough, in many parts of a country that is so well peopled, and cultivated to a far greater advantage. But why may not a whole estate be thrown into a kind of garden by frequent plantations, that may turn as much to the profit as the pleasure of the owner? A marsh overgrown with willows, or a mountain shaded with oaks, are not only more beautiful, but more beneficial, than when they lie bare and unadorned. Fields of corn make a pleasant prospect; and if the walks were a little taken care of that lie between them, if the natural embroidery of the meadows were helped and improved by some small additions of art, and the several rows of hedges set off by trees and flowers that the soil was capable of receiving, a man might make a pretty landscape of his own possessions.

Writers who tell us the ignorant plantations of the rule and line may place trees. They choose rather this nature, and which they direct it seems, in the particular strikes the imagination covering what. Our British gardeners humouring nature as possible. Of ramids. We see plant and bush regular in my opinion rather look upon fusion of bouquet and trim cannot but fan finitely more de of the most fashionable modellers of gardens to dispose of, it all the beautiful thrive a plan that in taking off the able plants, were stocked.—O.

No. 415.]

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HAVING already by the works of in general but they mutually forming such to delight the paper throw ticular art, which any other, to the imagination subject of this of architecture gard to the light have placed it maxims which have laid down less treatises Greatness is considered as

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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of manner in architecture, which has such force upon the imagination, that a small building, where it appears, shall give the mind nobler ideas than one of twenty times the bulk, where the manner is ordinary or little. Thus, perhaps, a man would have been more astonished with the majestic air that appeared in one of Lysippus's statues of Alexander, though no bigger than the life, than he might have been with mount Athos, had it been cut into the figure of the hero, according to the proposal of Phidias,\* with a river in one hand, and a city in the other.

Let any one reflect on the disposition of mind he finds in himself at his first entrance into the Pantheon at Rome, and how his imagination is filled with something great and amazing; and, at the same time, consider how little, in proportion, he is affected with the inside of a Gothic cathedral, though it be five times larger than the other; which can arise from nothing else but the greatness of the manner in the one, and the meanness in the other.

I have seen an observation upon this subject in a French author, which very much pleased me. It is in Monsieur Preart's *Parallel of the ancient and modern Architecture*. I shall give it the reader with the same terms of art which he has made use of. "I am observing," says he, "a thing which, in my opinion, is very curious, whence it proceeds, that in the same quantity of superficies, the one manner seems great and magnificent, and the other poor and trifling; the reason is fine and uncommon. I say, then, that to introduce into architecture this grandeur of manner, we ought so to proceed, that the division of the principal members of the order may consist but of few parts, that they be all great and of a bold and ample relief, and swelling; and that the eye beholding nothing little and mean, the imagination may be more vigorously touched and affected with the work that stands before it. For example: in a cornice, if the gola or cymation or the corona, the coping, the modillions or dentils make a noble show by their graceful projections, I we see none of that ordinary confusion which is the result of those little cavities, quarter rounds of the astragal, and I know not how many other intermingled particulars, which produce no effect in great and massy works, and which very unprofitably take up place to the prejudice of the principal member, it is most certain that this manner will appear solemn and great; as, on the contrary, that I will have but a poor and mean effect, where there is a redundancy of those smaller ornaments, which divide and scatter the angles of the sight into such a multitude of rays, so pressed together that the whole will appear but a confusion."

Among all the figures in architecture, there are none that have a greater air than the concave as the convex; and we find in the ancient and modern architecture, as well in the remote parts of China as in countries nearer home, that round pillars and vaulted roofs make a great part of those buildings which are designed for pomp and magnificence. The reason I take to be, because in these figures we generally see more of the body than in those of other kinds. There are, indeed, figures of bodies where the eye may take in two-thirds of the surface, but, as in such bodies, the sight must split on several angles, it does not take in one uniform idea but several ideas of the same kind. Look upon it

\* Dinocrates.

a dome, your eye half surrounds it; look inside, and at one glance you have all the of it; the entire concavity falls into your eye, the sight being as the centre that collects into it the lines of the whole circle: in a square pillar, the sight often takes fourth part of the surface; and in a square must move up and down to the different ore it is master of all the inward surface. reason, the fancy is infinitely more struck view of the open air and skies, that passes an arch, than what comes through a square, her figure. The figure of the rainbow does tribute less to its magnificence than the its beauty, as it is very poetically described on of Sirach: "Look upon the rainbow, a Him that made it; very beautiful is it in ness; it encompasses the heavens with a circle, and the hands of the Most High ded it."

g thus spoken of that greatness which affects I in architecture, I might next show the that arises in the imagination from what new and beautiful in this art; but as every has naturally a greater taste of these two ns in every building which offers itself to, than of that which I have hitherto con- I shall not trouble my readers with any re- upon it. It is sufficient for my present to observe, that there is nothing in this t which pleases the imagination, but as it uncommon, or beautiful.—O.

416.] FRIDAY, JUNE 27, 1712.

## PAPER VI.

## THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

ary pleasures of the imagination. The several of these pleasures (statuary, painting, description, de) compared together. The final cause of our pleasure from these several sources. Of descriptions cular. The power of words over the imagination. a reader is more pleased with descriptions than

r hoc simile est oculis, quod mente videmus.

Lucr. ix. 754.

what we see with our minds, bears similitude to se with our eyes.

irst divided the pleasures of the imagination as arise from objects that are actually be- eyes, or that once entered in at our eyes, afterward called up into the mind either y its own operations, or on occasion of some- without us, as statues or descriptions. We eady considered the first division, and shall enter on the other, which, for distinction have called "The Secondary Pleasures of gination." When I say the ideas we re- ma statues, descriptions, or such-like occa- re the same that were once actually in our ; must not be understood that we had once a very place, action, or person, that are e described. It is sufficient that we have es, persons, or actions in general, which eemblance, or at least some remote analogy, at we find represented; since it is in the f the imagination, when it is once stocked ular ideas, to enlarge, compound, and at her own pleasure.

g the different kinds of representation,

statuary is the most natu- likest the object that is of a common instance: take an image in his ha- fingers the different furn- chisel, and he will easil- a man, or beast, may- should he draw his hand smooth and uniform, he- gine how the several p- of a human body shoul- of canvass, that has in- larity. Description runs it represents than pain- real resemblance to its- syllables are wholly void- guages, but words are- people or nation. For- necessities quickly put- writing is probably of- ing; particularly we are- the Spaniards first ar- sent to the Emperor of- news of his country del- pencil, which was a mo- writing, though at the s- fect, because it is impo- nexions of speech, or t- junction or an adverb. I- to represent visible obj- ideas annexed to them, description in music.

be confused imperfect- in the imagination by- notes; and we find that- able, sometimes to set t- hurry of a battle, to ov- lancholy scenes and a- funerals, or to lull the- groves and elysiums.

In all these instances the imagination proced- mind which compares the- ginal objects with the- statue, picture, descript- them. It is impossible reason why this operat- with so much pleasure, the same occasion; but- entertainments derived for it is this that not o- tuary, painting, and de- light in all the actions- this that makes the se- which consists, as I l- affinity of ideas: and- that raises the little as- in the different sorts o- sists in the affinity of le- tic; or of syllables, as- or of words, as in pun- sentence or poem, as v- cause, probably of ann- tion of the mind, was- in our searches after tr- one thing from another- twixt our ideas, depend- them together, and ob- agreement that appear- nature.

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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Quintus, Melpomene, semel  
Nascentur alacris luteine videris,  
Nec non labor isthmus  
Harabunt pugile. Non equis impiger, &c  
Sed qua Tibur aqua fertile perfluit,  
Et apisse lacum cuncta mra,  
Fingunt. Et do carmine nobiliem —HOR. 103 li. 1.  
He on whose birth the lyre is given  
Of numbers and of death, never grace  
The Isthmian garland, or be seen  
First in the faded Olympic race,  
But nam the strongest not working flow  
Rich Tibur's fertile fields along,  
And shady groves, whose haunts than know  
The master of the Muse's song —ATTREBUT.

We may observe, that any single circumstance of what we have formerly seen or felt raises up a whole scene of imagery, and awakens numberless pictures before sight in the imagination; such a picture of snow or colour is able to fill the mind, on a sudden, with the picture of the fields or gardens where we first met with it, and to bring up into view all the variety of images that once attended it. Our imagination takes the hint, and leads us unexpectedly into cities or the cities, plains or meadows. We may farther observe, when the fancy thus reflects on the scenes that have passed in it formerly, those which were at first pleasant to behold appear more so upon reflection, and that the memory heightens the delightfulness of the original. A Cartesian would account for both these instances in the following manner —

The set of ideas which we received from such a prospect of garden, having entered the mind at the same time, have a set of traces, belonging to them in the brain, bordering very near upon one another; when, therefore, any one of these ideas arises in the imagination, and consequently dispatches a flux of animal spirits to its proper trace, these spirits, in the violence of their motion, run not only into the trace to which they were more particularly directed, but into several of those that lie about it. By this means, they awaken other ideas of the same set, which immediately determine a new dispatch of spirits, that in the same manner open other neighbouring traces, till at last the whole set of them is brought up, and the whole prospect or garden flows into the imagination. But because the pleasure was more from these places far surmounted, and overcame the little disagreeableness we found in them, that this reason there was at first a wider passage into the pleasure traces, and, on the contrary, a narrower one in those which belonged to the disagreeable ideas, that they were quickly stopt up and rendered incapable of receiving any animal spirits, and consequently of exciting any unpleasant sensations in the memory.

It would be in vain to enquire whether the power of raising any thing so strongly proceeds from an greater perfection in the soul, or from any new feature in the train of one man than of another. But this is certain, that a noble writer should be furnished with this faculty in its full strength and vigour, and to be able to receive lively ideas from outward objects, not to turn them long, and to range them to a variety of processes, in such figures and representations, as are most likely to hit the fancy of the reader. A poet should take as much pains in *forming* his imagination, as a philosopher in *cultivating* his judgment. He must gain a due habit of reflecting on his ideas, and be thoroughly conversant in the various scenery of a country life.

When he is tired with country inquiries, if he would go beyond the sea, and the lower kind of poetry, he ought to acquaint himself with the poem

# THE SPECTATOR.

significance of courts. He should be very used in every thing that is noble and stately productions of art, whether it appear in painting; in the great works of architecture in their present glory, or in the ruins of which flourished in former ages.

advantages as these help to open a man's mind, and to enlarge his imagination, and will have their influence on all kinds of writing, the author knows how to make right use of them. Among those of the learned languages who excel in the most perfect in their several kinds are Homer, Virgil, and Ovid. The first employs his imagination wonderfully with what is second with what is beautiful, and the last is strange. Reading the *Iliad*, is like passing through a country uninhabited, where the eye is entertained with a thousand savage prospects, vast deserts, wide uncultivated marshes, steep, misshapen rocks and precipices. On the contrary, the *Æneid* is like a well-ordered garden; it is impossible to find out any part under to cast our eyes upon a single spot that does not produce some beautiful plant or flower. As we are in the *Metamorphoses*, we are as if we were in an enchanted ground, and see nothing but magic lying around us.

Virgil is in his province, when he is describing a multitude, a hero or a god. Virgil is never so pleased as when he is in his *Elysium*, to paint out an entertaining picture. Homer's descriptions generally mark out what is great; Virgil's are agreeable. Nothing can be more magnificent than the figure Jupiter makes in the first *Iliad*, charming than that of Venus in the first

the imagination may be seen. He describes a miracle, and gives us the sight of some of it. His art consists in his description, before the first of the new one perfectly where entertains us with what is before, and shows us the end of the *Metamorphoses*.

If I were to name a poet in all these arts of writing, I think Milton may pass for the best. *Lost* falls short of the respect, it proceeds rather in a language in which it is weak of genius in the author. *English* is like a stately palace, one may see architecture of one of marble, though the nature. But to consider the present subject; What is more beautiful than the battle of angels, the stature and behaviour of the angels? What more beautiful than the Heaven, Angels, Adam, strange than the creation of the *metamorphoses* of the gods, surprising adventures their search after Paradise? What have furnished a poet with the imagination, as no other those scenes in more strange

No. 418.] MONDAY

PAPER

ON THE PLEASURES

CONTINUED

Why any thing that is unpleasant to the imagination when well described receives a more exquisite pleasure than what is great, new, or beautiful, if what is described is agreeable to the passions. Why terror and grief are pleasurable by description. A particular description of a scene in fiction have to please the imagination are allowed them.

—ferat et rubus asper a

The rugged thorn shall be

THE pleasures of the imagination are of a wider nature than those it has within not only what is great, but any thing that is disagreeable to us in an apt description we must inquire after a pleasure which is nothing else but which compares the ideas with the ideas that arise in the mind; and why this operation is attended with so much pleasure. For this reason, of a dunghill is pleasurable, an image be represented to the mind; though, perhaps, properly called the pleasure of the fancy, because we are with the image that is compared with the aptness of the image.

But if the description of

like, and awful bends his sable brows  
as ambrosial curls, and gives the nod,  
sp of fate, and sanction of the god:  
down with trembling the dread signal took,  
Jupiter to the centre shook.—POPE.

averterns rosea cervice refulsit,  
æque comæ divinum vertice odorem  
s: pedes vestis defluxit ad imos,  
cessu patuit dea.—VIRG. *Æn.* l. 406

having said, she turn'd and made appear  
refulgent, and dishevel'd hair;  
flowing from her shoulders, reach'd the ground,  
sly spread ambrosial scents around:  
of train descends her sweeping gown,  
her graceful walk the queen of love is known.  
DAYDEN.

persons are most of them godlike and terrible, has scarce admitted any into his poem but beautiful, and has taken particular care of his hero so.

—Lumenque juvenem  
m, et laetos oculis afflarat honores.

VIRG. *Æn.* l. 594.

his rolling eyes a sparkling grace,  
he'd a youthful vigour on his face.—DRYDEN.

Homer fills his readers with sublime ideas, and has raised the imagination of all the ages that have come after him. I shall only mention, who immediately takes fire at the description of any passage in the *Iliad* or *Odyssey*, rises above himself when he has Homer. Virgil has drawn together, into his most pleasing scenes his subject is capable of, and in his *Georgics* has given us a picture of the most delightful landscapes that can be of fields and woods, herds of cattle, and of bees.

his *Metamorphoses*, has shown us how

ATOR—Nos. 61 & 62.



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En. viii. 264.

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DRYDEN.

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of torments,  
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give us, as

in, &c.—Lucc.

from the secret comparison which we make between ourselves and the person who suffers. Such representations teach us to set a just value upon our own condition, and make us prize our good fortune which exempts us from the like calamities. This is, however, such a kind of pleasure as we are incapable of receiving when we see a person actually lying under the tortures that we meet with in a description; because, in this case, the object presents itself upon our senses, and bears so hard upon us that it does not give us time or leisure to reflect of ourselves. Our thoughts are so intent upon the miseries of the sufferer, that we cannot turn them upon our own happiness. Whereas, on the contrary, we consider the misfortunes we read in history or poetry, either as past or as fictitious: so that the reflection upon ourselves rises in us insensibly and overhears the sorrow we conceive for the sufferings of the afflicted.

But because the mind of man requires something more perfect in matter than what it finds there, and can never meet with any sight in nature which sufficiently answers its highest ideas of pleasantness or, in other words, because the imagination is apt to itself things more great, strange, or beautiful, than the eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a poet to humour the imagination in our own notions, by mending and perfecting nature where he describes a reality, and by adding greater beauties than are put together in nature, where he describes a fiction.

He is not obliged to attend her in the slow advances which she makes from one season to another or to observe her conduct in the successive production of plants and flowers. He may draw out his description all the beauties of the spring autumn, and make the whole year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His rose-trees, weath'ers, and jessamines, may blow together, and the birds be conversant at the same time with lilies, violets, and anemones. His soil is not restrained to every part of a set of plants, but is proper either for oaks or myrtles, and adapts itself to the product of every climate. Oranges may grow wild in it, which may be met with in every hedge; and if he thinks it proper to have a grove of spears, he can quickly command sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable scene, he can make several new species of flowers, with new scents and higher colours than any that grow in the gardens of nature. His concerts of birds may be as full and harmonious and his woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more expense in a long vista than a short one, and can as easily throw his cascades from a precipice of half a mile high, as from one of twenty yards. He has his choice of the winds, and can turn the course of his river in all the variety of meanders that are most delightful to the reader's imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own hands, and may give her what charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into absurdities by endeavouring to excel.—O.

No. 419.] TUESDAY, JULY 1, 1712.

PAPER IX.

ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.  
CONTENTS.

Of that kind of poetry which Mr. Dryden calls "the fairy way of writing." How a poet should be qualified for it. To

passures of the imagination, that arise from it. In this respect why the moderns excel the ancients. Why the English excel the moderns. Who the best among the English, Of emblematical persons.

—*gentis gratissimus error.*—*Hon. 2 Ep. il. 140.*  
The sweet delusion of a raptur'd mind.

There is a kind of writing, wherein the poet quite loses sight of nature, and entertains his reader's imagination with the characters and actions of such persons as have many of them no existence at what he bestows on them. Such are fairies, fitches, magicians, demons, and departed spirits. 'his Mr. Dryden calls "the fairy way of writing," which is indeed more difficult than any other that depends on the poet's fancy, because he has no pattern to follow in it, and must work altogether out of his own invention.

There is a very odd turn of thought required for this sort of writing; and it is impossible for a poet to succeed in it, who has not a particular cast of fancy, and an imagination naturally fruitful and substititious. Besides this, he ought to be very well versed in legends and fables, antiquated romances, and the traditions of nurses and old women, that he may fall in with our natural prejudices, and humour our notions which we have imbibed in our infancy. or otherwise he will be apt to make his fairies talk like people of his own species, and not like other sorts of beings, who converse with different objects, and think in a different manner from that of mankind.

*Sylvia deducti caveant, me Iudice, famuli,  
Ne velut ignavi trivialis, ac pueri forentes.  
Aut stultum teneris juvenescant versibus*——  
*Hon. Ars Poet. v. 244.*

Let not the wood-born satyr fondly sport  
With serious verses, as if bred at court.—*FRANCIS*

do not say with Mr. Bays in the Rehearsal, that spirits must not be confined to speak sense: but it is certain their sense ought to be a little discoloured, so that it may seem particular, and proper to the person and condition of the speaker.

These descriptions raise a pleasing kind of horror in the mind of the reader, and amuse his imagination with the strangeness and novelty of the persons who are represented in them. They bring up into our memory the stories we have heard in our childhood, and favour those secret terrors and apprehensions to which the mind of man is naturally subject. We are pleased with surveying the different habits and behaviours of foreign countries: how much more must we be delighted and surprised when we are led, as it were, into a new creation, and see the customs and manners of another species! Men of wild fancies, and philosophical dispositions, object to this kind of poetry, that it has not probability enough to effect the imagination. But to this it may be answered, that we are sure in general, there are many intellectual beings in the world besides ourselves, and several species of spirits, who are subject to different laws and economies from those of mankind: when we see, therefore, any of these represented naturally, we cannot look upon the representation as altogether impossible, nay, many are prepossessed with such false opinions, as dispose them to believe these particular delusions; at least we have all heard so many pleasing relations in favour of them, that we do not care for seeing through a falsehood, and willingly give ourselves up to so agreeable an imposture.

The ancients have not much of this poetry among them; for, indeed, almost the whole substance of it

owes its original to the later ages, when we amuse mankind in their duty. Our more reverence enlightened by the witchcraft, prodigies, and ghosts in it; the every large coming to it; and the with who had no

Among all the much the best, but be that we about or that the general sort of poetry.

ful, and very often melancholy of the nation, to many others are not so

Among the comparably excelled gance of fancy, thoroughly qualified part of him capable of to support him genius. There solemn, in the spe and the like may bear thinking the by which to judge there are such probable they should sent them.

There is another we sometimes meet author represents vice, under a vision or an actor in his descriptions of Hume, Virgil, and of Spenser, who has a whole creation of Spenser, who has tations of this emblematical part therefore only we see how many imagination, as nature for its own, shows us being, and represented with the several shape and character

I shall, in my general, how other please the imagination conclude this essay

No. 420.] W

ON THE PLE

What authors please do with fiction. If the authors of the The bounds and defects are essential

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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Poet. v. 100.  
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the fixed stars, the sphere of the fixed stars to t  
circuit of the whole creation, the whole creation  
self to the infinite space that is every where diffu  
about it; or when the imagination works downwa  
and considers the bulk of a human body in respe  
of an animal a hundred times less than a mite, t  
particular limbs of such an animal, the differe  
springs that actuate the limbs, the spirits which s  
the springs a-going, and the proportionable minut  
ness of these several parts, before they have arriv  
at their full growth and perfection; but if, after a  
this, we take the least particle of these animal sp  
rits, and consider its capacity of being wrought int  
a world that shall contain within those narrow d  
mensions a heaven and earth, stars and planets, an  
every different species of living creatures, in th  
same analogy and proportion they bear to each oth  
in our own universe; such a speculation, by reaso  
of its nicety, appears ridiculous to those who ha  
not turned their thoughts that way, though at th  
same time it is founded on no less than the evidenc  
of a demonstration. Nay, we may yet carry it fu  
ther, and discover in the smallest particle of thi  
little world a new inexhausted fund of matter, ca  
pable of being spun out into another universe.

I have dwelt the longer on this subject, because  
think it may show us the proper limits, as well a  
the defectiveness of our imagination; how it is co  
fined to a very small quantity of space, and imme  
diately stopped in its operation, when it endeavour  
to take in any thing that is very great or very little  
Let a man try to conceive the different bulk of a  
animal, which is twenty, from another which is  
hundred times less than a mite, or to compare i  
his thoughts a length of a thousand diameters of th  
earth, with that of a million; and he will quickl  
find that he has no different measures in his mind  
adjusted to such extraordinary degrees of grandeur  
or minuteness. The understanding, indeed, open  
an infinite space on every side of us; but the ima  
gination, after a few faint efforts is immediately a  
stand, and finds herself swallowed up in the im  
mensity of the void that surrounds it: our reason  
can pursue a particle of matter through an infinit  
variety of divisions; but the fancy soon loses sigh  
of it, and feels in itself a kind of chasm, that want  
to be filled with matter of a more sensible bulk. We  
can neither widen nor contract the faculty to th  
dimensions of either extreme. The object is too  
big for our capacity, when we would comprehend  
the circumference of a world; and dwindles into  
nothing when we endeavour after the idea of an atom

It is possible this defect of imagination may no  
be in the soul itself, but as it acts in conjunction  
with the body. Perhaps there may not be room i  
the brain for such a variety of impressions, or th  
animal spirits may be incapable of figuring them in  
such a manner as is necessary to excite so very  
large or very minute ideas. However it be, we  
may well suppose that beings of a higher nature  
very much excel us in this respect, as it is probable  
the soul of man will be infinitely more perfect here  
after in this faculty, as well as in all the rest; inso  
much that, perhaps, the imagination will be able to  
keep pace with the understanding, and to form in  
itself distinct ideas of all the different modes and  
quantities of space.—O.

No. 421.] THURSDAY JULY 3, 1712.

## PAPER XI.

## ON THE PLEASURES OF THE IMAGINATION.

## CONTENTS.

How those please the imagination who treat of subjects abstracted from matter, by allusions taken from it. What allusions most pleasing to the imagination. Great writers, how faulty in this respect. Of the art of imagining in general. The imagination capable of pain as well as pleasure. In what degree the imagination is capable either of pain or pleasure.

*Ignotis errare locis, ignota videre*

*Flumina gaudebat; studio minuente laborem.*

OVID, MET. VI. 294.

He sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;

The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.—ADDISON.

THE pleasures of the imagination are not wholly confined to such particular authors as are conversant in material objects, but are often to be met with among the polite masters of morality, criticism, and other speculations abstracted from matter, who, though they do not directly treat of the visible parts of nature, often draw from them their similitudes, metaphors, and allegories. By these allusions, a truth in the understanding is, as it were, reflected by the imagination; we are able to see something like colour and shape in a notion, and to discover a scheme of thoughts traced out upon matter. And here the mind receives a great deal of satisfaction, and has two of its faculties gratified at the same time, while the fancy is busy in copying after the understanding, and transcribing ideas out of the intellectual world into the material.

The great art of a writer shows itself in the choice of pleasing allusions, which are generally to be taken from the great or beautiful works of art or nature; for, though whatever is new or uncommon is apt to delight the imagination, the chief design of an allusion being to illustrate and explain the passages of an author, it should be always borrowed from what is more known and common than the passages which are to be explained.

Allegories, when well chosen, are like so many tracks of light in a discourse, that make every thing about them clear and beautiful. A noble metaphor, when it is placed to an advantage, casts a kind of glory round it, and darts a lustre through a whole sentence. These different kinds of allusion are but so many different manners of similitude; and that they may please the imagination, the likeness ought to be very exact or very agreeable, as we love to see a picture where the resemblance is just, or the posture and air graceful. But we often find eminent writers very faulty in this respect: great scholars are apt to fetch their comparisons and allusions from the sciences in which they are most conversant, so that a man may see the compass of their learning in a treatise on the most indifferent subject. I have read a discourse upon love, which none but a profound chymist could understand, and have heard many a sermon that should only have been preached before a congregation of Cartesians. On the contrary, your men of business usually have recourse to such instances as are too mean and familiar. They are for drawing the reader into a game of chess or tennis, or for leading him from shop to shop, in the cant of particular trades and employments. It is certain, there may be found an infinite variety of very agreeable allusions in both these kinds; but, for the generality, the most entertaining ones lie in the works of nature, which

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*Eumenidum  
Et solem genu  
Aut Agamem  
Armata fac  
Cum fugit, u*

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He saw two  
Or mad Ores  
Full in his fa  
And shook he  
Flies o'er the  
The Furies g

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and express the satisfaction he has in his own deal-  
self, till he is very ridiculous; but in this case the  
man is made a fool by his own consent, and not  
exposed as such whether he will or no. I take it,  
therefore, that, to make raillery agreeable, a man  
must either not know he is rallied, or think never  
the worse of himself if he sees he is.

Acetius is of a quite contrary genius, and is more  
generally admired than Callisthenes, but not with  
justice. Acetius has no regard to the modesty or  
weakness of the person he rallies; but if his qual-  
ity or humility gives him any superiority to the  
man he would fall upon, he has no mercy in making  
the onset. He can be pleased to see his best friend  
out of countenance, while the laugh is loud in his  
own applause. His raillery always puts the com-  
pany into little divisions and separate interests,  
while that of Callisthenes cements it, and makes  
every man not only better pleased with himself, but  
also with all the rest in the conversation.

To rally well, it is absolutely necessary that  
kindness must run through all you say; and you  
must ever preserve the character of a friend to sup-  
port your pretensions to be free with a man. Acetius  
ought to be banished human society, because he  
raises his mirth upon giving pain to the person  
upon whom he is pleasant. Nothing but the male-  
volence which is too general towards those who  
excel could make his company tolerated; but they  
with whom he converses are sure to see some man  
sacrificed wherever he is admitted; and all the  
credit he has for wit, is owing to the gratification  
it gives to other men's ill-nature.

Minutius has a wit that conciliates a man's love  
at the same time that it is exerted against his fault.  
He has an art of keeping the person he rallies in  
countenance, by insinuating that he himself is guilt  
of the same imperfection. This he does with a  
much address, that he seems rather to bewail him-  
self, than fall upon his friend.

It is really monstrous to see how unaccountably  
prevails among men to take the liberty of displeasing  
each other. One would think sometimes that the  
contention is who shall be most disagreeable. Allu-  
sion, to past follies, hints which revive what a man  
has a mind to forget for ever, and deserves that a  
the rest of the world should, are commonly brought  
forth even in company of men of distinction. They  
do not thrust with the skill of fencers, but cut us  
with the barbarity of butchers. It is, methinks,  
below the character of men of humanity and good  
manner: to be capable of mirth while there is an  
of the company in pain and disorder. They will  
have the true taste of conversation, enjoy them-  
selves in a communication of each other's excel-  
lencies, and not in a triumph over their imperfec-  
tions. Fortius would have been reckoned a wit,  
there had never been a fool in the world; he wan-  
t not to be a beauty, but has that natural plea-  
sure in observing perfection in others, that his own  
faults are overlooked out of gratitude by all his  
acquaintance.

After these several characters of men who suc-  
ceed or fail in raillery, it may not be amiss to re-  
flect a little further what one takes to be the most  
agreeable kind of it; and that to me appears what  
the satire is directed against vice, with an air  
contempt of the fault, but no ill-will to the criminal.  
Mr. Congreve's Doris is a master-piece in this  
kind. It is the character of a woman utterly aban-  
doned; but her impudence, by the finest piece  
raillery, is made only generosity:—

Peculiar therefore is her way,  
Whether by nature taught  
I shall not undertake to say,  
Or by experience bought;

But who e'er might obtain'd her grace  
She can next day disown,  
And stare upon the strange man's face,  
As one she ne'er had known.

So well she can the truth disguise,  
Such artful wonder frame,  
The lover or distrusts his eyes,  
Or thinks 'twas all a dream.

Some censure this as lewd or low,  
Who are to bounty blind;  
For to forget what we bestow  
Bespeaks a noble mind.

T.

[No. 423.] SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1712.

Nuper idoneus.—Hon. 3 Od. xxvi. 1.

Once fit myself.

I look upon myself as a kind of guardian to the  
and am always watchful to observe any thing  
concerns their interest. The present paper  
be employed in the service of a very fine young  
man; and the admonitions I give her may not  
be useful to the rest of the sex. Gloriana shall  
be the name of the heroine in to-day's entertain-  
ment; and when I have told you that she is rich,  
young, and beautiful, you will believe she  
not want admirers. She has had since she  
to town about twenty-five of those lovers who  
their addresses by way of jointure and settle-  
ment: these come and go with great indifference on  
sides; and as beauteous as she is, a line in a deed  
had exception enough against it, to outweigh  
lustre of her eyes, the readiness of her under-  
standing, and the merit of her general character.  
Among the crowd of such cool adorers, she has  
who are very assiduous in their attendance.  
There is something so extraordinary and artful in  
manner of application, that I think it but com-  
mon justice to alarm her in it. I have done it in  
the following letter:—

MADAM,

I have for some time taken notice of two gen-  
tlemen who attend you in all public places, both of  
whom have also easy access to you at your own  
house. But the matter is adjusted between them;  
Damon, who so passionately addresses you, has  
sign upon you; but Strephon, who seems to be  
erent to you, is the man who is, as they have  
said it, to have you. The plot was laid over a  
glass of wine; and Strephon, when he first thought  
of it, proposed to Damon to be his rival. The  
secret of his breaking of it to him, I was so placed  
nigh; that I could not avoid hearing. 'Damon  
' said he, with a deep sigh, 'I have long lan-  
guished for that miracle of beauty, Gloriana: and  
I will be very steadfastly my rival, I shall cer-  
tainly obtain her. Do not,' continued he, 'be  
led at this overture; for I go upon the know-  
ledge of the temper of the woman, rather than any  
other, that I should profit by an opposition of your  
affections to those of your humble servant. Glo-  
riana has very good sense, a quick relish of the sa-  
tisfactions of life, and will not give herself, as the  
majority of women do, to the arms of a man to whom  
she is indifferent. As she is a sensible woman, ex-  
cesses of rapture and adoration will not move her  
affection; but he that has her must be the object of  
desire, not her pity. The way to this end I

take to be, that a man  
agreeable, without  
woman he loves. Ne-  
as to sigh and die for  
great respect toward  
thoughts as a lover  
the most amiable  
shall be received with  
Damon, who has his  
all, easily fell into  
serve, that wherever  
You see he carries  
dress and manner, a  
contrary of Strepho  
ceeded so far, that  
Strephon, and turn  
They meet and con  
and the letter which  
day was a contrivanc  
When you saw the  
turned away with a  
tintence!' you gave  
without mortifying  
'

"What I am con  
the disposal of your  
are doing, and exam  
contradicts you in c  
who has a value for  
one that loves you.  
his behaviour the  
sensibly obtains you  
disinterested in the  
these corresponden  
Strephon makes his  
Damon has tired yo  
are very discreet, y  
escape the toils so  
to be disagreeable in  
without it. All the  
fully watched, and  
gence gives your lov  
will please, Madam  
take all the necessa  
is amiable to you be

"I am, Madam,

"Strephon makes  
graces; for most v  
little spirit of pride  
good effects of both  
of courtship. He re  
Damon in the follow  
speed."

"All goes well:  
dare say hates me if  
visit.

The comparison o  
languishment strike  
pect of very agreeab  
former, and abhorre  
one like the latter.  
pleased with another  
advancing yourself  
playing into each o  
I cannot tell how  
stand such a siege.  
afraid is irretrieva  
many opportunities  
that all which is le  
now she is advised,  
and beginning again

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ed for him.  
be avoided.  
r, they have  
an occasion-  
one to the  
at a distance  
lots for the  
which concern  
that, while I  
T.

1712.

quas.  
I Ep xi 3a  
rings  
rings.

June 24.

choose his  
ch to blame,  
nt, take such  
s own; and  
re a man is  
necessity of  
ill e-r only  
as possible.  
eat what has  
how ver, I  
ception, but  
action. Not  
he season of  
all sorts of  
ss and pleas-  
improper to  
at a stock of  
country life  
others, and  
is so only to  
d retirement.  
out the con-  
t them con-  
Exchange,  
offee-houses,  
which serve  
ated occur-  
at there the  
within them-  
a to consider  
e they leave

ere very well  
you gave us  
f the rather  
e not to live  
ly is such a  
who cannot  
character; lo-  
on of others  
volence with  
ry one, even  
how seldom  
monly meet  
and changes  
hour and in-  
fluences all  
ence between  
t pleasure of  
yet any man  
world will be

almost persuaded to believe the contrary; for h  
can we suppose people should be so industrious  
make themselves uneasy? What can engage the  
to entertain and foment jealousies of one another  
upon every the least occasion? Yet so it is, the  
are people who (as it should seem) delight in be-  
troublesome and vexatious, who (as Tully speak  
*modi sunt alacritas et litigandum*, 'have a certa  
cheerfulness in wrangling.' And thus it happens  
that there are very few families in which there a  
not bonds and animosities, though it is every one  
interest, there more particularly, to avoid them, b  
cause there (as I would willingly hope) no one giv  
another uneasiness without feeling some share of i  
—But I am gone beyond what I designed, and ha  
almost forgot what I chiefly proposed; which wa  
barely to tell you how hardly we, who pass most  
our time in town, dispense with a long vacation i  
the country; how uneasy we grow to ourselves, an  
to one another, when our conversation is confined  
inasmuch that, by Michaelmas, it is odds but w  
come to downright squabbling, and make as fre  
with one another to our faces as we do with the re  
of the world behind their backs. After I have tel  
you this, I am to desire that you would now and  
give us a lesson of good-humour, a family-piece  
which, since we are all very fond of you, I hope m  
have some influence upon us.

After these plain observations, give me leave  
give you a hint of what a set of company of my a  
quaintance, who are now gone into the country, ar  
have the use of an absent nobleman's seat, ha  
settled among themselves, to avoid the inconven  
iences above mentioned. They are a collection  
ten or twelve, of the same good inclination towar  
each other, but of very different talents and inclin  
tions; from hence they hope that the variety of the  
tempers will only create variety of pleasures. B  
as there always will arise, among the same peopl  
either for want of diversity of objects, or the ill  
causes, a certain satiety, which may grow into a  
humour or discontent, there is a large wing of th  
house which they design to employ in the nature  
an infirmary. Whoever says a peevish thing,  
says any thing which betrays a sourness or indis  
sition to company, is immediately to be conveyed  
his chambers in the infirmary; from whence he  
not to be relieved, till by his manner of submissio  
and the sentiments expressed in his petition for th  
purpose, he appears to the majority of the compa  
to be again fit for society. You are to understan  
that all ill-natured words or uneasy gestures a  
sufficient cause for banishment; speaking imp  
tently to servants, making a man repeat what  
says, or any thing that betrays inattention or di  
humour, are also criminal without reprieve. But  
is provided, that whoever observes the ill-natur  
fit coming upon himself, and voluntarily retur  
shall be received at his return from the infirma  
with the highest marks of esteem. By these a  
other wholesome methods, it is expected that, if th  
cannot cure one another, yet at least they ha  
taken care that the ill-humour of one shall not  
troublesome to the rest of the company. There a  
many other rules which the society have establish  
for the preservation of their ease and tranquili  
the effects of which, with the incidents that ar  
among them, shall be communicated to you fre  
time to time, for the public good, by

T "Sir, your most humble Servant,  
"H. O."



No. 425.] TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1712.

*Prigora mite-cant Zephyris: ver proterit astas**linteritura, simul**Pomifer autumnus fruges effuderit, et mox**Brama recurrit iners.—Hos. 4 Od. vii. 9.**The cold grows soft with western gales,**The summer over spring prevails,**But yields to autumn's fruitful rain,**As this to winter storms and hail:**Each loss the hasting moon repairs again.*

SIR W. TEMPLE.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“THERE is hardly any thing gives me a more sensible delight than the enjoyment of a cool still evening after the uneasiness of a hot sultry day. Such a one I passed not long ago, which made me rejoice when the hour was come for the sun to set, at I might enjoy the freshness of the evening in my garden, which then affords me the pleasantest hours I pass in the whole four-and-twenty. I immediately rose from my couch, and went down into

You descend at first by twelve stone steps into a large square divided into four grass-plots, in each of which is a statue of white marble. This is separated from a large parterre by a low wall; and from hence, through a pair of iron gates, you are led to a long broad walk of the finest turf, set on each side with tall yews, and on either hand bordered by a canal, which on the right divides the walk from a wilderness parted into a variety of alleys and arbours, and on the left from a kind of amphitheatre, which the receptacle of a great number of oranges and apples. The moon shone bright, and seemed then most agreeably to supply the place of the sun, lighting me with as much light as was necessary to cover a thousand pleasing objects, and at the same time divested of all power of heat. The reflection it in the water, the fanning of the wind rustling the leaves, the singing of the thrush and nightingale, and the coolness of the walks, all conspired to make me lay aside all displeasing thoughts, and brought me into such a tranquillity of mind, as is, I believe, the next happiness to that of hereafter. In this sweet retirement I naturally fell into the repetition of some lines out of a poem of Milton's, which entitles *Il Penseroso*, the ideas of which were justly suited to my present wanderings of thought.

*Sweet bird! that shunn'st the noise of folly,**Most musical! most melancholy!**Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among,**I woo to hear thy ev'ning song:**And missing thee I walk unseen**On the dry smooth-shaven green,**To behold the wand'ring moon,**Riding near her highest noon;**Like one that hath been led astray**Through the heaven's wide pathless way;**And oft, as if her head she bow'd,**Stooping through a fleecy cloud.**Then let some strange mysterious dream**Wave with its wings in airy stream,**Of lively portraiture display'd**Softly on my eyelids laid:**And, as I wake, sweet music breathe**Above, about, or underneath,**Sent by spirits to mortals' good,**Or the unseen genius of the wood.*

I reflected then upon the sweet vicissitudes of life and day, on the charming disposition of the seasons, and their return again in a perpetual circle: oh! said I, that I could from these my declining years return again to my first spring of youth and vigour; but that, alas! is impossible! all that remains within my power is to soften the inconveniences I feel, with an easy contented mind, and

the enjoyment affords me. In a bank of flowers, whether it were my present thought the genius of the world reduced into the various scenes of life whilst I then say write down, and

“The first part towards me was a shape, though by exact proportion a little more time ever, there was such satisfaction in the desirable form than in a flowing man of flowers: he had a narcissus in his sprang up under at his approach. I tumnus on the occasion. After this, I was reflected with a desire to see a man come sword drawn. It was Mars, who the attendants of softer appearance ornament but he his own cestus, with a globe, which she in her left hand she had followed the Graces one another: they moved to the second ground alternately the three Months. March advanced in his look a lour month which was as he came forward more mild and gentle looked with so soft not not but lame way for April. It was imaginable, and he him: his look was immediately returned remained fixed in a by Cupid, with his let fly an arrow: heard a confused ecstasies, and tendancy, and as many all which the wind had reached my man advance in age; his complexion hair black, and beneath his shoulder hung loosely upon step after the Spring cool fountains which particularly well fanned him with visions who walked near the most agreeable fingers of roses, and the other was Venus

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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less deprecating, as they discovered more or less haste towards the grateful return of Spring."—Z.

## No. 426.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 9, 1712.

—Quid non mortalia pectora cogis,  
Aurea sacra famas?—VIRG. Æn. iii. 66.

O cursed labour of pernicious gold!  
What bonds of faith can impious lucre hold.—DANIEL

A very agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into discourse concerning the "care of parents due to their children," and the "piety of children towards their parents." He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration; but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation:—

"I will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines in Germany. Basilus-Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but, as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart. Basilus did not open to him, because of his youth, and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fall in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain disposition of mind as well as body, his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, erect-against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out servant one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. 'My son,' said he, 'many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed my child; I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months. We are not to contradict Nature, but to follow and to help her; just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little gallipot—in this anguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and in a word, will restore all the organs and sense of the human body to as great a duration as it has before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the appointment of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of resurrection. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this anguent; and when you see me begin to move, put into my lips this inestimable liquor, else the lot

of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will say that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives.' In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilus departed this life. But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired. To all the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and leisure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time; his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto, and, in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural ending of his, but to repent very faithfully, and spend crypiously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should come, to his own person.

"It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immorally for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications; inasmuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

"It happened thus in the family of Basilus; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expense, furniture, and indent equipage; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilus was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited with one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious; and Alexandrinus, besides the jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

"Alexandrinus, as I observed, having very good reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, protected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

"With this thought he called Renatus to his bedside, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. 'As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you,\* you nor I could escape the fame of the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilus. His symbol is very well known to the philosophic world; and I will never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the smaragdine table of Hermes. "It is true," said he, "and far removed from all colour of deities; that which is inferior is like that which is superior, by which are acquired and perfected all the traces of a certain work. The father is the sun, the mother the moon, the wind is in the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. All this must be received with modesty and wisdom." The chymical people carry, in all their religion, a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary to great lovers of money, and is no more but de-

ceiving themselves of manner, and some affinity to recommend them to hear his father such a mixture serving his attention child, and this life state so much as the German empire. shall not return, assumed a countenance if within an hour whole body, and which he had from converted into pressure to you the between these two father recommended vehemence and hand in profession bit off him, but to provide for his young

"Well, Alexandrinus, body (as our term) tonness of his breadth of his business value of his When he knew he began the work the corpse all over the body stirred the phial."—T.

No. 427.] T

Quantum a rerum turbata sejungas.—We should be as far from speaking

It is a certain to defamation. cent can have no arises from a neg self, and an im Else why should beauty displease to scandal never him, without off of it? A lady tacked somewhat has been very deal of heat and madam, spare me speak ill of nob be ill spoken of. in the number among the mult parable follower is as natural a fo body. It is true shadow cannot from around you, the idle, and the most pleased with the town to the di Were it not for are numbers of p their own houses lips in conversat the other day to and at these wo

\* The word "neither" seems omitted here, though it is not in the original publication in folio, or in the edit in 8vo. of 1712.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

atch is broke-  
ading. " Put  
of merit has  
news not to  
have given  
action before  
od tidings is  
al-bearer, as  
alas! how  
that state of  
at is the sub-  
ever been,  
spirits. The  
g Alexander  
officer, " Sir,  
r, and not to

defending his  
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l to him for  
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t, you would  
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e of so little  
k it worth his  
I know, you  
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whole town,  
uisitely rest-  
th all about  
n sarcastic re-  
des.

her, and sometimes in a freak will instantly chan-  
her habitation. To indulge this humour, she is l  
about the grounds belonging to the same house  
is in; and the persons to whom she is to return  
being in the plot, are ready to receive her at h  
own chamber again. At stated times the gentl  
woman at whose house she supposes she is at t  
time, is sent for to quarrel with, according to h  
common custom. When they have a mind to dri  
the jest, she is immediately urged to that degre  
that she will board in a family with which she h  
never yet been; and away she will go this instar  
and tell them all that the rest have been saying  
them. By this means, she has been an inhabit  
of every house in the place, without stirring fro  
the same habitation: and the many stories whi  
every body furnishes her with, to favour that decei  
make her the general intelligencer of the town  
all that can be said by one woman against anothe  
Thus groundless stories die away, and sometime  
truths are smothered under the general word, whe  
they have a mind to discountenance a thing, " Oh  
this is in my Lady Bluemantle's Memoirs."

Whoever receives impressions to the disadvantag  
of others, without examination, is to be ~~but~~ in  
other credit for intelligence than this good Lad  
Bluemantle, who is subjected to have her ears im-  
posed upon for want of other helps to better info-  
mation. Add to this, that other scandal-learn-  
suspend the use of these faculties which she has;  
rather than apply them to do justice to their neigh-  
bours; and I think, for the service of my fair read-  
ers, to acquaint them, that there is a voluntary Lad  
Bluemantle at every visit in town.—T.

## No. 428.] FRIDAY, JULY 11, 1712.

Occupet extremum scilicet.—Hon. Ars. Poet. v. 47  
The devil take the hindmost.—ENGLISH PROVERB

It is an impertinent and an unreasonable fan-  
in conversation, for one man to take up all the di-  
course. It may possibly be objected to me myself  
that I am guilty in this kind, in entertaining the town  
every day, and not giving so many able persons, wh  
have it more in their power, and as much in the  
inclination, an opportunity to oblige mankind with  
their thoughts. " Besides," said one whom I love  
heard the other day, " why must this paper turn  
altogether upon topics of learning and morality?  
Why should it pretend only to wit, humour, or til-  
like—things which are useful only to amuse men:  
literature and superior education? I would hat  
it consist also of all things which may be necessar  
or useful to any part of society; and the mechan-  
art should have their place as well as the liberal  
The ways of gain, husbandry, and thrift, will serv  
a greater number of people, than discourses upo  
what was well said or done by such a philosopher  
here, general, or poet."—I no sooner heard th  
critic talk of my works, but I minuted what he ha  
said; and from that instant resolved to enlarge th  
plan of my speculations, by giving notice to all pe-  
sons of all orders, and each sex, that if they a  
pleased to send me discourses, with their names at  
places of abode to them, so that I can be satisfie  
the writings are authentic, such their labours sh  
be faithfully inserted in this paper. It will be  
much more consequence to a youth, in his appren-  
ticeship, to know by what rules and arts such a o  
became sheriff of London, than to see the sign-  
one of his own quality with a hen's heart in the

hand. The world, indeed, is enchanted with romantic and improbable achievements, when the plain path to respective greatness and success, in the way of life a man is in, is wholly overlooked. Is it possible that a young man at present could pass his time better than in reading the history of stocks, and knowing by what secret springs they have such sudden ascents and falls in the same day? Could he be better conducted in his way to wealth, which is the great article of life, than in a treatise dated from Change-alley by an able proficient there? Nothing certainly can be more useful, than to be well instructed in his hopes and fears; to be diffident when others exult; and with a secret joy buy when others think it their interest to sell. I invite all persons, who have any thing to say for the profitable information of the public, to take their turns in my paper; they are welcome, from the late noble inventor of the longitude, to the humble author of strops for razors. If to carry ships in safety, to give help to people tossed in a troubled sea, without knowing to what shore they bear, what rocks to avoid, or what coast to pray for in their extremity, be a worthy labour, and an invention that deserves a statue; at the same time, he who has found means to let the instrument, which is to make your visage less horrid and your person more smug, easy in the operation, is worthy of some kind of good reception. If things of high moment meet with renown, those of little consideration, since of any consideration, are not to be despised. In order that no merit may lie hid, and no art unimproved, I repeat it, that I call artificers, as well as philosophers, to my assistance in the public service. It would be of great use if we had an exact history of the successes of every great shop within the city-walls, what tracts of land have been purchased by a constant attendance within a walk of thirty foot. If it could also be noted in the equipage of those who are ascended from the successful trade of their ancestors into figure and equipage, such accounts would quicken industry in the pursuit of such acquisitions, and discountenance luxury in the enjoyment of them.

To diversify these kinds of informations, the industry of the female world is not to be unobserved. She to whose household virtues it is owing, that men do honour to her husband, should be recorded with veneration; she who has wasted his labours, with infamy. When we are come into domestic life in this manner, to awaken caution and attendance to the main point, it would not be amiss to give now and then a touch of tragedy, and describe that most dreadful of all human conditions, the case of bankruptcy: how plenty, credit, cheerfulness, full hopes, and easy possessions, are in an instant turned into poverty, faint aspects, diffidence, sorrow, and misery; how the man, who with an open hand the day before could minister to the extremities of others, is shunned to-day by the friend of his bosom. It would be useful to show how just this is on the negligent, how lamentable on the industrious. A paper written by a merchant might give this island a true sense of the worth and importance of his character: it might be visible, from what he could say, that no soldier entering a breach adventures more for honour, than the trader does for wealth to his country. In both cases, the adventurers have their own advantage; but I know no cases wherein every body else is a sharer in the success.

It is objected by readers of history, that the battles in those narrations are scarce ever to be understood. This misfortune is to be ascribed to the ignorance

of historians in giving the forms of fighting from, as we say, the front. But in the discourse I now invite, to and it is necessary using terms of familiar to their readers. I propose, in the circumstances, a proposal; and a well acquainted with sort of intelligible chain and must take off impertinence of those whose circumstances; several arts, professions, it cannot be a vision and instruction appeared.—T.

No. 429.]

Vocibus—  
From cheating  
To real estate

"MR. SP.

"Since I gave my company which I have received, I have received a great deal of information of an infirmity has had a particular relation to persons, who had a great deal of accord, and not the reasons of it in memorials.

"The Memorial

"Humbly

"That, considering I have been accompanied with me, gone into exile.

"She is sensible of insufferable creature.

"That she does again, she might be thought to be a good address or comfort of the common.

"That she does one person should other.

"Lastly, that a particular person is an admiration.

"She therefore place might be the same manner did but report made them so.

"There appears a memorial very me, that the a much that this praised, was a trap to purchase the table unan-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

Lydia Le...

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to it.

That he is conscious there is nothing more improper than such a complaint in good company; in that they must pity, whether they think the complainant ill or not; and that the complainant may make a silly figure, whether he is pitted or not.

Your petitioner humbly prays, that he may have time to know how he does, and he will make his appearance.'

The valetudinarian was likewise easily excused and this society, being resolved not only to make their business to pass their time agreeably for the present season, but also to commence such habits in themselves as may be of use in their future conduct in general, are very ready to give into a fancy of real incapacity to join with their measures, in order to have no humourist, proud man, imperious or sufficient fellow, break in upon their happiness. Great evils seldom happen to disturb company; but indulgence in particularities of humour is the secret of making half our time hang in suspense, or waste away under real disclosures.

Among other things, it is carefully provided that there may not be disagreeable familiarities, as one is to appear in the public rooms undressed, or enter abruptly into each other's apartment without intimation. Every one has hitherto been so careful in his behaviour, that there has but one offender, in ten days' time, been sent into the infirmary, and that was for throwing away his cards at whist.

He has offered his submission in the following terms —

*The humble Petition of Jeffrey Hotspur, Esq.*

Sheweth,

Though the petitioner swore, stamped, and threw down his cards, he has an imaginable respect to the ladies, and the whole company.

That he humbly desires it may be considered in the case of gaming, there are many motives which provoke to disorder.

That the desire of gain, and the desire of victory are both thwarted in losing.

That all conversations in the world, have indulged human infirmity in this case.

Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays that he may be restored to the company; and he hopes to bear ill-fortune with a good grace for the future, and to demean himself so as to be no more than cheerful when he wins, than grave when he loses.' —T.

No. 430.] MONDAY, JULY 14, 1712.

Quare peregrinum, vicina rauca reclamat.

Hier. 1 Ep. xvii. 62.

—The crowd replies,

Go seek a stranger to relieve thy lies.—CRASH.

" Sir,

"As you are Spectator-general, you may with authority censure whatever looks ill, and is offensive to the sight; the worst nuisance of this kind, we think, is the scandalous appearance of poor in parts of this wealthy city. Such miserable objects affect the compassionate beholder with dismal ideas, discompose the cheerfulness of his mind, and deprive him of the measure that he might otherwise take in surveying the grandeur of our metropolis. Who can, without remorse, see a disabled sailor, the purveyor of our luxury, destitute of necessities? Who can behold an honest soldier, that brave withstood the enemy, prostrate and in want among

his friends? It were endless to mention all the variety of wretchedness, and the numberless poor that not only singly, but in companies, implore your charity. Spectacles of this nature every where occur; and it is unaccountable that, amongst the many lamentable cries that infest this town, your comptroller-general should not take notice of the most shocking, viz. those of the needy and afflicted. I cannot but think he waved it merely out of good breeding, choosing rather to stifle his resentment than upbraid his countrymen with inhumanity; however, let not charity be sacrificed to popularity; and if his ears were deaf to their complaints, let not your eyes overlook their persons. There are, I know, many impostors among them. Lameness and blindness are certainly very often acted; but can those who have their sight and limbs employ them better than in knowing whether they are counterfeited or not? I know not which of the two misapplies his senses most, he who pretends himself blind to move compassion, or he who beholds a miserable object without pitying it. But in order to remove such impediments, I wish, Mr. Spectator, you would give us a discourse upon beggars, that we may not pass by true objects of charity, or give to impostors. I looked out of my window the other morning earlier than ordinary, and saw a blind beggar, an hour before the passage he stands in is frequented with a needle and a thread thriftilly mending his stockings. My astonishment was still greater, when I beheld a lame fellow, whose legs were too big to walk, within an hour after bring him a pot of ale. I will not mention the shakings, distortions, and convulsions, which many of them practise to gain at alms; but sure I am they ought to be taken care of in this condition, either by the beadle or the magistrate. They, it seems, relieve their posts according to their talents. There is the voice of an old woman never begins to beg till nine in the evening; and then she is destitute of lodging, turned out for want of rent, and has the same ill fortune every night in the year. You should employ an officer to hear the distress of each beggar that is constant at a particular place, who is ever in the same tone, and succeeds because his audience is continually changing, though he does not alter his lamentation. If we have nothing else for our money, let us have more invention to be cheated with. All which is submitted to your spectatorial vigilance; and

"I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant."

"Sir, 1777, 1778

"I was last Sunday highly transported at our parish church; the gentleman in the pulpit pleaded movingly in behalf of the poor children, and they for themselves much more forcibly by singing a hymn; and I had the happiness to be a contributor to this little religious institution of innocents, and I am sure I never disposed of my money more to my satisfaction and advantage. The inward joy I find in myself, and the good-will I bear to mankind, make me heartily wish these pious works may be encouraged, that the present promoters may reap the delight, and posterity the benefit, of them. But whilst we are building this beautiful edifice, let not the old ruins remain in view to sully the prospect. Whilst we are cultivating and improving this young hopeful offspring, let not the ancient and helpless creatures be shamefully neglected. The crowds of poor, or pretended poor, in every place, are a great reproach to us, and eclipse the glory of all other charity. It is

the utmost reproach to a poor man and his family. I hope you will consider us the history of gradations towards London and V

"I am,

"Mr. S.

"I beg you very great indignation, though, I think, Sir, the strange people take in of some husbands some wives. I only fit for me before both. I fault I speak you must know young ladies of countenance and she did not a discourse upon and said she hour; then felt creature, who her husband's to him; which cries Lucina, But lest I should write against, correct such m

For h

And v

"I

T.

No. 431.]

Quid dulcius hoc cuique liberi? What is there in

I HAVE lately seen several unhappy felicities of our families of children conduct of parents which led to the and girl to the give the reader in which time taining him w all that was re of their life a head of this p tion, "What own children present make in the educat

"Mr. S.

"I am now year, and do satisfaction still the time day of my ma very great es the vices of "



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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I am now a  
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Servant,  
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ther, and that

I was almost eaten up with the green-sickness, he orders being never to cross me. But this magnified but little with my father, who presently, in a kind of pet, paying for my board, took me home with him. I had not been long at home, but one Sunday at church (I shall never forget it) I saw a young neighbouring gentleman that pleased me hugely. I liked him of all men I ever saw in my life, and began to wish I could be as pleasing to him. The very next day he came, with his father, a visitant to our house: we were left alone together with directions on both sides to be in love with one another and in three weeks' time we were married. I regained my former health and complexion, and am now as happy as the day is long. Now, Mr. Spectator, I desire you would find out some name for these craving damsels, whether dignified or distinguished under some or all of the following denominations to wit, 'Trash-eaters, Oatmeal-chewers, Pipo-champers, Chalk-lickers, Wax-nibblers, Coal-scranchers, Wall-peelers, or Gravel-diggers;' and, good Sir, do your utmost endeavour to prevent (by exposing) this unaccountable folly, so prevailing among the young ones of our sex, who may not meet with such sudden good luck, as,

"Sir, your constant Reader,  
and very humble Servant,

"SABINA GREEN,

"NOW SABINA REATFREE."

T.

No. 432.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 16, 1772.

Inter strepit anser olores.—VINO. ECL. IX. 26.  
He gabbles like a goose amidst the swan-like quire.—DARWIN

"MR. SPECTATOR, Oxford, July 14.

"ACCORDING to a late invitation in one of your papers to every man who pleases to write, I have sent you the following short dissertation against the vice of being prejudiced.

"Your most humble Servant."

"Man is a sociable creature, and a lover of glory whence it is, that when several persons are united in the same society, they are studious to lessen the reputation of others, in order to raise their own. The wise are content to guide the springs in silence and rejoice in secret at their regular progress. To prate and triumph is the part allotted to the trifling and superficial. The geese were providentially ordained to save the Capitol. Hence it is, that the invention of marks and devices to distinguish parties is owing to the beaux and belles of this island. Hats, moulded into different cocks and pinnacles have long bid mutual defiance; patches have been set against patches in battle array; stocks have risen or fallen in proportion to head-dresses; and peace or war been expected, as the white or the red hood hath prevailed. These are the standard-bears in our contending armies, the dwarfs and squires who carry the impresses of the giants or knights not born to fight themselves, but to prepare the way for the ensuing combat.

"It is a matter of wonder to reflect how far men of weak understanding, and strong fancy, are hurried by their prejudices, even to the believing that the whole body of the adverse party are a band of villains and demons. Foreigners complain that the English are the proudest nation under heaven. Perhaps they too have their share; but be that as it will, general charges against bodies of men is a fault I am writing against. It must be owned,

our shame, that our common people, and most who have not travelled, have an irrational contempt for the language, dress, customs, and even the shape and minds of other nations. Some men, otherwise of sense, have wondered that a great genius should spring out of Ireland; and think you mad in affirming that fine odes have been written in Lapland.

"This spirit of rivalry, which heretofore reigned in the two universities, is extinct, and almost overgrown by the spirit of college and college. In parishes and schools, the thirst of glory still obtains. At the seasons of football and cock-fighting, these little republics resume their national hatred to each other. My servant in the country is verily persuaded, that the parish of the enemy hath not one honest man in it.

"I always hated satires against woman, and satires against man; I am apt to suspect a stranger who laughs at the religion of the faculty; my spleen rises at a dull rogue, who is severe upon mayors and aldermen; and was never better pleased than with a piece of justice executed upon the body of a Templar, who was very arch upon parsons.

"The necessities of mankind require various employments; and whoever excels in his province is worthy of praise. All men are not educated after the same manner, nor have all the same talents. Those who are deficient deserve our compassion, and have a title to our assistance. All cannot be bred in the same place; but in all places there arise, at different times, such persons as do honour to their society, which may raise envy in little souls, but are admired and cherished by generous spirits.

"It is certainly a great happiness to be educated in societies of great and eminent men. Their instructions and examples are of extraordinary advantage. It is highly proper to instil such a reverence of the governing persons, and concern for the honour of the place, as may spur the growing members to worthy pursuits and honest emulation; but to swell young minds with vain thoughts of the dignity of their own brotherhood, by debasing and vilifying all others, doth them a real injury. By this means I have found that their efforts have become languid, and their prattle irksome, as thinking it sufficient praise that they are children of so illustrious and ample a family. I should think it a surer as well as more generous method, to set before the eyes of youth such persons as have made a noble progress in fraternities less talked of; which seems tacitly to reproach their sloth, who loll so heavily in the seats of mighty improvement. Active spirits hereby would enlarge their notions; whereas, by a servile imitation of one, or perhaps two, admired men, in their own body, they can only gain a secondary and derivative kind of fame. These copies of men, like those of authors or painters, run into affectations of some oddness, which perhaps was not disagreeable in the original, but sits ungracefully on the narrow-souled transcriber.

"By such early corrections of vanity, while boys are growing into men, they will gradually learn not to censure superficially; but imbibe those principles of general kindness and humanity, which alone can make them easy to themselves, and beloved by others.

"Reflections of this nature have expunged all prejudices out of my heart; inasmuch, that though I am a firm Protestant, I hope to see the pope and cardinals without violent emotions; and though I am naturally grave, I expect to meet good company at Paris.

"I am, Sir, your obedient Servant."

Spectator—Nos. 63 & 64.

"Mr. Spectator,  
"I find you  
by your corre-  
most things; v  
at present, in th  
My wife has ta  
spoke one wor  
the family, sin  
must a man do  
a great obligati

"Mr. Spectator,  
"When you  
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"Dear Sir,  
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T.

No. 433.]

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and brutal natu



being big with child, could not attend the  
airs, as so great an exigency of state re-  
quires that I can give no manner of credit to  
him; it seems to contradict a fundamental max-  
im of government which I have before mentioned.  
It gives the most probable reason of this  
error; for he affirms that the general was  
to be bed, or (as others say) miscarried, the  
night before the battle: however it was, this  
error obliged them to call in the male  
to their assistance; but notwithstanding  
their efforts to repulse the victorious enemy,  
continued for many years before they could  
bring it to a happy conclusion.

campaigns which both sexes passed together  
and so well acquainted with one another,  
at the end of the war they did not care for part-  
ing the beginning of it they lodged in separate  
quarters; afterward, as they grew more familiar,  
they shared their tents promiscuously.

At this time, the armies being checkered with  
women, they polished apace. The men used to  
draw their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and  
dress their tents with flowers and boughs for  
decoration. If they chanced to like one more  
than another, they would be cutting her name in  
the wall, or chalking out her figure upon the wall,  
and giving her in a kind of rapturous language,  
degrees improved into verse and sonnet.  
Here, as the first rudiments of architecture,  
and poetry, among this savage people. Ad-  
vantage over the enemy, both sexes used  
together, and make a clattering with their  
swords and shields, for joy, which in a few years  
produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped on these occasions,  
they often complained of the thick bushy beards  
of their confederates, who thereupon  
used to prune themselves into such figures as  
were most pleasing to their female friends and

as they had taken any spoils from the enemy,  
they would make a present of every thing that was  
showy to the women whom they most admired,  
and frequently dress the necks, or heads, or  
the dresses of their mistresses, with any thing which they  
appeared gay or pretty. The women ob-  
served that the men took delight in looking upon  
them when they were adorned with such trappings  
and gawds, set their heads at work to find out  
decorations, and to outshine one another in all  
the ornaments of war, or the like solemn meetings. On  
the other hand, the men observing how the women's  
dresses were set upon finery, begun to embellish  
their own, and look as agreeably as they could in  
the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few  
years conversing together, the women had learned  
to dress, and the men to ogle; the women grew  
more lively.

As they had thus insensibly formed one an-  
other, upon the finishing of the war, which con-  
cluded with an entire conquest of their common  
country, the colonels in one army married the colo-  
nels of the other; the captains in the same manner  
married the captains to their wives: the whole body  
of soldiers were matched after the exam-  
ple of their leaders. By this means the two repub-  
lics incorporated with one another, and became  
one flourishing and polite government in the  
middle of the world which they inhabited.—C.

## No. 435.] SATURDAY

*Nec duo sunt, et forma duplex  
Nec puer, ut possint? neutrum*

Both bodies in a single bod  
A single body with a doub

Most of the papers I have seen are  
on subjects that never vary and immutable. Of the  
serious essays and discourses, and of the  
sort of speculations, which are in the  
papers, that take their rise from caprice, and of the  
kind upon myself as one set of  
behaviour of my countrymen, and to mark down every  
custom, or affected form of  
appearance in the world, are my speculations. The  
more I write, the more I swell, but I observed that I  
had not time to muster up  
them. I had intelligence of a very first time it appeared  
might here mention several  
gent subjects, upon which  
papers. By this means I  
those irregularities which  
that I am afraid posterity  
cient idea of them to me  
were in no little vogue  
written. They will be  
and customs I attacked  
of my own, and that they  
not be so whimsical as  
For this reason, when I  
several volumes of specu-  
lated years hence, I con-  
of old plate, where the  
the fashion lost.

Among the several fashions  
already taken notice of, I  
keeps its ground. I ob-  
dress themselves in a habit  
and a perwig, or at least  
or riband, in imitation of  
posite sex. As in my  
account of the mixture of  
wealth, I shall here take  
two sexes in one person  
dislike of this immoderate  
but, in contempt of  
said, I am informed that  
great city are still very  
female cavaliers.

I remember when I was  
de Coverley's about the  
equestrian lady of this  
plains which lay at a  
was at that time walking  
friend; and as his ten-  
see so strange a sight,  
who came by us, what  
try fellow replied, "I  
your worship's presence  
produced a great deal of  
where we had a story  
of his tenants, who met  
on the highway, was a  
Coverley-hall? The  
male part of the queri-  
upon the second ques-  
Coverley was a married

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

changed his note into  
 prodites appeared in Ju-  
 gation should we have  
 excellent satirist! He  
 in her riding-habit as a  
 faur. He would have  
 ing waters, to expatiate  
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 ta or Lucretia, to see  
 had transformed them-

er treating the sex with  
 all along made use of  
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 h they have sometimes  
 however, absolutely ne-  
 tion between the two  
 of the smallest en-  
 makes upon the other.  
 all not hear any more  
 I am sure my she-dis-  
 y daily lectures, have  
 if they are capable of  
 us dress. This I should  
 t I lately met one of  
 Hyde-park, who looked  
 assurance, and cocked

general key to the be-  
 en I see them singular  
 conclude it is not with-  
 therefore question not  
 ge fashion is to smite  
 eholders. Now to set  
 I would fain have them  
 ether we are not more  
 e entirely female, than  
 y see every day in our  
 let them reflect upon  
 how they would be af-  
 an on horseback in his  
 and at the same time  
 t a night-ride.

fashion was first of all  
 country which has in-  
 rope with its levity. I  
 of a whole people, hav-  
 ult with those general  
 kingdoms or common-  
 e of cruelty, which an-  
 e compares to that of  
 man people had all but  
 ad them at a blow. I  
 that as liveliness and  
 manner the qualifica-  
 ne same habits and cus-  
 offence to that people  
 hose of our own coun-  
 quishing character, as  
 his our national virtue  
 y for which our British  
 others in the universe,  
 e object that the eye of

JULY 21, 1712.

culgi  
 ler.—Juv. Sat. iii. 36.  
 y popularly kill.—DRYDEN.  
 able curiosity, I could

not forbear going on Wednesday last to a  
 no small renown for the gallantry of the  
 of Britons, namely, to the Bear-garden, at  
 in-the-Hole: where (as a whitish-brown p  
 into my hands in the street, informed m  
 was to be a trial of skill exhibited betw  
 masters of the noble science of defence,  
 the clock precisely. I was not a little cha  
 the solemnity of the challenge, which ran t

"I, James Miller, serjeant (lately come  
 frontiers of Portugal), master of the nobl  
 of defence, hearing in most places wher  
 been of the great fame of Timothy Buck, of  
 master of the said science, do invite him to  
 and exercise at the several weapons followi

"Back sword,	Single falchion
"Sword and dagger,	Case of falchion
"Sword and buckler,	Quarter staff."

If the generous ardour in James Miller to  
 the reputation of Timothy Buck had somet  
 sembling the old heroes of romance, Timot  
 returned answer in the same paper with  
 spirit, adding a little indignation at bei  
 langed, and seeming to condescend to fig  
 Miller, not in regard to Miller himself, bu  
 as the fame went out, he had fought Park  
 ventry. The acceptance of the combat ran  
 words:

"I, Timothy Buck, of Clare-market, mast  
 noble science of defence, hearing he did  
 Parkes\* of Coventry, will not fail (God wi  
 meet this fair inviter at the time and p  
 pointed, desiring a clear stage and no  
 Vivat Regina."

I shall not here look back on the spectacl  
 Greeks and Romans of this kind, but mus  
 this custom took its rise from the ages of  
 errantry; from those who loved one woman  
 that they hated all men and women else; fr  
 who would fight you, whether you were or  
 of their mind; from those who demanded  
 bat of their contemporaries, both for adm  
 mistress or discommending her. I cannot  
 but lament, that the terrible part of the anc  
 is preserved, when the amorous side of  
 gotten. We have retained the barbarity,  
 the gallantry of the old combatants. I co  
 methinks, these gentlemen had consulted a  
 promulgation of the conflict. I was obl  
 fair young maid, whom I understood to  
 Elizabeth Preston, daughter of the Keepe  
 garden, with a glass of water; who I imagin  
 have been, for form's sake, the general re  
 tive of the lady fought for, and from her be  
 proper Amaryllis on these occasions. It we  
 run better in the challenge, "I, James Mi  
 jeant, who have travelled parts abroad, a  
 last from the frontiers of Portugal, for th  
 Elizabeth Preston, do assert that the said I

\* On a large tomb in the great church-yard of C  
 the following inscription.

"To the memory of Mr. John Sparkes, a native of  
 he was a man of a mild disposition, a gladiator by  
 who, after having fought 356 battles in the princip  
 Europe with honour and applause, at length quietly  
 sheathed his sword, and with Christian resignation,  
 to the grand victor in the 52d year of his age.

Anno salutis Aemanae

His friend, Serjeant Miller, here mentioned, a m  
 athletic accomplishments, was advanced afterwards  
 of a captain in the British army, and did nobly  
 Scotland under the Duke of Cumberland in 1743.

the fairest of women." Then the answer; "I Timothy Buck, who have stayed in Great Britain during all the war in foreign parts for the sake of Susannah Page, do deny that Elizabeth Preston is so fair as the said Susannah Page. Let Susannah Page look on, and I desire of James Miller no favour."

This would give the battle quite another turn; and a proper station for the ladies, whose complexion as disputed by the sword, would animate the discontents with a more gallant incentive than the expectation of money from the spectators; though I could not have that neglected, but thrown to that air one whose lover was approved by the donor.

Yet, considering the thing wants such amendments, it was carried with great order. James Miller came on first, preceded by two disabled drummers, to show, I suppose, that the prospect of maimed bodies did not in the least deter him. There ascended with the daring Miller a gentleman, whose name I could not learn, with a dogged air, unsatisfied that he was not principal. This son of danger lowered at the whole assembly, and, weighing himself as he marched around from side to side, with a stiff knee and shoulder, he gave intimations of the purpose he smothered till he saw the issue of this encounter. Miller had a blue ribband around the sword arm; which ornament I conceive to be the remain of that custom of wearing a mistress's favour on such occasions of old.

Miller is a man of six foot eight inches in height, of a kind but bold aspect, well-fashioned, and ready of his limbs, and such a readiness as spoke his ease in them was obtained from a habit of motion in military exercise.

The expectation of the spectators was now almost at its height; and the crowd pressing in, several active persons thought they were placed rather according to their fortune than their merit, and took in their heads to prefer themselves from the open area or pit to the galleries. This dispute between assert and property brought many to the ground, and raised others in proportion to the highest seats of turf, for the space of ten minutes, till Timothy Buck came on, and the whole assembly, giving up their disputes, turned their eyes upon the champions. Then it was that every man's affection turned to be or the other irresistibly. A judicious gentleman near me said, "I could, methinks, be Miller's second, but I had rather have Buck for mine." Miller had an audacious look that took the eye; Buck, in perfect composure, that engaged the judgment. Buck came on in a plain coat, and kept all his air till the instant of engaging; at which time he unbuttoned his shirt, his arm adorned with a bandage of red ribband. No one can describe the sudden concern in the whole assembly; the most tumultuous crowd in nature was as still and as much engaged as if all their lives depended on the first blow. The combatants met in the middle of the stage, and balking hands, as removing all malice, they retired with much grace to the extremities of it; from thence they immediately faced about, and approached each other, Miller with a heart full of resolution, Buck with a watchful untroubled countenance: Buck regarding principally his own defence, Miller chiefly thoughtful of annoying his opponent. It is not easy to describe the many escapes and imperceptible defences between two men of quick wits and ready limbs; but Miller's heat laid him open to the rebuke of the calm Buck, by a large wound on the forehead. Much effusion of blood covered

his eyes in a moment; he was undoubtedly disabled by the stroke of fighting; his eyes were covered with a flood of tears; he came up, he came disabled him; he was wounded into a warm stroke on the gallery, during and for my part being mostly an unhappy circumstance; a clash of sword concerned he to satisfy her; he was exposed to it, and sewed; Miller declared a fortnight fighting, clearing himself, but Buck denied it, and, that champion.

There is so countable on so take a painful counters. Is of delight? or exercise of pity, able that the skill, the pope would have expected that people's and thought that they had) liable so easily think

Tully speaks one would expect abused in his time of it under its fought before *spectaculum et in haud scio annon ferro depugnabam nulla, potestem disciplina.*" thought barbarous but it is so as it when only criminals might receive is impossible that should fortify us

## No. 437.]

Tune impune hunc  
Imperitos rerum,  
Solicitando et per  
Ae meretricios an

Shall you escape with  
men of a liberal  
and by force of  
marry harlots?

THE other day  
with that pale air  
times see in your  
row and private  
age and sickness  
she was gay, air

light, I easily forgave her she so severely pays for Flavilla, of whom I am a sullen fool with wealth, lost upon the dolt, who in any thing. Their painful or insipid. The in his absence are not eyes, to the grief and sensation. This poor creature, which, under the se, would have made the into the arms of this Sempronia. Sempronia ts herself in an affluent endship with rich young ful fortunes at their own friends upon worthless her side she insnares in of great estates into the for this purpose, she is ts which can make her sits; she knows all that is well acquainted with busy-bodies, depeudants, rsons of condition in the of a good sum of money, on of Flavilla's mother, r the daughter; and the apparently, in point of could expect, has gained uent attendance of the rather see their children han the happiest of the onspicuous state of life. acquainted with a wo- ances, that she believes ble to her, and advan- l get her, her next step e, whose condition has d wants a sum, yet, in suitable to her. If such ately adorns a worthless hinks convenient, and od humour and sobriety is settled, no importu- e omitted, to hasten the he general, indeed, she ace, that she marries a h, and a moneyless girl hen she has no manner y, when she has a mind one of an estate: she it, that he is illiterate, but makes those imper- uth of his wealth; and with a very grave face, ion with negligence in ren. Exception being e an ignorant booby of e was putting off for a she, "you know there know they have estates,

is loaded with presents, ance, and admired by first taste of life, as a breeding. But sure to iniquities, than to raise le as taking away life; g it lastingly unhappy. her fortune, is not so

ill as giving the whole and herself to an husband. But Sempronia can administ tion to an unhappy fair at home, by least an agreeable gallant elsewhere. She preach the general condition of all the pe married world, and tell an inexperienced woman, the methods of softening her affl laugh at her simplicity and want of know an "Oh! my dear, you will know better.

The wickedness of Sempronia, one wo should be superlative; but I cannot but e of some parents equal to it: I mean such the greatest endowments and qualificatio bargains. A parent who forces a child o and ingenious\* spirit into the arms of a blockhead, obliges her to a crime too od name. It is in a degree the unnatural v of rational and brutal beings. Yet what i common, as the bestowing an accomplish with such a disparity? And I could man who lead miserable lives for want of kno their parents of this maxim, that good a good nature always go together. That w tributed to fools, and called good-nature, inability of observing what is faulty, wh in marriage, into a suspicion of every thin from a consciousness of that inability.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am entirely of your opinion with n the equestrian females, who affect both t iine and feminine air at the same time; a forbear making a presentment against ano of them, who grow very numerous and and since our language is not very capab compound words, I must be contented to only 'the naked-shouldered.' These be not contented to make lovers wherever the but they must make rivals at the same tim you to see Gatty walk the park at high would expect those who followed her and met her would immediately draw their s her. I hope, Sir, you will provide for t that women may stick to their faces for further mischief, and not allow any b traders in beauty to expose more than t of the neck, unless you please to allow t game to those who are very defective in t of the countenance. I can say, to my s present practice is very unfair, when to los death; and it may be said of our beauties, poet did of bullets,

They kill and wound, like Parthians, as they

"I submit this to your animadversion; for the little while I have left,

"Your humble Servant, the langu "Pur

"P. S. Suppose you mended my le made a simile about the 'porcupine;' but that also."

T.

No. 438.] WEDNESDAY, JULY 23

—Animum rege, qui, nisi pareat,  
Imperat — Hor: l Ep. ii. 62.

—Curb thy soul,  
And check thy rage, which must be rul'd or rais'd.

It is a very common expression that v is very good-natured, but very passionate.

\* Ingenuous



indeed, is very good-natured, to allow people so much quarter: but I think a man deserves the least indulgence imaginable.

It is said, it is soon over; that is, all the he does is quickly dispatched, which, I have no great recommendation to favour. I know one of these good-natured passionate in a mixed company, even to his own wife, such things as the most inveterate enemy would not have spoken, even in imagination. It is certain that quick sensibility is incompatible with a ready understanding; but why not that good understanding call to itself all on such occasions, to master that sudden impulse to anger? One of the greatest souls now in the world\* is the most subject by nature to anger, so famous, from a conquest of himself that he is the known example when you talk of command of a man's self. To contain it of anger, is the worthiest discipline we can give to ourselves. When a man has made any progress in this way, a frivolous fellow in a passion is to him contemptible as a froward child. It ought to be the study of every man for his own quiet and satisfaction.

When he stands combustible and ready to upon every thing that touches him, life is as to himself as it is to all about him. Syncroplus, of all men living, the most ridiculous is ever offending and begging pardon. If he enters the room without what he was sent for, "That blockhead," begins he—"Gentlemen, your pardon, but servants now-a-days"—Long plates are laid, they are thrown into the fire; the room; his wife stands by in pain for which he sees in her face, and answers as if he heard all she was thinking:—"Why? what is it? Why don't you take care to give orders?" His friends sit down to a tasteless study of every thing, every minute expecting insults from his impertinent passions. In a word, to eat with, or visit Syncroplus, is no other thing to see him exercise his family, exercise his patience, and his own anger.

Monstrous that the shame and confusion in his good-natured angry man must needs be to his friends, while he thus lays about him, does he him so much reflection, as to create an argument. This is the most scandalous disuse of imagination: all the harmless part of him is less than that of a bull-dog, they are tame no more than they are not offended. One of these tured angry men shall, in an instant, assemble so many allusions to secret circumstances as are enough to dissolve the peace of all his friends, while he is acquainted with in a word of an hour, and yet the next moment be the tured man in the whole world. If you would reason in its purity, without mixture of reason, it is represented in a mad hero, drawn by a poet. Nat. Lee makes his Alexander say

"I begone! and give a whirlwind room,  
Will blow you up like dust! Avaunt!  
I see but meanly represents my toil.  
All discord!  
I revenge! disdain and indignation!  
My swollen breast, make way for fire and tempest.  
Rain is burst, debate and reason quenched;  
Storm is up, and my hot bleeding heart  
With the rack; while passions, like the wind,  
Up to heaven, and put out all the stars.

A passionate fellow in town talks half the day

\* Lord Somers.

with as little consideration much out of his power.

The next disagreeable gentleman, is one of anger, and he is what a peevish fellow. A peevish fellow in himself for being out of his capacity for delight in who are happier than he. In shaws, or other well-known thing that is said or done should be physic mixed with these fellows eat in good anger passes, forsooth, that will not admit of none above the character of a man's livery ought to be things among men of pass the censure, and eye of reason.

No man ought to be in humour, whim, or passion any who do not wait upon the peevish fellow is to deal mightily in what those sort of people eat those below them, yet their talk to their servants. You are a fine fellow; piece;" and the like.

ing, the storming, the species and subordinating, cured, by knowing they and how pitiful is the forced! But I am in the scene of anger and to have ever known, which writing, and I overheard at a French bookseller's shop a very learned man and though a person of in understanding any himself. The composition whimsical perplexity of is perfectly new. After said the seller to the bookseller long asked you to send the French sermons I said the chapman, "but cannot find it; it is not to whom I lent it,

"Then, Sir, here is the home that, and please friend," replied he, "not to know that one of your library as in your shop you have lost the first will be paid."—"Sir, you are a young man, learn by this little loss, sities, which you must." "Yes, Sir, but I'll be not lost now, for I said me."—"Friend, your book is lost; and I for a prosperous life, that make you mad, if you." "Sir, there is in this you have the book."—"book; but your passion to be informed that I tion of yourself to the d

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

tell you, that  
an impatient  
ever any thing  
many things  
your temper  
pain; there-  
book is lost,  
itself.—T.\*

24, 1712.

ector.  
Metam. xii. 57.  
devise;  
as situated in  
rforated with  
gave her the  
the heavens,  
structure of it  
anner, that it  
in the whole  
says the poet,  
bbub of low,  
st spent and  
general ren-

egard to the  
as Ovid's pa-  
iverse. The  
gh the whole  
complaint that  
ews-gatherers  
their several  
eir respective  
with the dis-  
kingdom or  
loyed. The  
sible and un-  
gs and rulers  
ose voluntary  
ars of a great  
ecret methods  
prudent cau-  
thy thought,  
amber; for a  
od that which

lers to make  
y should take  
anner, that it  
whose life and  
man who is  
hat of a spy,  
He can have  
conscience, to  
s, where the  
f vindicating  
to carry that  
true. There  
not hear and  
he naturally  
e, aggravates  
e, and misre-

m.  
allant, afterward  
d; and the sub-  
ey a volume of  
the last to which  
star would

presents what is indiffesent. Nor is it to be desired but that such ignominious wretches let their private passions into these their clandestine informations, and often wreak their particular spite or malice against the person whom they are set to watch. It is a pleasant scene enough, which an Italian author describes between a spy and a cardinal who employed him. The cardinal is represented as minuting down every thing that is told him: The spy begins with a low voice, "Such a one, then, vocate, whispered to one of his friends, within my hearing, that your eminence was a very great patron;" and, after having given his patron's name, take it down, adds, that another called him a most cenary rascal in a public conversation. The cardinal replies, "Very well," and bids him go on. The spy proceeds, and loads him with reports of the same nature, till the cardinal rises in great wrath, calls him an impudent scoundrel, and bids him out of the room.

It is observed of great and heroic minds, that they have not only shown a particular disregard to those unmerited reproaches which have been cast upon them, but have been altogether free from that impertinent curiosity of inquiring after them, or the poor revenge of resenting them. The histories of Alexander and Caesar are full of this kind of instances. Vulgar souls are of a quite contrary character. Dionysius, the tyrant of Sicily, held a dungeon which was a very curious piece of architecture; and of which, as I am informed, there is still to be seen some remains in that island. It was called Dionysius's Ear, and built with several fine windings and labyrinths, in the form of a ear. The structure of it made it a kind of whispering place, but such a one as gathered the voice of him who spoke into a funnel which was placed at the very top of it. The tyrant used to lodge all his state criminals, or those whom he supposed to be engaged together in any evil designs upon him, in this dungeon. He had at the same time an apartment over it, where he used to apply himself to the funnel, and by that means overheard every thing that was whispered in the dungeon. I believe one may venture to affirm, that a Caesar or an Alexander would rather have died by the treason, than have used such disingenuous means for the detecting of it.

A man who in ordinary life is very inquisitive after every thing which is spoken ill of him, passes his time but very indifferently. He is wounded by every arrow that is shot at him, and puts it in the paper of every insignificant enemy to disquiet him. Nay, he will suffer from what has been said of him, when it is forgotten by those who said or heard it. For this reason I could never bear one of those officious friends, that would be telling every malice in port, every idle censure, that passed upon me. The tongue of man is so petulant, and his thoughts so variable, that one should not lay too great stress upon any present speeches and opinions. Truth and obloquy proceed very frequently out of the same mouth upon the same person, and upon the same occasion. A generous enemy will sometimes bestow commendations, as the dearest friend will sometimes refrain from speaking ill. The mind will be indifferent in either of those respects, giving his opinion at random, and praises or disapproves as he finds himself in humour.

I shall conclude this essay with part of a character, which is finely drawn by the Marquis of Chester in the first book of his History, and which gives

dively picture of a great man teasing himself with an absurd curiosity.

He had not that application and submission, and reverence for the queen, as might have been expected from his wisdom and breeding; and often crossed her preferences and desires with more rudeness than was natural to him. Yet he was imperiously solicitous to know what her majesty said of him in private, and what resentments she had towards him. And when by some confidants, who ad their ends upon him from those offices, he was informed of some bitter expressions falling from her majesty, he was so exceedingly afflicted and tormented with the sense of it, that sometimes by passionate complaints and representations to the king, sometimes by more dutiful addresses and expostulations with the queen in bewailing his misfortune, he frequently exposed himself, and left his condition worse than it was before, and the éclaircissement commonly ended in the discovery of the persons upon whom he had received his most secret intelligence."—C.

No. 440.] FRIDAY, JULY 25, 1712.

*Vivere si recte nescia, decede peritis.*—HOR. 2 Ep. li. 213  
Learn to live well, or fairly make your will.—POPE.

I have already given my reader an account of a set of merry fellows who are passing their summer together in the country, being provided of a great house, where there is not only a convenient apartment for every particular person, but a large infirmary for the reception of such of them as are any way indisposed or out of humour. Having lately received a letter from the secretary of this society, in order of the whole fraternity, which acquaints me with their behaviour during the last week, I shall now make a present of it to the public.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"We are glad to find that you approve the establishment which we have here made for the retrieving of good manners and agreeable conversation, and shall use our best endeavours so to improve ourselves in this our summer retirement, that we may next winter serve as patterns to the town. But to be sure that this our institution may be no less advantageous to the public than to ourselves, we shall communicate to you one week of our proceedings, leaving you at the same time, if you see any thing faulty in them, to favour us with your admonitions; or you must know, Sir, that it has been proposed amongst us to choose you for our visitor; to which I must further add, that one of the college having declared last week he did not like the Spectator of the day, and not being able to assign any just reason for such his dislike, he was sent to the infirmary *nemine contradicente*.

"On Monday the assembly was in very good humour, having received some recruits of French claret last morning: when, unluckily, towards the middle of the dinner, one of the company swore at his servant in a very rough manner for having put too much water in his wine. Upon which the president of the day, who is always the mouth of the company, after having convinced him of the impertinence of his passion, and the insult it had made upon the company, ordered his man to take him from the table, and convey him to the infirmary. There was no more sent away that day; this was a gentleman, who is reckoned by some persons one of the greatest wits, and by others one of the greatest

boobies about the character: but a very true one, himself, being brought him himself well upon the wit and laughter might have served had it been due for two or three hopes of recovery, briskest fellows infirmary for having merry. But indulged himself, struing it as a duty to retire into the lions. He was and mirth returned, that he should noise of it, and of the patients, never with him the

"On Tuesday one of the company upon which another, what he did into some warm order to keep them both from infirmary. Not telling us he knew we should have him to be removed in the apartment.

"On Wednesday a letter written in colour twice or three retire into the sented, but despatched, till such of the company, table, and discovering fault with refusing to laugh president told him an uneasy seat, and himself better. A very honest fellow him; his neighbour at the same time ing the same name have to a cat. For the whole, the president sent off.

"On Thursday This was a gentleman understanding. in dispute with a modest elocution answer of his a ordinary, and once have enforced to length driven to more clamorous, the greater impetuosity with a loud thud immediately ordered with water-gruel sufficiently weak.

"On Friday saving only, the

to be released from  
thing for one another's

ed many excuses from  
selves in an unsociable  
shut themselves up,  
never so full as on this  
es to account for, till,  
served that it was an  
at of most of my friends  
leisure of writing you  
conclude without assur-  
es of our college, as well  
ment as those who are  
able servants, though

JULY 26 1712.

—Hon. 3 Od. iii. 7.

ature round him break,  
f'd.  
er the mighty crack,  
a falling world.—ASON.

self, is a very helpless

He is subject every  
mities and misfortunes,  
all sides; and may be-  
less casualties, which he  
prevented had he fore-

re are obnoxious to so  
under the care of One  
nd has in his hands the  
that is capable of an-  
o knows the assistance  
always ready to bestow

h such a creature bears  
ed a Being, is a firm re-  
gs and conveniences of  
him for deliverance out  
ulties as may befall us.

es in this disposition of  
k and melancholy views  
o considers himself ab-  
to the Supreme Being.  
reflects upon his own  
, he comforts himself  
those divine attributes  
safety and his welfare.  
ht made up by the Om-  
s support. He is not  
strength, when he knows

In short, the person  
Supreme Being is power-  
s wisdom, happy by his  
benefit of every divine  
insufficiency in the ful-

easy to us, we are com-  
him, who is thus able to  
divine goodness having  
ty, notwithstanding we  
le had it been forbid-

which might be made use  
to us, I shall only take

s, that we are promised  
at their trust in him.

But, without considering the supernatur-  
ing which accompanies this duty, we may  
that it has a natural tendency to its own re-  
in other words, that this firm trust and co-  
in the great Disposer of all things, contrib-  
much to the getting clear of any affliction,  
bearing it manfully. A person who be-  
has his succour at hand, and that he act  
sight of his friend, often exerts himself be-  
abilities, and does wonders that are not to be  
by one who is not animated with such a co-  
of success. I could produce instances from  
of generals, who, out of a belief that they  
der the protection of some invisible assis-  
not only encourage their soldiers to do their  
but have acted themselves beyond what they  
have done had they not been inspired by a  
lief. I might in the same manner show he  
trust in the assistance of an Almighty Be-  
rally produces patience, hope, cheerfulness  
other dispositions of the mind that allevi-  
calamities which we are not able to remove

The practice of this virtue administers a  
fort to the mind of man in times of pos-  
affliction, but most of all in the hour  
When the soul is hovering in the last mo-  
its separation, when it is just entering on  
state of existence, to converse with scenes,  
jects, and companions, that are altogether  
what can support her under such tremen-  
thought, such fears, such anxiety, such as-  
sions, but the casting of all her cares upon  
first gave her being, who has conducted her  
one stage of it, and will be always with  
guide and comfort her in her progress  
eternity?

David has very beautifully represented this  
reliance on God Almighty in his twenty-third  
which is a kind of pastoral hymn, and in  
those allusions which are usual in that  
writing. As the poetry is very exquisite,  
present my reader with the following trans-  
lation of it:—

## I.

The Lord my pasture shall prepare,  
And feed me with a shepherd's care;  
His presence shall my wants supply,  
And guard me with a watchful eye;  
My noon-day walks he shall attend,  
And all my midnight hours defend.

## II.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,  
Or on the thirsty mountain pant:  
To fertile vales and dewy meads,  
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;  
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,  
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

## III.

Though in the paths of death I tread,  
With gloomy horrors overspread,  
My steadfast heart shall know no ill,  
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;  
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,  
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

## IV.

Though in a bare and rugged way,  
Through deserts, lonely wilds I stray,  
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile;  
The barren wilderness shall smile.  
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,  
And streams shall murmur all around.

## C.

No. 442.] MONDAY, JULY 28, 1712.

max indocti doctique.—Hos. 2 Ep. l. 117

Those who cannot write, and those who can, me, and scrawl, and scribble, to a man.—POPE.

not know whether I enough explained myself world, when I invited all men to be assistant to this my work of speculation; for I have acquainted my readers, that besides the let- d valuable hints I have from time to time d from my correspondents, I have by me curious and extraordinary papers sent with a (as no one will doubt when they are pub- that they might be printed entire, and with- alteration, by way of Spectator. I must ledge also, that I myself, being the first pro- of the paper, thought I had a right to make my own, by dressing them in my own style, ing out what would not appear like mine, adding whatever might be proper to adapt o the character and genius of my paper, hich it was almost impossible these could correspond, it being certain that hardly m think alike; and, therefore, so many i many Spectators. Besides, I must own akness for glory is such, that, if I con- that only, I might be so far swayed by it, at to wish that no one could write a Spec- sides myself; nor can I deny, but upon the usal of those papers, I felt some secret in- ns of ill-will towards the persons who wrote This was the impression I had upon the iding them; but upon a late review (more ake of entertainment than use), regarding ith another eye than I had done at first (for erting them as well as I could to my own thought I had utterly disabled them from ending me again as Spectators), I found moved by a passion very different from that ; sensibly touched with pity, the softest and enerous of all passions, when I reflected cruel disappointment the neglect of those must needs have been to the writers who atly longed to see them appear in print, , no doubt, triumphed to themselves in the f having a share with me in the applause of lic; a pleasure so great, that none but those e experienced it can have a sense of it. In aner of viewing those papers, I really found d done them justice, there being something mely natural and peculiarly good in some , that I will appeal to the world whether it sible to alter a word in them without doing manifest hurt and violence; and whether e ever appear rightly, and as they ought, but own native dress and colours. And therefore I should not only wrong them, but deprive ld of a considerable satisfaction, should I ger delay the making them public.

I have published a few of these Spectators, not but I shall find the success of them to not surpass, that of the best of my own. An should take all methods to humble himself inion he has of his own performances. When pers appear to the world, I doubt not but I be followed by many others; and I shall ne, though I myself shall have left me but few days to appear in public; but, pre- the general weal and advantage to any com- ns of myself, I am resolved for the future sh any Spectator that deserves it entire, and any alteration; assuring the world (if there

can be need of it) that the authors think fit to add them.

I think the best way and useful design will themes of all kinds of preamble of the extrage that may accrue invite all manner of citizens, courtiers, ge- try, and all beaux, rak- housewives, and all female, and however d true wits, whole or ha- natural, acquired, ge- persons of all sorts of whether the severe, th- the agreeable, the t- the serene or cloudy, wardly or easy, the d- and of what manners o- the ambitious or hum- ful, ingenuous or base- public-spirited or self- or circumstance soever- serable, happy or un- poor (whether so thro- of more), healthy or si- whether tall or short- trade, occupation, pro- tion, party, persuasion- soever; who have ev- their business or diver- thy to impart on these- to their several and re- and, as the subjects- humours, or circumst- fitable to the public b- or experience in the- utmost on them by such- receive the inexpress- of seeing their essays- the rest of mankind.

I will not prepos- expectation of the ext- must redound to the- the different thoughts- of persons, according- education, professions- ditions, &c. shall be- clearest and most gen- selves would wish to h-

The thesis proposed- adventurers to write Sp- subject all persons a- thoughts within ten da-

No. 443.] TUES

Sublatam ex oculis quar-  
Snatch'd from our sight,  
And fondly would recall

CAMILLA\* T

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I TAKE it extreme- conspicuous persons of cognizance, though ou- Britain. I little thou- life, that I should ever- of dear England; but

\* Mrs. Tofts, who played that name.

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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taly are so  
ars in Eng-  
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FAMILIA.  
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alse notions  
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oper terms.  
or copies to  
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dence cou-

rage. Let not good fortune be imposed on the world for good management, nor poverty be called folly; impute not always bankruptcy to extravagance, nor an estate to foresight. Niggardiness is not good husbandry, nor generosity profusion.

"Honestus is a well-meaning and judicious trader, both in substantial goods, and trades with his own stock, hushes his money to the best advantage, without taking all the advantages of the necessities of his workmen, or grinding the face of the poor. Fortunatus is stocked with ignorance, and consequently with self-opinion; the quality of his goods cannot but be suitable to that of his judgment. Honestus pleases discerning people, and keeps their custom by good usage; makes modest profit by modest means, to the decent support of his family; whilst Fortunatus, blustering always, pushes on, performing much and performing little; with obsequiousness offensive to people of sense, strikes at all, catches much the greater part, and raises a considerable fortune by imposition on others, to the discouragement and ruin of those who trade in the same way.

"I give here but loose hints, and beg you to be very circumspect in the province you have now undertaken: if you perform it successfully, it will be a very great good; for nothing is more wanting than that mechanic industry were set forth with the freedom and greatness of mind which ought always to accompany a man of a liberal education.

"Your humble Servant.

"From my shop under  
the Royal Exchange July 24."

"R. C.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

July 24, 1712.

"Notwithstanding the repeated censures that your spectatorial wisdom has passed upon people more remarkable for impudence than wit, there are yet some remaining, who pass with the giddy part of mankind for sufficient sharers of the latter, who have nothing but the former qualification to recommend them. Another timely animadversion is absolutely necessary: be pleased, therefore, once for all, to let these gentlemen know, that there is neither mirth nor good-humour in hooting a young fellow out of countenance; nor that it will ever constitute a wit, to conclude a tart piece of buffoonery with a 'What makes you blush?' Pray please to inform them again, that to speak what they know is shocking proceeds from ill-nature and a sterility of brain; especially when the subject will not admit of rallery, and their discourse has no pretences to satire: but what is in their design to disoblige I should be very glad, too, if you would take notice that a daily repetition of the same overbearing insolence is yet more insupportable, and a confirmation of very extraordinary madness. The sudden publication of this may have an effect upon a not too offender of this kind, whose reformation would redound very much to the satisfaction and quiet of

"Your most humble Servant.  
"F. R."

T.

No. 411: WEDNESDAY, JULY 30, 1712.

Parturient montes—HON. AGR. POET. v. 129.  
The mountain labours?

It gives me much despair in the design on it

\* Former motto.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?  
HON. AGR. POET. v. 130

Great cry and little wool.—ENGLISH PROVERB

forming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey, and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant, as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their great abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of those professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises, of what was never done before, are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand, by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

"In Russel-court, over-against the Cannon-ball, at the Surgeons'-arms in Drury-lane, is lately come from his travels, a surgeon who hath practised surgery and physic both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He (by the blessing) cures the yellow-jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and women's miscarriages, lying-in, &c. as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children."

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species, which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without any enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others, for they venture their lives from the same admiration.

"The doctor is lately come from his travels," and has "practised both by sea and land," and therefore cures "the green-sickness, long sea-voyages, campaigns, and lying-in." Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called sea-voyages and campaigns; but I dare say those of green-sickness and lying-in might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little, to keep up their astonishment, to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end, over his window, and the words "rainy, dry, wet," and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this: but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head

also were clearances, he looked grubbing in his eyes at the twine, and altered his mind to a silver sixpence, keep up the appearance only the skeleton tented with a were talking of money of some lame." When the fellow took on came to the th and went off sufficiency.

persons, who at their birth, their lives. A business the p of your ability tor in Mouse-curing cataract bill sets forth. His patients muster-roll, w perial majesty with great suc should be a d by declaring both bursten? the Harp, in that assevera first conception is granted. uncommon in You may be times, let it be sentence in m when I observ eye upon my What a prodig have here take tor, I must m what he seems promise to the man—to wit, two till six, h to bleed for the

No. 445.]

Tanji non ea, a

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I'm not worth so

This is the will probably that few of our above all other sist under the proaching pea have this new it is qualified lic, will make

\* Aug. 1, 1712, and every single "Have you seen worth a halfpenn are jumbled together dead sick. The —*Swift's Works*,



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

amp, and the little, will, I of those than led to us the past. A fac- n, calls this e fall of the

h, there was, s, inscribed, he title sold hat abut a et, inscribed, n the same several inge- leave of the ive over so, rhaps under le. Be that e, to give an acquaint my act, in this

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together in ead for the the greater ompense for eaders, it is ery paper s d equivalent, vise any one it, does not e better man s not believe mirth or in-

motive which

I cons- der e support of ies who are I fear they er, on such dness, which upbrai me- g my utmost try receives s, I shall o d a member. t man should rejudicial to by the same rson to co- hose labours into his own

mies, I must reader, that slots on both

sides : men of such poor narrow souls, that they a: not capable of thinking on any thing but with a eye to whig or tory. During the course of th paper I have been accused by these despicable wretches of trimming, time-serving, personal reflection, secret satire, and the like. Now, though in these my compositions, it is visible to any reader of common sense that I consider nothing but m subject, which is always of an indifferent nature how is it possible for me to write so clear of party as not to be open to the censures of those who will applying every sentence, and finding out person and things in it, which it has no regard to?

Several paltry scribblers and declaimers have done me the honour to be dull upon me in reflections of this nature ; but, notwithstanding my name has been sometimes trampled by this contemptible tribe of men, I have hitherto avoided all animae versions upon them. The truth of it is, I am afraid of making them appear considerable by taking notice of them ; for they are like those imperceptible insects which are discovered by the microscope, and cannot be made the subject of observation without being magnified.

Having mentioned those few who have shown themselves the enemies of this paper, I should be very ungrateful to the public did I not at the same time testify my gratitude to those who are its friends, in which number I may reckon many of the most distinguished persons, of all conditions, parties, and professions, in the isle of Great Britain. I am no so vain as to think this approbation is so much due to the performance as to the design. There is and ever will be, justice enough in the world to afford patronage and protection for those who endeavour to advance truth and virtue, without regard to the passions and prejudices of any particular cause or faction. If I have any other merit in me, it is that I have new pointed all the batteries of ridicule. They have been generally planted against persons who have appeared serious rather than absurd ; or at best, have aimed rather at what is unfashionable than what is vicious. For my own part, I have endeavoured to make nothing ridiculous that is not in some measure criminal. I have set up the immoral man as the object of derision. In short, if I have not formed a new weapon against vice and irreligion I have at least shown how that weapon may be put to a right use, which has so often fought the battles of impiety and profaneness.—C.

No. 116.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 1, 1712.

Quid decuit, quid non, quo virtus, quo ferat error

Hon. Ars. Pict. ver. 308.

What fit, what not; what excellent, or ill.—Roscommon

SINCE two or three writers of comedy, who are now living, have taken their farewell of the stage those who succeed them, finding themselves incapable of rising up to their wit, humour, and good sense have only imitated them in some of those loose unguarded strokes, in which they complied with the corrupt taste of the more vicious part of their audience. When persons of a low genius attempt this kind of writing, they know no difference between being merry and being lewd. It is with an eye to some of these degenerate compositions that I have written the following discourse.

Were our English stage but half so virtuous : that of the Greeks or Romans, we should quickly see the influence of it in the behaviour of all the

oliter part of mankind. It would not be fashionable to ridicule religion, or its professors: the man of pleasure would not be the complete gentleman; idleness would be out of countenance; and every quality which is ornamental to human nature would meet with that esteem which is due to it.

If the English stage were under the same regulations the Athenian was formerly, it would have the same effect that had, in recommending the religion, the government, and public worship, of its country. Were our plays subject to proper inspections and limitations, we might not only pass away several of our vacant hours in the highest entertainments, but should always rise from them wiser and better than we sat down to them.

It is one of the most unaccountable things in our age, that the lewdness of our theatre should be so much complained of, so well exposed, and so little dressed. It is to be hoped, that some time or other we may be at leisure to restrain the licentiousness of the theatre, and make it contribute its assistance to the advancement of morality, and to the reformation of the age. As matters stand at present, multitudes are shut out from this noble diversion, by reason of those abuses and corruptions that accompany it. A father is often afraid that his daughter should be ruined by those entertainments which were invented for the accomplishment and refining of human nature. The Athenian and Roman plays were written with such a regard to morality, that Socrates used to frequent the one, and Cicero the other.

It happened once indeed, that Cato dropped into the Roman theatre when the Floralia were to be represented; and as, in that performance, which was a kind of religious ceremony, there were several indecent parts to be acted, the people refused to see them whilst Cato was present. Martial, on this hint, made the following epigram, which we must suppose was applied to some grave friend of his, that had been accidentally present at some such entertainment:

*Nosces Jocosæ dulces cum sacrum Floræ,  
Festosque huius, et licentiam vulgi.  
Cur in theatrum, Cato severè, venisti?  
An ideo tantum veneras, ut exires?—1 Epig. 3.*  
Why dost thou come, great censor of thy age,  
To see the loose diversions of the stage?  
With awful countenance, and brow severe,  
What in the name of goodness dost thou here?  
See the mixt crowd! how giddy, lewd, and vain!  
Didst thou come in but to go out again.

An accident of this nature might happen once in an age among the Greeks or Romans, but they were too wise and good to let the constant nightly entertainment be of such a nature, that people of the most sense and virtue could not be at it. Whatever vices are represented upon the stage, they ought to be so marked and branded by the poet, as not to appear either laudable or amiable in the person who is tainted with them. But if we look into the English comedies above mentioned, we would think they were formed upon a quite contrary maxim, and that this rule, though it held good upon the heathen stage, was not to be regarded in Christian theatres. There is another rule likewise, which was observed by authors of antiquity, and which these modern geniuses have no regard to, and that was, never to choose an improper subject for ridicule. Now a subject is improper for ridicule, if it is apt to stir up horror and commiseration rather than laughter. For this reason, we do not find any comedy, in so polite an author as Terence, raised upon the violations of the marriage-bed. The falsehood of

the wife or husband in comedies; but a subject looked upon in subjects for comedy, the basis of most man appears up in order to be a grave, or elder fate. Knights justices of the purpose. I have these capacities as frequently a creature, common as the ancient parasite, or a va

At the same that the two audience. We see the whole play proper opportunities are disappointed, plished gentleman person that is indifferent to him rally a composition do not know what invention, depraving mankind, but many poets cannot find a man who is that is not a joke.

I have some of ethics out of under the title diverted from been executed acquaintance. history of a young tions of the world rected himself conversation by fine gentleman vail upon him the novel, I will be question not but the drama, as

No. 447.] S

Long ex  
And wha

THERE is a better turn of in the mouths cond nature." anew, and to altogether different Dr. Plot, in his an idiot, that o'clock, and at the hour of the clock being continued to strike of it, in the s was entire. T of this story, mechanical effect that it has a mind.

I shall in the

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

nature, and us into very e take notice y in making n who is ad- ok but little ts so strong himself up so of his being. grow upon a a the one or for relishing me disused. r take snuff, e without it; y particular ves, in pro- tow upon it. becomes at oyments are d grows fond and is drawn hich she has

st indifferent ll by custom ancis Bacon at our taste things which es particular quors, which st taste, but, enerally re- ed after the ated herself nt, not only conceives a l have heard e produced,\* te studies of ged to search withstanding dry and irk- ble pleasure ng of Virgil st I have not gs easy, but ough others t is possible om it, with part of this

ty of human oralities. In discouraged n, in which ssities, may be very dis- application painful, but

end to every goras is said a that philo- nation I have a, nam con- upon that nt, and cus- Men whose se their own

way of life, are inexcusable if they do not pursue that which their judgment tells them is the most laudable. The voice of reason is more to be regarded than the bent of any present inclination; since, by the rule above mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reason, though we can but force reason to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this observation may teach the most sensual and irreligious man to overlook the hardships and difficulties which are apt to discourage him from the prosecution of a virtuous life. "The gods," said Hesiod, "have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at first rough and difficult but grows more smooth and easy the further you advance in it." The man who proceeds in it with steadiness and resolution, will in a little time find that "her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all his paths are peace."

To enforce this consideration, we may further observe, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleasure which naturally accompanies those actions to which we are habituated, but with those supernumerary joys of heart that rise from the consciousness of such a pleasure, from the satisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reason and from the prospect of a happy immortality.

In the fourth place, we may learn from this observation which we have made on the mind of man to take particular care, when we are once settled in a regular course of life, how we too frequently indulge ourselves in any of the most innocent diversions and entertainments; since the mind may insensibly fall off from the relish of virtuous actions and, by degrees, exchange that pleasure which it takes in the performance of its duty, for delight of a much more inferior and unprofitable nature.

The last use which I shall make of this remarkable property in human nature, of being delighted with those actions to which it is accustomed, is to show how absolutely necessary it is for us to gain habits of virtue in this life, if we would enjoy the pleasures of the next. The state of bliss we call heaven will not be capable of affecting those minds which are not thus qualified for it; we must, in this world, gain a relish of truth and virtue, if we would be able to taste that knowledge and perfection, which are to make us happy in the next. The seeds of those spiritual joys and raptures, which are to rise up and flourish in the soul to all eternity, must be planted in her during this her present state of probation. In short, heaven is not to be looked upon only as the reward, but as the natural effect of a religious life.

On the other hand, those evil spirits, who, by long custom, have contracted in the body habits of lust and sensuality, malice and revenge, and aversion to every thing that is good, just, or laudable, are naturally seasoned and prepared for pain and misery. Their torments have already taken root in them; they cannot be happy when divested of the body unless we may suppose that Providence will in some manner create them anew, and work a miracle in the rectification of their faculties. They may, indeed, taste a kind of malignant pleasure in those actions to which they are accustomed, whilst in this life; but when they are removed from all those objects which are here apt to gratify them, they will naturally become their own tormentors, and cherish in themselves those painful habits of mind which are called, in Scripture phrase, "the worm which never dies." This notion of heaven and hell is very conformable to the light of nature, that it is

d by several of the most exalted heathens. en finely improved by many eminent di- be last age, as in particular by Archbishop and Dr. Sherlock : but there is none who f such noble speculations upon it as Dr. the first book of his *Christian Life*, which f the finest and most rational schemes of that is written in our tongue, or in any That excellent author has shown how every r custom and habit of virtue will, in its re, produce the heaven, or a state of hap- n him who shall hereafter practise it ; as, ntrary, how every custom or habit of vice c natural hell of him in whom it subsists.—C.

[18.] MONDAY, AUGUST 4, 1712.

*hoc aliquid quandoque audebis.*—Juv. Sat. li. 82.  
to greater baseness you proceed.

first steps towards ill are very carefully to ed, for men insensibly go on when they are red, and do not keep up a lively abhorrence at unworthiness. There is a certain frie- lishness that people indulge themselves in, ght to be had in greater detestation than only meets with. What I mean is a neglect ses made on small and indifferent occasions, parties of pleasure, entertainments, and : meetings out of curiosity, in men of like to be in each other's company. There are uses to which one may assign this light in-

Jack Sippet never keeps the hour he has d to come to a friend's to dinner ; but he is- nificant fellow, who does it out of vanity. I never, he knows, make any figure in com- d by giving a little disturbance at his entry, efore takes care to drop in when he thinks ust seated. He takes his place after having sed every body, and desires there may be nony ; then does he begin to call himself est fellow, in disappointing so many places as invited to elsewhere. It is the fop's name houses of better cheer, and to ac- count that he chose yours out of ten dinners : was obliged to be at that day. The last ad the fortune to eat with him, he was ima- now very fat he should have been, had he l he had ever been invited to. But it is im- t to dwell upon the manners of such a wretch s all whom he disappoints, though his cir- ces constrain them to be civil to him. But s those that every one would be glad to see, : into the same detestable habit. It is a s thing that any one can be at ease, and a set of people, who have a kindness for that moment waiting out of respect to him, sing to taste their food or conversation with out impatience. One of these promisers es shall make his excuses for not coming at ate that half the company have only to la- it they have neglected matters of moment him whom they find a trifler. They imme- nent of the value they had for him ; and stment repeated, makes company never de- m his promise any more ; so that he often t the middle of a meal, where he is secretly by the persons with whom he eats, and cursed rrvants, whose dinner is delayed by his pro- their master's entertainment. It is won- bet men guilty this way could never have, 'that the wiling time, the gathering tu- ATOR—Nos. 65 & 66.

gether, and waiting a most awkwardly passed four-and-twenty hours, they would reflect upon such a suspension of ag offending this way has the honesty of his mind mon swearing is a kin makes the soul unattent while it utters it at the wordy orator, while he speech to the people, f thinks," said he, "I am cypress tree ; it has all givable in its branches alas ! it bears no fruit."

Though the expectati- nent promisers is th even after failures, is a still promising on. I b the insignificant liar, the builder, and treated th (though they are to be false ones), but perso- purely to recommend th but indeed I cannot let in the most minute circ- a censure. If a man

pay only sums above a contract with different how long can we supp- This man will as long business, as he will in difficulty makes assigna- whether he keeps or no

I am the more sever- have been so unfortuna- minal myself. Sir And- my friends who are se- meanest consideration- virtue that way, have o- take shame upon myse- particularly for the gre- sort, that when as ag- men and ladies as ever- sooth, Mr. Spectator, t- of merit, like a booby a- meeting, and came th- every fool who is negl- as great a loss as I had- pany will never meet v- various parts of the wo- compunction that I de- places to be called a tr-

This fault is sometime- desirable people are fea- reserved by denials ; b- hension of that imputa- childish impotence of m- all who are so kind to- such soft creatures into- return overtures of goo- first steps in the brea- much more important t- man who scruples not- things, would not suff- great pain for failures- thinks every little offe- a disparagement. We- we ourselves disapprove- be sure of our integrity- I remember a falseho-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS

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175-1772

1772-1775

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be comes shall be the amiable Fidelity.

Let us enter upon the particular parts of h  
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only cent of a decept, rather, whose life is bas  
up in 1775. This gentleman has used Fidelity to  
her credit with all the tenderness imaginable, an  
has viewed her growing perfections with the pa  
tality of a parent, that soon thought her accu  
plished above the children of all other men, he  
never thought she was come to the utmost imple  
ment of which she herself was capable. This fi  
ness has had very happy effects upon his own fi  
ness: for she reads, the duties, she sings, most  
singer and lute to the utmost perfection; and if  
lady's use of all these excellencies is to divert the  
ment in his easy chair, when he is out of the pri  
of a clerical despotism. Fidelity is now in the  
twenty third year of her age; but the appli  
of many lovers, her vigorous time of life, her qu  
sense of all that is truly gallant and elegant in th  
employment of a plentiful fortune, are not able  
draw her from the side of her good old father. Ce  
taining it, that there is no kind of affection so pa  
and so gentle as that of a father to a daughter. H  
lady's never both with and without regard to L  
sex. In love to our wives there is desire, too  
sins there is ambition; but in that to our daught  
there is something which there are no works to c  
press. Her life is designed wholly domestic; an  
she is so ready a friend and companion, that eve  
thing that passes about a man is accompanied w  
the idea of her presence. Her sex also is natu  
so much exposed to hazard, both as to fortune an  
innocence, that there is perhaps a new case  
friendship arising from that consideration also. N  
but fathers can have a true sense of these soft  
pleasures and sensations; but my familiarity w  
the father of Fidelity makes me let drop the wor  
which I have heard him speak, and observe of  
his tenderness towards her.

Fidelity, on her part, as I was going to say, as i  
compassed as she is, with all her beauty, wit, a  
and reason employs her whole time in care and  
tenderness upon her father. How have I be  
enamored to see one of the most beautiful wom  
the age has produced, on her knees, helping out  
old man's dapper! Her filial regard to him is wh  
she makes her diversion, her business, and her glo  
When she was asked by a friend of her deca  
in that, to what of the courtship of her son, s  
answered that she had a great respect and gr  
to her for the exertion in behalf of one so near  
her, but that during her father's life, she would n  
not attempt to exert any thing that she  
afterward would endeavor to make his remain  
as happy and easy as could be expected in  
such a situation. The lady admonished her o  
pains of me with a smile; which I must now  
with frankness that always attends marriage, a  
that of Fidelity. Marital, there are to be sure v  
great seductions to be expected in the course  
of a married man, when one tenderly loves h  
I have known satisfaction in the reduction o  
and I have known a good man's pains, whose w  
it is upon my possibility about him, that I  
my eyes and the loose gradations of passion  
the same exertions of duty. I know not what  
seductions who would be allowed, and what I s  
to be feared) I know not whether I, a wife, should

as officious as I am at present about my The happy father has her declaration that marry during his life, and the pleasure that resolution not uneasy to her. Were at filial affection in its utmost beauty, he have a more lively idea of it than in bedelia serving her father at his hours of his, and rest.

The general crowd of female youth are con- in glasses, preparing for balls, assemblies, for a young lady who could be regarded foremost in those places, either for her fortune, or conversation, and yet con- these entertainments, to sweeten the heavy decrepit parent, is a resignation truly bedelia performs the duty of a nurse with duty of a bride; nor does she neglect her cause of her attendance on him, when he to receive company, to whom she may appearance.

who gives him up her youth, does not great sacrifice to add to it the spoiling s. Her care and exactness in her habit er father of the alacrity of her mind; and all women the best foundation for affecting of a seeming negligence. What adds to imment of the good old man is, that Fi- merit and fortune cannot be overlooked ry lovers, reads over the accounts of her plays on her spinet the gayest airs (and, e doing so, you would think her formed liantry) to intimate to him the pleasures s for his sake.

to think themselves the patterns of good- id gallantry would be astonished to hear e intervals when the old gentleman is d can bear company, there are at his the most regular order, assemblies of e highest merit; where there is conver- out mention of the faults of the absent, e between men and women without pas- the highest subjects of morality treated d and accidental discourse; all which is e genius of Fidelia, who at once makes way to another world easy, and herself being an honour to his name in this.

SPECTATOR,

he other day at the Bear-garden, in hopes a your short face; but not being so for- just tell you by way of letter, that there among the gladiators which has escaped torial penetration. For, being in a box use near that renowned seat of honour tioned, I overheard two masters of the eing to quarrel on the next opportunity. happen in the company of a set of the of basket-hilts, who were to meet that When this was settled, one asked the ill you give cuts or receive?" The other Receive.' It was replied, 'Are you a an?' 'No, provided you cut no more, er than we agree.' I thought it my duty you with this, that the people may not eney for fighting, and be cheated.

"Your humble Servant,

"SCARBARD RUSTY."

No. 450.] WEDNESDAY

Querenda po

Virtus post humos.

Get money.

And then let virtue fol

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"ALL men, through di same common thing, mo owe the politician, the m may, to be free with you, are beholden for our Spect that could we look into o see money engraved in e moving characters than e can reflect upon the men doubtful pursuit of her, ad their quiet to her, but m racters of self-preservation originally the brightest) a defaced; and that those was only valuable as a me so brightened, that the c tion, like a less light set almost imperceptible? T upper hand of what all m most dear, viz. security; e had here put a stop to common honesty fell a sac way scholastic men talk o world; but I, a tradesman account of this matter in e own life. I think it prop acquaint my readers, that the world, which was in wanted money; having b good stock in the tobacco-t and by the continual suc- vidence to bless my endea rived at what they call a discourse in the manner phers, by speaking fine thi as they pretend, from the account it vain; having n the writings of such men, of the invention of the brai lation, than of sound judg vation. I will readily gra what the wits call natural the utmost those curious themselves, and is, indeed for they are but lamenta I pray, is natural? That w And what are pleasing an thought, or conceit, dress language, to make you sm being what you never in wonder why you had not; fit only for boys or willy w

"It is not my present readers in the methods o may be the work of anothe the real and solid advanta in my long and manifold the advantages of so worth (for who does not know of being warm or living at e pre-eminence are their i but only to instance the g us under the severest cala

\* A cant word used by comm





link, ought to be imputed to the evenness and serenity of my temper, which never would admit of any impetuosities of any sort: and I can remember that in my youth and prime of manhood, when my blood ran brisker, I took greater pleasure in religious exercises than at present, or many years past, and that my devotion sensibly declined as age, which is dull and unwieldy, came upon me.

"I have, I hope, here proved, that the love of money prevents all immorality and vice; which, if you will not allow, you must, that the pursuit of it obliges men to the same kind of life as they would allow if they were really virtuous; which is all I have to say at present, only recommending to you, that you would think of it, and turn ready wit into ready money as fast as you can. I conclude,

"Your Servant,

T.

"EPHRAIM WEED."

No. 451.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 7, 1712.

*Jam savius apertam*

*In ralem verti cepti jocus, et per honestas  
Ire domos impune minax*—Hex 2 Ep. i 148.

*Times corrupt and nature ill inclin'd*

*Prodac'd the point that left the sting behind:*

*Till, friend with friend, and families at strife,*

*Triumphant malice rag'd thro' a private life.*—POPE.

There is nothing so scandalous to a government, and detestable in the eyes of all good men, as defamatory papers and pamphlets; but at the same time there is nothing so difficult to tame as a satirical author. An angry writer who cannot appear in print, naturally vents his spleen in libels and lampoons. A gay old woman, says the fable, seeing all her wrinkles represented in a large looking-glass, threw it upon the ground in a passion, and broke it into a thousand pieces; but as she was afterward surveying the fragments with a spiteful kind of jealousy, she could not forbear uttering herself in the following soliloquy. "What have I got by this revengeful blow of mine? I have only multiplied my deformity, and see a hundred ugly faces, where before I saw but one."

It has been proposed, to oblige every person that writes a book, or a paper, to swear himself the author of it, and enter down in a public register his name and place of abode.

This indeed would have effectually suppressed all printed scandal, which generally appears under borrowed names, or under none at all. But it is to be feared that such an expedient would not only destroy scandal, but learning. It would operate promiscuously, and root up the corn and tares together. Not to mention some of the most celebrated works of piety, which have proceeded from anonymous authors, who have made it their merit to convey to us so great a charity in secret; there are few works of genius that come out at first with the author's name. The writer generally makes a trial of them in the world before he owns them: and, I believe, very few, who are capable of writing, would set pen to paper, if they knew beforehand that they must publish their productions but on such conditions. For my own part, I must declare, the papers I present the public are like fairy favours, which shall not no longer than while the author is concealed.

That which makes it particularly difficult to restrain these sons of calumny and defamation is, that all sides are equally guilty of it, and that every seditious scribbler is countenanced by great names, whose interests he propagates by such vile and in-

famous methods. A ministry who have on an author the same falsehood and in the same manner the name upon as their right government set a sure upon one of his court to the tion of a competitor to this race of government, and a proceeding worthy in history, and the abhorrence of worthily, and that he scorned to mention.

I cannot think to imagine what respect to any party in him the sentiment of a gentleman, cannot be and ungenerous among us at present national crime, governments that upon the finest particular persons with the appearance of evil mind, and the family, like other and distribution of private person. The monument of Cicero, capital punishment, lampoon, which other, was to be far from being of ribaldry, and the wit; and he who variety of phrases, est pen. By the ruined, the high order cheap and noblest virtues the contempt of a foreigner, who tions, or one when our present—should, I say, of the greatest tion, who are not are given them writings which a nation of monuments.

As this cruel sion of all truth the utmost detest who have either honour of their earnestly recommended who deal in these those who take for the first, I have and have not studied and assassin. value upon a good cannot but think one, would destroy the same secrecy.

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8, 1712.

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often in the same words; but their way of cooking it is so different, that there is no citizen, who has an eye to the public good, that can leave the coffee-house with peace of mind, before he has given every one of them a reading. These several dishes of news are so very agreeable to the palate of my countrymen, that they are not only pleased with them when they are served up hot, but when they are again set cold before them, by those penetrating politicians who oblige the public with their reflections and observations upon every piece of intelligence that is sent us from abroad. The text is given us by one set of writers, and the comment by another.

But notwithstanding we have the same tale told us in so many different papers, and, if occasion requires, in so many articles of the same paper; notwithstanding, in a scarcity of foreign posts, we have the same story repeated by different advices from Paris, Brussels, the Hague, and from every great town in Europe; notwithstanding the multitude of annotations, explanations, reflections, and various readings, which it passes through, our time lies heavy on our hands till the arrival of a fresh mail; we long to receive further particulars, to hear what will be the next step, or what will be the consequences of that which has been already taken. A westerly wind keeps the whole town in suspense, and puts a stop to conversation.

This general curiosity has been raised and inflamed by our late wars, and, if rightly directed, might be of good use to a person who has had a thirst awakened in him. Why should not a man, who takes delight in reading every thing that is new, apply himself to history, travels, and other writings of the same kind, where he will find perpetual fuel for his curiosity, and meet with much more pleasure and improvement than in these papers of the week? An honest tradesman, who languishes a whole summer in expectation of a battle, and perhaps is baulked at last, may but meet with half-a-dozen in a day. He may read the news of a whole campaign in less time than he can bestow upon the products of any single great fight, conquests, and revolutions, lie thick together. The reader's curiosity is raised and satisfied every moment, and his passions disappointed or gratified, without being detained in a state of uncertainty from day to day, or lying at the mercy of the sea and wind; in short, the mind is not kept in perpetual gape after knowledge, nor is furnished with that eternal thirst which is the passion of all our modern newsmongers and coffee-house politicians.

All matters of fact, which a man did not find before, are news to him; and I do not see how the haberdasher in Cheapside is more concerned in the present quarrel of the Cantons, than he would be of the League. At least, I believe, every man will allow me it is of more importance to an Englishman to know the history of his ancestors than that of his contemporaries who live upon the banks of the Nile or the Borysthenes. As for those who, in another mind, I shall recommend to them the following letter from a projector who is willing to turn a penny by this remarkable criticism upon countrymen.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You must have observed, that men who sit in coffee-houses, and delight in news, are pleased with every thing that is matter of fact, and are not so much

have not heard before. A victory, or a defeat, is equally agreeable to them. The shutting of a cardinal's mouth pleases them one post, and the opening of it another. They are glad to hear the French court is removed to Marli, and are afterward as much delighted with its return to Versailles. They read the advertisements with the same curiosity as the articles of public news; and are as pleased to hear of a piebald horse that is strayed out of a field near Islington, as of a whole troop that have been engaged in any foreign adventure. In short, they have a relish for every thing that is news, let the matter of it be what it will; or, to speak more properly, they are men of a voracious appetite, but no taste. Now, Sir, since the great fountain of news, I mean the war, is very near being dried up; and since these gentlemen have contracted such an insatiable thirst after it; I have taken their case and my own into consideration, and have thought of a project which may turn to the advantage of us both. I have thoughts of publishing a daily paper, which shall comprehend in it all the most remarkable occurrences in every little town, village, and hamlet, that lie within ten miles of London, or, in other words, within the verge of the penny-post. I have pitched upon this scene of intelligence for two reasons; first, because the carriage of letters will be very cheap; and, secondly, because I may receive them every day. By this means, my readers will have their news fresh and fresh, and many worthy citizens, who cannot sleep with any satisfaction at present, for want of being informed how the world goes, may go to bed contentedly, it being my design to put out my paper every night at nine o'clock precisely. I have already established correspondences in these several places, and received very good intelligence.

"By my last advices from Knightsbridge I hear that a horse was clapped into the pound on the third instant, and that he was not released when the letters came away.

"We are informed from Paukrige,\* that a dozen weddings were lately celebrated in the mother-church of that place, but are referred to their next letters for the names of the parties concerned.

"Letters from Brompton advise, that the widow Blight had received several visits from John Mildew, which affords great matter of speculation in those parts.

"By a fisherman who lately touched at Hammer-smith, there is advice from Putney, that a certain person well known in that place is like to lose his election for church-warden; but this being boat-news, we cannot give entire credit to it.

"Letters from Paddington bring little more than that William Squeak, the sow-gelder, passed through that place the fifth instant.

"They advise from Fulham, that things remained there in the same state they were. They had intelligence, just as the letters came away, of a tub of excellent ale just set abroad at Parson's Green; but this wanted confirmation.

"I have here, Sir, given you a specimen of the news with which I intend to entertain the town, and which, when drawn up regularly in the form of a newspaper, will, I doubt not, be very acceptable to many of those public-spirited readers, who take more delight in acquainting themselves with other people's business than their own. I hope a paper of this kind, which lets us know what is done near home,

may be met with advice, and amendments for the future, may justly find that you shortly trust the means of respect,

C.

No. 453.

No.

Per.

No.

My.

THERE is a mind that is inwardly rewarded, but attends to no positive recompense, would indeed accompany.

If gratitude more from does not proceed from those bene Every blessing may be de the great.

If gratitude naturally mind of a creature, where gratitude, us every time we expect.

Most of direct hymns the celebration of perfection works of extant, we true, that wonder the turned the sider that infinitely possibly e with every give an of conception.

Plutarch hymn to delight in cruelty at present at had a tributary, by hymn, he with the s It was ine of those f without a

The Jews were the true God,

\* Paukrige, then a fashionable place for weddings.

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

No. 454.] MONDAY, AUGUST 11, 1712.

*Sine me, vacuum tempus ne quod dem mihi.**Laboris.**Tua. Heaut. act. i. sc. 1.*

Give me leave to allow myself no respite from labour.

It is an inexpressible pleasure to know a little of the world, and be of no character or significance in it.

To be ever unconcerned, and ever looking on new objects with an endless curiosity, is a delight known only to those who are turned for speculation: nay they who enjoy it must value things only as they are the objects of speculation, without drawing any worldly advantage to themselves from them, but just as they are what contribute to their amusement, or the improvement of the mind. I lay one night last week at Richmond; and being restless, not out of dissatisfaction, but a certain busy inclination which sometimes has, I rose at four in the morning, and took boat for London, with a resolution to rove by boat and coach for the next four-and-twenty hours till the many objects I must needs meet with should tire my imagination, and give me an inclination to a repose more profound than I was at that time capable of. I beg people's pardon for an odd humour I am guilty of, and was often that day, which is saluting any person whom I like, whether I know him or not. This is a particularity would be tolerated in me, if they considered that the greatest pleasure I know I receive at my eyes, and that I am obliged to an agreeable person for coming abroad into my view, as another is for a visit of conversation at their own houses.

The hours of the day and night are taken up in the cities of London and Westminster, by people of different from each other as those who are born in different centuries. Men of six o'clock give way to those of nine, they of nine to the generation of twelve; and they of twelve disappear, and make room for the fashionable world, who have made ten o'clock the noon of the day.

When we first put off from shore, we soon fell in with a fleet of gardeners, bound for the several market ports of London; and it was the most pleasing scene imaginable to see the cheerfulness with which those industrious people plied their way to a certain sale of their goods. The banks on each side are as well peopled, and beautified with as agreeable plantations, as any spot on the earth; but the Thames itself, loaded with the product of each shore, added very much to the landscape. It was very easy to observe by their sailing, and the countenances of the ruddy virgins, who were supercargoes, the parts of the town to which they were bound. There was an air in the purveyors for Covent-garden, who frequently converse with morning rakes, very unlike the seeming sobriety of those bound for Stocks-market.

Nothing remarkable happened in our voyage; but I landed with ten sail of apricot-boats, at Strand-bridge, after having put in at Nine-Elms, and taken in melons, consigned by Mr. Cuffe, of that place to Sarah Sewell and Company, at their stall in Covent-garden. We arrived at Strand-bridge at six of the clock, and were unloading; when the hackney-coachmen of the foregoing night took their leave of each other at the Dark-house, to go to bed before the day was too far spent. Chimney-sweepers passed by us as we made up to the market, and some railery happened between one of the Irish wenches and those black men about the Devil and Eve, with allusion to their several professions.

would not believe any place more entertaining than Covent-garden; where I strolled from one fruit-shop to another, with crowds of agreeable young women round me, who were purchasing fruit for their respective families. It was almost eight of the clock before I could leave that variety of objects. I took each and followed a young lady, who tripped into another just before me, attended by her maid. I saw immediately she was of the family of the Vain-ives. There are a set of these, who, of all things, affect the play of Blindman's-buff, and leading men to love for they know not whom, who are fled they know not where. This sort of woman is usually a noisy slattern; she hangs on her clothes, plays her head, varies her posture, and changes place incessantly, and all with an appearance of striving at the same time to hide herself, and yet give you to understand she is in humour to laugh at you. You must have often seen the coachmen make signs with their fingers, as they drive by each other, to intimate how much they have got that day. They can carry on that language to give intelligence where they are driving. In an instant my coachman took his wink to pursue; and the lady's driver gave the hint that he was going through Long-acre towards St. James's; while he whipped up James-street, we drove for King-street, to save the pass at St. Martin's-lane. The coachmen took care to meet, jostle, and threaten each other for way, and be entangled at the end of Newport-street and Long-acre. The sight, you must believe, brought down the lady's coach-door, and obliged her, with her mask off, to acquire into the bustle,—when she sees the man she would avoid. The tackle of the coach-window is so bad she cannot draw it up again, and she drives on sometimes wholly discovered, and sometimes half escaped, according to the accident of carriages in her way. One of these ladies keeps her seat in a hackney-coach, as well as the best rider does on a managed horse. The laced shoe on her left foot, with a careless gesture, just appearing on the opposite cushion, held her both firm, and in a proper attitude to receive the next jolt.

As she was an excellent coach-woman, many were the glances at each other which we had for an hour and a half, in all parts of the town, by the skill of our drivers; till at last my lady was conveniently out, with notice from her coachman to ours to make off, and he should hear where she went. This chase was now at an end; and the fellow who drove her came to us, and discovered that he was ordered to come again in an hour, for that she was a silk-worm. I was surprised with this phrase, but found it was a jest among the hackney fraternity for their best customers, women who ramble twice or thrice a week from shop to shop, to turn over all the goods in town without buying anything. The silk-worms are, it seems, indulged by the tradesmen; for, though they never buy, they are ever talking of new silks, laces, and ribands, and serve the owners in getting them customers, as their common dunners are in making them pay.

The day of people of fashion began now to break, and carts and hacks were mingled with equipages of gold and vanity; when I resolved to walk it, out of cheapness; but my unhappy curiosity is such, that I find it always my interest to take coach; for some odd adventure among beggars, ballad-singers, or the like, detains and throws me into expense. It happened so immediately: for at the corner of Warwick-street, as I was listening to a new fellow, a ragged rascal, a beggar who knew me,

came up to me, good company. I was extremely poor, and of drink, except charity to give him house and save his choly face, that All the mob had to take the jest point, and let me along, it was a so prettily checked scene still filling satisfaction in my and gay signs, public structure contented faces came into the world of trade, men in the crowd hopes and bargained them, in attention deed, looked up walked the Excellence made me that was made, tion in my shops of agreeable pretty hands but utmost eagerness patches, pins, and was an amusement indulged myself, me, to ask what only "To look down which opened the several voice in a confused reflection that could but of one a little with a kind of all the hurry of In these, or not have lost my pleasure man, according to the necessity of our nation broth, or chop could had no pretence being men, exquaintance.

I went afterwards had dined with before, give bill could not but be lodged in, and as would never seemingly in the they live. But the city, came garden, and passing the discourse believed each other of cards, dice, last subject kept possession of the to himself, and roused me from led by a light, private economy of the charge, that depended trivial day with

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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12. 1712.

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the shore of the, the prickly German and Dutch  
hedge, the Polish and Russian nettle, besides a va-  
riety of exotic, imported from Asia, Africa, and  
America. I saw several barren plants, some of  
which were without any hopes of flower, or fruit.  
The leaves of some were fragrant and well-shaped,  
others ill-scented and irregular. I wondered at  
the ill-taste of some botanists, who spent two  
whole days in the contemplation of some within  
Egyptian, Coptic, Arabian, or Chinese leaves,  
which they made it their business to collect, in-  
stead of to observe the several leaves of some one  
tree. The flowers offered a most diverting con-  
templation, in a wonderful variety of figures, colours,  
and scents; however, most of them withered soon,  
and to turn out a trifle. Some professed florists  
were to be seen in constant study and employment,  
and despite all that, and now and then a few fan-  
tied people spent all their time in the cultivation of  
a single bouquet of a nation. But the most agree-  
able amusement seems to be the well-choosing, hav-  
ing, and binding together, these flowers in pleasing  
nosegays, to present to ladies. The scent of Italian  
flowers is observed, like their other perfections, to be  
too strong, and to hurt the brain; that of the French  
very much more agreeable, yet faint and languid;  
German and northern flowers have little or no smell,  
but are strong and pleasant. The ancients had  
great skill in well-choosing, colour, and scent,  
and to make it their choice flowers, which flour-  
ished in this city, and what a few of the moderns can effect  
These are becoming rough, and agreeable in the  
case, and are often fitly adorned with an enter-  
taining and agreeable mixture of them seems to be  
consequence. It rarely happens to find a plant vigor-  
ous enough to have like an orange-tree, at one  
time all its shining leaves, fragrant flowers, and  
plentiful refreshing fruit.

" Sit, yours," &c.

Dear Sir,

August 6, 1712.

You have given us, in your Spectator of Satur-  
day last, a very excellent discourse upon the Gre-  
ek diet, and its wonderful efficacy in making  
every thing pleasant to us. I cannot deny but the  
Discourse above two pennyworth of instruction from  
your paper, and in the general was very well pleased  
with it: but I am, without a compliment, sincerely  
troubled that I cannot exactly be of your opinion  
that it makes every thing pleasant to us. In short  
I have the honour to be yoked to a young lady, who  
is, in plain English, for her standing, a very con-  
stant fool. She began to break her mind, very  
truly, both to me and to her servants, about tw  
months after our nuptials: and, though I have been  
 accustomed to this manner of hers these three years,  
yet I do not know what is the matter with me, but  
I am no more delighted with it than I was at the  
very first. I have advised with her relations abo-  
ut, and they all tell me that her mother and her  
grandmother before her were both taken much after  
the same manner; so that, since it runs in the  
blood, I have but small hopes of her recovery.  
I shall be glad to have a little of your advice in the  
matter. I would not willingly trouble you to en-  
tertain how it may be a pleasure to me; if you will  
but put me in a way that I may bear it with im-  
ference, I shall rest satisfied.

" Dear Sir,

" Your very humble Servant.

I must do the poor girl the justice to let that this match was none of her own (or indeed of mine either); in consideration, I avoid giving her the least provocation indeed we live better together than like do who hated one another when they joined. To evade the sin against parents, I st to extenuate it, my dear rails at my mother, and I curse hers for making the

S. SPECTATOR, August 8, 1712.

the theme you lately gave out extremely, and be as glad to handle it as any man living. I myself no better qualified to write about an about my wife; for, to tell you a secret, desire may go no further, I am master of those subjects.

"Yours,

"PILL GARLICK."

S. SPECTATOR,

are you will print this in italic, so as it may ally taken notice of. It is designed only ish all persons, who speak either at the t, or any public assembly whatsoever, how ver their ignorance in the use of similes. e, in the pulpit itself, as well as in other ch gross abuses in this kind, that I give ing to all I know. I shall bring them for e before your spectatorial authority. On is, one, who shall be nameless, reproving his congregation for standing at prayers, ed to say, "One would think, like the eleu had no knees." Now I myself saw an in Bartholomew-fair, kneel down to take k the ingenious Mr. William Penkethman.

"Your most humble Servant."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1712.

Hi in celeberrimis locis proponuntur, hinc ne perire scilicet conceditur.

TULL.

whose conduct is publicly arraigned, is not suffered to withdraw quietly

, in his tragedy of Venice Preserved, has the misery of a man whose effects are in of the law with great spirit. The bitter- ing the scorn and laughter of base minds, sh of being insulted by men hardened be- sense of shame or pity, and the injury of fortune being wasted, under pretence of re excellently aggravated in the following Pierre to Jaffier:

and this very moment by thy doors,  
found them guarded by a troop of villains;  
sons of public rapine were destroying.  
I told me, by the sentence of the law,  
I had commission to seize all thy fortune;  
more, Friuli's cruel hand had signed it  
I stood a ruffian with a horrid face,  
ing it o'er a pile of massy plate,  
bled into a heap for public sale.  
I was another making villanous jests  
y undoing. He had ta'en possession  
of thy ancient most domestic ornaments;  
hangings intermix'd and wrought with gold;  
very bed, which on thy wedding night  
I'd thee to the arms of Belvidera,  
scene of all thy joys, was violated  
by coarse hands of filthy dungeon villains,  
thrown amongst the common lumber.

g indeed can be more unhappy than the of bankruptcy. The calamity which hap- by ill fortune, or by the injury of others, has

in it some consolation; own misbehaviour, or ex- exquisite sorrow. Whe an ample fortune, but e life, his pretence to foot creditors, he cannot bu state of the dead, with that the last office is pe instead of his friends.

world does not only take tune, but even of every lation to it. All his in- interpretations put upon has favoured in his form of their obligations to proaches of his enemy that it should be so; there is a pride mixed creditor; and there are their own by the downfa he discharged to the con- selves and their credit who was lately master of the direction of others; good sense, and skill in son of his present misfo in the disposition of any an infant or a lunatic is and accommodation; bu out any mitigation in r which it arrived, is calcu- cept there be a remaind discharge of his credit of rewarding those by w this labour was transferr to look on and see oth what terms and conditi chased; and all this us of trustees to dispose o to divide and tear them.

There is something sa good minds; for this rea been extremely tender man who has right on h- ture of resentment again and modest men, thoug artifice, and have it in t- selves, are slow in the and are ever constrained- sures. They are carefu not only persons injur longer would be a mean others before they proce hands upon their hearts have at their mercy the l- have it to say to their e they were merciful whe rather than when it w- spared a man, they dest common calamity of hu- sure to our very enemies the least injury, are cau justice.

Let any one who is o human life reflect upon who wants mercy has a t- kind. There is a natu- which is good in his ver enemy to the world. H- to himself in all his acti- quity but from the pun- it. The law of the lan-



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

his attorney, when the heart of instruments is sealed, according to their power, they are affected for such who are, but merely to be valued better things and with great men, who has him in his bet-ace to retrieve

and make apod by the best being unfortun can do or the generality out: you have to get what reason, as well in pain to see a man inca-ough a poor us, and talk ere nearer to ved with pre- with partial- you, who are me, who am favour which d to make up used towards have an eye and the rest of There is a a destructive rich without the conversa-ugh they bor-be accounted follows us ac- you are what y towards my ne, if it ever es.

riend  
Servant."  
sion that did of kindness,

a have heart e. I assure ily at all di- which I have has so lately countenance ou, but shall sum at com- now I could at a love for gain to help

you; for I do not care whether they say of me-oh I am dead, that I had a hundred or fifty thousand pounds more than I wanted when I was living.

T. "Your obliged humble Servant

No. 457. THURSDAY, AUGUST 14, 1712.

—Multa et præclara monumenta.—Hon. S. Sed. M. S.  
Seeming to promise something wondrous great.

I SHALL this day lay before my readers a letter written by the same hand with that of last Friday which contained proposals for a printed newspaper that should take in the whole circle of the penny-press

"Sir,

"The kind reception you gave my last Friday letter, in which I broached my project of a new paper, encourages me to lay before you two or three more; for, you must know, Sir, that we look upon you to be the Lowndes\* of the learned world; we cannot think any scheme practicable or rational before you have approved of it, though all the money we raise by it is on our own funds, and for our private use.

"I have often thought that a news-letter, written every post, and sent about the kingdom, after the same manner as that of Mr. Dyer, Mr. Dawkes, or any other epistolary historian might be highly gratifying to the public, as well as beneficial to the author. By whispers I mean those pieces of news which are communicated as secrets, and which bring a double pleasure to the hearer; first, as they are private history; and, in the next place, as they have always in them a touch of scandal. These are the two chief qualifications in an article of news, which recommend it, in a more than ordinary manner, to the ears of the curious. Sickness of persons in high posts, twilight visits paid and received by ministers of state, clandestine courtships and marriages, secret amours, losses at play applications for places, with their respective successes or repulses, are the materials in which I chiefly intend to deal. I have two persons, that as each of them the representative of a species, who are to furnish me with those whispers which I mean to convey to my correspondents. The first of these is Peter Hush, descended from the ancient family of the Hushes. The other is the old Lady Blad who has a very numerous tribe of daughters in the two great cities of London and Westminster. Peter Hush has a whispering-hole in most of the great coffee-houses about town. If you are alone with him in a wide room, he carries you up into a corner of it, and speaks in your ear. I have seen Peter seat himself in a company of seven or eight persons whom he never saw before in his life; and, after having looked about to see there was no one that overheard him, has communicated to them in a low voice, and under the seal of secrecy, the death of a great man in the country, who was, perhaps, a few hours before the very moment this account was given to him. If upon your entering a coffee-house you see a circle of heads bending over the table, and lying close to one another, it is ten to one but my friend Peter is among them. I have known Peter publishing the whisper of the day by eight o'clock in the morning at Garraway's, by twelve at Wall's, and before two at the Smyrna. When Peter has the

\* Secretary at this time of the Treasury, and director of the Mint.

ly launched a secret, I have been very well  
to hear people whispering it to one another  
-hand, and spreading it about as their own ;  
must know, Sir, the great incentive to whis-  
the ambition which every one has of being  
in the secret, and being looked upon as a  
has access to greater people than one would

After having given you this account of  
ush, I proceed to that virtuous lady, the old  
ast, who is to communicate to me the pri-  
sactions of the crimp-table, with all the  
f the fair sex. The Lady Blast, you must  
nd, has such a particular malignity in her  
that it blights like an easterly wind, and  
very reputation it breathes upon. She has  
lar knack at making private weddings, and  
er married about five women of quality to  
men. Her whisper can make an innocent  
oman big with child, or fill a healthful  
dow with distempers that are not to be  
She can turn a visit into an intrigue, and  
salute into an assignation. She can beggar  
per, and degrade the noble. In short, she  
per men base or foolish, jealous or ill-na-  
t, if occasion requires can tell you the slips  
real grandmothers, and traduce the memory  
coachmen that have been in their graves  
se hundred years. By these and the like  
question not but I shall furnish out a very  
news-letter. If you approve my project,  
gin to whisper by the very next post, and  
not but every one of my customers will be  
pleased with me, when he considers that  
ce of news I send him is a word in his ear,  
um into a secret.

ing given you a sketch of this project, I  
he next place, suggest to you another for  
y pamphlet, which I shall likewise submit  
ectoratorial wisdom. I need not tell you,  
there are several authors in France, Ger-  
Holland, as well as in our own country,  
ib every month what they call, An Account  
orks of the Learned, in which they give  
racts of all such books as are printed in  
of Europe. Now, Sir, it is my design to  
very month, An Account of the Works of  
rned. Several late productions of my  
ymen, who many of them make a very  
gure in the illiterate world, encourage me  
dertaking. I may in this work possibly  
iew of several pieces which have appeared  
eign accounts above mentioned, though  
it not to have been taken notice of in  
h bear such a title. I may likewise take  
eration such pieces as appear, from time  
nder the names of those gentlemen who  
t one another in public assemblies by the  
e learned gentlemen.' Our party-authors  
fird me a great variety of subjects, not  
the editors, commentators, and others,  
ter men of no learning, or, what is as  
knowledge. I shall not enlarge upon  
but, if you think any thing can be made  
it set about it with all the pains and ap-  
at so useful a work deserves.

"Most worthy Sir," &c.

ael de la Roche, 38 vols. 8vo. in Engl. under dif-  
ferent titles. In Fr. 8 tomes, 24mo.

No. 458.] FRIDA

— Puder  
False modesty.

I COULD not but sn yesterday given me of who, being invited to a was not used to drink, refuse his glass in his grew so flustered, that table into his own hand company, and flung a head who treated him. to reflect upon the ill and to remember the quoted by Plutarch, that an ill education, who be any thing." This false, betrayed both sex most abandoned impudicusable to reason, became rather than itself, and remorse, not only like of crime is over, but even committed.

Nothing is more amiable than nothing is more contemptible than one guards virtue, the other is ashamed to do as the rules of right reason require to do anything that is of his company. True modesty is criminal, false modesty is honorable. The latter is of instinct; the former is prescribed by the rules of reason.

We may conclude that vicious which engages - a is ill or indiscreet, or w ing anything that is of many men, in the com sums of money which th are bound for persons friendship for, give rec men whom they are not places on those whom th such a manner as they th and all this merely becau dence to resist solicitation

Nor does this false mod-  
actions as are indiscreet,  
are highly criminal. Wh  
timorous, because he wo  
in a game at dice: "I c  
am exceeding timorous,  
thing." On the contrary,  
complies with every thin  
doing what may look sing  
he is engaged. He falls  
lets himself go to every ac  
unjustifiable in itself, so  
present party. This, thou  
mon, is one of the most  
human nature, that men  
speaking or acting in a di  
ner, but that one who is in  
ashamed of governing his  
reason and virtue.

In the second place, we  
desty, as it restrains a man  
and laudable. My reader  
gest to him many instances



that a man cannot be perfect in his scheme of morality, who does not strengthen and support it with that of the Christian faith.

Besides this, I shall lay down two or three other maxims, which I think we may deduce from what has been said :

First, That we should be particularly cautious of making any thing an article of faith, which does not contribute to the confirmation or improvement of morality.

Secondly, That no article of faith can be true and authentic, which weakens or subverts the practical part of religion, or what I have hitherto called morality.

Thirdly, That the greatest friend of morality and natural religion cannot possibly apprehend any danger from embracing Christianity, as it is preserved pure and uncorrupt in the doctrines of our national church.

There is likewise another maxim which I think may be drawn from the foregoing considerations, which is this, that we should, in all dubious points, consider any ill consequences that may arise from them, supposing they should be erroneous, before we give up our assent to them.

For example, In that disputable point of persecuting men for conscience' sake, besides the embittering their minds with hatred, indignation, and all the vehemence of resentment, and insnaring them to profess what they do not believe, we cut them off from the pleasures and advantages of society, afflict their bodies, distress their fortunes, hurt their reputations, ruin their families, make their lives painful, or put an end to them. Sure when I see such dreadful consequences rising from a principle, I would be as fully convinced of the truth of it, as of a mathematical demonstration, before I would venture to act upon it, or make it a part of my religion.

In this case the injury done our neighbour is plain and evident: the principle that puts us upon doing it, of a dubious and disputable nature. Morality seems highly violated by the one; and whether or no a zeal for what a man thinks the true system of faith may justify it, is very uncertain. I cannot but think, if our religion produces charity as well as malice, it will not be for showing itself by such cruel instances. But to conclude with the words of an excellent author, "We have just enough of religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love, one another."—C.

No. 460.] MONDAY, AUGUST 18, 1712.

*Decipimur specie recti.*—*HOR. Ars Poet. v. 25.*

Deceived by a seeming excellence.—*ROSCOMMON.*

Our defects and follies are too often unknown to us; nay, they are so far from being known to us, that they pass for demonstrations of our worth. This makes us easy in the midst of them, fond to show them, fond to improve them, and to be esteemed for them. Then it is that a thousand unaccountable conceits, gay inventions, and extravagant actions, must afford us pleasures, and display us to others in the colours which we ourselves take a fancy to glory in. Indeed there is something so amusing for the time in the state of vanity and ill-grounded satisfaction, that even the wiser world has chosen an apt word to describe its enchantments, and called it "The Paradise of Fools."

Perhaps the latter part of this reflection may seem

a false thought, what I have given business to let that I have been

Methought flowery, and on top of it resid Opinion with cery, and were the love of the tude from eve lead towards most assuming Error, without softer nature whence, as sh their own pra government.

When we h summit where taining severa voice was plea spoke. She see every one thou valuable in hin she promised a we drawn to where it was to that all the wa praising thems another for tho conspicuous in others for wan of them.

At last we a of which Error woven, and the to darken hin whitish robe, w pear to us with as she has a lig ties of nature t provided himse do something i lusions. This himself, bid the ment to appea eyes on that p observed a th mountains in a off, and the pa

The foundat a set of curling gical contrivan was painted li breeze that pl The walks wer of pillars wer and the top of far the resemb

At the gate ter, nor wait thought his me forward. In t that roved am cording to the Honour, that t of his ancestor tation, that ma and Gallantry end of the hal tered with all

## LITTLE'S ESSAYISTS.

[illegible][illegible]

When I was asked to prepare a paper on the subject of "The Play System as a School," I earnestly recommended that it be given first consideration.

Yours very humble Servant

[R.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 19, 1712.

[ad non ego credulus illis.—VIRG. Ecl. ix. 24.

discern their flattery from their praise.—DARBY.

want of time to substitute something else in  
of them, I am at present obliged to publish  
ents above my desert in the following letters.  
small satisfaction to have given occasion to  
a men to employ their thoughts upon sacred  
from the approbation of such pieces of  
they have seen in my Saturday's papers.  
over publish verse on that day but what is  
by the same hand? yet shall I not accom-  
modate writings with eulogiums, but leave them  
for themselves.

"FOR THE SPECTATOR.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I very much promote the interests of virtue,  
ou reform the taste of a profane age; and  
us to be entertained with divine poems,  
s are distinguished by so many thousand hu-  
and split into so many different sects and  
yet persons of every party, sect, and hu-  
re fond of conforming their taste to yours.  
transfuse your own relish of a poem into all  
others according to their capacity to receive;  
on you recommend the pious passion that  
the verse, we seem to feel the devotion, and  
and pleased inwardly, that we have souls  
of relishing what the Spectator approves.  
on reading the hymns that you have pub-  
some late papers, I had a mind to try yes-  
whether I could write one. The cxvth psalm  
to me an admirable ode, and I began to turn  
ur language. As I was describing the jour-  
Israel from Egypt, and added the Divine  
e amongst them, I perceived a beauty in this  
which was entirely new to me, and which I  
g to lose; and that is, that the poet utterly  
the presence of God in the beginning of it,  
her lets a possessive pronoun go without a  
ive, than he will so much as mention any  
divinity there. 'Judah was his sanctuary,  
tel his dominion or kingdom.' The reason  
ms evident, and this conduct necessary; for,  
ad appeared before, there could be no wonder  
mountains should leap and the sea retire;  
e, that this convulsion of nature may be  
in with due surprise, his name is not men-  
ill afterward: and then with a very agreeable  
thought, God is introduced at once in all his  
. This is what I have attempted to imitate  
salation without paraphrase, and to preserve  
ould of the spirit of the sacred author.  
the following essay be not too incorrigible,  
upon it a few brightenings from your genius,  
may learn how to write better, or to write no

our daily admirer, and humble Servant," &c.

PSALM CXIV.

I.

When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King, and Judah was his throne

II.

When the deep their journey lay,  
When the deep divides to make them way:  
When streams of Jordan saw, and fled  
By his backward current to their head.

By Addison.

SPECTATOR—Nos. 67 & 68.

The mountains did  
Like lambs the hills  
Not Sinai on her  
Conscious of sov

What power could  
Make Jordan back  
Why did ye leap,  
And whence the f

Let every mount  
Retire, and know  
The King of Israe  
Tremble, thou can

He thunders—and  
The rock to stand  
Fountains spring with  
And fires and sea

"MR. SPECTATOR

"There are those who  
putting a halfpenny va  
rest of our daily writer  
conversation, and strive  
the account of this said  
you, I would insist upon  
for the superior merit  
invention. Give me le  
tice, and say in your b  
self, which is, that your  
a more necessary part  
before you appeared; i  
ionable, and impudence  
since you have put the  
Profaneness, lewdness,  
qualifications; and a n  
tleman, though he is ne

"I would have you  
Sibyls, if they deny  
them know, that those  
the same rate after two  
as when there was the v  
of us who will give you  
acquaint your nonconf  
not have it, except the  
under three-pence. I  
bring in the 'Date Of  
grace. The writings  
three coffee-houses wh  
hope you will make us  
with their characters w

"I am y

"P. S. I have lately  
blackening for shoes, p  
pomatum for the hands  
your constant custom  
inments will as much ad  
paper does the inward

T.

No. 462.] WEDNESDAY

Nil ego prætulim juco  
Nothing so grateful as a p

PEOPLE are not a  
which pleasantry in  
with whom a man of  
faults are generally ov  
ance; and a certain  
attends all his actions,

By D





up, when fancy is let loose to play,  
 dreams repeat the wishes of the day.  
 Though farther toll his tired limbs refuse,  
 Trembling hither still the chase pursues.  
 Judge abed dispenses still the laws,  
 Sleeps again o'er the unfinish'd cause.  
 Tiring racer hears his chariot roll,  
 Sees the vain whip, and churs the fancied goal.  
 To the Muses, in the silent night,  
 He wonted chimes of jangling verse delight.

I am lately entertaining myself with comparing the balance, in which Jupiter is represented as weighing the fates of Hector and Achilles, with that of Virgil, wherein that deity is introduced as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. I considered how the same way of thinking prevails in the eastern parts of the world, as in those images of Scripture, wherein we are told, that the great king of Babylon, the day before his fall, had been "weighed in the balance, and been found wanting." In other places of the holy writings, Almighty is described as weighing the actions in scales, making the weight for the balancing of the clouds; and as weighing the actions of men, and laying them together in a balance. Milton, as I observed in a former paper, had an eye to these foregoing instances in that beautiful passage, wherein he represents the archangel and evil spirit as addressing themselves for the last part by the balance which appeared to them, and weighed the consequences of their choice.

Great, to prevent such horrid fray,  
 Upheld in heav'n his golden scales, yet seen  
 I, Astrea and the Scorpion sign;  
 In all things created first he weigh'd,  
 Adulterous round earth, with balanc'd air,  
 Perpetual, now ponders all events,  
 And realms; in these he put two weights,  
 One each of purring and of fight,  
 For quick up flew, and kick'd the beam;  
 Gabriel spying, thus bespoke the fiend:  
 "I know thy strength, and thou know'st mine;  
 'Tis our own, but giv'n. What folly then  
 At what arms can do, since thine no more  
 Heaven permits; nor mine, though doubled now  
 Spite thee as mine! For proof look up,  
 And thy lot in yon celestial sign,  
 Thou art weigh'd, and shewn how light, how weak,  
 Resist!" The fiend look'd up, and knew  
 His scaled scale aloft; nor more: but fled  
 In haste, and with him fled the shades of night.

Several amusing thoughts, having taken possession of my mind some time before I went to bed, were mingling themselves with my ordinary ideas in my imagination a very odd kind of way, methought, replaced in my study, and in my elbow chair, where I had indulged myself in speculations with my lamp burning by me. Whilst I was here meditating on subjects of morality, and considering the many virtues and vices, as materials for those essays with which I daily entertain the public, methought, a pair of golden scales hanging on the wall of the same metal, over the table that I sat at; when, on a sudden, there were several weights thrown down on each side of the balance. I found, upon examining these weights, that they were of the value of every thing that is in estimation among men. I made an essay of them, by weighing of wisdom in one scale, and that of folly in another; upon which, the latter, to show its native lightness, immediately flew up and out of the beam.

Therefore I proceed, I must inform my reader, that the weights did not exert their natural gra-

vity till they were laid in the beam. I could not much that I could not stir the opposite balance, though assisted by the Stars, and the Earth. Upon emptying the scales, and honours, with Pomp and weights of the like nature, I accidentally into the other, to my surprise, it proved so exactly kept the balance in as to glittering weight was insupportable with the word "Vanity," several other weights which exact counterpoises to it. I tried, as Avarice and Ambition, with some others.

There were likewise several other weights of the same figure, and seen to be of the same weight, but were entirely out of the scales; as Religion and Learning, Wit and Devotion, Gravity and Modesty.

I observed one particular side; and, upon applying it, I found on one side "Men," and underneath the other side was written, "Gods," and underneath, "Intrinsic value of this world." I observed, for it was more than I imagined, for it was Good-fortune, and many much more ponderous in the scale.

There is a saying of an ounce of mother-wit is worth a pound of sense. I was sensible of the truth of the difference between the scale of Learning and that of Learning. I made upon these two weights a field of discoveries; for, of the Natural Parts was Learning, I observed it was times heavier than it did seem, and it was falling into the same scale of observation upon Faith, standing the latter outweight it received a thousand times from its conjunction with Faith. This odd observation in other particulars, as Philosophy and Religion, Zeal and Charity, depth of Style, with innumeral to be mentioned in this.

As a dream seldom is without impertinence, I made several other experiments, by one of which I observed was very often heard, and by another, that as I weighed down a whole world, one of the Spectators by the scales, and flung the other. The reader will

have rewarded  
with the sexes  
my interest to  
to be excused  
ent. Having  
ands, I could  
principles of  
rning; but, as  
neutral paper,  
nder this head  
the weights,  
it in capital  
nd, though I  
speculation,  
her. I shall  
was sorry to  
resolved for  
m, not to de-  
arances, but  
towards them  
lue.—C.

22, 1712.

5.  
well

NORRIS.

meet with any  
author, that is  
ever met with  
utiful saying  
alth, and vir-  
verbal trans-  
ho have their  
ho have their  
man's obser-  
of rich men,  
hat are over-  
eans of their  
more natural  
its are lost in  
he wise man:  
en within it,  
and besieged

Now there-  
e, by his wis-  
remembered  
dom is better  
man's wisdom  
ed."

the most advan-  
visdom. Po-  
n the supply-  
oying our su-  
another case,  
dy eye upon  
umph."

they are apt  
of man, one  
of these grow-  
m that which  
ience, indus-  
good quali-  
good-nature,  
are as often  
contrary, po-

verty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches in  
arrogance. Poverty is too often attended with frau-  
vicious compliance, repining, murmur, and disco-  
tent; riches expose a man to pride and luxury,  
foolish elation of heart and too great a fondness for  
the present world. In short, the middle condition  
is most eligible to the man who would improve him-  
self in virtue; as I have before shown, it is the true  
advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was  
upon this consideration that Agur founded his  
prayer, which, for the wisdom of it, is recorded in  
holy writ. "Two things have I required of thee;  
deny me them not before I die. Remove far from  
me vanity and lies; give me neither poverty nor  
riches; feed me with food convenient for me: lest  
I be full and deny thee, and say, Why is the Lord  
or lest I be poor and steal, and take the name of my  
God in vain."

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a  
very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play  
by Aristophanes, the Greek comedian. It seems  
originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though  
in some parts of it, it is, like the foregoing discourse,  
a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and  
withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some  
riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon  
the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first  
man he should see upon his going out of the temple.  
The person he chanced to see was to appearance an  
old blind sordid man, but, upon his following him  
from place to place, he at last found, by his own  
confession, that he was Plutus the god of riches  
and that he was just come out of the house of a  
miser. Plutus further told him, that when he was  
a boy, he used to declare, that as soon as he came  
to age he would distribute wealth to no one but vir-  
tuous and just men; upon which Jupiter, consider-  
ing the pernicious consequences of such a resolu-  
tion, took his sight away from him, and left him to  
stroll about the world in the blind condition where  
Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus  
prevailed upon him to go to his house, where he met  
an old woman in a tattered raiment, who had been  
his guest for many years, and whose name was Po-  
verty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily,  
as he would have her, he threatened to banish her  
not only from his own house, but out of all Greece  
if she made any more words upon the matter. Po-  
verty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably  
and represents to her old landlord, that, should she  
be driven out of the country, all their trades, arts,  
and sciences, would be driven out with her; and  
that, if every one was rich, they would never be  
supplied with those pomps, ornaments, and con-  
veniences of life, which made riches desirable. She  
likewise represented to him the several advantages  
which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to  
their shape, their health, and their activity, by pre-  
serving them from gout, dropsies, uncleanliness,  
and intemperance. But whatever she had to say  
for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chre-  
mylus immediately considered how he might restore  
Plutus to his sight; and, in order to it, conveyed  
him to the temple of Esculapius, who was famous  
for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means  
the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make  
right use of them, by enriching every one that was  
distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice  
towards men; and at the same time by taking away  
his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This  
produces several merry incidents, till in the last act

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

those of God. One is of nature. Faith and the mind of every real impression of divine object on which he casts has made the best art, in the formation of and these are arguments cannot forbear attend- and hurry of human could a man live under with works of art and reward be brought up several glories of the immediately pronounce being as we define God by beautiful strokes of exalted strain: "The God; and the firmament. One day telleth to another. There is ; but their voices are and is gone out into all the ends of the world." manner of thinking further ode, the reader may find one:—

high,  
sky,  
ining frame,  
sim:  
lay to day,  
display,  
and  
hand.

s prevail,  
ndrous tale,  
earth  
rth:  
und her burn,  
turn,  
roll,  
pole to pole.

lence all  
trial ball?  
e nor sound  
e found?  
olence,  
oice;  
oice.  
is divine."

AUGUST 25, 1712.

it dea.—VING. Æn. i. 409.  
queen of love is known.  
DRAIDEN.

of Virgil, is lost in the in the place on which by a lady in a habit for m, whether he has seen woman dressed as she owing the sport in the loyed, according to the hero answers with the appearance she made; on as she inquired for; her to be of the deities, a stranger. Her form, manifested she was more e was certainly a goddess her known to be the

goddess of beauty till she moved. All the ch an agreeable person are then in their highest tion, every limb and feature appears with its tive grace. It is from this observation that not help being so passionate an admirer as good dancing. As all art is an imitation of this is an imitation of nature in its highest excellence and at a time when she is most agreeable business of dancing is to display beauty; that reason all distortions and mimicries, are what raise aversion instead of pleasure things that are in themselves excellent, are tended with imposture and false imitation, as in poetry there are labouring fools who wigrams and acrostics, there are pretenders and who think merely to do what others cannot excel. Such creatures should be rewarded who had acquired a knack of throwing a corn through the eye of a needle, with a to keep his hands in use. The dancers on our are very faulty in this kind; and what the by writhing themselves into such postures would be a pain for any of the spectators to see and yet hope to please those spectators, is ligible. Mr. Prince has a genius, if he w encouraged, would prompt him to better than all the dances he invents, you see he keeps the characters he represents. He does not please by making his performers move in a in which no one else ever did, but by motion to the characters he represents. He gives to and lubbards clumsy graces; that is, he mak practise what they would think graces; and seen dances of his, which might give hints to be useful to a comic writer. These performers have pleased the taste of such as have not enough to know their excellence, because in nature; and the distorted motions of others offended those who could not form reasons selves for their displeasure, from their being tradition to nature.

When one considers the inexpressible ad there is in arriving at some excellence in this is monstrous to behold it so much neglected following letter has in it something very new this subject:—

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a widower with but one daughter; by nature much inclined to be a romp; and no way of educating her, but commanding woman, whom I entertained, to take care to be very watchful in her care and attendance her. I am a man of business, and obliged much abroad. The neighbours have told in my absence our maid has let in the servants in the neighbourhood to junketing, a girl played and romped even in the street. you the plain truth, I caught her once, a years old, at chuck-farthing among the boys put me upon new thoughts about my child determined to place her at a boarding-school at the same time gave a very discreet young woman her maintenance at the same place to be her companion. I took little notice of from time to time, but saw her now and then healthy, out of harm's way, and was satisfied by much importunity, I was lately prevailed to go to one of their balls. I cannot express the anxiety my silly heart was in, when I romp, now fifteen, taken out: I never felt of a father upon me so strongly in my w

and I could not have suffered more had my name been at stake. My girl came on with the coming modesty I had ever seen, and casting that eye, as if she feared me more than all eyes, I gave a nod, which I think gave her spirit she assumed upon it: but she rose with that dignity of aspect. My romp, now the ice-cream person of her sex, assumed a majesty, commanded the highest respect; and when I turned to me, and saw my face in rapture, she with the prettiest smile, and I saw in all her motion she exulted in her father's satisfaction.

Spectator, will, better than I can tell you, to yourself all the different beauties and of aspect in an accomplished young woman, worth all her beauties with a design to please so much as her father. My girl's lover can now half the satisfaction that I did in her.

I could not possibly have imagined that improvement could have been wrought by that I always held in itself ridiculous and futile. There is, I am convinced, no method to give young women a sense of their due and dignity; and I am sure there can be no expeditious way to communicate that value to them. As for the dippant, insipidly gay, and wanton, whom you behold among dancers, no praise is more to be attributed to the perverse of the performers, than imputed to the art itself: my part, my child has danced herself into it; and I have as great an honour for her I had for her mother, from whom she derived her good qualities which appeared in her dance when she was dancing; for my girl, I say it myself, showed in one quarter of an hour the principles of a modest virgin, a tender, a generous friend, a kind mother, and an obedient mistress. I'll strain hard but I will procure her a husband suitable to her merit. I am avert in the admiration of what I thought when you recommended; and if you please my house on Thursday next, I make a ball for my daughter, and you shall see her dance, or, if I do her that honour, dance with her.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"PHILOPATER."

Some time ago spoken of a treatise written by Weaver on this subject, which is now, I understand, ready to be published. This work sets this in a very plain and advantageous light; and convinced from it, that if the art was under regulations, it would be a mechanic way of doing insensibly, in minds not capable of receiving it so well by any other rules, a sense of good-g and virtue.

Any one to see Mariamne\* dance, let him be so sensual a brute, I defy him to entertain thoughts but of the highest respect and esteem for her. I was showed last week a picture in a closet, for which she had a hundred dresses, that she could clap on round the face one to demonstrate the force of habits in the eyes of the same countenance. Motion, and of posture and aspect, has an effect no less great on the person of Mariamne when she

is extremely pretty, and as silly as she is. This idiot has a very good ear, and a most delicate shape; but the folly of the thing is such, as makes so impertinently, and affects to please

so silly, that while she is from head to foot. For as this art is thought to be a dancer that had not a be a truth, I shall leave that maxim, what esteem impertinents as fly, he round, and jump over to play a thousand pranks better than a man, instead of what the human forming.

It may perhaps appear a mighty lover, at least much pains to recommend mankind look upon to of the soberer part of not enough considered son only disesteem it. tification, say, that I vice of honour and virtue can pretend to give el sibly be proved, that pleasure, and virtue in delights of a free fortune tions, this truth would support it; but it would that there is a strict aff are truly laudable and sentiment of the soul to of the body.—T.

## No. 467.] TUESDAY

— Quodcumque me  
Seu tibi par poterant  
Sive minus; certeque  
Hoc tibi: ne tanto

What'er my Muse  
Whether the nicenes  
Applaud my lays, or  
To thee I sing, and  
By adding to my page

THE love of praise is in the mind of every extraordinary are most affected with that particle of the divine kind from the inferior giving himself is most pleasing: the other part, the acknowledgment of our faults, the adoration of his perfect observation, that we do not when we cease to extant two orations of the greatest and best performers, who, no doubt, faction, what even the and at so large a distance out admiration. Cæsar the breath of praise, was long enough for himself Others have sacrificed was not to begin fill themselves to purchase commence till they merit and superior ex but, whilst living, to reputation, is the last can hope for here. abroad with confusion, (as punishments are more for the deterring

\* Probably Mrs. Bicknell.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

frequent, whether originals or copies of the malignancy in the ridicule. However, it is variety, something of the dark and y, perhaps, be what is good, what is blame-worthy what you do this with ing to do some

sign, to give a rough all the how only draw in silence the the undesigned honours he dignity and vestis. 'Tis here that ves and billows r a haven: he every virtue, mankind has em. Thus in is no less glo- reality a more edentary inac- in hurry and er, like bodies of their motion hich often va- then still re- sic worth that or assistance, most bear the nk it laudable hich most en- illius has too g good ever to at reason he id frugality at dreams should ooks with dis- h as the time- ence; he will s in the high- he will be the hilst they who re and patron- of his life and t of the reach proper and be- a level with d-nature is a those who are t. One may y of Theron,

art,  
ned heart.  
a gaining the  
nor steer with  
two contend-

ing parties. 'Tis his peculiar happiness that, when he espouses neither with an intemperate zeal, he not only admired, but, what is a more rare and usual felicity, he is beloved and caressed by his friends, and I never yet saw any person, of whatever age or sex, but was immediately struck with the merit of Manilius. There are many who are acceptable to some particular persons, whilst the rest of mankind look upon them with coldness and indifference; but he is the first whose entire good fortune it is ever please and to be pleased, wherever he comes to be admired, and wherever he is absent to be lamented. His merit fares like the pictures of Raphael, which are either seen with admiration by all, or at least one dare own that he has no taste for a composition which has received so universal an applause. Flattery and malice find it against their interest to insulter and obloquy. 'Tis as hard for an enemy to detract from, as for a friend to add to, his praise. An attempt upon his reputation is a sure lesson of one's own; and there is but one way to injure him, which is to refuse him his just commendation and be obstinately silent.

It is below him to catch the sight with any care of dress; his outward garb is but the emblem of his mind. It is genteel, plain, and unaffected; he knows that gold and embroidery can add nothing to the opinion which all have of his merit, and thus he gives a lustre to the plainest dress, whilst 'tis impossible the richest should communicate any to him. He is still the principal figure in the room. He first engages your eye, as if there were some point of light which shone stronger upon him than on any other person.

He puts me in mind of a story of the famous Borg d'Amboise, who, at an assembly at court, when every one appeared with the utmost magnificence, relying on his own superior behaviour, instead of adorning himself like the rest, put on that day, plain suit of clothes, and dressed all his servants in the most costly gay habits he could procure. The event was, that the eyes of the whole court were fixed upon him; all the rest looked like his attendants, while he alone had the air of a person of quality and distinction.

Like Aristippus, whatever shape or condition he appears in, it still sits free and easy upon him; he is in some part of his character, 'tis true, he differs from him; for as he is altogether equal to the largeness of his present circumstances, the rectitude of his judgment has so far corrected the inclination of his ambition, that he will not trouble himself with either the desires or pursuits of any thing beyond his present enjoyments.

A thousand obliging things flow from him upon every occasion; and they were always so just and natural, that it is impossible to think he was at the least pains to look for them. One would think it was the demon of good thoughts that discovered to him those treasures, which he must have blinded others from seeing, they lay so directly in their way. Nothing can equal the pleasure that is taken in hearing him speak, but the satisfaction one receives in the civility and attention he pays to the discourse of others. His looks are a silent commendation of what is good and praiseworthy, and a secret reproof to what is licentious and extravagant. He knows how to appear free and open without danger of intrusion, and to be cautious without seeming reserve. The gravity of his conversation is always enlivened with his wit and humour, and the gaiety of it is tempered with something that is instructive, as well

rely, agreeable. Thus, with him you are sure not be merry at the expense of your reason, nor serious with the loss of your good-humour; but, by a happy mixture of his temper, they either go together, perpetually succeed each other. In fine, his sole behaviour is equally distant from constraint and negligence, and he commands your respect while he gains your heart.

There is in his whole carriage such an engaging sweetness, that one cannot persuade one's self he is ever actuated by those rougher passions, which, wherever they find place, seldom fail of showing themselves in the outward demeanour of the person they belong to; but his constitution is a just temperature between indolence on one hand, and violence on the other. He is mild and gentle, wherever his affairs will give him leave to follow his own inclinations; but yet never failing to exert himself with vigour and resolution in the service of his race, his country, or his friend.—Z.

No. 468.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 27, 1712.

*Est homo ingeniosus, acutus, acer, et qui plurimum et salis habere et felix, nec gaudioris minus.*—PLIN. Epist.

He was an ingenious, pleasant fellow, and one who had a great deal of wit and satire, with an equal share of good-humour.

My paper is, in a kind, a letter of news, but it regards rather what passes in the world of conversation than that of business. I am very sorry that I have at present a circumstance before me, which is of very great importance to all who have a relish for gaiety, wit, mirth, or humour; I mean the death of our Dick Estcourt. I have been obliged to him for many hours of jollity, that it is but a small recompense, though all I can give him, to pass a moment or two in sadness for the loss of so agreeable a man. Poor Estcourt! the last time I saw him, we were plotting to show the town his great capacity for acting in its full light, by introducing him as dictating to a set of young players, in what manner to speak this sentence, and utter the other passion. He had so exquisite a discerning of what was defective in any object before him, that in an instant he could show you the ridiculous side of what would pass for serious and just, even to men of no ill judgment, before he had pointed at the failure. He was no less skilful in the knowledge of beauty; and I dare say, there is no one who knew him well, but can repeat more well-turned compliments, as well as smart epigrams of Mr. Estcourt's, than of any other man in England. This was easily to be observed in his admirable faculty of telling a story, in which he could throw in natural and unexpected incidents to take his court to one part, and rally the other part of the company. Then he would vary the usage he gave them, according as he saw them bear kind or sharp language. He had the knack to raise up a sensitive temper, and mortify an impertinently gay one, with the most agreeable skill imaginable. There were thousand things which crowd into my memory, which make me too much concerned to tell on about now. Hamlet holding up the skull which the grave-digger threw to him, with an account that it was the head of the king's jester, falls into very pleasing reflections, and cries out to his companion, "Alas, poor Yorick!" I knew him, Horatio, a fellow of infinite jest, of most exquisite fancy; he hath borne even his hack a thousand times: and now how abashed in my imagination it is! my gorge rises at the thought of those lips that I have kissed I know

not how oft. Were his bolts? your song were wont to set to mock your own get you to my lips paint an inch of Make her laugh It is an insolence as much as in to his circumstance praise faintly the and say, It is v he is, or the like ledge the value of exaltation. It is be ascribed, than judgment upon a most blameless raise this man a foot of contribut was as easy and cellent talents have it, that to all the seeming him to the hear sense, who could tified to let him play after his own him to mimicry it be at their expense show the form of the company at interrupting him the character of

What was of companion was, sons and sentiment their faces, and in his narration ing, and this was men of the best wherein were re understanding. of self-love to a mimicked, as none but the va who were incapable dreaded him; to pleasing; and any indifferent ing got over and the air he could It is indeed to than any philos that my person different to me v manner, my spe Estcourt I chiefly piness of thinking what argues a de

It has as much ture, to have it good player: but for former actors them, and judg before, rather than a man of his wit absence of com the character of an air of ineptid racter of Pounce to dispute his cap





education, and have been trained up in the  
of knowledge and virtue.

It has been observed, that men of learning who  
business, discharge it generally with greater  
than men of the world. The chief reason  
take to be as follows: A man that has spent  
in reading, has been used to find virtue  
and vice stigmatized. A man that has  
his time in the world, has often seen vice  
ant, and virtue discountenanced. Extortion,  
and injustice, which are branded with in-  
books, often give a man a figure in the world;  
veral qualities, which are celebrated in au-  
is generosity, ingenuity, and good-nature,  
ish and ruin him. This cannot but have a  
onable effect on men whose tempers and  
es are equally good and vicious.

It would be at least this advantage in em-  
men of learning and parts in business; that  
prosperity would sit more gracefully on them,  
we should not see many worthless persons  
into the greatest figures of life.—C.

470.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 29, 1712.

ripe est difficile habere nugas,  
stultus labor est ineptiarum.—MART. 2 Epig. lxxxvi.  
folly only, and defect of sense.  
as trifles into things of consequence.

I have been very often disappointed of late years,  
on examining the new edition of a classic  
I have found above half the volume taken  
various readings. When I have expected  
with a learned note upon a doubtful passage  
in poet, I have only been informed, that  
such ancient manuscripts for an *et* write an  
some other notable discovery of the like  
see. Indeed, when a different reading gives  
rent sense, or a new elegance in an author,  
r does very well in taking notice of it; but  
only entertains us with the several ways of  
the same word, and gathers together the  
blunders and mistakes of twenty or thirty  
transcribers, they only take up the time of  
ied reader, and puzzle the minds of the  
I have often fancied with myself how  
in old Latin author would be, should he  
veral absurdities in sense and grammar,  
r imputed to him by some or other of these  
eadings. In one he speaks nonsense; in  
nakes use of a word that was never heard  
ndeed there is scarce a solecism in writing  
best author is not guilty of, if we may be  
to read him in the words of some manu-  
rich the laborious editor has thought fit to  
in the prosecution of his work.

ion not but the ladies and pretty fellows  
ry curious to understand what it is that I  
a hitherto talking of. I shall therefore  
a notion of this practice, by endeavour-  
te after several persons who make an emi-  
e in the republic of letters. To this end,  
pse that the following song is an old ode,  
resent to the public in a new edition, with  
I various readings which I find of it in for-  
ns, and in ancient manuscripts. Those who  
ish the various readings, will perhaps find  
ant in the song, which never before ap-  
print.

love was fickle once and changing,  
or e'er would settle in my heart;  
in beauty still to beauty ranging,  
every face I found a dart.

'Twas first a chance  
An eye then gave  
Till by her wit  
And all my for  
But now a long a  
For Belvidera  
Hourly I sigh, and  
Nor hope to find  
For here the false  
After a thousand  
Does new surpris  
And finds varie

VARIOUS

Stanza the first, ve  
The *and* in some ma  
but that in the Cotton  
tinet letters.

Verse the second.  
it *ever would*; but as I  
have restored it to its g  
that synaeresis which  
rant transcribers.

Ibid. In my heart.]  
heart.

Verse the fourth. I  
manuscript for I reads  
the hallucination of the  
mistook the dash of the  
Stanza the second.

stroke.] Scioppius, Sa  
the read a; but I have

Verse the third. T  
scripts have it *his wit*,  
But as I find Corinna  
in other authors, I can

Stanza the third, ver  
ing anguish.] The Ger  
ing passion, but the rhy

Verse the second, I  
not all the manuscrip  
Belvidera into Pelvidera  
ral of the ancient comi  
by which means the et  
visible, and Pelvidera v  
looks in her glass; as in  
son, if she had all the  
here ascribes to her.

Verse the third. H  
guish.] Some for the v  
othera nightly; the last  
side.

Verse the fourth. T  
Stevens reads *wanted cu*

Stanza the fourth, v  
thousand beauties.] In  
a hundred beauties, by  
scribers, who probably  
not taste enough to kn  
was ten times a greater  
mistress than a hundred

Verse the fourth. And  
of the ancient manuscri  
so many of them concur  
am very much in doubt  
place. There are but tw  
to the reading as I have  
the rhyme, and secondly  
served by it. It might  
oscitancy of transcriber  
work the sooner, used to  
and seeing the figure I f  
the pen, as is customar  
perhaps mistook the das

d out of them  
to the learned,  
matter of so

T 30, 1712.

of life.

sufficient em-  
ts of pain or  
thick enough  
stant action,  
its faculties.  
fect, that the  
ays have ma-  
with certan  
, and antici-

call the me-  
hen we have  
is like those  
re filled with  
they may ru-

her vacant  
f thought by  
faculties that  
come. These

ward into fu-  
ughts objects  
time. We  
fore they are  
forward, or  
those retired  
d earth shall

the existence  
time, whose  
aper, confine  
goes by the

nd transient,  
ing, were he  
gives him a  
possibly come  
pe for every  
Linus, "be-  
e hoped for,  
to give us,"  
e, and keeps  
and indolent  
ood humour,  
t cheers and  
nd to it. It

ch rise from  
of the least,  
ring us from  
enjoyments.  
When he  
s among his  
left for him-  
"Hope."  
from prizing  
d turned all  
able that he  
reader will  
it to himself

ch many of  
he heathens

upon the tradition of the fall of man) shows us how deplorable a state they thought the present life, without hope. To set forth the utmost condition of misery, they tell us, that our forefather, according to the pagan theology, had a great vessel presented him by Pandora. Upon his lifting up the lid of it, says the fable, there flew out all the calamities and distempers incident to men, from which, till that time, they had been altogether exempt. Hope, who had been enclosed in the cup with so much bad company, instead of flying off with the rest, stuck so close to the lid of it, that it was shut down upon her.

I shall make but two reflections upon what I have hitherto said. First, that no kind of life is so happy as that which is full of hope, especially when the hope is well grounded, and when the object of it is of an exalted kind, and in its nature proper to make the person happy who enjoys it. This proposition must be very evident to those who consider how few are the present enjoyments of the most happy man, and how insufficient to give him an entire satisfaction and acquiescence in them.

My next observation is this, that a religious life is that which most abounds in a well-grounded hope, and such a one as is fixed on objects that are capable of making us entirely happy. This hope in a religious man is much more sure and certain than the hope of any temporal blessing, as it is strengthened not only by reason, but by faith. It has at the same time its eye perpetually fixed on that state, which implies in the very notion of it the most full and the most complete happiness.

I have before shown how the influence of hope in general sweetens life, and makes our present condition supportable, if not pleasing; but a religious hope has still greater advantages. It does not only bear up the mind under her sufferings, but makes her rejoice in them, as they may be the instruments of procuring her the great and ultimate end of all her hope.

Religious hope has likewise this advantage above any other kind of hope, that it is able to revive the dying man, and to fill his mind not only with rest, comfort and refreshment, but sometimes with rapture and transport. He triumphs in his agonies, whilst the soul springs forward with delight to the great object which she has always had in view, and leaves the body with an expectation of being reunited to her in a glorious and joyful resurrection.

I shall conclude this essay with those emphatical expressions of a lively hope, which the Psalmist made use of in the midst of those dangers and adversities which surrounded him; for the following passage had its present and personal, as well as its future and prophetic sense. "I have set the Lord always before me. Because he is at my right hand I shall not be moved. Therefore my heart is glad, and my glory rejoiceth. My flesh also shall rest in hope. For thou wilt not leave my soul in hell, neither wilt thou suffer thine holy one to see corruption. Thou wilt shew me the path of life: in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore."—C.

No. 472.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1712.

Voluptas

Solamenque mali

This only solace his hard fortune behead

Vine. *Act. III. 66.*

*Barthol.*

I RECEIVED some time ago a proposal, which had a preface to it, wherein the author

the innumerable objects of charity in a nation admonished the rich, who were afflicted with a distemper of body, particularly to regard in the same species of affliction, and condescendence to them, since it is impossible all who are presented to them. The poor had been relieved from a malady in his eyes, a operation performed by Sir William Read, a man of condition, had taken a resolution to maintain three poor blind men during their gratitudes for that great blessing. This is so very great and unfrequent, that one might think an establishment for all the poor under the sun would be easily accomplished, with the addition of a few others to those wealthy who are in the same amity. However, the thought of the promise from a very good motive; and the part of ourselves out, as called to particular assistance, would be a pretty cement of society. It is the ordinary foundation for men's commerce with each other, and becoming that they agree in the same sort of pleasure; it may also be some reason for amity, that under one common distress. If all the rich came in the gout, from a life of ease, pleasure, luxury, would help those few who have it previous life of pleasure, and add a few of the poor men, who are become lame from uncleanliness, falls, or other accidents of age or sickness, would such gouty persons administer assistance to men disabled like themselves, the consciousness of such a behaviour, would be the pious, cordial, and anodyne, in the feverish, tormenting vicissitudes of that miserable life. The same may be said of all other, both of intellectual evils. These classes of charity certainly bring down blessings upon an people; and if men were not petrified with the cold of this world, against all sense of the common ought to be among them, it would not be reasonable to bill for a poor man in the agony aggravated by want and poverty, to draw the alderman after this form:—

MR. BASIL PLENTY.

"I have the gout and stone, with sixty thousand sterling; I have the gout and stone, with one farthing; I shall pray for you, and I would pay the bearer twenty shillings for relief from,

"Sir, your humble Servant,  
GATE, 1712. "LAZARUS HOPEFUL.

His own imagination will suggest to him the absurdness of such correspondences, and diminish into a thousand forms; but I shall close my letter upon the subject of blindness. My wing letter seems to be written by a man who is returned to his study after a suspension of ability to do so. The benefit he reports to have received, may well claim the hand-comium he can give the operator.

SPECTATOR, I began lately on your admirable discourses of the Imagination, I began to consider of our senses we are obliged for the

most violent institution in favour of blind people, and that, seem to have originated from this paper, certainly the principles of humanity stated in it

greatest, and most important; and I soon concluded. That is the sovereign of the arts and sciences, that of the uncultivated mind, it extinguishes the fine spirit of the great vulgar and the obliging benefactress of transporting sensations, serious and wonderful perspective, we owe the amazing magnitude, and motion of revolutions about their centre and motion, the sun, to the fixed stars, and with solid reasons to the sun, moving on its own vortex or turbillion, and to its dependent planets to this. But the inquiry stopped here, but made an immense expanse to divide the blended fires and different worlds, in their peculiar equipages pursue this track any foundation to go on to new bounded space with end.

"The sight informs power to give breath to and the painter's pencil with moving figures as Music indeed may please Jubal, by the different anvil, discovered by the pleased the antediluvian has not only reduced the order and harmony, but the most distant parts of of sound. To the sight discoveries of philosophy of poetry that transport Homer, Milton, and Virgil.

"As the sight has power to supply us with the most sure. Let love, let fraternal piety, and conjugal sight bestows on a meeting would be endless to enumerate advantages of sight; every hour he makes use of it, joys them.

"Thus, as our great are derived from the sight more curious in the form than of the organs of the pendulous machine is corner, of muscles, membrations are admirably dis perspicuity of the human light; the rays are regular; the black lining prevents their being so wonderful indeed to consider eye is fitted to take in an instant, and at the same of their position, figure against our dangers, all the visible objects, we construct and delight.

\* Mr. Weaver ascribes

So, as a man the peasant gown should wear,  
So, as a man, his face be of rough, his look severe,  
And are great Cato in his robe and dress;  
Must be his virtue—and his mind express.—CYPRIAN

TO THE SPECTATOR.

‘SIR,

‘ I am now in the country, and employ most of my time in reading, or thinking upon what I have read. Your paper comes constantly down to me, and it affects me so much, that I find my thoughts run to your way: and I recommend to you a subject upon which you have not yet touched, and that is, the satisfaction some men seem to take in their imperfections: I think one may call it glorying in their insufficiency. A certain great author is of opinion it is the contrary to envy, though perhaps may proceed from it. Nothing is so common as to hear men of this sort, speaking of themselves, add to their own merit (as they think) by impairing it, in praising themselves for their defects, freely allowing they commit some few frivolous errors, in order to be esteemed persons of uncommon talents and great qualifications. They are generally professing an inconsiderable neglect of dancing, fencing, and riding, as well as an unjust contempt for travelling, and the modern languages: as for their part, say they, they never vacillate or troubled their head about them. This paradoxical satire on themselves certainly is worthy our attention. I have known one of these gentlemen think himself obliged to forget the way of an appointment, and sometimes even that you spoke to him; and when you see them, they hope to sell person them, for they have the worst memory in the world. One of them started up the other day in some confusion, and said, ‘ Now I think on’t, I am to meet Mr. Mortman, the attorney, about some business, but whether it is to-day or to-morrow, I am I cannot tell. Now, to my certain knowledge, he knew it’s time to a moment, and was there a moment ago. These forgetful persons have, to heighten their crime, generally the best memories of any people, as I have heard cut by their remembering sometimes through inadvertency. Two or three of them that I know can say most of our modern tragedies by heart. I asked a gentleman the other day that is famous for a good career (at which acquisition he is out of countenance, imagining it may detract from some of his more essential qualifications) to help me to something that was near him; but he excused himself, and blushing told me, ‘ O! altho’ he could never give in his life; though it can be proved upon him that he cuts up, disjuncts, and increases, with an incomparable dexterity. I would not be understood as if I thought it laudable for a man of equality and fortune to rival the acquisitions of artificers, and endeavour to excel in little handy qualities: but I argue only against being ashamed at what is really praise worthy. As these pretences to ignorance show themselves several ways, you will encounter a man of this tenor per ashamed to be clean, and setting up for wit, only from negligence in his habits. Now I am upon this head, I cannot help observing at once a very different folly proceeding from the same cause. As those above-mentioned arise from affecting an equality with men of greater talents from having the same faults, there are others that would come at a parallel with those above them, by possessing little advantages which they want. I heard a young man not long ago, who has somewhat himself in his ignorance of Greek, Hebrew, and the Orientals: at the same time that he published his aversion to those languages, he said that

age of them was rather a diminution than an increase of a man's character: though at the same time I know he languishes and repines he is not of them himself. Whenever I take any persons thus detracting from what they pretend, I tell them I will complain to you. I am sure you will not allow it an exact a thing, that he who contemns it is in it. "I am, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant,  
"S. P."

SPECTATOR, I am a man of a very good estate, and am beloved. I hope you will allow, when the subject is honest, there may be, without just innocence, some toying by the way. Editions are perhaps too distant and foreign occasions: but however that is, I am so you that I have writ some verses to your offence. You professed authors are a curse upon us, who write like gentlemen: but your friend to love, you will insert my poem. Imagine how much service it would do your fair one, as well as reputation with all to have something of mine in the Spectator was, that I snatched a kiss, and excuse me as follows:—

I.  
See from yonder flowers  
The bee flies loaded to its cell:  
You perceive what it devours?  
Do they impair'd in show or smell?

II.  
Though I rob'd you of a kiss,  
Sweeter than their ambrosial dew.  
Are you angry at my bias?  
Is it all impoverish'd you?

III.  
By this cunning I contrive,  
Spite of your unkind reserve,  
Keep my famish'd love alive,  
Which you inhumanly would starve.

I am, Sir, your humble Servant,  
"TIMOTHY STANZA."

August 23, 1712.

A little time upon my hands, I could not find it better than in writing an

Spectator, which I now do, and am, Sir,  
"Your humble Servant,  
"BOB SHORT.

You approve of my style, I am likely to become your correspondent. I desire of it. I design it for that way of writing the judicious 'the familiar.'—T.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 3, 1712.

grosus, et inconcinna.—Hos. l. Ep. xviii. 6.  
le, and inelegant.

SPECTATOR, I am of the number of those that have lately left the centre of business and pleasure, my country where I am arises rather a society than the solitude of it. To be receive and return visits from and to a bores, who, through diversity of age as, can neither be entertaining nor serious, is a vile loss of time, and a slavery man should deliver himself, if possible: I lose the remaining part of my life,

because they have thrown theirs? It is to me an in- be tormented with the noise who are warm in their expression of that pleasure which their more delicate taste of. I do and abhor that damnable the necessity of a bumper, for though it is pretended are used only to inspire gaiety that cheerfulness which will circulation. If at these meetings stranger either to fill his g inclination, or to make his has been sufficiently obliged entertainments would be a sense, and consequently worse than at present they are.

guests are known to measure by their glass, proper exhortations these to push their fortune; but where it is unseemly modest stranger, this drenched lowed with the same necessity in the horn for that prevailing circumstance, that your guest in the same degree.

"To attend without in five-barred gates, double doors to survey the orator with difficulty but absolute tolerable terms with him; burstings out into laughter ments the most requisite, have not that command necessary to be good company would publish this letter, and once for a queer fellow, as strous to me, that we who calm conversation, should roarers; but they think the hours, may come into our room that they and their dogs but

"Your institution of clubs in which you constantly employ the metaphorically defective serviceable to the busy mankind, nor entertaining relative. There should certainly be established a club of conversations I have described private, as also the public and be excluded, all others should be the same with the should be admitted into this except he had broken his broken rib or two might at the least opposition. The person have broken his neck, and once or twice: for the more shall have met with, the attention flow and keep up; and vigorous invalids had finished collar-bone, this naturally story of the ribs. Besides, the of their falls and fractures will diversify their relations. In other club of such men, who well in maiming themselves constant pursuit of these ac-

\* A horn is used to admit

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

have said, to hunters; for the full speed of, and not of able mention

of all others, od, has been he have over- used through- tion that the Great Bri- ave been re- ave met with er the names ular fineries uishing mark es, the mean- expressed in fine observers

4.

to hate such happy that I it I love them many pockets urs, or make ouses. There expectation, s my flights observes my rdingly. His bt of me, has y desired not its his parts; n the several ien he makes a time he and only, for we ing informed try where I ould pass it, above the ob-

should be as r very agree- ive with me; ther at school n and exert ge. There be employed d be impossi- r's chamber, d communi- ith, with our justness of od-humoured r out of that hich makes n a quarter g gentlemen, heads to vi- s in the same of happiness, pubic, and es to observe rprised with risk in swill-

ing bumpers, upon this occasion, that it is better to trouble others with my impertinences, than to be troubled myself with theirs. The necessity of an if firmity makes me resolve to fall into that project and as we should be but five, the terrors of an un- luntary separation, which our number caused as we admit of, would make us exert ourselves in oppo- tion to all the particulars mentioned in your infor- mation of that equitable confinement. This my way of life I know would subject me to the imputations of morose, covetous, and singular fellow. These and a- other hard words, with all manner of insipid jest and all other reproach, would be matter of merrit to me and my friends; besides, I would destroy the application of the epithets morose and covetous by a yearly relief of my undeserv'dly necessitous neighbours, and by treating my friends and country with a humanity that should express the utmost to lie rather on my side; and as for the well sin- gular, I was always of opinion every man must be so, to be what one would desire him.

"Your very humble Servant, J. B."\*

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"ABOUT two years ago I was called upon by the younger part of a country family, by my mother's side related to me, to visit Mr. Campbell; the same man; for they told me that that was exactly who brought them to town, having heard wandering in Essex. I, who always wanted faith in matters of this kind, was not easily prevailed on to go; but lest they should take it ill, I went with them, when to my surprise, Mr. Campbell related all their past life; in short, had he not been pretreated, such discovery would have come out as would have been the next design of their coming to town, viz. to buy wedding-clothes. Our names—though he never heard of us before—and we endeavoured to conceal—were as familiar to him as to ourselves. I am sure, Mr. Spectator, he is a very learned and wise man. Being impatient to know my fortune having paid my respects to a family Justice, he told me (after his manner) among several other things, that in a year and nine months I should be ill of a new fever, be given over by my physician but should with much difficulty recover; that the first time I took the air afterward, I should be dressed to by a young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good sense, and a generous spirit. Mr. Spectator, he is the purest man in the world, for all he has to come to pass, and I am the happiest she in town I have been in quest of Mr. Campbell these three months, and cannot find him out. Now, since you are a dumb man too, I thought you might correspond, and be able to tell me something; for I think myself highly obliged to make his fortune, he has mine. It is very possible your worship, who has spies all over this town, can inform me how

\* This letter was probably written by Swift's father-in-law and friend, the Rev. Mr. Richard Parker. This distinguished scholar was for many years vicar of Kington, Northumberland, a living in the gift of Mersey. He and Steele lived in the most cordial harmony. He was the rural sports of Northumberland, he was the change of visits with most of the hospitable gentlemen and neighbourhood who, invigorated by their diversified and copious meals, and were apt to be voluble in conversation and over-impetuous with their guests, to join in their own vitality.

† Duncan Campbell announced himself to the public as a Scotch highlander, gifted with the second sight. He pretended to be, deaf and dumb, and succeeded in gaining a fortune to himself by practising for some years on the credulity of the vulgar in the ignorant credence of a false letter.

send to him. If you can, I beseech you be as speedy as possible, and you will highly oblige

"Your constant Reader and Admirer,  
"DULCIBELLA THANKLEY."

Ordered, That the inspector I employ about wonders inquire at the Golden-Lion, opposite to the Half-Moon tavern in Drury-lane, into the merit of this silent sage, and report accordingly.—T.

No. 475.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 4, 1712.

—Quæ res in se neque consilium, neque modum  
Habet ullum, eam consilio regere non potes.

TER. Eun. act. 1. sc. 1.

The thing that in itself has neither measure nor consideration, counsel cannot rule.

It is an old observation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themselves with their sovereign, than promote his real service, that they accommodate their counsels to his inclinations, and advise him to such actions only as his heart is naturally set upon. The privy-councillor of one in love must observe the same conduct, unless he would forfeit the friendship of the person who desires his advice. I have known several odd cases of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman; but being resolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he consulted him upon the occasion. Philander told him his mind freely, and represented his mistress to him in such strong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had asked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occasion. She desired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon the young fellow who made his addresses to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankness, that she looked upon him as one of the most worthless.—Celia, foreseeing what a character she was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that she had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman seldom asks advice before she has bought her wedding-clothes. When she has made her own choice, for form's sake, she sends a *congé d'élire* to her friends.

If we look into the secret springs and motives that set people at work on these occasions, and put them upon asking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the least, that they are incapable of keeping a secret which is so very pleasing to them. A girl longs to tell her confidante, that she hopes to be married in a little time; and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells so much in her thoughts, asks her very gravely what she would advise her to do in a case of so much difficulty. Why else should Melissa, who had not a thousand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to ask her acquaintance, whether they would advise her to take Tom Townly, that made his addresses to her with an estate of five thousand a year? It is very pleasant, on this occasion, to hear the lady propose her doubts; and to see the pains she is at to get over them.

I must not here omit a practice that is in use among the vainer part of our own sex, who will often ask a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never like to come at. Will Honeycomb, who is now on the verge of threescore, took me aside not long since, and asked me in his most serious look, whether I would advise him to marry

my Lady Betty of the greatest full in the face which he immedately jewels and estate nothing in a man's approbation. I told him if he mine. This is knowledge, without ever of

I have been ing letter, while young female seems to have ripe for asking her good-will, have with her the letter to the answer to it.

"Mr. Sp.

"Now, Sir, prettiest gentle but not too tall. His mouth is the prettiest that I laughing, for he did but see how sand pretty fan you would like can talk Latin but see him dance Mr. Shapely b that, you know reasonable as because he has that is better tured, ingenious some man; and ties ever since he has black eyes, if he had tears i reasonable, tha him. I have a der me of, and of August next the world as so But every bod Shapely's enem me your advice and if you advise I heartily wish

"Sir, you C. "He

No. 476.] F

Method

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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it. Though the matter in debate be about Douay & Denam, it is ten to one but half his discourse runs upon the unreasonableness of bigotry and priest-craft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all those who have less sense than himself, and the contempt of all those who have more. There is none but town whom Tom drags so much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the question, cuts him short with a "What then? We allow all this to be true; but what is it to our present purpose?" I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and tripping, as he thought, in the superiority of the argument, when he has been napped on a sudden by Mr. Dry's despatching him to ten the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In short, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the same advantages over Puzzle, that a small body of regular troops would gain over a numberless undisciplined militia.

No. 177.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1712.

— — — — — Au me fait amities

Heureux Andre, et Voire pour

Etrange perles d'Amour

Que d'eau substat et aue — Hec. 2 Od. iv. 5.

— — — — — Does any fancy cheat

My mind when pleas'd with the deceit?

I seem to hear, I seem to move,

And wander through the happy grove,

Where smother'd springs flow, and murm'ring breeze

Wanders through the waving trees — CHAUCER

— — — — — Sir,

"HAvING lately read your essay on The Pleasures of the Imagination, I was so taken with your thoughts upon some of our English gardens, that I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that subject. I am one, you must know, who am looked upon as a humourist in gardening. I have several acres about my house, which I call my garden, and which a skillful gardener would not know what to call. It is a confusion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-garden, which he so mix'd and interwoven with one another, that if a foreigner who had seen nothing of our country, should be convey'd into my garden at his first landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderness, and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My flowers grow up in several parts of the garden in the greatest luxuriance and profusion. I am so far from being fond of any particular one, by reason of its rarity, that if I meet with any one in a field which pleases me, I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when a stranger walks with me, he is surpris'd to see several large spots of ground covered with ten thousand different colours, and has often singled out flowers that he might have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or in a meadow, as some of the greatest beauties of the place. The only method I observe in this particular, is to range in the same quarter the products of the same season, that they may make their appearance together, and compose a picture of the greatest variety. There is the same irregularity in my plantations, which run into a great wilderness as their natures will permit. I take in none that do not naturally rejoice in the soil, and am pleas'd, when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own raising, not to know whether the next tree I shall meet with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree. My kitchen has likewise its particular quarters assigned it; for besides the whole

luxury which that place abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden a more pleasant sight than the finest orangery, or artificial green-house. I love to see every thing in its perfection; and am more pleased to survey my rows of coleworts and abbages, with a thousand nameless pot-herbs, springing up in their full fragrancy and verdure, than to see the tender plants of foreign countries kept alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and soil that are not adapted to them. I must not omit, that there is a fountain rising in the upper part of my garden, which forms a little wandering rill, and administers to the pleasure as well as the plenty of the place. I have so conducted it, that it visits most of my plantations: and have taken particular care to let it run in the same manner as it would do in an open field, so that it generally passes through banks of violets and primroses, plats of willow, or other plants, that seem to be of its own producing. There is another circumstance in which I am very particular, or, as my neighbours call me, very whimsical: as my garden invites into it all the birds of the country, by offering them the conveniency of springs and shades, solitude and shelter, I do not suffer any one to destroy their nests in the spring, or drive them from their usual haunts in fruit-time; I value my garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries, and very frankly give them fruit for their songs. By this means, I have always the music of the season in its perfection, and am highly delighted to see the jay or the thrush hopping about my walks, and shooting before my eye across the several little glades and alleys that I pass through. I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens are epigrammatists and sonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottos, treillages and cascades, are romance writers. Wise and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may single out any passage of their works to commend, I shall take notice of that part in the upper garden at Kensington, which was at first nothing but a gravel-pit. It must have been a fine genius for gardening that could have thought of forming such an unsightly hollow into so beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with so uncommon and agreeable a scene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular spot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleasing contrast; for, as on one side of the walk you see this hollow basin, with its several little plantations, lying so conveniently under the eye of the beholder, on the other side of it there appears a seeming mount, made up of trees, rising one higher than another, in proportion as they approach the centre. A spectator, who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually scooped out of that hollow space which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one, who has walked in this garden, who was not struck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myself, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compositions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildness of nature; without affecting the nicer elegances of art. What I am now going to mention, will perhaps deserve your attention more than any thing I have yet said. I find that, in the discourse which I spoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are against filling an English garden with evergreens; and indeed I am so of your opinion, that I can by no means think

the verdure of a garden shoots out annually in summer season. I have seen many who are like me, who have never thought of evergreens, which should cover their leaves. You see the sunshine and the fresh parts of the year in November and any in the finest. I think there could walk in such a garden. In the summer it is a kind of garden sensible of the sun every where me solitude, and a barren prospect cheerful in a spring trees that smile give us a view of that which I have so far indicated have set apart a portion of it. The vines. The last with many other grow so thick in lively scene, with which they verdure of the heart of the bell you have some papers. It is the several kind green spot, and branches and for I have before single leaf for

C.

No. 478.] M

Quem penes

Fashion, sold

"Mr. Sp

"It happened

had many thing

me to walk with

nice in his wa

shown; which

his humour still

been staring at

and led me into

ing them.

"I fancied it

who enters into

For the masses, however, now the eyes of the beholders. And to do it must not be done in a way that they may be persuaded with all an eagerness. There must be a deep disappointment, who shall be a goodly which will be a great disappointment with a competent knowledge of the nature of the thing, so that by this means the place will be a good one. Here is a great deal of it for some body who has a great deal of it.

[illegible]

Secondly, that whereas some of our young gentlemen and travel give us great reason to suspect that they only go abroad to make or improve a bad yet serious project of this nature may be a means to keep them at home; which is in effect the best of security in any in the kingdom. All the more influence of fashion in Europe, which was formerly the sole of France, may be made to the advantage, that it may become as common to Frenchmen to come to England for their education, as it has been for Englishmen to go to France for it.

Thursday. What as several great scholars, who might have been, then were useful to the world, have spent their time in striving to describe the dress of the ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to conjecture and support with much learning, it is like to henceforth happen that they shall be freed from the tedious and the world from these useless volumes. This project will be a registry, to which perfectly may have recourse, for the clearing such obscure passages as tend that way in authors; and therefore we shall not in the future submit ourselves to the tormenting of etymology, which might persuade the sage to come that the forthcoming was worn for the purposes of the labor, who for warmth,

And, finally, Who are they, who are old themselves, but often a very young man at the extravagance of youth and the adolescence in which their children are still steeped, so that this old humor will be much suppressed, when we can have recourse to the fashions of their times, produce them in our vintages, and be able to show that it might have been as late as Queen Elizabeth's time only to wash it down with a bottle, as it is now to buy cravats or new hats and garters.

“We are also to have it taken notice of, that we should show a particular respect to the persons, who may induce them to perfect their knowledge which is very proper. As, for example, gentlemen, we have conceived the method of teaching in the English language. There is a book that is put into their hands, with a looking-glass at the end of it, standing up in the middle of it; then on one side of the glass, is written one, above another, patch-bags, sugar-bags, and little bottles; on the other, *patches, sugars, bottles, combs, and brushes*, beyond these words, are the knots, whose points are hidden in the patches and bags, and are to stand out interchangeably from the sides, and they meet at the top, and form a semicircular device that, over the rest of the figures; beneath all, the writing is to run in this pretty sounding manner:—

Adesite, O quotquot sunt, Veneres, Gratia, Cupidines.

En vobis adsunt in promptu

Faces, vincula, epicula;

Hinc eligite, sumite, regite.

All ye Venuses, Graces, and Cupids attend:

See prepared to your hands,

Harps, torches, and hands:

Your weapons here choose, and your empire extend.

"I am, Sir, your most humble Servant,

A. B."

The proposal of my correspondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing persons (whose parts make them ambitious to exert themselves in frivolous things) in a rank by themselves. In order to this, I would propose that there be a board of directors of the fashionable society; and, because it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I should be highly obliged to my correspondents if they would give in lists of persons qualified for this trust. If the chief coffee-houses, the conversations of which places are carried on by persons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themselves two or three to be inserted, they should be put up with great faithfulness. Old beaux are to be represented in the first place; but as that sect, with relation to dress, is almost extinct, it will, I fear, be absolutely necessary to take in all time-servers, properly so deemed; that is, such as, without any conviction of conscience, or view of interest, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of fashion. Such also, who from facility of temper, and too much obsequiousness, are vicious against their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable persons for this superintendency. Those who are loath to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the course and order of things, out of fondness to be in fashion, are proper candidates. To conclude, those who are in fashion without apparent merit, must be supposed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a post of direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming these lists. Any, who shall be pleased according to these, or what further qualification may occur to himself, to send a list, is desired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N.B. The place of the physician to this society, according to the last-mentioned qualification, is already engaged.

T.

No. 479.] TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1712.

—Dare jura maritis.—Hon. Ars Poet. 398.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epistles I every day receive from husbands who complain of vanity, pride, but, above all, ill-nature in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I see in all their letters that the cause of their uneasiness is in themselves; and indeed I have hardly ever observed the married condition unhappy, but from want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a style and with sentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means, we raise our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and because we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as subject to dishumour, age, sickness, impatience, or sullenness, but altogether considered her as the object of joy; human nature itself is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection, or defect.

I take it to be a common occurrence of domestic, or married life, that a disposition is supported but by and as Nature fancies or appoints, took a young man a consideration than and thought of to administer desire flags, w and her merit difference, di man who bri and beholds v mities of hun even at the be and new rela himself accor ture of his cir prepared to steward for p tions ready fo Such a man e instead of ang he is not dis their mirth a that he think intricate affa whom all his next room: c put on his pe for the noise brats; and th the comforts and drives to

According every circum or pleasure. is supported b and friendsh gaged in this common cour of fortune, in some delight

He that si studies to im pleasure from married man, and false gal every thing a cannot, indee ing such pleas but I speak of are involved I cannot inde her husband spoke since he I was prevail band; and hi head, when th papa would co the father, has drowning him just four yea him, and brin vation of two upon the chil and I told the of his coming was a certain

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

hour of them, the great aged very well the savings of little entertainment. I was mark on the no no night and triumph in a natured my thing but ce the whole from the re- ove his own

out there are with what a y in phosore re a host to or a strong, es; but one at the sight these are his w's me spe id rather to h women of by pative ounts to the sk I owned part of his fee constantly tions may ceptions of a fied with ould give with him, that a not back, ty and when e me or to be festive. At he sure sub- are believ'd. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, ying out in a have either an opinion that their person or their ta s very much, but are partly or formed for the service or oma at life in a s of gain, or what they call hon-our, to take up- on the passage of themselves whatever the generosity of their master show will be may you see of applying dantes, to us, of a single m very per but a great th, the most has a mas y coming to R. and they afford to be en a s, dis- a m, the cir- d r, e I ge a v

nation state with and without the affection satis- fied. It is the completest image of heaven and hell, as are capable of receiving in this life.—F.

No. 489. WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 10, 1712.

Reposant empalant, s'extenuant honores  
Fatis, et a seipso, sicut iterum a quo rotundas  
Hoc 2 Sat. vii. 35.  
He Sir, is pos'd to grandeur, pride, or self,  
And to the self, and greater of himself  
Not to be free by fears and fancies hur'd,  
But to be free the interests of the world,  
And where the world turns to, to be able and whole,  
He says, the worst fear of his soul.—Pitt

THE other day, looking over those old manuseri- pt which I have formerly given some account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the close friendship between him and his friend Eucrate, I found among the letters, which had been in the custody of the latter, an epistle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuses himself from coming to court. The gentleman it seems, was contented with his condition, he had formerly been in the king's service; but at the writing the following letter had, from leisure and reflection, quite another sense of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

*My dear Mr. Country to Pharamond.*

DREAD SIR,

I have from your own hand (enclosed under the cover of Mr. Eucrate, of your majesty's bed-chamber) a letter which invites me to court. I understand this great honour to be done me more out of respect and inclination to me, rather than regard to your own service; for which reason I beg leave to lay before your majesty my reasons for declining to depart from home; and will not doubt but as your majesty is desirous my attendance was to make me happy at court, when you think that will not be effected by my removal, you will permit me to stay where I am. Those who have an ambition to appear in courts, ying out in a have either an opinion that their person or their ta s very much, but are partly or formed for the service or oma at life in a s of gain, or what they call hon-our, to take up- on the passage of themselves whatever the generosity of their master show will be may you see of applying dantes, to us, of a single m very per but a great th, the most has a mas y coming to R. and they afford to be en a s, dis- a m, the cir- d r, e I ge a v

are all of them mean, both in their person and fortune. The estate my eldest son is heir to, than he can enjoy with a good grace. My will not carry me so far as to impose upon the advancement of persons (merely for the sake of related to me) into high distinctions, for their own sakes, as well as that of the affect of obscurity. I wish my generous son it is in your power to give honours and were also to give talents suitable to them; the noble Pharamond would reward the youth with abilities to do him service in

who accept of favour without merit, supply themselves in it at the expense of your majesty. I have to tell you, Sir, this is the reason that country hear so often repeated the word. That part of your law which is reserved for the readier service and good of the people, men are eternally buzzing in our ears, for their own follies and miscarriages. It would be to the high favour you have done me, should let Eucrate send me word how often, at cases, you allow a constable to insist on a reprieve. From the highest to the lowest of your dominions, something of their own they would exempt from examination, under the word prerogative. I would fain, Pharamond, see one of your officers assert authority by good and gracious actions. When I help the afflicted, to rescue the innocent, the stranger? Uncommon methods, undertaken to attain worthy ends, would be power invidious. You see, Sir, I talk of the freedom your noble nature approves in you admit to your conversation. I return to your majesty's letter, I humbly think all distinctions are useful to men, only to act in public; and it would be a disgrace for a man to be a lord in his closet. It is honourable to a man apart from the reflection upon worthy actions; and it is honour in a consciousness of well-deserved. I have but little relish for any outward reward; since what gives him distinction, cannot come within the observation of others. Thus all the words of lordship, and grace, are only repetitions to a man that is ordered him to be called so; but not that there is any thing in himself, that the man, who applies to him, those ideas, creation of his master.

most noble Pharamond, all honours and your own approbation: I triumph in your gift, I refuse them as they are the observation of others. Indulge me, master, in this chastity of renown; let me live in the favour of Pharamond; and look the applause of the people.

"I am, in all duty and loyalty,

"Your majesty's most obedient  
Subject and Servant,  
"JEAN CHEZLEY."

not tell with what disadvantages men of and great modesty come into the world; measures their diffidence of themselves, offending, often oblige them to take; pity it is that their greatest virtues and it should soonest recommend them, are made in the way of their preferment. in, is my case; I was bred at a country

school, where I learned the fortunes of my family for profession of the polite science, infamy and want. I am in times of vacancy and made myself master of, though the progress I have gained me reputation enough, yet my mind suggests to me upon that foundation I am

"The person I have in mind has it in his nature, as I advance me, by recommendation, is going beyond sea in a post, the printing this letter would want confidence to speak of your power to refuse making

"September 9, 1712.

T.

No. 481.] THURSDAY

—Uti non  
Compositus melius cum B  
Acres procurant—

Who shall decide when do  
And soundest casuists doubt

It is sometimes pleasant to see different notions which differ in the same thing. If men of low value on things which are in a higher station of these esteem which are in of an inferior rank. Consider, particular, very much astonished those solemn contests and among the great upon the ceremony; and wonder to the consequence should be the circumstances, which they trifling and insignificant, with a porter's decision in plays, which is founded upon a virtuous woman's marrying the first was yet living. The supposed to have been dead after a long absence, raised the tragic part of the play, the nurse and the porter confounded that would ensue in such a case, the matter may be easily decided judiciously by the old proverb, "be still living." "the man may There is nothing in my time surprised and confounded the countrymen, as the present Count Rechteren and Monsie plays the wise heads of so all the affairs of Europe in

Upon my going into a country, lending an ear to the next passed with a circle of friends, them, after having read of it, broke out into the "I am afraid," says he, "this is the footmen at Utrecht with Christendom. I wish the bottom of it. His holiness fomenting a division, as the lately experienced to their d'ye-call-him's domestics with modulation, I do not know ended but by a religious war

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ould scorn to  
le; here's all  
use Monsieur  
e. If Count  
e after it, all  
this bustle;  
is not care to

gue hitherto,  
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and that he  
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he table, and  
French king,  
matter right,  
did not resent  
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rs he, "what  
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and his sove-  
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done him jus-  
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akes a mouth  
t of it for his  
anager, upon  
ght have had  
it as the case

now stands; if you will have my opinion; I think  
they ought to bring it to reference."

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but  
I must confess with little edification; for all I could  
learn at last from these honest gentlemen was, that  
the matter in debate was of too high a nature for sad  
heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend.—O.

## No. 482.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1712.

*Floriferis ut apes in salibus omnia libant.—LAVINIA.*

*As from the sweetest flower the lab'ring bee  
Extracts her precious sweets.—CAREW.*

WHEN I have published any single paper that  
falls in with the popular taste, and pleases more than  
ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of  
letters. My Tuesday's discourse, wherein I gave  
several admonitions to the fraternity of the hen-  
pecked, has already produced me very many cor-  
respondents; the reason I cannot guess at, unless I  
be, that such a discourse is of general use, and every  
married man's money. An honest tradesman, who  
dates his letter from Chesapside, sends me thanks  
the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often  
as their wives will give them leave, and stay to-  
gether till they are sent for home. He informs me  
that my paper has administered great consolation to  
their whole club, and desires me to give some further  
account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whose  
reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier,  
whether he buried Xantippe, with many other par-  
ticulars: for that, by his sayings, he appears to have  
been a very wise man, and a good Christian. An-  
other, who writes himself Benjamin Bamboo, tells  
me that, being coupled with a shrew, he had con-  
voured to tame her by such lawful means as those  
which I mentioned in my last Tuesday's paper, and  
that in his wrath he had often gone further than  
Bracton allows in those cases; but that for the fu-  
ture he was resolved to bear it like a man of temper  
and learning, and consider her only as one who  
lives in his house to teach him philosophy. Tom  
Dapperwit says, that he agrees with me in that whole  
discourse, excepting only the last sentence, where I  
affirm the married state to be either a heaven or a  
hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penmanship  
this occasion to tell me, that by his experience it is  
neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind  
of state, commonly known by the name of purgatory.

The fair sex have likewise obliged me with their  
reflections upon the same discourse. A lady, who  
calls herself Euterpe, and seems a woman of letters,  
asks me whether I am for establishing the *Salut* law  
in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman  
who has discretion and learning should sit at the  
helm, when the husband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, introduces  
herself Xantippe, and tells me that she follows the  
example of her namesake; for being married to a  
bookish man, who has no knowledge of the world,  
she is forced to take their affairs into her own hands,  
and to spirit him up now and then, that he may not  
grow musty, and unfit for conversation.

After this abridgement of some letters which are  
come to my hands upon this occasion, I shall pub-  
lish one of them at large.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You have given us a lively picture of that kind  
of husband who comes under the denomination of  
the hen-pecked; but I do not remember that you



we ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in several places of England, goes by the name of 'a cot-quean.' I have a misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till she had made him as good a housewife himself. He could preserve apricots, and make lyes, before he had been two years out of the nursery. He was never suffered to go abroad, for fear catching cold; when he should have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's side learning how to season it, or put it in crust; and was making paper boats with his sisters, at an age when her young gentlemen are crossing the seas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whitest skin that you ever saw in your life, and raises paste thicker than any woman in England. These qualifications make him a sad husband. He is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thousand squabbles with a cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the shilling than his steward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a dish that is not dressed to his liking, and instructing his friends at dine with him in the best pickle for a walnut, and sauce for a haunch of venison. With all this he is a very good-natured husband, and never fell out with me in his life but once, upon the over-roasting of a dish of wild fowl. At the same time I must own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harshly sometimes, than of such an effeminate busy nature, in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray give something of a husband that wears the petticoat. Why should not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of the sex?

"I am," &c.

O.

No. 483.] SATURDAY, SEPT. 13, 1712.

*Mos deus interit, nisi dignus vindice nodus  
Inciderit.*—HON. ARS POET. VER. 191.

*Never presume to make a god appear.  
But for a business worthy of a god.*—ROSCOMMON.

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableness than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours as punishments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who suffers, when he sets upon himself as the mark of Divine vengeance, and abates the compassion of those towards him who regard him in so dreadful a light. This humour, of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which in its own nature produces good-will towards men, and puts the best construction upon every accident that befalls us. In this case, therefore, it is not religion that coarsens a man's temper, but it is his temper that lowers his religion. People of gloomy uncheerful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will discover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the finest wines are often the taste of the soil, so even the most religious thoughts often draw something that is particular from the constitution of the mind in which they arise. When folly or superstition strike in with the natural depravity of temper, it is not in the way even of religion itself, to preserve the character of the person who is possessed with it from appearing highly absurd and ridiculous.

An old London gentlewoman, whom I shall con-

ceal under the name of a discoverer of judgments, can tell you, when her house on fire, or when she was afflicted with an unfortunate child by the small-pox, that when she was looking on it in the good fortune that it had escaped, and she was her mother used to say, Her usual remarks were, I have no estates, but never saw a flaw in their own can give you the less; why such a loss in his youth; why no marriage; why no particular spot of greatness with a back-sword of weapon. She thought that can befall any one, she hears of a murder that has been committed, the guilt of the murderer, whether a thief, or the assassin, or a Christian, that is tried, and whatever judgment.

The very desolation of life, is sufficient to fill in a pomp and circumstance, to amuse and terrify the soul. Plutarch as impertinently mentioned, though makes the folly of most historians, who fall into this error, success, unforeseen if they had been made acquainted with the world, several of our own revelations of the English monks in peace, who had power or wealth in those times past, and race generally for Forest, where the and monasteries. I cannot but think you would think kings of Israel or actually inspired of Providence, judgments, or blindness, idolatry, or the vices.

I cannot but think upon misfortunes in regard to the presumptuous in inflict them. It is retribution here persons are very sons prosperous; nature of a Being good in all his vices such a promiscuous of good and evil, and the degree

another. We could fall from providence; nor is the unexpressed virtue in itself will make bare, or punishment, or punishment, that there is a mixture of both

gments to any several consist First, that, giv or affliction. is a judgment times happen virtue. When e of the Athe- empest: upon as a just judg- pious a man look upon the e distress, and was on board involved in the ne accident- ties under any ok upon it a- nature, rather suffers.

check our pre- on upon a nas- or us to know- ings. How- ortunes, which rity of the per- how many to- ences, save us into the effort- to pronounce- but for a man it in part, and

piece of reason- Clitobus, who athens (for we- both Greeks he immortal- in this mat- a lady who- s chariot to- ty, the peri- to have dra- mother was s duty; that, b- upon them, th- ing upon wh- e, and the r- This was s- ed into a ju- others after- less have b- historian was

BER 15, 1712.  
st, at possib-  
m, commend-

ome illustriou-  
with occasion-  
mendation.

in their con-

gress through any profession, none seem to have a good title to the protection of the men of eminent merit, as the modest man; not so much because his modesty is a certain indication of his merit, as because it is a certain obstacle to the producing of it. Now, as of all professions this virtue is thought to be more particularly unnecessary in that of the law than in any other, I shall only apply myself to the relief of such who follow this profession with this disadvantage. What aggravates the matter is, that those persons who, the better to prepare themselves for this study, have made some progress in others, have by addicting themselves to letters, increased their natural modesty, and consequently heightened the obstruction to this sort of preferment: so that even one of these may emphatically be said to be such; one who laboureth and taketh pains, and is still the more behind. It may be a matter worth discussing then, why that which made a youth so amiable to the ancients, should make him appear so ridiculous to the moderns; and why, in our days, there should be neglect, and even oppression, of young beginners instead of that protection which was the pride of the others? In the profession spoken of, it is obvious that every one whose attendance is required at Westminster-hall with what difficulty a youth of any modesty has been permitted to make an observation that could in no wise detract from the merit of his colleagues, and is absolutely necessary for the advancing of his own. I have often seen one of these modestly protected in his utterance of something very pertinent, but even plundered of his question, and by strong argument shouldered out of his rank, unable to have recovered with much difficulty and confusion. Now, as great part of the business of this profession must be dispatched by one that perhaps

—As to the death.

Mrs. Anne, nee, nee quantum Cascellius, Antist.

Hoc, Ars Pet. 1711.

—As to the death, powerful eloquence.

As to the death, powerful eloquence. —Redeem.

I cannot conceive the injustice done to the public in the men of reputation in this calling would introduce such of the young ones into business, were application to this study will let them into the secret of it, as much as their modesty will hinder them in the practice. I say, it would be laying an everlasting obligation upon a young man, to be indebted to his tutor only as a mate, till by this constant application he is enabled to support the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexions settled, so well settled, that the litigious of the world may be secure of his obstreperous aid. If he might be indulged to speak in the style of a lawyer, I would say, that any one about thirty years of age might make a commendation to the court with as much elegance and propriety as the most aged advocates in the hall.

I cannot advance the merit of modesty by argument, I say, so powerfully, as by inquiring into the sentiments the greatest among the ancient and different ages entertained upon this virtue. Now, to look back to the days of Solon, we shall find that youth a necessary consequence to a shame-faced man. Plato, the greatest lawyer and most elegant wit of the age, lived in several of his epistles very strenuous in recommending to the public, so to speak, of his own profession, and every of them makes it become an advice, upon condition that some one of these his favourites might be joined to him, in order to produce the merit of such whose modesty otherwise would have suppressed

ay seem very marvellous to a saucy modern. *multum sanguinis, multum verecundie, multum pudoris in ore*; to have the 'face first full of blood, then the countenance dashed with modesty. When the whole aspect as of one dying with fear, as a man begins to speak;' should be esteemed fitting the necessary qualifications of a fine orator. Shakspeare also has expressed himself in some favourable strain of modesty, when he says,

—In the modesty of fearful duty  
I read as much as from the rattling tongue  
Of juncy and audacious eloquence—.

Now, since these authors have professed themselves for the modest man, even in the utmost compass of speech and countenance, why should an audacious utterance and a resolute vociferation thunder successfully in our courts of justice? And should that confidence of speech and behaviour, which seems to acknowledge no superior, and to defy contradiction, prevail over that deference and relation with which the modest man implores that favourable opinion which the other seems to command? As the case at present stands, the best consolation that I can administer, to those who cannot get that stroke of business (as the phrase is) which deserve, is to reckon every particular acquisition of knowledge in this study as a real increase of fortune; and fully to believe, that one day imaginary gain will certainly be made out, by mere substantial. I wish you would talk to us on this head; you will oblige, Sir,

"Your most humble Servant."

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good sense; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occasion: for I have observed that, under the notion of modesty, men have indulged themselves in a spiritless sheepishness, and been for ever to themselves, their families, their friends, and country. When a man has taken care to prepare nothing but what he may justly aim at, and execute as well as any other, without injustice to other; it is ever want of breeding, or countenance to be brow-beaten, or elbowed out of his honest opinion. I have said often, modesty must be an act of the will, and yet it always implies self-denial: if a man has an ardent desire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and from an unmanly bashfulness shrinks away, and lets his merit languish in obscurity, he ought not to be angry at the world that an unskilful actor succeeds in his part, because he is not confident to come upon the stage himself.

The generosity my correspondent mentions of merit cannot be enough applauded. To cherish the merit of merit, and hasten its maturity, was a work by a noble Roman, and a liberal scholar. That man which is described in the letter, is to all the world the greatest charm imaginable; but then the man must proceed, and show a latent resolution in himself: for the admiration of his modesty is from the manifestation of his merit. I must say we live in an age wherein a few empty blunders carry away the praise of speaking, while a multitude of fellows overstocked with knowledge are despised by them: I say overstocked, because they are only so, as to their service of mankind, if their very store they raise to themselves ideas of respect and greatness of the occasion, and I expect what, to disable themselves from explaining their thoughts. I must confess, when I have observed Frankair rise up with a commanding voice, and a torrent of handsome words, talk a mile

off the purpose, and be a subject of ten times more envy than he was before; were envying his understanding, it has done me no harm; but it soon empties the fountains of his eloquence. In the realms of the universe, the universal sense of this is a false sense of this; it is a ridiculous error in man to make his beauty his merit, and the finest quality of himself. Were the nurseries of learning their distance; but modesty in our young men, cease at Oxford, and the study of eloquence

No. 485.] THE

Nihil tam formidum est, quam idolo.—QUIN. CURT. I.  
The strongest things are in danger from the weak.

"MR. SPECTATOR

"My Lord Clare has done more than I thought to be able to do; a greater error, than I am qualified with too much to be therefore incapable of malice, of folly, in the weakest that makes a strange reflection of the his which is generally of or executing any of those whom it exert appear very plain, says, 'It is as sports that he might the numerous circumstances displeasure of this adds further, that 'weighty, but a fool both.' It is impossible upon this matter sagacity bestirs him in the probable and reason will fortify regular efforts; but concludes, with such a regular course of those prodigious machinations may be extended to fortunes arise from seem of very little extravagances does the loss of a handkerchief does Desdemona's tendency in regard to all the enterprise examined, some, inable enough to occur them any apprehension will be found to be rather than any error, which natural berations. If you

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

eding gracious to several  
; and upon this maxim,  
erson must arise from the  
f his capacity to do you  
and that this calling his  
st give him inclination,  
er wants strength, or op-  
There is nobody so weak  
aggravate, or make some  
emy; there are very few  
to hear them; and it is  
ority of mankind to level  
ghbours. Besides, in all  
at party which has the  
nder this prejudice, that  
ed, upon account of his  
injury, when perhaps he  
d be tedious to enumerate  
d particular friends have  
contemptible.

France, so formidable to  
more be secured against  
illac, than Villiers, duke  
against that of Felton.  
erson so destitute, but can  
fe or a pistol, if he finds  
That things and persons  
such powerful revolutions  
the greatest, seems a pro-  
file and abate the pride of  
to engage the humanity  
ors to all below them, by  
et, that the stronger de-

"I am, Sir,  
very humble Servant."

temple, Paper-buildings.

oom you some time ago,  
ered sooner, had you in-  
that part of this island I  
ppertinence; but, having  
dge of that matter, this  
onger serviceable. My  
ll be the subject of this  
the Spectator's doctrine  
lay, began from that sea-  
service of the fair in  
served at the beginning  
a new night-gown, either

Both equally gorgeous  
end of the month I did  
knowledge of his contri-  
ment has since suggested  
ow, that all new clothes  
is imagination into a coun-  
ter gentleman than he was  
riety and reflection, and  
y and amour. Inflamed  
thinking, and full of the  
did this mercurial youth  
of captivating. At first  
room, only now and then  
in his night-gown, and  
re which expresses the  
guishment. It was plea-  
is loveliness, sometimes  
y with a sideface, with a  
nes being so generous as  
fulness of its beauty; at  
throwing back his peri-  
s ears. You know he is  
the mob call a handsome

jolly man; which appearance cannot in-  
tives in this part of the town. Being e-  
by daily success, he leaves his room wit-  
tion to extend his conquests; and I ha-  
hended him in his night-gown smiting i-  
of this neighbourhood.

"This I, being of an amorous compl-  
with indignation, and had thoughts of pu-  
wig in these parts; into which, being a  
distance from the earth, I might have thr-  
liberal mixture of white horse-hair, wi-  
make a fairer and consequently a hand-  
pearance, while my situation would  
against any discoveries. But the pass-  
handsome gentleman seems to be so fixed  
of the building, that it will be extremely  
divert it to mine; so that I am resolved to  
to the complexion of my own eyebrow, as  
me an immense black wig of the same so-  
ture with that of my rival. Now, though  
shall not, perhaps, lessen the number of th-  
of his complexion, I shall have a fair ch-  
vide the passengers by the irresistible fore-

"I expect sudden dispatches from you  
vice of the family you are in now, how to  
self upon this so delicate a conjuncture;  
comfortable resolutions in favour of the  
black man against the handsome fair one

"I am, Sir, your humble servan

"N. B. He who writ this is a black ma-  
of stairs; the gentleman of whom he wr-  
and one pair of stairs."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I only say, that it is impossible for  
how much I am

"Yours,

"ROBIN SI

"P. S. I shall think it a little hard, if  
take as much notice of this epistle, as y  
the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not a  
the world see which is the deeper man of

## ADVERTISEMENT.

London, Septer

Whereas a young woman on horseb-  
equestrian habit, on the 13th instant in th  
met the Spectator within a mile and a l  
town, and, flying in the face of justice, pul-  
hat, in which there was a feather, with the  
air of a young officer, saying at the s  
"Your servant, Mr. Spec., or words to  
pose; this is to give notice, that if any  
discover the name and place of abode of t  
fender, so as she can be brought to just  
formant shall have all fitting encouragem

No. 486.] WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 17

Aud, ne est operæ premium, procedere recte  
Qui muchis non vultus— Hæc I Sa

INITIATED.

All you who think the city ne'er can thrive  
Till every cuckold-maker's head alive,  
Attend----- R

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"THERE are very many of my acquaint-  
lowers of Socrates, with more particular  
that part of his philosophy which we, a  
selves, call his domestics; under which  
tion, or title, we include all the conjuga-  
sufferings. We have indeed, with very j

served, the honour you do the whole fraternity the hen-pecked, in placing that illustrious our head; and it does in a very great measure the railery of pert rogues, who have no age above us, but in that they are single. When you look about into the crowd of mankind you will find the fair sex reigns with greater power over lovers than husbands. You shall hardly see in a thousand who is wholly exempt from dominion, and those that are so are capable of life, and breathe and walk about the insignificant. But I am going to desire rather favour in behalf of our harmless brood, and hope you will show in a true light married hen-pecked, as well as you have done to us, who submit to the conduct of our I am very particularly acquainted with one under entire submission to a kind girl, as he is; and though he knows I have been witness the ill usage he has received from her, and ability to resist her tyranny, he still pretends a jest of me for a little more than ordinary business to my spouse. No longer than Tuesday he took me with him to visit his mistress; having, it seems, been a little in disgrace thought by bringing me with him she would on herself, and insensibly fall into general ease with him; and so he might break the save himself all the ordinary compunctions rifications she used to make him suffer because would be reconciled, after any act of rebellion part. When we came into the room we received with the utmost coldness; and when I asked me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good he just had patience to suffer my salutation; and he himself, with a very gay air, offered to see, she gave him a thundering box on the head him pitiful, poor-spirited wretch—how see her face? His wig and hat fell on different parts of the floor. She seized the wig too him to recover it, and, kicking it down threw herself into an opposite room, pulling after her with a force that you would have the hinges would have given way. We own, you must think, with no very good success; and, as we sneaked off, and were some together, he confessed to me, that her as thus highly raised, because he did not to fight a gentleman who had said she was was: 'but,' says he, 'a kind letter or two, pieces, will put her in humour again.' I am why he did not part with her; he once loved her with all the tenderness imaginable and she had too many charms to be abandoned a little quickness of spirit. Thus does pitimate hen-pecked overlook the hussy's regard to his very life and fame, in putting upon an infamous dispute about her reputation has he the confidence to laugh at me, I obey my poor dear in keeping out of way, and not staying too late from my own pass through the hazards of a town full of and debauchees. You, that are a philosopher, would urge in our behalf, that, when we bear toward woman, our patience is preserved, in that that a breach with her might be a disadvantage to children who are descended from us, and discern makes us tolerate a thousand frailties they should redound dishonour upon cent. This and the like circumstances, try with them the most valuable regards of life, may be mentioned for our long-suffer-

ing; but, in the case usage from one to another but from a base passion and which it would be

"These sort of feelings some have been conspicuous, they have carried a circle of death, and, to and happiness of their honourably near to them their paramours. When in the grave! Sure to a vengeance! But, less frequent instances there so common as to that he cannot get to quote a half line out of his weakness is natural have nothing to say to pretend to be free all the married patients.

"I have known one haughty dominion over has at the same time been the Straits, a merchant man in Hampshire, and managed by one she kept man (as the phrase is usually, every post, letters. He would sit in his night as grave giving an account that there was nothing had heard of such a set of lovers was; and how descend so low, after some of them? For the same to, and of every one of tary and his lady went.

"To be short, Mr. S never make the figure of young men growing up can bring it about that as infamous a character. But, of all that I have me to Betty Duall: she the kept-mistress of a with the latter during. The husband asks no quarter furnished with riches to support, and the lover is in his haven, when the other most eminently victorious ought to stand recorded in which she lives, who time two abused, and two

## No. 487.] THURSDAY

—Cum prostrata sopor  
Urget membra quies, et  
While sleep oppresses the  
Plays without weight, and

THOUGH there are many ten on dreams, they have only as revelations of distant parts of the world to happen in future periods I shall consider this dreams may give us some lency of a human soul, independency on matter. In the first place, our

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

the human soul; deep to deepen, and enlivened and worn active part in varied. When these and necessary able to to which it is several faculties partner is. In this case amusements of her manner she has laid

an instance of natural to the engaged from starded in her action with a dy in its model to observe she exerts premeditated languages that

The grave epartees and painful action aims it works not sensible instance, I dreams that rs; in which hat the mind suggestions

assage out of inious author ning and his at more than of the body l. It is the on; and our ancies of our was the wa- ne planetary piece of that ceticious, nor f company; ple, comedy, and laugh

Were my u fruitful, I nd this time s; but our d of our ab- et the story, a confused

Thus it is our of their themselves; ed from the like herself, lity."

place, that er strength wake. Joy ions of pain

Devotion, e mentioned

has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this here with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them: whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamt as consequently, and in as continued unbroken scheme as he thinks when awake: whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar? or, rather, whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean the innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such time, what a painful solicitude would our hours of sleep be! Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such a solitude

Semperque relinqui  
Sola sibi, semper longam incommittata videtur  
Ire viam— VINO. ALA. IV. 474.

She seems alone  
To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,  
Guideless and dark— DAYTON.

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actors, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, that all men whilst they are awake are in one common world; but that each of them, when he is asleep, is in a world of his own. The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely its power of divining in dreams. There have been several such divinations made, none can question who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, and visions of the night, proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned: the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose that the soul in these instances is entirely loose and unfettered from the body: it is

if she is not so far sunk and immersed in or entangled and perplexed in her operations, such motions of blood and spirits, as when the machine is in its waking hours. The union is slackened enough to give the play. The soul seems gathered within and recovers that spring which is broke and when she operates more in concert with

calculations I have here made, if they are true, they are at least strong intimations, of the excellency of a human soul, but of its dependence on the body; and if they do not at least confirm these two great points, established by many other reasons that her unanswerable.—O.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1712.

Deo? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo assibus. Eheu!  
Hon. 2 Sat. III. 156.

Cost? Not much, upon my word.  
pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence, O Lord!  
CREECH.

By several letters which I receive daily, of my readers would be better pleased to have for my paper than two-pence. One T. W.\* tells me that I have deprived him of the best part of his breakfast; for that, since my paper, he is forced every morning to drink of coffee by itself, without the addition of the Spectator, that used to be better than

Eugenius informs me, very obligingly, that he thought he should have disliked any more of my paper, but that of late there have been words in every one of them which he has not liked, viz. "Price Two-pence." I have a letter from a soap-boiler, who writes to me very affectionately upon the necessity of setting a higher price on my paper, since the late tax has been laid on it, and desiring me, when I write next on it, to speak a word or two upon the price of Castile soap. But there is none of my correspondents, who writes with a greater sense, and elegance of expression, than Philomedes, who advises me to value my paper at six-pence, and promises that he will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance who shall take it in at that price.

From the female world are likewise come great quantities, upon the same occasion; naturally bear a great deference to this species, I am very glad to find that those who are my conduct, in this particular, are more numerous than those who condemn it. Many of our daughters have drawn me up a long remonstrance, in which they set their father having refused to take in the paper, since the additional price was set upon it, and he had not been unanimous to bate him the article of butter in the tea-table account, the Spectator might be served up to them as usual. Upon this the old gentlemen, pleased, it seems, with their desire of themselves, has granted them the conti-

as Walker, head-master of the Charter-house school, who had been. The head-master 49 years, and died June 12, 1728, in the 84th year of his age.

nuance both of the Spectator and butter, having given part of the table shall be set forth of the customary bill of fare, and of the falcation. I thought myself particular, as it does not concern man; and if the young lady, on this account, will acquiesce in inserting it at length in our paper, I sires it.

I should be very glad that that might alleviate the expense brings to any of my readers must propose two points. First, that if they return particular in their ordinary expense up the halfpenny a day with consideration. Let a lady riband to her morning's dress: let a family burn more than the usual number, the Spectator without detriment.

In the next place, if my price of buying my paper with patience, and they may buy out the burthen of a tax, when they are sold, the stick, are delights for some time they come to trifles, and are every ordinary truth of it is, they have a good appearance, from several times, time, place, and person, which are not taken early; but it is to consider, whether it is half a year behindhand with the lite part of the world, than his circumstances. My ten thousand of the third he is ready to publish, having large an edition both of the As he is a person whose business, he thinks the present to be made to perriages, visiting days, and as several other books are rals. He has printed the volume, that many of them upon a single plate; and of Spectators would be as ment to the ladies as a sal

I shall conclude this paper sent to the writer of the Spectator my thanks to the

"SIR,

"Having heard the fellow commended, I wonder the place in any of your papers our poet-laureat should not show the opinion he entertains of the notion he proceeds I make bold to convey it to has yet come to your hands

ON THE SP

BY MR.

—Alasque et id Nascitur—Hon.

You rise another

When first the Tattler to Great Britain for her cease Robbed of his spiritually Till the Spectator rose, a



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

setting view'd,  
joys renew'd,  
sun to name,  
the same,  
sense are freed,  
judgment read,  
myself succeed.

SEPT. 20, 1712.

troubled flood.

concerning the Plea-  
ind, among the three  
ich you have disco-  
his has suggested to  
ects that I have ever  
s my imagination so  
cannot see the heav-  
of waters, even in a  
astonishment; but  
pest, so that the hori-  
t foaming billows and  
ssible to describe the  
n such a prospect. A  
o sails upon it, is, I  
e can see in motion,  
agination one of the  
can arise from great-  
ossible for me to sur-  
without thinking on  
t, and made a proper  
h an object naturally  
an Almighty Being,  
nce as much as a me-  
imagination prompts  
greatness of the sen-  
idea of a Being who  
e nor space.  
yages upon the sea, I  
ns, and on that occa-  
on the descriptions of  
nber Longinus highly  
cause the poet has not  
es upon the occasion,  
s, whom he mentions,  
as gathered together  
he most apt to terrify  
eally happen in the  
the same reason that  
ption of a ship in a  
as made, before any  
They that go down to  
ess in great waters;  
d, and his wonders in  
leth and raiseth the  
p the waves thereof.  
they go down again  
ed because of trouble.  
gger like a drunken  
nd. Then they cry  
and he bringeth them  
eth the storm a calm,  
still. Then they are  
so he bringeth them

more comfortable, as  
of the Psalmist, than  
other poets, where  
ing a storm, and an-

seqq.

other as laying it! Were we only to consid-  
sublime in this piece of poetry, what can be  
than the idea it gives us of the Supreme Bein-  
raising a tumult among the elements, and reco-  
them out of their confusion; thus troubling a  
calming nature?"

"Great painters do not only give us land  
of gardens, groves, and meadows, but very oft  
ploy their pencils upon sea-pieces. I could wi-  
would follow their example. If this small  
may deserve a place among your works, I sh-  
company it with a divine ode made by a gent  
upon the conclusion of his travels."

I.

How are thy servants blest! O Lord  
How sure is their defence!  
Eternal wisdom is their guide,  
Their help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign realms and lands remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,  
And breath'd in tainted air

III.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,  
Made every region please:  
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,  
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

IV.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,  
How with affrighted eyes,  
Thou saw'st at the wide extended deep  
In all its horrors rise!

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry face,  
And fear in ev'ry heart;  
When waves on waves, and gulfs in gulfs,  
O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,  
Thy mercy set me free.  
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,  
My soul took hold on thee.

VII.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung,  
High on the broken wave,  
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,  
Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,  
Obedient to thy will;  
The sea that roar'd at thy command,  
At thy command was still.

IX.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,  
Thy goodness I'll adore,  
And praise thee for thy mercies past,  
And humbly hope for more.

X.

My life, if thou preserv'st at my life,  
Thy sacrifice shall be:  
And death, if death must be my doom,  
Shall join my soul to thee.

O.

No. 490.] MONDAY, SEPT. 22, 1711

Domus et placens uxor.—Hos. 2 Od. xiv. 21.

Thy house and pleasing wife.—CÆCÆ.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to  
the word wife the most agreeable and del-  
name in nature. If it be not so in itself, a  
wiser part of mankind, from the beginning  
world to this day, has consented in an error.  
our unhappiness in England has been, that  
loose men, of genius for pleasure, have turne

Their condition is an endless source of new  
 tions. The married man can say, "If I  
 ceptable to all the world beside, there is  
 a I entirely love, that will receive me with  
 transport, and think herself obliged to double  
 ness and caresses of me from the gloom with  
 e sees me overcast. I need not dissemble  
 ow of my heart to be agreeable there; that  
 row quickens her affection."

passion towards each other, when once well  
enters into the very constitution, and the kind-  
ness as easily and silently as the blood in the  
veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the most  
degree, unskillful eyes see nothing of it ;  
but it is subject to be changed, and has an  
end that may make it end in distaste, it is apt  
to turn into rage, or overflow into fondness, before  
it is the end of the world.

der and Viramira are amorous and young, have been married these two years; yet do they distinguish each other in company, that in conversation with the dear things you are still sort of cross-purposes. Whenever you address yourself in ordinary discourse to Viramira, she reads another way, and the answer is made near Uxander. If you tell a merry tale, the jest is still directed to her dear; and when I do commend you, she says to him, as if he said it, "That is, my dear, so pretty."—This in mind of what I have somewhere read in red memoirs of the famous Cervantes; where, next Sancho Pança is putting some necessary question concerning Rosinante, his supper, or, next, the knight of the sorrowful countenance improving the harmless lowly hints of his poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in commend of the dear Dulcinea of his affections.

On the other side, Dictamnus and Moria are ever  
ing; and you may observe them, all the time  
in company, in a state of impatience. As  
and Viramira wish you all gone, that they  
at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and  
nit your absence, that they may speak their  
erpretations on each other's words and ac-  
cording the time you were with them.

ertain that the greater part of the evils at this condition of life arises from fashion. e in this case is turned the wrong way : and, if expecting more happiness than we shall find in it, we are laughed into a prepossession, shall be disappointed if we hope for lasting ours.

With all persons who are capable of action, marriage is the rule, and the highest good. The epistles full of affection to his wife, or speaks of all the hints of this kind of ancient date, I am sure, Martial, in honour of his patria. Commentators after his wedding-night tired to the bathing-room it seems, came in upon him into the water. To his occasion we owe the fact showed my friend Will has translated it as follows the original. I expect better than the Latin was

When my bright consort  
Asham'd and wanton,  
Fled to the streams, I  
To my fond eyes she  
She blush'd; I smil'd  
Thus through the glass  
Thus through the amb  
I saw new charms, an  
Kisses I snatch'd—the

My friend would not count could be given of the word consort; which serve for a mistress as manly turn to the epigram and all other such persuaded but that the a virtuous young woman grow into friendship, a higher pleasure than Without this happens, who has entered into the tudes of life he might friend. But when the serious as well as joyous unknown to friendship each kind of love with the highest praise to friendship is no disputing that position take its place between

Hard is the doubt, an  
When all three kinds  
And do dispar the be  
Whether shall weigh  
The dear affection us  
Or raging fire of love  
Or zeal of friends con  
But, of them all, the  
Methinks, the gentle  
For natural affection  
And quenched is wit  
But faithful friendship  
And them with maste  
Through thoughts as  
For as the soul doth  
And all the service of  
So love of soul doth  
No less than perfect a

**T.**

No. 491.] TUESDAY

—Digna satis fortuna  
A just reverse of fortune

It is common with me to exercise my mind with myself for my daily labor in this loitering way of mine to be food to the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

is are stories, authority. The justice; and signal is over- which is the ob- nence for re- venge actions f the history. reader from om any thing

surnamed The ons now swal- heaped many Rhysault, a wars against t part of Zea- hat dukedom. ngular huma- no other real ion enough to us master for , without any cution of jus- is advantage, his chief town mmand. He nt, before he of exquisite wealthy mer- and govern- arm constitu- , and not un- favour. He ctions which uty, but was honours, and vards them in much of the the language r part of that tter a passion touched. He n be gratified auty, without ith which they is a vice inse- ssession of a ut allaying a ly followed by eing resolved Danvelt, left at her house; tion too well, snare her into airing of sue- d and impris- an informa- ondence with he town into esired effect; velt, the day is execution, erson's house, ment, threw es, beseeched a dissembled thought and her she must her whether led out of his onition aloud,

"If you will save your husband, you must give an account of all you know without prevarication for every body is satisfied he was too fond of you be able to hide from you the names of the rest the conspirators, or any other particulars whatsoever." He went to his closet, and soon after a lady was sent for to an audience. The governor knew his distance when matters of state were to be debated; and the governor, laying aside the air which he had appeared in public, began to be supplicant, to rally an affliction, which it was her power easily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his imprisonment. She easily perceived his intention; and bathed in tears, began to depict so wicked a design. Lust, like ambition, took all the faculties of the mind and body into its vice and subjection. Her becoming tears, her kindest anguish, the wringing of her hands, and many changes of her posture and figure in the vehemence of speaking, were but so many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and further increased his desire. All humanity was lost in this one appetite, and he signified to her in so plain terms, that he was unhappy till he had possessed her, and nothing less should be the price of her husband's life; and she must, before the following noon, pronounce the death, or enlargement, of Danvelt. After this notification, when he was Sapphira enough again distracted, to make the subject of their discourse to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called servants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with insupportable affliction, she immediately repairs to her husband; and having signified to his gaolers that she had a proposal to make to her husband from the governor, she was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had passed, and represented the endless conflict that was in between love to his person and fidelity to his bed. It is easy to imagine the sharp affliction the honest pair was in upon such an incident, in that not used to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by shame from speaking what his fear prompted, upon so near an approach of death; but let fall words that signified to her, he should not think her polluted, though she had not yet confessed to him that the governor had violated her person, since he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this unique permission to save a life he had not resolution enough to resign for the safety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, submitted to his desires. Rhysault commended her charms, claimed her familiarity, and what had passed between them, and with an air of gaiety, in the language of a gallant, bid her return and take her husband out of prison: "But," continued he, "my fair one must not be offended that I have taken care he should not be an interruption to our future assignations." These last words foreboded what she found when she came in the morning her husband executed by the order of Rhysault.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole course of her affliction, uttered neither sigh nor complaint but stood fixed with grief at this consummation of her misfortunes. She betook herself to her chamber and after having in solitude paid her devotion to Him who is the avenger of innocence, she repaired privately to court. Her person, and a certain grandeur of sorrow, negligent of form, gained her passage into the presence of the duke her sovereign.

on as she came into the presence, she broke into the following words: "Behold, O mighty one, a wretch weary of life, though it has always spent with innocence and virtue. It is not in power to redress my injuries, but it is to expose them. And if the protection of the dishonour, and the punishment of oppressors is a task for a prince, I bring the Duke of Burgundy to matter for doing honour to his own great and wiping the infamy off of mine."

When she had spoken this, she delivered the paper reciting her story. He read it with emotions that indignation and pity could raise since jealous of his honour in the behaviour of officers, and prosperity of his subjects.

On an appointed day, Rhysault was sent for, and, in the presence of a few of the council, attended by Sapphira. The prince asking, "Do you now that lady?" Rhysault, as soon as he recovered his surprise, told the duke he would obey, if his highness would please to think that reason. The duke seemed contented with this, and stood by during the immediate solemnity of the ceremony. At the conclusion of it Rhysault, "Thus far you have done as I am aided by my authority: I shall not be satisfied for kind usage of her, without you sign a gift of her whole estate to her after your decease." To the performance of this also the duke was a witness. These two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, "It now remains for me to be in quiet possession of what your husband has bountifully bestowed on you;" and ordered the immediate execution of Rhysault.—T.

492.] WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 24, 1712.

*Id est boni moris, levitate extinguitur.*—SENECA.  
Of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,  
I am a young woman of eighteen years of age, do assure you a maid of unspotted reputation, and upon a very careful carriage in all my words, and actions. At the same time I must tell you, that it is with much constraint to flesh blood that my behaviour is so strictly irreproachable; for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to a free air, to motion, and gadding. Now, gives me a great deal of anxiety, and is some straglement in the pursuit of virtue, is, that the women who run into greater freedoms with men are more taken notice of than I am. There are such unthinking sots, that they do not prefer who restrains all her passions and affections, keeps much within the bounds of what is lawful, and who goes to the utmost verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of vice, whether she shall be a wife or a mistress. But I must leave to your spectral wisdom, who, I find, have very much of your time in the study of whether this is not a most unreasonable project. I have read somewhere that Hobbes of Mersbury asserts, that continent persons have of what they contain than those who give a vent to their desires. According to this rule, let us be equal age, equal wit, and equal good-nature, in the woman of prudence, and her of wantonness, what stores has he to expect who takes the first? What refuse must he be contented with who bores the latter? Well, but I sat down to

write to you to vent my pert creatures who are in this place, while poor are wholly unregarded.

"Every one of the your sex. This is a singular manner of civility. Glycera has time in her ordinary is unwilling to enter the room before her takes advantage of the has introduced a very shoulders, and shrink in this mode carry before them. Dulcinea this air, adds the passion when she is in a variety in throwing her the room, and letting a lucky decency about this way of sitting indeed she does it as an actress fall down decency in her posture pretty carcasses are at the theatre, it will plumps into a chair. that is very cunning young and unbred, are almost twice he is to come into conversation successfully out of her other is in the secret looks round to see what

"It would take up of your papers, to end of the younger company not omit Dulcinea's dolent imaginable, but as the busiest virgin art of staring at a young got him, and inflame. When she sees she has his head upon it, she and labours to observe her eyes half shut. her first struck, is to or be wholly disgraced more execution than the women here, with glances, attentive haughtiness, haughty countenances. After I have said this fight thus regularly, set of familiar romps common rules, and in way of showing more Mr. Spectator, are these careless pretty again; and it is to be it is all harmless free you must have seen their men visitants.

one can name the colourings; and she tells her and full of roguery; her sister shall tell her cannot tell what colour diversion there are so much for fear of should untie; for the

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

the lady is  
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r spectatorial

Servant,  
MOHAIR."

25, 1712.

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n. 1 Ep. xviii. 76:  
n:  
wn.—ANON.

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l. They will

Such a one,  
e of these un-

dortakers has your business in hand, you may I  
sick, absent in town, or country; and this shall  
shall be worried, or you prevail. I remember  
have been shown a gentleman some years ago, and  
punished a whole people for their facility in giving  
their credentials. This person had belonged to  
regiment which did duty in the West Indies, and  
by the mortality of the place, happened to be the  
manding-officer in the colony. He oppressed his  
subjects with great frankness, till he became un-  
ble that he was heartily hated by every man under  
his command. When he had carried his point  
be thus detestable, in a pretended fit of dishonour  
and feigned uneasiness of living where he found  
was so universally unacceptable, he communicated  
to the chief inhabitants a design he had to return to  
England, provided they would give him ample tes-  
timonials of their approbation. The planters ran  
into it to a man, and, in proportion to his deserv-  
the quite contrary, the words justice, generosity  
and courage, were inserted in his commission, omit-  
ting the general good-liking of people of all  
conditions in the colony. The gentleman returned  
for England, and within a few months after came  
back to them their governor, on the strength of  
their own testimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to  
easy recommenders, in the ordinary course of things  
from one hand to another; but how would a man  
bear to have it said to him, "The person I had  
into confidence on the credit you gave him, has  
proved false, unjust, and has not answered any way  
the character you gave me of him?"

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of the  
rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honest scrup-  
ulousness in this point. A friend of his meeting  
with a servant that had formerly lived with Jack,  
and having a mind to take him, sent to him to know  
what faults the fellow had, since he could not give  
such a careless fellow as he was. His answer was  
as follows:—

"Sir,

"Thomas that lived with me was turned away be-  
cause he was too good for me. You know I live in  
taverns; he is an orderly sober rascal, and thinks  
much to sleep in an entry until two in the morning.  
He told me one day, when he was dressing me,  
that he wondered I was not dead before now, since  
I went to dinner in the evening, and went to supper  
at two in the morning. We were coming down  
Essex-street one night a little flustered, and I was  
giving him the word to alarm the watch; he had  
the impudence to tell me it was against the law.  
You that are married, and live one day after an-  
other the same way, and so on the whole week,  
I dare say will like him, and he will be glad to have  
his meat in due season. The fellow is certainly  
very honest. My service to your lady. Yours,

"J. T."

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very  
well, that though the love of order made a man  
very awkward in his equipage, it was a valuable  
quality among the queer people who live by rule,  
and had too much good sense and good-nature to  
let the fellow starve, because he was not fit to at-  
tend his vivacities.

I shall end this discourse with a letter of recom-  
mendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You  
will see in that letter a slowness to ask a favour,  
strong reason for being unable to deny his request.

lord any longer, and that it is a service to the person to whom he recommends, to comply with what is asked; all which are necessary circumstances, both in justice and good-breeding, if a man would ask so as to have reason to complain of a denial; and indeed a man should not in strictness ask otherwise. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly understood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in a people of condition, and the confidence of those who apply to them without merit, I have translated the epistle.

"TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

"SIR,  
 "Septimius, who waits upon you with this, is very well acquainted with the place you are pleased to allow me in your friendship. For when he betrays me to recommend him to your notice, in such a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate in the choice of your friends and domestics, he knows our intimacy, and understands my ability to serve him better than I do myself. I have defended myself against his ambition to be yours, as long as I possibly could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power in you out of mean and selfish considerations, I am at last prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put on this confidence. You can forgive this transgression of modesty in behalf of a friend, receive this gentleman into your interests and friendship, and take it from me that he is an honest and a brave man."

No. 494.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1712.

*Agritudinem laudare, unam rem maxime detestabilem, quorum est tantum philosophorum.*—CICERO.

What kind of philosophy is it to extol melancholy, the most detestable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the fashion in England for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much sanctity as possible into his face, and particular to abstain from all appearances of mirth and pleasantry, which were looked upon as marks of a carnal mind. The saint was of a sorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with spleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was truly a great ornament to the learned world, has related me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous dependent minister, who was head of a college\* in those times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and just fitted out for the university with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were resolved that he should try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent minister whom I have before mentioned was governor. In his youth, according to custom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a servant who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in fashion. He conducted him, with great silence and seriousness, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon-day, and had only a single candle burning in it. After a short stay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a cham-

ber hung with black, for some time he stood at length the better from an inner darkness upon his head, and patience. The year increased, when progress he had made how he abounded stood him in little only of the state number of the conversion; upon of the day it had when completed med up with one was prepared for bred up by honest wits at the solemnally by the last upon making his ing, he could not examination, as terrors of it.

Notwithstanding religion is pretty many persons with heart, mistaken understanding, love of life, and give melancholy. Scruples cut the sensation, and all are not only inn made for reprobnied those who proper title of it.

Sombrius is one thinks himself of solate. He looks breach of his heart startles him like is advanced to a and eyes; descri head; show him self. All the little vanities. Mirth is scandalized at hood for being pl a marriage-feast, clusion of a merry rest of the compa brius is a religio himself very pro tianity was unde

I would by no racters with hyp that being a vice knows the secrets discover in another amount to a dea there are many e down by this ha deserve our con think, however, t ther such a behav religious life, by state, that exting ens the face of n being itself.

I have, in form dency there is to

\* The gentleman here alluded to was Anthony Henley, who died much lamented in Aug. 1711.

† The head of a college was Dr. Thomas Goodwin, S.T.P., a student of Magdalen College in Oxford, and one of the assembly of divines who sat at Westminster.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

the most lovely, virtuous person, in so unambiguously by Moses to arise, when by people from ends the joy, the naturally spring spices bringing, and delicious unisons into the a.\* de a discourse s a God, does owns his be- m to be cruel, nature. "For ther it should ny such man is ill-natured,

nan is distin- the faculty of nirth, and na- siness of vir- ind, but to re- train, but was the heart of our pleasures, ries to expa- sive Being, r own nature, art, that they ord, the true omposes, the behaviour, all hange fills the rupted cheer- please others,

27, 1712.

4 Od. iv. 57.  
brow.

ion.

I, am obliged e none whom ose who have ir characters, I have often : race of peo- met with in have passed they are, in- trading parts instruments erse with one it together in like the pegs ough they are lutely neces-

mon-beaten his people in

12mo.

three views. First, with regard to their num- secondly, their dispersion; and thirdly, their ad- rence to their religion: and afterward endeavor show, first, what natural reasons, and, secondly, what providential reasons, may be assigned for the three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at present, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, considering the dreadful slaughter made of them under some of the Roman emperors, which historians describe by the death of an hundred thousands in a war; and the innumerable massacres and persecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Christian nations in the world. The rabbins, to express the great loss which has been sometimes made of them, tell after their usual manner of hyperbole, that there were such torrents of holy blood shed, as carried rocks of a hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the sea.

Their dispersion is the second remarkable particular in this people. They swarm over all the East and are settled in the remotest parts of China. They are spread through most of the nations in Europe and Africa, and many families of them are established in the West Indies; not to mention the nations bordering on Prester-John's country, as discovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion is no less remarkable than their numbers and dispersion, especially considering it as persecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewise the more remarkable, if we consider the frequent apostasies of this people, when they lived under the kings in the land of promise, and within sight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine what may be the natural reasons for these three particulars which we find in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of promise. They have also often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all places, incapable of either lands or offices that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same enclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or preserved their own way. This shuts them out from all table conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, sa-



cludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositories of these, and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old Bible. Their dispersion spreads these witnesses through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their testimony unquestionable. Had the whole body of Jews been converted to Christianity, we should certainly have thought all the prophecies of the Old Testament, that relate to the coming and history of our blessed Saviour, urged by Christians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretel.—O.

[Co. 496.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 29, 1712.

*Quoniam pariter uti his decuit, aut etiam amplius,  
Quod illa ætas magis ad hæc idonea est.*

TERRE. Heaut. act. i. sc. 1.

Four men ought to have shared in these things, because youth is best suited to the enjoyment of them.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

THOSE ancients who were the most accurate in their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, by considering the various bent and scope of our actions, throughout the progress of life, have with great exactness allotted inclinations and objects of desire particular to every stage, according to the different circumstances of our conversation and fortune through the several periods of it. Hence they were disposed easily to excuse those excesses which might possibly arise from a too eager pursuit of the affections more immediately proper to each state. They indulged the levity of childhood with tenderness, overlooked the gaiety of youth with good nature, tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ripened manhood with discretion, and kindly imputed the tenacious avarice of old men to their want of relish of any other enjoyment. Such allowances as these were no less advantageous to common society than obliging to particular persons; for, by maintaining a decency and regularity in the course of life, they supported the dignity of human nature, which then suffers the greatest violence when the order of things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remarkably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleness preposterously attempts to adorn itself with that outward pomp and lustre, which serve only to set off the bloom of youth with better advantage. I was incessantly carried into reflections of this nature, by just now meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked with the utmost splendour of dress and equipage, and giving an unbounded loose to all manner of pleasure, whilst his only son is debarr'd all innocent diversion, and may be seen frequently solacing himself in the Mall with no other attendance than one antiquated servant of his father's for a companion and director.

It is a monstrous want of reflection, that a man cannot consider, that when he cannot resign the

pleasures of life, he is under a necessity of making a task to resist it. The skill there is in it, to want no lawful fortune, and to be contented with it. The first step is, to deny in young men all excesses, has been of great quality and necessity. Narrowness of many youths, to commence chearful, and to allow his son to do evil, which as he is former. But to much among a deny them what suitable to their lamentable instance, young man do father of him to fine gentlemen endure, in his who was his seeing him out of the father took when that fine hands, it would knew how to rusticity and is, that a man the having no even with ex recommend this am, Sir,

“MR. SPECTATOR,

I am just of my return read She pretends to version of swin was only among woman who wa is pleased to sated the ladies' air. Since she truth. There we were all, as but Mrs. Mohair she invents all she has crooked

“MR. SPECTATOR,

We have Mrs. Mohair's from one end to print the enclosed as to come with She is the most she looks so in about her being which makes her of it all.

“P

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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GREENBAG.

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ER 2, 1712.

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YDEN.

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ke of Bavaria,  
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ong, petitioned  
ou' of it, with

so much as each of them could carry. The em-  
peror, knowing that they could not convey away more  
of their effects, granted them their petition; when  
the women, to his great surprise, came out of the  
place with every one her husband upon her back.  
The emperor was so moved with the sight, that he  
burst into tears; and, after having very much ex-  
tolled the women for their conjugal affection, gave  
the men to their wives, and received the dukedom  
his favour.

"The ladies did not a little triumph at this step,  
asking us at the same time, whether in our expec-  
tances we believed that the men of any town in Great  
Britain would, upon the same offer, and at the same  
conjuncture, have loaded themselves with their  
wives; or rather, whether they would not have been  
glad of such an opportunity to get rid of them? To  
this my very good friend, Tom Dapperwit, who took  
upon him to be the mouth of our sex, replied that  
they would be very much to blame if they would  
not do the same good office for the women, consid-  
ering that their strength would be greater and their  
burdens lighter. As we were amusing ourselves  
with discourses of this nature, in order to pass away  
the evening, which now begins to grow tedious, we  
fell into that laudable and primitive diversion of  
questions and commands. I was no longer vested  
with the regal authority, but I enjoined all the la-  
dies, under pain of my displeasure, to tell the com-  
pany ingenuously, in case they had been in the  
siege above mentioned, and had the same offer made  
them as the good women of that place, what every  
one of them would have brought off with her, and  
have thought most worth the saving? There were  
several merry answers made to my question, which  
entertained us till bed-time. This filled my mind  
with such a huddle of ideas, that upon my going to  
sleep, I fell into the following dream:—

"I saw a town of this island, which shall be  
nameless, invested on every side, and the inhabi-  
tants of it so straitened as to cry for quarter. The  
general refused any other terms than those granted  
to the above-mentioned town of Hensberg, namely,  
that the married women might come out with what  
they could bring along with them. Immediately  
the city gates flew open, and a female procession  
appeared, multitudes of the sex following one an-  
other in a row, and staggering under their respec-  
tive burdens. I took my stand upon an eminence  
in the enemy's camp, which was appointed for the  
general rendezvous of these female carriers, being  
very desirous to look into their several baggage.  
The first of them had a huge sack upon her shoulders,  
which she set down with great care. Upon  
the opening of it, when I expected to have seen her  
husband shot out of it, I found it was filled with  
china-ware. The next appeared in a more decent  
figure, carrying a handsome young fellow upon her  
back: I could not forbear commending the young  
woman for her conjugal affection, when, to my great  
surprise, I found that she had left the good man at  
home and brought away her gallant. I saw a third,  
at some distance, with a little whetted stick  
peeping over her shoulder, whom I could not suppose  
for any but her spouse, until, upon her setting her  
down, I heard her call him dear pug, and found it  
to be her favourite monkey. A fourth brought a  
huge bale of cards along with her; and the last  
Bolonia lap-dog; for her husband, it seems, being  
very burly man, she thought it would be less trouble  
for her to bring away little Capad. The next was  
the wife of a rich usurer, loaded with a bag of gold

us that her spouse was very old, and by the nature could not expect to live long; and show her tender regards for him, she had at which the poor man loved better than his he next came towards us with her son upon c, who, we were told, was the greatest rake lace, but so much the mother's darling, that her husband behind with a large family of sons and daughters, for the sake of this youth.

could be endless to mention the several per- th their several loads, that appeared to me traunge vision. All the place about me was with packs of ribands, brocades, embroidery, thousand other materials, sufficient to have d a whole street of toy-shops. One of the having a husband, who was none of the heas bringing him off upon her shoulders, at e time that she carried a great bundle of s lace under her arm: but finding herself oaden, that she could not save both of them, pped the good man, and brought away the

In short, I found but one husband among at mountain of baggage, who was a lively that kicked and spurred all the while his carrying him on, and, as it was said, had assed a day in his life without giving her the e of the strap.

cannot conclude my letter, dear Spec., with- ing thee one very odd whim in this my dream. methought, a dozen women employed in off one man; I could not guess who it ce, until upon his nearer approach I disco- y short phiz. The women all declared that er the sake of thy works, and not thy per- they brought thee off, and that it was on a that thou shouldest continue the Specta- thou thinkest this dream will make a tole- e, it is at thy service, from,

"Dear Spec.,

"Thine, sleeping and waking,

"WILL HONEYCOMB."

udies will see by this letter what I have often a, that Will is one of those old-fashioned rit and pleasure of the town, that shows his railery on marriage, and one who has often fortune that way without success. I cannot dismiss his letter, without observing, that story on which it is built does honour to the that, in order to abuse them, the writer is o have recourse to dream and fiction.

00.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1712.

Huc natus adjice septem,  
dem juvenes: et mox generosque nurusque.  
le nunc, habeat quam nostra superbia causam.  
OVID, Met. vi. 182.

are my daughters of a form divine,  
even fair sons, an indefectible line.  
ols, consider this, and ask the cause,  
which my pride its strong presumption draws.  
CROZAL.

who are so well acquainted with the story es, must have read how, upon his making a concerning love, he pressed his point with success, that all the bachelors in his audi- a resolution to marry by the first opportu- that all the married men immediately took d galloped home to their wives. I am apt your discourses, in which you have drawn

so many agreeable pic very good effect this obliged to you, at le senseless ridicule, whic of the town have turne thers. For my own and I do not care who among many others, I most insufferable coxco tain that cuckoldom wa or to make use of hush proach. Nay, Sir, I declare to you before married man, and at t assurance as not to b done.

"Among the severa this state of life, and v your former papers, t taken notice of, and w account, by those who must have observed, in nature, that nothing is of man than power or myself amply possessed family. I am perpetu orders, in prescribing administering justice, and punishments. To centurion, I say unto another, Come, and he Do this, and he doeth it my family as a patriarc am myself both king an ments are nothing else private royalties, and t ters of families as smal over the several little fellow-subjects. As I administration of my g I look upon myself not a much greater and hap in England, of my own

"There is another a riage, which has like mean the having a mul cannot but regard as I see my little troop be ditions which I have country, and to my re such a number of reason Christians. I am pleas tuated; and as there is that of a human creatu ing been the occasion tions, than if I had built own expense, or publi- finest wit and learning- has the holy Scripture the judges of Israel, w grandsons, that rode on according to the magni tries! How must the b when he saw such a bea descendants, such a nut raising! For my own with great content, whe dozen of my little boys and of as many little gif of them endeavouring something that may ga tion. I cannot question

endeavours in  
ing I am able  
us education.  
ervation, that  
eldest is often  
the youngest  
out that some  
haps been re-  
rid, and over-  
to implant in  
s of industry,  
this means, I  
other of them  
our way of life,  
lect, in trade  
ious; for you  
ience and ob-  
ns a paradox  
namely, that  
gives them a  
ise a family,  
ing he leaves  
on, I cannot  
out a general,  
a, a divine, a  
e people who  
en I see the  
hen they are  
nt flatter my-  
will be happy  
others.  
perhaps, think  
a single man,  
and probably  
determine of  
nes from one

"Well-wisher,  
HILOGANUS."

ER 4, 1712.

d. xxiv. 19.

er,  
ht.—CREECH.

among the an-  
ured, in seve-  
writing, and  
cessful in it;  
and for those  
erve that se-  
to excel in  
do not know  
an a very in-  
ligned for the  
r of the vision

O.  
ence of what  
be lost to us!  
Imagination  
itself again,  
e disappoint-  
course to rea-  
to find a fur-  
nory to relate  
s of satisfac-  
pleasures we  
ten from us;  
rted honours,  
temper, and  
ed. It needs

most happen from hence that the passion shew  
often swell to such a size as to burst the heart whi  
contains it, if time did not make these circumstand  
less strong and lively, so that reason should become  
a more equal match for the passion, or if another  
desire which becomes more present did not over-  
power them with a livelier representation. These  
are thoughts which I had when I fell into a kind  
vision upon this subject, and may therefore stand  
for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

"I found myself upon a naked shore, with com-  
pany whose afflicted countenances witnessed their  
conditions. Before us flowed a water, deep, silent  
and called the River of Tears, which, issuing from  
two fountains on an upper ground, encompassed  
an island that lay before us. The boat which plied  
in it was old and shattered, having been sometime  
overset by the impatience and haste of single pas-  
sengers to arrive at the other side. This imme-  
diately was brought to us by Misfortune who steered  
it, and we were all preparing to take our places  
when there appeared a woman of a mild and com-  
posed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by  
representing the dangers which would attend our  
voyage. Hereupon some who knew her for Pa-  
tience, and some of those, too, who until then cried  
the loudest, were persuaded by her, and returned  
back. The rest of us went in, and she (whose  
good-nature would not suffer her to forsake persons  
in trouble) desired leave to accompany us, that she  
might at least administer some small comfort or ad-  
vice while we sailed. We were no sooner embarked  
but the boat was pushed off, the sheet was spread;  
and being filled with sighs, which are the winds of  
that country, we made a passage to the further bank,  
through several difficulties of which the most of us  
seemed utterly regardless.

"When we landed, we perceived the island to  
be strangely overcast with fogs, which no brightness  
could pierce, so that a kind of gloomy horror sat  
always brooding over it. This had something in it  
very shocking to easy tempers, insomuch that some  
others, whom Patience had by this time gained over,  
left us here, and privily conveyed themselves round  
the verge of the island, to find a ford by which she  
told them they might escape.

"For my part, I still went along with those who  
were for piercing into the centre of the place; and  
joining ourselves to others whom we found upon the  
same journey, we marched solemnly as at a funeral,  
through bordering hedges of rosemary, and through  
a grove of yew trees, which love to overshadow  
tombs and flourish in churchyards. Here we heard  
on every side the wailings and complaints of several  
of the inhabitants, who had cast themselves discon-  
solately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to  
approach any of these, we might perceive them  
wringing their hands, beating their breasts, tearing  
their hair, or after some other manner visibly agi-  
tated with vexation. Our sorrows were heightened  
by the influence of what we heard and saw, and one  
of our number was wrought up to such a pitch of  
wildness, as to talk of hanging himself upon a bough  
which shot temptingly across the path we traveled  
in; but he was restrained from it by the kind exhorta-  
tions of our above-mentioned companion.

"We had now gotten into the most dusky, silent  
part of the island, and by the redoubled sound  
of sighs, which made a doleful whistling in the  
branches, the thickness of air, which occasioned  
faintish respiration, and the violent throbbing of  
heart, which more and more affected us, we found

that we approached the Grotto of Grief. It was a wide, hollow and melancholy cave, sunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. Those crept slow and half-congealed amongst its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the passages. In the most retired parts of it sat the doleful being herself; the path to her was strewn with goads, stings, and thorns; and her throne on which she sat was broken into a rock, with ragged pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy mist hung above her: her head oppressed with it reclined upon her arm. Thus did she reign over her disconsolate subjects, full of herself to stupidity, in eternal pensiveness, and the profoundest silence. On one side of her stood Dejection just dropping into a swoon, and Paleness wasting to a skeleton; on the other side were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguish suffering outward troubles to suck the blood from her heart in the shape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine dismalness in it, which a few scattered lamps, whose bluish flames arose and sunk in their urns, discovered to our eyes with increase. Some of us fell down, overcome and spent with what they suffered in the way, and were given over to those tormentors that stood on either hand of the presence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was still waiting to receive us.

"With her (whose company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we wound round the grotto, and ascended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whose bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until then were fixed downwards, felt a sullen sort of satisfaction, in observing through the shades what numbers had entered the island. This satisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excusable, because it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have respect to that of others; and therefore we did not consider them as suffering, but ourselves as not suffering in the most forlorn estate. It had also the groundwork of humanity and compassion in it, though the mind was too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to discover itself, and, from observing that others were unhappy, we came to question one another, when it was that we met, and what were the sad occasions that brought us together. Then we heard our stories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and so by degrees became tolerable company.

"A considerable part of the troublesome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air seemed thinner, it lay with less oppression upon us, and we could now and then discern tracks in it of a lighter grayness, like the breakings of day, short in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country gleams of amusement. Within a short while, these gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance: the sighs that hitherto filled the air with so much dolefulness, altered to the sound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the island were abated.

"When we had arrived at last at the ford by which we were to pass out, we met with those fashionable mourners who had been ferried over along with us, and, who being unwilling to go as far as

we, had consented they waited out to the world. One of them might seem a part of the grotto, on the other side so dark, and it was an

"The river bore the further back, whom Comfort appeared in its appearance it blamed us for others advised us back again; for our trouble, by they and all of melancholy and choice of a fit Patience, appeared us over to Comfort the charge; in side to which broke in upon

No. 502.]

Melius, pejor,

Better or worse, a thing but what

WHEN men they are entertained studies and make their rusing Roman the subject of the plied the grand or their politics Spectator, I drew eminence in worthy sentiment Terence. The from the beginning human life, but passage that composed must that with satisfaction the first scene of men accuses the sing in his affairs cannot help feel man."\* It is a universal argument of the people, than a nation of a sense. If it were spoken actor, the man have nothing in of the greatest skilful in observation might have laid winning insinuation to his neighbour case his own; y garden might be before he would that a minister of

\* Homo sum, I am a man. That touch

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

blads brought great notice upon which well judge of it proper way on purposes. tion it meets il instruction may observe moved so di- manity, that nation of sa- ce of what is - what most - night an old side, with all ance which is laughed and edy, which I he hoped to taste as him- o natural de- an made by I came to the sed the door, by entering hat was your ng her time, linations and sort of second he had lately showed she hung negli- none of the emselves off, ch is remark- inds. Then her that was reless; which ir security in intrigue are en you were see her, she her face, and a very good om his own r, that could igh so full of

ce of players a great me- dience. But uster of cox- nselves, and ie company, of regard and only to show rpose than to d of two sorts e but of the nd corporeal ments of the of the com- urrections of at they have

e tending to pit in such a pen, stare at ith shameful es of human

life in its calm dignity, and the properest ar- guments for the conduct of it, pass by like mere ra- tion, as conducing only to somewhat much better which is to come after. I have seen the whole house at some times in so proper a disposition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the en- tertainment would end in the representation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be understood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the stage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is no- thing against the interests of virtue, and is not of- fensive to good manners, that things of an indif- ferent nature may be represented. For this reason have no exception to the well-drawn rusticities in the *Country Wake*; and there is something so in- raculously pleasant in Dogget's acting the awkward triumph and comic sorrow of Hob in differed cir- cumstances, that I shall not be able to stay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Gloucester with the pride of heart in tucking himself up, and taking aim at his adversary, as well as the affected protestation in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promise the squire to break his head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; the flourish and begin: I say what vexes me is, that such excellent touches as these, as well as the squire's being out of all patience at Hob's success and venturing himself into the crowd, are circum- stances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jest is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident were there a scene written, where Penkethman should break his leg by wrestling with Bullock, and Dicky come in to set it, without any word said but what should be according to the exact rules of surgery in making this extension, and bind- ing up the leg, the whole house should be in a roar of applause at the dissembled anguish of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy address and arch looks of the surgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghosts, the embattling of armies, the noise of heroes in love, with a thousand other enormities, would be to transgress the bounds of this paper, for which reason it is possible they may have hereafter distinct discourses; not forget- ting any of the audience who shall set up for actors and interrupt the play on the stage; and players who shall prefer the applause of fools, to that of the reasonable part of the company.—T.

## POSTSCRIPT TO SPECTATOR, No 502.

N. B. There are in the play of the *Self-Terminator* of Terence, which is allowed a most excellent co- medy, several incidents which would draw tears from any man of sense, and not one which would move his laughter.—Spec. in folio, No. 521.

This speculation, No. 502, is controverted in the *Guard*, No. 59, by a writer under the fictitious name of John Lizard; perhaps Dr. Edw. Young.

No. 503.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1712.

—Deo omnes delinere ex animo mulleribus.

TER. FAM. ACT. II. SC. II.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all women of womankind.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“You have often mentioned with great re- spect and indignation the misbehaviour of people at church; but I am at present to talk to you of

"Last Sunday was sevennight I went into a church not far from London-bridge; but I wish I had been contented to go to my own parish, I am sure it had been better for me; I say I went to church thither, and got into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been accommodated with a seat, before there entered into the aisle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and beauty, and dressed in the most elegant manner imaginable. Her form was such that it engaged the eyes of the whole congregation in an instant, and mine among the rest. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, she was not in the least out of countenance, or uneasy the least disorder, though unattended by any one, and not seeming to know particularly where to place herself. However, she had not in the least a confident aspect, but moved on with the most graceful modesty, every one making way until she came to a seat just over against that in which I was seated. The deputy of the ward sat in that pew, and she stood opposite to him, and at a glance into her face, though she did not appear the least acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with a confusion that spoke much admiration at the novelty of the thing. The service immediately began, and she composed herself for it with an air of so much goodness and sweetness, that the confession which she uttered, so as to be heard where I sat, appeared an act of humiliation more than she had occasion for. The truth is, her beauty had something so innocent, and yet so sublime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. None of the pictures which we behold of the best Italian painters have anything like the spirit which appeared in her countenance, at the different sentiments expressed in the several parts of Divine service. That gratitude and joy at a thanksgiving, that lowliness and sorrow at the prayers for the sick and distressed, that triumph at the passages which gave instances of the Divine mercy, which appeared respectively in her aspect, will be in my memory to my last hour. I protest to you, Sir, she suspended the devotion of every one around her; and the ease she did everything with soon dispersed the churlish dislike and hesitation in approving what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a general attention and entertainment in observing her behaviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, she took notice of no object about her, but had an art of seeming awkwardly attentive, whatever else her eyes were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed was particularly, she stood the whole service, and never kneeled or sat: I do not question but that was to show herself the greater advantage, and set forth to better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the most ardent devotion; and her bosom, the fairest that ever was seen, bare to observation; while she, you must think, knew nothing of the concern she gave others, any other than as an example of devotion, that drew herself out, without regard to dress or garment, all contrition, and loose of all worldly regards, in ecstasy of devotion. Well; now the organ was to play a voluntary, and she was so skilful in music, and so touched with it, that she kept time not only with some motion of her head, but also with

different air in  
was strong an-  
rious ; when li-  
gracious ; whe-  
guishing, she v-  
had now made  
by her motion  
wanted now o-  
too ; when the  
distinguished a-  
not exert their  
was any heard  
observed it, a-  
and she swell-  
thrown us all o-  
in such a man-  
intent upon her  
the cathedrals  
alone the anti-  
sermon, and o-  
in that ether-  
preacher, and  
with one of C-  
down the sent-  
the gold pen,  
judgment in  
what I intend  
I mean to app-  
that such a cre-  
part of the tow-  
to the disturba-  
congregation,  
sure you, was  
have forgot art  
As soon as her  
ped out of chu-  
patty air, forso-  
tossing her he-  
the body of the  
inhabitants, fo-  
her fan to a ha-  
mediately came  
with great nin-  
ing mien, as if  
She said aloud  
off. By this  
at the church-  
very fine lady s-  
better than I s-  
lady said, " she  
Spectator, I t-  
you : for the o-  
though it is ap-  
only to give h-  
in being adm-  
she may be con-  
assure you she  
place where she  
of among us  
phantom ;" but  
more ; for the  
women against  
not be excell-  
manner, with  
women, who a-  
posing themse-  
other end of  
cause they are  
tion, who will  
particular ; bu-  
tion where I v-



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ing and ostensible, discounting the phantom, Servant, WONDER."

. 8, 1712.

n. act. lib. sc. 1.  
es, forsooth.

who want wit is something wanted substitute their taste, nature is the cross-purposes, like. A little ay at crambo, e such as can ong those who to make what e also to those of these ex-pretensions to ack unawares, th a twang on ay, and laugh ot to mention ets, of making pe, as that of g that nobody t purpose, or al of pains to ese methods, be arrived at ve an honest ary occasions; at the poor in which may be n all common uing is there- all intellects. th you for the quaint thing, any one word the discourse, go on, and by ty as you are, tier than they e "can deal" p you to some elf very "ill- as "well-bred" allowance. If , you must re- and so they go g exhausted. of small facul- of breeding; re and educa- n is immodest g upon things ntly in double ation will sug- hout my men- s are dispersed e gown or city rder to set off oud laughers, the sillier and

ubred part of womankind. But, above all alrea- mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever can be the world, the happiest and surest to be pleas- are a sort of people whom we have not indeed lat- heard much of, and those are your "biters."

A biter is one who tells you a thing you have reason to disbelieve in itself, and perhaps has give you, before he bit you, no reason to disbelieve if his saying it; and, if you give him credit, laughs your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a biter is one who thinks you a fool, because you do not think him a knave. This descrip- tion of him one may insist upon to be a just one for what else but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it point of wit, or interest, or any thing else?

This way of wit is called "biting," by a metaphor taken from beasts of prey, which devour harmless and unarmed animals, and look upon them as the food wherever they meet them. The sharpeners about town very ingeniously understood themselves to be to the undesigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore used the word biting, to express any exploit wherein they had over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purse. These rascals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a fashionable haughtiness, to the discouragement of modesty, and all honest arts. Shallow fops, who are governed by the eye and admire every thing that struts in vogue, took up from the sharpeners the phrase of biting, and use it upon all occasions, either to disown any non-sensical stuff they should talk themselves, or evade the force of what was reasonably said by others. Then when one of these cunning creatures was entered into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the present state of affairs to accomplish such a proposition, and you thought he had let fall what destroyed his side of the question, as soon as you looked with an earnestness ready to lay hold of, he immediately cried, "Bite," and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jest. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable, and if one of these wittings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he says, he is the more ingenious if he imposes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable instance of the kind. There came up a shrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aside with a grave concerned countenance, went at this rate: "I see you here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkshire?—You look so surprised you could not have heard of it—and yet the particulars are such that it cannot be false: I am sure I am got into it so far that I now must tell you; but I know not but it may be for your service to know. On Tuesday last, just after dinner—you know the manner is to smoke—opening his box, your father fell down dead in an apoplexy." The youth showed the filial sorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried, "Bite; there was nothing in this."

To put an end to this silly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late instance of a bite, which no biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wish him the same occasion. It is a superstition with some surgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to take to the gall, and bargain for the carcass with the criminal himself. A good honest fellow did so on several occasions, and was admitted to the condemned man on the morning wherein they died. The surgeon

# THE SPECTATOR.

communicated his business, and fell into discourse with a little fellow, who refused twelve shillings, and insisted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, "Look you, Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half starved all his life, and is now if dead with fear, cannot answer your purpose. I have ever lived high and freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in imprisonment; you see my crest is to your knife; and after Jack Catch has done, on my honour you will find me as sound as ever bullock in any of the markets. Come, for twenty shillings I am your man." Says the surgeon, "Done, there is a guinea." This witty rogue took the money, and as soon as he had it in his fist, cries, "Bite; I am to be hanged in chains."

T.

[Co. 505.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1712.

Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
Non vicinos aruspices, non de circo astrologos.  
Non Isacos conjectores, non interpretes somnii:  
Non enim sunt illi, aut scientia, aut arte divini,  
Sed supersticiosi vales, impudentes harolli,  
Aut fuertes, aut insani, aut quibus egestas imperat:  
Qui sui questus causa fictas suscitant sententias:  
Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam:  
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab his drachmam petunt:  
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

ENNIUS.

Argurs and soothsayers, astrologers,  
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,  
I ne'er consult, and heartily despise:  
Vain their pretence to more than human skill.  
For gains, imaginary schemes they draw:  
Wandering themselves, they guide another's steps.  
And for poor sixpence promise countless wealth  
Let them, if they expect to be believed,  
Deduct the sixpence, and bestow the rest.

Those who have maintained that men would be more miserable than beasts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other considerations take notice, that the latter are only afflicted with the anguish of the present evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is passed, and the fear of what is to come. This fear of any rare difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehension of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many which have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual occurrence.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found their prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read men's fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless errors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero,\* who made the greatest figure at the bar and in the

senate of the Roman time outshined all his library and himself in the collection of religious attentions, pecked the seeds of death to them?

Notwithstanding all this, out of the mind of a man of such a present age, multitudes are still slaves to the art of prediction and fling to enumerate days, numbers, guarded by them, every thing possible, there is scarce a man who lies in his way.

It is not to be wondered at, says, and cunning men in counties and manors mention the fortune very comfortably, disposed persons to the minister.

Among the many there is none who are by dreams. I have a relation, that there is an extraordinary man made to certain the chief business errors, I must be superstitious of the and ordinary things of so uncertain nature. This I have the following letter of the town that some prophetic time out of mind their wits, to receive cure or for their

"MR. SPECTATOR

"Having long been in trade wanting in conveyed very attentions, I do not find oneiro-critic, or of dreams. For are several good in this particular without being very pretty well qualified by candle-light and laid down upon my wife's side was sighted. I have one hand, and was year. My Christmas with the same letter in a house that formerly tenanted by a coachman.

"If you had been with ordinary wits that there are many lives, upon seeing unexpected, cry, go to sleep in quiet or other has had vision of the pre-

\* This censure of Cicero seems to be unfounded; for it is not of him that he wondered how one augur could meet another without laughing in his face.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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OPHONIUS.

8 10, 1712.

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Epig. xiii. 7

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married state, than too great a familiarity, and lay-  
ing aside the common rules of decency. Though  
could give instances of this in several particulars,  
shall only mention that of dress. The beaux and  
belles about town, who dress purely to catch one an-  
other, think there is no further occasion for the  
bait, when their first design has succeeded. But  
besides the too common fault in point of neatness  
there are several others which I do not remember  
to have seen touched upon, but in one of our modern  
comedies,\* where a French woman offering to un-  
dress and dress herself before the lover of the play  
and assuring his [her] mistress that it was very  
usual in France, the lady tells her that it is a secret  
in dress she never knew before, and that she was as  
unpolished an English woman, as to resolve never  
to learn even to dress before her husband.

There is something so gross in the carriage of  
some wives, that they lose their husbands' hearts for  
faults, which if a man has either good-nature or  
good-breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I  
am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally most  
faulty in this particular; who, at their first going  
in to love, find the way so smooth and pleasant, that  
they fancy it is scarce possible to be tired in it.

There is so much nicety and discretion required  
to keep love alive after marriage, and make conver-  
sation still new and agreeable after twenty or thirty  
years, that I know nothing which seems readily to  
promise it, but an earnest endeavour to please on  
both sides, and superior good sense on the part of  
the man.

By a man of sense, I mean one acquainted with  
business and letters.

A woman very much settles her esteem for a man  
according to the figure he makes in the world, and  
the character he bears among his own sex. A  
learning is the chief advantage we have over them  
it is, methinks, as scandalous and inexcusable for  
a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not  
to know how to behave herself on the most ordinary  
occasions. It is this which sets the two sexes at the  
greatest distance: a woman is vexed and surprised  
to find nothing more in the conversation of a man  
than in the common tattle of her own sex.

Some small engagement at least in business, not  
only sets a man's talents in the fairest light, and  
allots him a part to act in which a wife cannot well  
intermeddle, but gives frequent occasions for those  
little absences, which, whatever seeming uneasiness  
they may give, are some of the best preservatives to  
love and desire.

The fair sex are so conscious to themselves, that  
they have nothing in them which can deserve en-  
tirely to engross the whole man, that they heartily  
despise one, who, to use their own expressions,  
always hanging at their apron-strings.

Lætitia is pretty, modest, tender, and has sense  
enough; she married Erastus, who is in a post-  
some business, and has a general taste in most part  
of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever she runs,  
has the pleasure to hear of something which was  
handsomely said or done by Erastus. Erastus, since  
his marriage, is more gay in his dress than ever, and  
in all companies is as complaisant to Lætitia as  
any other lady. I have seen him give her her fan  
when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a  
lover. When they take the air together, Erastus  
continually improving her thoughts, and with a touch  
of wit and spirit which is peculiar to him, giving her

\* The "Funeral," or "Grief A-la-mode," by SENECA.

insight into things she had no notions of before. Lætitia is transported at having a new world thus opening to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her such agreeable informations. Erastus has carried this point still further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more satisfied with herself. Erastus finds a justness or beauty in whatever she says or observes that Lætitia herself was not aware of; and by his assistance she has discovered a hundred good qualities and accomplishments in herself, which she never before once dreamed of. Erastus, with the most artful complaisance in the world, by several remote hints, finds he means to make her say or propose almost whatever he has a mind to, which he always receives as her own discovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Erastus has a perfect taste in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to see a collection of pictures. I sometimes visit this happy couple. As we were last week walking in the long gallery before dinner, "I have lately laid out some money in paintings," says Erastus; "I bought that Venus and Adonis purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it cost me three-score guineas, and I was this morning offered a hundred for it." I turned towards Lætitia, and saw her cheeks glow with pleasure, while at the same time she cast a look upon Erastus, the most tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; she was taken with his laced coat and rich sword-knot; she has no mortification to see Tom despised by all the worthy part of his own sex. Tom has nothing to do for dinner, but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own house. He has said nothing to Flavilla since they were married which she might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the saucy ill-natured authority of a husband. Whatever Flavilla happens to assert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, "My dear, I must tell you you talk most confoundedly silly." Flavilla had a heart naturally as well disposed for all the tenderness of love as that of Lætitia; but as love seldom continues long after esteem, it is difficult to determine, at present, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or despises the person most whom she is obliged to lead her whole life with.—X.

No. 507.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1712.

Defendit numerus, junctaque umbone phalanges.

Juv. Sat. li. 46.

Preserved from shame by numbers on our side.

THERE is something very sublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's description of the Supreme Being; but "truth is his body, and light his shadow." According to this definition, there is nothing so contrary to his nature as error and falsehood. The Platonists had so just a notion of the Almighty's aversion to every thing which is false and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no less necessary than time to qualify a human soul for the enjoyment of its separate state. For this reason, as they recommended moral duties to qualify and season the will for its future life, so they prescribed several contemplations and sciences to rectify the understanding. Thus, Plato has called mathematical demonstrations the cathartics or purgatives of the soul, as being the most proper means to cleanse it from error, and to

give it a relish and nourishment to the perfection of

There are many the malignity proper colours shall here consist which has not that abominable is so very preda man is thought pagate a certain are supported them, eminent conversation is lie is grown as lively catch or the great talker were this fountain however, one able practice; the little regarded, in the air, and hear a partysto ther he is a wh immediately conce which the honest his zeal, without man is looked u gives credit to his own friends sider him in no or a well-meanin fashion to husb extraordinary en and was not a made use of it; his guard; the to take effect.

I have frequer who would seer particular advan it is become the ing they are tho is it possible fo their persons, the party? If we we may find, the same time reasons to justif

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# THE SPECTATOR.

neighbouring king, we give or keep the way, according as we are out-numbered or not; and if the aim of each is equal in number, rather than give battle, the superiority is soon adjusted by a desertion from one of them.

"Now the expulsion of these unjust rulers out of all societies would gain a man as everlasting a reputation as either of the Brutuses got from their endeavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Romans. I confess myself to be in a conspiracy against the usurper of our club; and to show my reading as well as my merciful disposition, shall allow him until the ides of March to dethrone himself. If he seems to affect empire until that time, and does not gradually recede from the incursions he has made upon our liberties, he shall find a dinner pressed which he has no hand in, and shall be treated with an order, magnificence and luxury, as shall break his proud heart; at the same time that he shall be convinced in his stomach he was unfit for his post, and a more mild and skilful prince receive the acclamations of the people, and be set up in his room; but, as Milton says,

— These thoughts  
Full counsel must mature. Peace is despair'd,  
And who can think submission? War then, war,  
Open or understood, must be resolved.

"I am, Sir,

"Your most obedient humble Servant."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a young woman at a gentleman's seat in the country, who is a particular friend of my father's, and come hither to pass away a month or two with his daughters. I have been entertained with the utmost civility by the whole family, and nothing has been omitted which can make my stay easy and agreeable on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman here, a visitant as I am, whose behaviour has given me great uneasinesses. When I first arrived here, he used me with the utmost complaisance; but, forsooth, that was not with regard to my sex; and since he has no designs upon me, he does not now why he should distinguish me from a man in things indifferent. He is, you must know, one of those familiar coxcombs, who have observed some well-dressed men with a good grace converse with women, and say no fine things, but yet treat them with that sort of respect which flows from the heart and the understanding, but is exerted in no professions or compliments. This puppy, to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault of being troublesome in complaisance, takes upon him to try his talent upon me, insomuch that he contradicts me upon all occasions, and one day told me I lied. If I had stuck him with my bodkin, and behaved myself like a man, since he will not treat me as a woman, I had, I think, served him right. I wish, Sir, you would please to give him some maxims of behaviour in these points, and resolve me if all maids are not in point of conversation to be treated by all bachelors as their mistresses? If not so, are they not to be used as gently as their sisters? Is it sufferable that the top of whom I complain should say that he would rather have such-a-one without a groat, than deal with the Indies? What right has any man to make suppositions of things not in his power, and then declare his will to the dislike of one that has never offended him? I assure you these are things worthy your consideration, and I hope we shall have your thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman, deeply offended, ready to forgive all this, because

I have no remedy in my power to prevent it. I am, Sir, your humble servant, T. No. 509.] TU

T.

No. 509.] TU

Hominis frug

Discharging

THE useful knowledge has a place in the world in it which improves the learned world; and every man upon his own account the trading part of the world, I believe what he says is true though delivered in a kind of proverbial language has raised more from attention Plutarch, or any worthy citizen but unprofitable

"MR

"SIR,

"I accuse you of money, which is public, but have But, forasmuch as I have received advice from others to write you down to write you But, before I am given an opportunity to observe a man shows it in his servants, and how complain to you particulars there is at London, a lame of manners, which prosperity. I judge regularity in every laugh that I take going to do, for being if their ancient thing which gives offence, is the mean the edifice of the ing thereunto. that well deserve that our monarch consists in being the modious for business both of private and public sent it hardly seen or purpose. In the merchants, the masters of ships and the lame; your rags and muffs justified the greatest place. Thus it

oaths, and consequence place. This sequence, for, the highest place for those over the time and the un-hipped away deed of late, the lads from copper. the walnut- in the walks, y reason of are so filthy, s and officers ask for their o. I do not this, because e of the city, re of a man

business of the man proper of a sedate, go out of his that business er, that valu- ost excellent eds, suited to

'Keep your It must be us could add e slower men t part of his e rest of the o be managed y, and make

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must not pre- e reason may ase, or at least take up your t do, or lose r, reputation,

sh itself, until maxims in ge- many a little ny got, penny makes the old e world; and, ould be useful and for your n of it at pre- after. If you of the present the author of

h an explana-

one of the motto

tion of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and used when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the propriety of the maxim is to use it when you would say there is plenty, but you must make such a choice as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

"Mr. Tobias Hobson, from whom we have the expression, was a very honourable man, for I shall ever call the man so who gets an estate honestly. Mr. Tobias Hobson was a carrier; and, being a man of great abilities and invention, and one that saw where there might good profit arise, though the duller men overlooked it, this ingenious man was the first in this island who let out hackney-horses. He lived in Cambridge; and, observing that the scholars rid hard, his manner was to keep a large stable of horses, with boots, bridles, and whips, to furnish the gentlemen at once, without going from college to college to borrow, as they have done since the death of this worthy man. I say, Mr. Hobson kept a stable of forty good cattle always ready and fit for travelling; but, when a man came for a horse, he was led into the stable, where there was great choice; but he obliged him to take the horse which stood next to the stable-door; so that every customer was alike well served according to his chance, and every horse ridden with the same justice; from whence it became a proverb, when what ought to be your election was forced upon you, to say, 'Hobson's choice.' This memorable man stands drawn in fresco at an inn (which he used) in Bishopsgate-street, with a hundred pound bag under his arm, with this inscription upon the said bag:

The fruitful mother of a hundred more.

"Whatever tradesman will try the experiment, and begin the day after you publish this my discourse to treat his customers all alike, and all reasonably and honestly, I will ensure him the same success. "I am, Sir, your loving Friend,

T.

"HEZEKIAH THRIFT."

No. 510.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1712.

Si sapi,  
Neque, præterquam quas ipse amor molestias  
Habet addas; et illas quas habet, recte feris.  
TER. EUN. act. 1. sc. 1.

If you are wise, add not to the troubles which attend the passion of love, and bear patiently those which are inseparable from it.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through Gerrard-street, when my eye was immediately caught with the prettiest object imaginable—the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted sash, and made part of the landscape. It seemed admirably done, and, upon throwing myself eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed, and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was considering the vanity of the girl, and her pleasant coquetry in acting a picture until she was taken notice of and raised the admiration of her beholders. The little circumstance made me run into reflection upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female sex has upon the other part of the species. Our hearts are seized with their enchantment and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by the hardness lose the chief pleasure in them; can resist their insinuations, though never so much against our interest and opinion. It is common with women to destroy the good effects a man's foil



inclination might have upon his honour, by interposing their power over him in herein they cannot influence him, but to id disparagement. I do not know there is so difficult in human life, as to be proof the importunities of a woman a man loves; certainly no armour against tears, sullen at best constrained familiarities, in her usually meet with transport and alacrity. Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very correspondent of mine) upon this subject. or, who had lived in courts, camps, through many countries, and seen many men in various climates, and of as various complexions, of our impotence to resist the wiles of a woman in very severe terms. His words are as

means did the devil find out, or what induced his own subtlety present him, as fittest to work his mischief by? Even the unquiet the woman; so as by Adam's hearkening to the voice of his wife, contrary to the express command of the living God, mankind by that her sin became the subject of labour, sorrow, and the woman being given to man for a help, and companion, but not for a counsellor. to be noted by whom the woman was even by the most ugly and unworthy of into whom the devil entered and perished. Secondly, What was the motive of her sin? Even a desire to know what was the secret of her knowledge; an affection which since remained in all the posterity of her race. Thirdly, What was it that moved the man to her persuasions? Even the same cause which moved all men since to the like consent; an unwillingness to grieve her, or make her should pine, and be overcome with sorrow. But if Adam, in the state of perfection, the son of David, God's chosen servant, himself a man endued with the greatest wisdom, did both of them disobey their Creator by sinning, and for the love they bare to a woman, is not so wonderful as lamentable, that in succeeding ages have been allured to the same inconvenient and wicked practices by the wiles of their wives, or other beloved darlings, and over and shadow many malicious purposes, a counterfeit passion of dissimulate sorrow, and inquietness."

the notions of the minds of lovers are no where so fully described as in the works of skilful writers of the last age. The scene between Fulvia and Cato in the second act of Johnson's *Catalina*, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. A wench plays with his affections: and as all places of the world, wishes to make a bargain with his mistress, upon her upbraiding for want of spirit, he alludes to enterprises which cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery and opinion of his gallantry, and desire to get out of her overflowing fondness, she tells him that his life is in her disposal. The man is thus liable to be vanquished by the wiles of her he loves, the safest way is to do what is proper to be done; but to avoid all contention with her before he executes what he intended. Women are ever too hard for us to argue with; and one must consider how senseless it is to argue with one whose looks and gestures are more prevalent with you, than your reason

and arguments can be with. It is a miserable slavery to submit to, and to give up a truth for no other reason than not fortitude to support it. A man has enough to do to control his passions, wishes and desires; but he has those of another to govern, and his wife and family, let him be what he will, the conveniences of life in such a situation are so proud of them; but let him be what he will, and not their exorbitant demands by him. In this case a man is used to soften a man's mind above his understanding of this kind, a man should present he makes flows the importunity of his beloved her slave; if from the man's laugh it off, and do not let men with that seriousness of circumstance deserves. What if his wife's fears are to be once indulged, you are the protector, as you were of compliance to her weakness, yourself from avoiding it, they will lead you both, in which you are to be that very complaisance the most difficult mastery over to attain, to resist the grief let the heart ache, be and painful, it is what through, if you think to be conscious to yourself that The old argument, that deny me this," which first by habitual success will give way to it to resign his country and his honour.—T.

## No. 511.] THURSDAY

Quis non inveniat tuum

—Who could, In such a crowd a man

"DEAR SPEC.,

"FINDING that my letter to continue my epistolary conversation on those dear confounders, I knowest all the little I have upon that subject: I never told their sakes. I have lately written for a Spectator, which I thought if they pass through thy hands, I found by chance in an advertisement, that lay in my friend's hand. I visited him one morning at the place where I met thee, and he tells us that it was the most proper to have several fairs in the young unmarried world to sale. The men who would provide themselves. Every man at the highest bidder, and the public laid aside for the public use, shalt hear by-and-bye. If people had the choice of the most extraordinary fair was thus picked, th

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plan. I would suppose all the unmarried women in London and Westminster brought to market sacks, with their respective prices on each sack. The first sack that is sold is marked with five hundred and pound. Upon the opening of it, I find it full with an admirable housewife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaser, upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price very cheerfully. The second I would open should be a five hundred pound sack. The lady in it, to our surprise, has the face and person of a toast. As we are wondering how she came to be set at so low a price, we hear that she would have been valued at ten thousand pound; but that the public had made those abatements in her being a scold. I would afterward find some beautiful, modest, and discreet women, that should be the top of the market; and perhaps discover had a dozen romps tied up together in the same sack, at one hundred pound a head. The prude and the coquette should be valued at the same price, though the first should go off the better of the two. I fancy thou wouldst like such a vision, had I time to show it; because, to talk in thy own way, there is a mean in it. Whatever thou mayest think of it, pray don't do not make any of thy queer apologies for this letter, as thou didst for my last. The women here are gay lively fellows, and are never angry at the raileries of one who is their known admirer. I am always bitter upon them, but well with them.

"Thine,

"HONESTY."

O.

No. 512.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1712

Lectorem delectando, pariterque moneudo.  
HON. AGR. POOL. VIND. 111.  
Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with so much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our understanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We consider the instruction as an implicit censure, and the zeal which any one shows for our good on such an occasion as a piece of presumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the person who pretends to advise, does, in that particular, exercise a superiority over us, and can have no other reason for it, but that, in comparing us with himself, he thinks defective either in our conduct or our understanding. For these reasons, there is nothing so difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have distinguished themselves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made use of to render this bitter portion palatable? Some convey their instructions to us in the best choice words, others in the most harmonious numbers, some in points of wit, and others in short proverbs.

But, among all the different ways of giving counsel, I think the finest, and that which pleases the most universally, is fable; in whatsoever shape it appears. If we consider this way of instructing in giving advice, it excels all others, because it is not least shocking, and the least subject to those exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect, in the first place, that upon the reading of a fable, we are used to believe we advise ourselves. We pursue the matter for the sake of the story, and consider the precept rather as our own conclusion than his instruction. The moral insinuates itself imperceptibly; we are

light by surprise, and become wiser and better awares. In short, by this method, a man is so overreached as to think he is directing himself, while he is following the dictates of another, and consequently is not sensible of that which is the most unpleasant circumstance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we shall find that the mind is never so much pleased, when she exerts herself in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. Her natural pride and ambition of the soul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable; for, in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half the performance; everything appears to him like a discovery of his own; he is busied all the while applying characters and circumstances, and is in this respect both a reader and a composer. It is no wonder, therefore, that on such occasions, when the mind is thus pleased with itself, and amused with its own discoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occasion of it. For this reason the *Absalom and Achitophel*\* was one of the most popular poems that ever appeared in English. The poetry is indeed very fine: but had it been much finer, it would not have so much pleased, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is so inoffensive, that, if we look into ancient histories, we find the wise men of old very often chose to give counsel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty instance of this nature in a Turkish tale, which I do not like the worse for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the Sultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and desolation, and almost unpeopled the Persian empire. The vizier to his great sultan (whether a humorist or an enthusiast, we are not informed) pretended to have learned from a certain dervise to understand the language of owls, so that there was not a bird that could open its mouth but the vizier knew what it was he said. One evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they saw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of a heap of rubbish. "I would fain know," says the sultan, "what those two owls are saying to one another; listen to their discourse, and give me an account of it." The vizier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the sultan, "Sir," says he, "I have heard part of their conversation, but dare not tell you what it is." The sultan would not be satisfied with such an answer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had said. "You must know, then," said the vizier, "that one of these owls has a son, and the other a daughter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of marriage. The father of the son said to the father of the daughter, in my hearing, 'Brother, I consent to this marriage, provided you will settle upon your daughter fifty ruined villages for her portion.' To which the father of the daughter replied, 'Instead of fifty, I will give her one hundred, if you please. God grant a long life

to Sultan Mahmoud shall never want."

The story says, that the sultan had been destroyed by the good counsel of the dervise.

To fill up my piece of natural history, I will add a philosopher the blood of certain mixed together, a wonderful virtue skilled in the knowledge of every thing the dervise above such a serpent, the learned.—O

No. 513.] SATURDAY

—Affliction  
Jam propiore Deo  
When all the gods

THE following is a story of a prudent man in his old age, more than once mentioned in my speculation, and of a very young man who gives it a place in his

"SIR,

"The indisposition is at last grown so that I am unable to make an end of that whilst I am here, and I am sure are none of your pleasure than you are very glad if I could that day's entertainment several thoughts made great improvement of sickness, and entertainment for

"Among all the mind of a situation to consider more natural than and unbodied being man considers, dissolved, he should now contemplate works, or, to speak some faculty in the vine Being, and than we are in which the eye is lessness and stupidity. Mr. upon Death, his lively colours, the ration from the world which even are not able to do of matter, which this life. His v

"That death is nothing else but us that it is one intercepts the sight of the world is not at

\* A memorable satire written by Dryden against the faction which, by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the Duke of Monmouth at their head. Of this poem, in which personal satire is applied to the support of public principles, the sale was so large, that it is said not to have been equalled, but by *Chapman's trial*.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ed is at a great re-  
he third heavens,  
those blessed spirits  
as soon as we step  
to the other world,  
world (for there is  
as a new state of  
live in this world;  
into the next: for  
these bodies, and can  
casements, nothing  
us; nay, nothing  
reflect light, and  
of things with it to  
this visible world  
of things than what  
ing at all of it; for  
sible and invisible  
ese bodies there are  
esent themselves to  
spectacles are taken  
eye sees what was  
in the other world,  
with it. Thus St.  
are at home in the  
ord; but when we  
re present with the  
hinks this is enough  
ese bodies, unless  
confined to a prison,  
r lives, which gives  
and that none of the  
erty to view all the  
old we give now for  
le world, which the  
odies will present us  
as eye hath not seen  
tered into the heart  
pens our eyes, en-  
s with a new and  
can never see while  
should make us as  
to take the film off  
sight.'

but be very much  
pearing in the pre-  
e can see and live,  
when he considers  
ars before will exa-  
life, and reward and  
ust confess that I  
gion, besides that of  
y support the most  
ght. Let a man's  
is virtues rise to the  
ainable in this life,  
any secret sins, so  
ffences of ignorance,  
y unguarded words  
many defects in his  
advantages of such  
Christianity has re-  
he should be cleared  
r that he should be  
r holy religion sug-  
reby our guilt may  
fect obedience ac-

that I have endea-  
ving hymn, which I  
-kness:—

I.  
When, rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,  
I see my Maker, face to face,  
O how shall I appear!

II.  
If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My heart with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought.

III.  
When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclos'd  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear.

IV.  
But thou hast told the troubled mind,  
Who does her sins lament,  
The timely tribute of her tears  
Shall endless woe prevent.

V.  
Then see the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late;  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans,  
To give those sorrows weight.

VI.  
For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to procure,  
Who knows thine only Son has died  
To make her pardon sure.

"There is a noble hymn in French, which I  
sieur Bayle has celebrated for a very fine one,  
which the famous author of the Art of Speaking  
an admirable one, that turns upon a thought of  
same nature. If I could have done it justice in  
glish, I would have sent it you translated; it  
written by Monsieur des Barreaux, who had been  
of the greatest wits and libertines in France, &  
his last years was as remarkable a penitent.

Grand Dieu, tes Jugemens sont remplis d'équité,  
Toujours tu prends plaisir à nous être propice  
Mais j'ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté  
Ne me pardonnera, sans choquer ta Justice.  
Où, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impiété  
Ne laisse à ton pouvoir que le choix du supplice:  
Ton intérêt s'oppose ma félicité.  
Et ta clemence même attend que je périsse.  
Contente ton desir, puis qu'il t'est glorieux:  
Offense toi des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;  
Tonne, frappe, il est tems, rends moi guerre pour gloire  
J'adore en pensant la raison qui t'aigrit.  
Mais dessus quel endroit tombera ton tonnerre,  
Qui ne soit tout couvert du sang de Jésus Christ.

"If these thoughts may be serviceable to y  
desire you would place them in a proper light,  
am ever, with great sincerity.

O. "Sir, yours," &c

No. 514.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 20, 17

— Me Parnasi deserat per ardua dulcis  
Raptat amor: juvat ire jugis, qua nulla priore  
Castalum molli divertitur orbita clivo.

VIRG. Georg. III.

But the commanding Muse my chariot guides,  
Which o'er the dubious cliff securely rides:  
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,  
But first the way to new discoveries make.—D

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I CAME home a little later than usual to-  
night; and, not finding myself inclined to sit  
took up Virgil to divert me until I should be  
disposed to rest. He is the author whom I  
choose on such occasions; no one writing  
divine, so harmonious, nor so equal a strain,  
leaves the mind composed and softened in

melancholy; the temper in which, of all choice to close the day. The passages I were those beautiful raptures in which he professes himself entirely given to fuses, and smit with the love of poetry, wishing to be transported to the cool retirements of the mountain Hæmus. I took and went to bed. What I had just a reading made so strong an impression on, that fancy seemed almost to fulfil to wish of Virgil, in presenting to me the following:—

I ought I was on a sudden placed in the Ætolia, where at the end of the horizon I saw Parnassus rising before me. The view was of so large an extent, that I had long about to find a path which should directly to it, had I not seen at some distance a series, which, in a plain that had nothing remarkable enough in it to fix my sight, immatermained me to go thither. When I reached it, I found it parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, which often widened into beautiful openings, as circles or ovals, set with yew and cypresses, with niches, grottoes, and caves, placed on the sides, encompassed with trees. There was no sound to be heard in the place, but only that of a gentle breeze passing through the leaves of the forest; everything beside was in a profound silence. I was captivated by the beauty and retirement of the place, and much, before that hour, was pleased with the content of myself. I indulged the humour, and let myself to wander without choice or restraint, at length, at the end of a range of trees, I saw figures seated on a bank of moss, with a look creeping at their feet. I adored them as the divinities of the place, and stood still to get a particular view of each of them. The first, whose name was Solitude, sat with her back to each other, and seemed rather pensive, as if taken up with her own thoughts, than as if grieved or displeased. The only companions she admitted into that retirement were Silence, who sat on her right hand with her hand on her mouth, and on her left Contempt, with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Beside her was a celestial globe, with several schemes of mathematical theorems. She prevented my speech by her greatest affability in the world. 'Fear not, said she, 'I know your request before you come; you would be led to the mountain of the Muses; the only way to it lies through this place, and I am so often employed in conducting persons as myself.' When she had thus spoken, she rose from her seat, and I immediately placed myself under her direction; but whilst I passed through the grove I could not help inquiring of her the persons admitted into that sweet retreat. 'Surely,' said I, 'there can nothing be but virtue and virtuous thoughts; the place seems designed for the reception and instruction of such persons as have spent their lives to the dictates of their conscience, and the service of the gods.' 'You imagine right,' said she, 'yourself this place was at first designed for such; it continued to be in the reign of Minerva, when none entered here but holy priests, who were driven from their country from oppression and who reposed themselves here after their labours; and those whom the study and love of wisdom had led to divine conversation. But now it

is become no less dangerous than desirable: vice has learned to creep in hither and there, and often creeps in hither and there just before you, Revenge, the robe of Honour. Observe, standing alone; if you will tell you it is Emulation, a frequent intruder we have now the deity to whom it is entirely devoted. Virtue, the Graces attending him, a happy place; a whole tribe of him, and no dishonourable for admittance. But now, changed! and how seldom who dare despise sordid vices, themselves fit companions for

"The goddess had now been arrived at the summit, which lay contiguous to the foot of the mountain. Her guide, being solicited by me, assured me they would show me the mountain of the Muses. It was extremely important numbers, whom I saw with a hill. I turned away from disdain; and, addressing her that, as I had some reach up part of the ascent, strength enough to attain. But, being informed by her to stand upon the sides, and onwards I should irrevocably verge, I resolved to hazard in the attempt: so great was the satisfaction I hoped for my enterprise.

"There were two paths, ways to the summit of the mountain, guarded by the genius of the mountain of our births. He had the several pretensions of that way, but to admit of one on whom Melpomene had her eye at the hour of their meeting was guarded by diligent persons applied who had the way; but he was so tedious, and indeed after a very intricate and laborious had made some progress back than proceed; and yet to arrive at the end they had two paths, which at length of the mountain, there were two, which a little after this carried those happy it was to find it, directly I do not know whether I had the resolution to have done of these doors, had I not (followed by a numerous of both sexes) insist upon being led up. He put me in a who is painted in the map over the Alps. He had a hand; and, producing a given to him by hands who allow as passes; among some of my own writings admitted, and gave by

s. I found the  
f, but served as  
ect passengers,  
ctions he pro-  
to travel that  
upon this kind  
Mr. Spectator,  
self. We were  
sprinkled three  
ain Aganippe,  
all harms, but  
the end of our  
in the middle  
mit of the hill,  
us two figures,  
ation: the one  
her youth and  
lders and feet,  
he most distant  
She was cons-  
into the most  
world, and at  
ish garb that  
her a man fol-  
her inducted  
\* mirror, and  
ing ornaments  
ne plain below,  
th great satis-  
he name of the  
of Liberty, the  
ymphs: the  
Time, and the  
his. A youth,  
hem, was their  
it, and his seat  
most celebrated  
secret joy, that  
e the majority,  
t both in num-  
y to take a full  
I was inspired  
everything in  
an before: I  
h was a contin-  
unshine. The  
each side, and  
vale, the habi-  
had composed  
llo was seated  
anopy an aged  
over his head.  
He held his  
round about  
story over the  
in softer notes  
Homer, Vir-  
to them. Be-  
among whom  
habit of Lap-  
incourtiness of  
lace upon the  
alone, no one  
ned himself to  
almost walked  
race and Ana-  
delighted.  
up of figures:  
Socrates die-  
of Plato; but  
participate.

most of all, Mæuseus had the greatest address at him. I was at too great a distance to hear what said, or discover the faces of his hearers; but thought I now perceived Virgil, who had joined them, and stood in a posture full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

"Lastly, at the very brink of the hall, I saw Baccalus sending dispatches to the world below of what happened upon Parnassus; but I perceived he did it without leave of the Muses, and by stealth, and was unwilling to have them revised by Apollo. I could now, from this height and serene sky, behold the infinite cares and anxieties with which men below sought out their way through the maze of life. I saw the path of Virtue lie straight before them, whilst Interest, or some malicious demon, still hurried them out of the way. I was at once touched with pleasure at my own happiness, and compassion at the sight of their inextricable errors. Here the contending passions rose so high, that they were inconsistent with the sweet repose I enjoyed; and awaking with a sudden start, the only consolation I could admit of for my loss, was the hope that the relation of my dream will not displease you."—

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No. 515.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1772.

Pudet me et miseret, qui harum rerum coactus miles.  
Monialis frustra— Tæx. Hæuist. act. ii. sc. 3.

I am ashamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice, and gave me the character of these creatures.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I AM obliged to you for printing the account lately sent you of a coquette who disturbed a congregation in the city of London. That intelligence ended at her taking coach, and bidding the driver go where he knew. I could not leave her, but dogged her, as hard as she drove, to St. Paul's churchyard, where there was a stop of coaches, a tending company coming out of the cathedral. This gave me an opportunity to hold up a crown to the coachman, who gave me the signal that he would hurry on, and make no haste, as you know the time is when they favour a chase. By his many kind blunders, driving against other coaches, and dropping of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and keep my fine lady in the parish of St. James's. As I guessed, when I first saw her at church, her business is to win hearts, and throw them away, regarding nothing but the triumph. I have had this business, by tracing her through all with whom I first she was acquainted, to find one who was intimate with a friend of mine, and to be introduced to his notice. I have made so good use of my time, as to procure from that intimate of hers one of her letters which she writ to her when in the country. This epistle of her own may serve to alarm the world against her in ordinary life, as mine, I hope, will to those who shall behold her at church. The letter was written last winter to the lady who gave it me, and I doubt not but you will find it the soul of a happy self-loving dame, that takes all the admirers she can meet with, and returns none of it to her admirers.

"DEAR JENNY,

"I AM glad to find you are likely to be disappointed in marriage so much to your apprehension, as you tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, but I shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg of you not to fear it, for I am too nice a discerner in laugh and cry, but whom most other people think one full of



way is, when any man who is my admirer to give himself airs of merit, as at this staid gentleman you know did, to mortify by vowing in his presence the most insignificant I can find. At this ball I was led in company by pretty Mr. Fanfly, who, you the most obsequious, well-shaped, well-bred man in town. I, at first entrance, declared partner if he danced at all; which put the assembly into a grin, as forming no terrors to a rival. But we had not been long in the fore I overheard the meritorious gentleman mentioned say with an oath, 'There is no one in the thing, she certainly loves the puppy.' The gentleman, when we were dancing, took an opportunity very soft in his oglings upon a lady he liked, and whom he knew of all women I knew to outshine. The contest began who would be the other most. I, who do not care to be so, for him, had no hard task to outvie him. I, with a very little encouragement, *ma coupée*, and then sink with all the air and grace is imaginable. When he performed this, I, and the gentleman you know of fall into the arms, and imitate as well as he could the demure. I cannot well give you, who are so country lady, the idea of the joy we have seen a stubborn heart breaking, or a man of sense a fool for our sakes; but this happened, and, I expect his attendance whenever we go to court, to the play, or the park. I sacrifice due to us women of genius, who are the eloquence of beauty, an easy mien. I am an easy mien, one which can be in occasion.

sion easily affected; for I hold one maxim, which wit, that our greatest perfection. It is to that our just over our hips, and force or motion, but perfection we owe the part at a tragedy, the scornful at a comedy, and the part at a sermon.

"To tell you the plain truth, I am not but in being admired, attaining the approbation I had a mind to. You figure in the world (as pleased to put upon the same vanity as I am). I am not, but to make other yours? This indeed is not, has a genius no higher than very good housewife family. The care of my enemies to the countess fine lady is not to be pithing to take up her person. But I interrupt cares, and myself from

"I am, Madam,

"Give me leave, Mr. S. to answer to this epistle, of a pious woman."

“DEAR GATTY,

"I take your raillery  
obliged to you for the fr  
of your own gaieties.  
perfidious pleasure; for,  
for man; and in serious  
ther you yourself know i  
tend to no other end bu  
as fast as you can.

"I am, Madam."

T.                      " Your

No. 516.] WEDNESDAY

Immortale odium, et  
Inde furor vulgo, quod  
Odit uterque locus; quod  
Esse deos, quos iure co-

—A grutch, time out  
And mutually bequeat  
Religious spite and pic  
The quarrel which so  
Each calls the other's  
His own divine.—TAT

Of all the monstrous have crept into the world as that those who profess Christians, should pursue and hatred for difference the example of their Saviour that all who pursue the form themselves after him, be able to account for effect might expect from those lowly of the highest parity, but by ascribing sin and corruption of those souls full of fury, to seek of Peace.

The massacres to which animated the ordinary people



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

whoever reads the cruelties efficiently con- may be worked id become in- of grace,

ph deserve so it world, will, reverend and r before many ed on that la- the occasion, loquence.

but only tran- ristian Hero, in honour of e rescued that isasters. His nd the most conclusion of it and Roman r:—

atrance of the ho have main- the two great e present age, of the future. : those ends to em among us. of glory, but different mo- ve undisputed r in their ra- 's happiness is ther's in their e enjoys the a Persian, the rtan. One is the oppressed. id ostentation inferiors; the nd foundation one therefore to the other a

solid honour, , but after the nce must ever e be master of and just; only the noble art extended, and ces, by which nsensibly give g men in the

apt to pass for y to express, a country but man's vanity of becoming for sufferings, s to servitude; all the agree- The noblest most elegant ith the various uments, charm- res, and those monarch might ile they flatter

his virtue, and gild his vice at so high a rate, th he without scorn of the one, or love of the oth would alternately and occasionally be both; that his bounty should support him in his repen his mercy in his cruelties.

"Nor is it to give things a more severe look th is natural, to suppose such must be the consequen of a prince's having no other pursuit than that his own glory; for if we consider an infant born in the world, and beholding itself the mightiest thin in it, itself the present admiration and future pr spect of a fawning people, who profess themse great or mean, according to the figure he is to mak amongst them, what fancy would not be debauch to believe they were but what they professed the selves—his mere creatures, and use them as end by purchasing with their lives a boundless mone which he, for want of a more just prospect, wou place in the number of his slaves, and the exten his territories? Such undoubtedly would be th tragical effects of a prince's living with no religio which are not to be surpassed but by his having false one.

"If ambition were spicited with zeal, what wou follow, but that his people should be converted to an army, whose swords can make right in poss and solve controversy in belief? And if men shou be stiff-necked to the doctrine of that visible chanc let them be contented with an oar and a chain; i the midst of stripes and anguish, to contemplate Him whose yoke is easy and whose burden a light

"With a tyranny begun on his own subjects, an indignation that others draw their breath indepen dent of his frown or smile, why should he not proceed to the seizure of the world? And if such but the thirst of sway were the motive of his action why should treaties be other than mere words, a solemn national compacts be any thing but a lie in the march of that army, who are never to b down their arms until all men are reduced to th necessity of hanging their lives on his wayward will who might supinely, and at leisure, expiate his in sins, by other men's sufferings, while he daily d ditates new slaughter and new conquests?

"For mere man, when giddy with unbridl power, is an insatiate idol, not to be appeased b myriads offered to his pride, which may be puff'd by the adulation of a base and prostrate world in an opinion that he is something more than man by being something less; and alas! what is th that mortal man will not believe of himself wh complimented with the attributes of God? He o then conceive thoughts of a power as omnipotent his. But, should there be such a foe of man now upon earth, have our sins so far provoked He ven, that we are left utterly naked to his fury? there no power, no leader, no genius, that can d duct and animate us to our death, or our defens Yes; our great God never gave one to reign by permission, but he gave to another also to reign his grace.

"All the circumstances of the illustrious life our prince seem to have conspired to make him a check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has be strengthened and confirmed by une considered ang gle, and Heaven has educated him by adversity a quick sense of the distresses and miseries of so kind, which he was born to redress. In just m of the trivial glories and light ostentations of pow that glorious instrument of Providence serves, i that, in a steady, calm, and silent course, indepen dent either of applause or calumny; which read

im, if not in a political, yet in a moral, a philosophic, an heroic, and a Christian sense, an absolute monarch; who, satisfied with this unchangeable, just, and ample glory, must needs turn all his regards from himself to the service of others; for he begins his enterprises with his own share in the success of them; for integrity bears in itself its reward, or can that which depends not on event ever know disappointment.

"With the undoubted character of a glorious captain, and (what he much more values than the most splendid titles) that of a sincere and honest man, he is the hope and stay of Europe, a universal good; not to be engrossed by us only, for distant potentates implore his friendship, and injured empires court his assistance. He rules the world, not by an invasion of the people of the earth, but the address of its princes; and, if that world should be aroused from the repose which his prevailing arms had given it, why should we not hope that ere is an Almighty, by whose influence the terrible enemy that thinks himself prepared for battle, may find he is but ripe for destruction?—and that ere may be in the womb of time great incidents, which may make the catastrophe of a prosperous life as unfortunate as the particular scenes of it were successful?—for there does not want a skilful eye and resolute arm to observe and grasp the occasion. prince, who from—

Full illum, et ingens  
Gloria." VIRG. *Æn.* ii. 325.

Troy is no more, and illum was a town.—DRYDEN.

T.

No. 517.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1712.

Heu pietas! heu prisca fides!—VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 878.

Mirror of ancient faith!

Undaunted worth! Inviolable truth!—DRYDEN.

WE last night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very sensibly afflicted every one of us. The question not but my readers themselves will be puzzled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in suspense, Sir Roger de Coverley is dead! He departed this life at his house in the country, after a few weeks' sickness. Sir Andrew Freeport is a letter from one of his correspondents in those parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-sessions, as he was very warmly protesting an address of his own penning, in which he succeeded according to his wishes. But this particular comes from a whig justice of peace, who was always Sir Roger's enemy and antagonist. I have letters both from the chaplain and Captain Sentry, which mention nothing of it, but are filled with any particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewise a letter from the butler, who took so much care of me last summer when I was at the right's house. As my friend the butler mentions, the simplicity of his heart, several circumstances others have passed over in silence, I shall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

"HONOURED SIR,

"Knowing that you was my old master's good friend, I could not forbear sending you the melancholy news of his death, which has afflicted the whole country, as well as his poor servants, who loved him. I may say, better than we did our lives. I am afraid he caught his death the last county-sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a

poor widow who that had been a man; for you know the poor man's first complaint was a roast-beef stomach, which was served to him, and he knew he used to eat it every time forward he had a good heart to great hopes of his recovery, and was sent him from his wife, who made love to him, and only proved a great grief to him, and he was queathed to this pearl necklace, which was set with jewels, which was his mother. He had that he used to say, because he thought he had left you all his business to the chaplain, and he was to lands about it, and he made his will, he made the parish a great black riding-horse, and he saw him take leave of us all for our friend, and he speak a word for his grown gray-head, and he has left us pension very comfortably every day. He has a charity, which is very comfortable, and it is peremptory, and he left money to be given, and he was heard to say years longer, and he told it. The chaplain was very good end, and he shed tears. He was a very good man, among the good men, and he was in the hand of his father, and he was married by six of his sons, and he was six of the quorum, and he was a corpse with head and shoulders; the men of the house, the men of the house. Captain Sentry taken possession of his estate. When he died, he shed his joy of the death, and he was siring him only, and he was the several legal, and he told him he was. The captain told he says but little, and he says my master loved an old house-dog, and he was so fond of. It was heard the moans of my master's death, and he was self since; no more melancholiest day, and he was in Worcester.

"Honoured Sir

"P S. My master died, that a body carrier, should be his name."

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

poor butler's  
idea of our  
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Andrew, open-  
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the Act of  
marked by Sir  
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een merry at  
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ears, and put  
entry informs  
mourning for

24, 1712.

amae,  
tunis.  
Sat. viii. 76.

—STEPNEY.

me, I must  
a treat at a  
as have been  
which I serve

I hear of the  
rtly condole  
ion. I think  
s of a paper  
have had it  
ected of you  
if possible,  
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will receive  
c of such as

re mentioned  
I have made  
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hat there be  
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eremarkable  
other I have  
y, that there  
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en in a dif-  
diffused and  
racted style,  
athetic; the  
b. The first

why?  
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be,  
three,  
ne,  
came

Also to breathe their last, nine years before,  
And now have left their father to deplore  
The loss of all his children, with his wife,  
Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

"The second is as follows:—

Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,  
Spitalfields weaver, and that's all.

"I will not dismiss you, whilst I am upon this  
subject without sending a short epitaph which I  
once met with, though I cannot possibly recollect  
the place. The thought of it is serious, and in my  
opinion the finest that I ever met with upon this oc-  
casion. You know, Sir, it is usual, after having  
told us the name of the person who lies interred, to  
launch out into his praises. This epitaph takes a  
quite contrary turn, having been made by the per-  
son himself some time before his death.

*'Hic jacet R. C. in expectatione diæ supremæ.  
Qualis erat, dies iste indicabit.'*

Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the last day  
What sort of a man he was that day will discover."

"I am, Sir," &c.

The following letter is dated from Cambridge:

"SIR,

"Having lately read among your speculations an  
essay upon physiognomy, I cannot but think that  
if you made a visit to this ancient university, you  
might receive very considerable lights upon the  
subject, there being scarce a young fellow in it who  
does not give certain indications of his particular  
humour and disposition, conformable to the rules of  
that art. In courts and cities every body lays a  
constraint upon his countenance, and endeavours to  
look like the rest of the world; but the youth of  
this place, having not yet formed themselves by con-  
versation, and the knowledge of the world, give their  
limbs and features their full play.

"As you have considered human nature in all its  
lights, you must be extremely well apprised, that  
there is a very close correspondence between the  
outward and the inward man; that scarce the least  
dawning, the least parturiency towards a thought  
can be stirring in the mind of man, without pro-  
ducing a suitable revolution in his exterior, which  
will easily discover itself to an adept in the theory  
of the phiz. Hence it is that the intrinsic worth  
and merit of a son of Alma Mater is ordinarily cal-  
culated from the cast of his visage, the contour of  
his person, the mechanism of his dress, the disposi-  
tion of his limbs, the manner of his gait and air  
with a number of circumstances of equal conse-  
quence and information. The practitioners in this  
art often make use of a gentleman's eyes to give them  
light into the posture of his brains; take a glance  
from his nose to judge of the size of his intellects,  
and interpret the overmuch visibility and pertness  
of one year as an infallible mark of reprobation  
and a sign the owner of so saucy a member fear  
neither God nor man. In conformity to this scheme  
a contracted brow, a lumpish downcast look, a sobe-  
sedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet and  
steady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral pocket  
of the galligaskins, is logic, metaphysics, and mathe-  
matics, in perfection. So likewise the bellos-letters  
are typified by a saunter in the gait, a fall of one  
wing of the peruke backward, an insertion of one  
hand in the fob, and a negligent swing of the other,  
with a pinch of right fine Barcelona between finger  
and thumb, a due quantity of the same upon the  
upper lip, and a noddle-case loaded with polished

grave, solemn, staking pace is heroic politics; an unequal one, a genius for the modern ballad; and an open breast, lacious display of the Holland shirt, is fatal tendency to the art military.

be much larger upon these hints, but as I write to. If you can graft any specimen them, or turn them to the advantage of persons concerned in them, you will do us becoming the British Spectator, and

"Your very humble Servant,

"TOM TWEEK."

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1712.

an pecundumque gentis, vitæque volantum.

porco fert monstra sub aquore pontus.

VIRG. *ÆNEID*. VI. 728.

and boasts the breath of life obtain.

air, and monsters of the main.—DRAKE.

here is a great deal of pleasure in considering the material world, by which I mean of bodies into which nature has so cut the mass of dead matter, with the ones which those bodies bear to one another. I still, methinks, something more wonderful in contemplations on the world which I mean all those animals with which the universe is furnished. The mass is only the shell of the universe; the animals are its inhabitants.

Consider those parts of the material world nearest to us, and are therefore subject to observations and inquiries, it is amazing to see the infinity of animals with which it is every part of matter is peopled; every warm with inhabitants. There is a humour in the body of man, or of any animal, in which our glasses do not discover living creatures. The surface of the earth is covered with other animals, which are the manner the basis of other animals that we may, we find in the most solid bodies, themselves, innumerable cells and cavities filled with such imperceptible inhabitants as are for the naked eye to discover. On the earth, if we look into the more bulky parts we see the seas, lakes, and rivers, teeming with a variety of kinds of living creatures. We see the mountain and marsh, wilderness and field, all stocked with birds and beasts; and all affording proper necessaries and conveniences for the livelihood of multitudes which

of the Plurality of Worlds draws a argument from this consideration for the habitability of this planet; as indeed it seems very reasonable by the analogy of reason, that if no part of the world we are acquainted with, lies waste and is not inhabited, those great bodies, which are at such a distance from us, should not be desert and unpeopled, but they should be furnished with beings in their respective situations.

It is a blessing to those beings only which are furnished with perception; and is in a manner confined upon dead matter, any further than as it is to beings which are conscious of it. Accordingly, we find, from the observation of the world, that matter

is only made as the basis of life, and that there is no more necessary for the existence of life.

Infinite goodness is of so great nature that it seems to delight in the perfection of every degree of perfection upon every degree of perfection. I have a speculation which I have pleasure to myself, I shall be able to consider that part of the world which comes within our knowledge.

There are some living creatures but just above dead matter, species of shell-fish, which grow out of a cone, that grow to the perfection and immediately die upon the place where they grow. These creatures but one remove from other sense besides that of sight, have still an additional one of smell, and others of sight.

They serve by what a gradual perfection advances through a prodigious space before a creature is formed its senses; and even among different degrees of perfection animal enjoys beyond what is possible though the sense is distinguished by the same common almost of a different nature into the several inward perceptions of sagacity, or what we generally call them rising after the same manner one above another, and receiving improvements, according to the nature they are implanted. This progress is gradual, that the most perfect comes very near to the most imperfect is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overabundant Supreme Being, whose works, is plainly seen, as I have said, his having made so very little falls within our knowledge, than life. Nor is his goodness less than in the multitude of living creatures only made one species of animal which would have enjoyed the happiness, therefore, specified in his works of life, every capacity of being in nature, from a plant to a man, divers kinds of creatures, rising by such a gentle and easy transitions and deviations from one other are almost insensible.

It is so well husbanded and scarce a degree of perception in some one part of the world, or the wisdom of the Deity manifested in this his proceeding.

There is a consequence, however, ready mentioned, which is deducible from the foregoing scale of being rises by such a high as man, we may, by a progression that it still proceeds gradually which are of a superior nature is an infinitely greater space of degrees of perfection between man and man, than between man and a cable insect. This consequence is a variety of beings which are superior to that variety which is inferior to us,

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

are set down, after having  
 and there is such in-  
 and his Maker for the  
 in, it is impossible that  
 since there will be still  
 between the highest  
 which produced him.  
 re species of intelligent  
 ere are of sensible and  
 ole to me from hence;  
 eoreal world we see no  
 ite down from us the de-  
 a continued series of  
 ve differ very little one  
 fishes that have wings,  
 airy region; and there  
 abitants of the water,  
 and their flesh so like  
 re allowed them on fish-  
 so near of kin both to  
 are the middle between  
 link the terrestrial and  
 at land and at sea, and  
 od and entrails of a hog;  
 dently reported of mer-  
 some brutes that seem  
 and reason as some that  
 animal and vegetable  
 ed, that if you will take  
 ghest of the other, there  
 great difference between  
 come to the lowest and  
 of matter, we shall find  
 all species are linked to-  
 most insensible degrees.  
 infinite power and wis-  
 e reason to think that it  
 nt harmony of the uni-  
 infinite goodness of  
 ies of creatures should  
 end upward from us to-  
 on, as we see they gra-  
 ward: which if it be  
 en to be persuaded that  
 creatures above us than  
 g in degrees of perfec-  
 the infinite being of  
 e lowest state of being,  
 nearest to nothing. And  
 lies we have no clear dis-

there is no creature so  
 which so much deserves  
 s man, who fills up the  
 animal and intellectual  
 sible world, and is that  
 which has been often  
*mundi*. So that he who,  
 with angels and arch-  
 eing of infinite perfection  
 est order of spirits as his  
 spect say to corruption,  
 to the worm, Thou art  
 —O.

OCTOBER 27, 1712.

miolus  
 Oct. xxiv. 1.

sh? What time shall end  
 friend?—CREECH.

"MR. SPECTATOR,  
 "THE just value you have expressed for  
 trimonial state is the reason that I now  
 write to you, without the fear of being rud-  
 and confess to you that though it is three  
 since I lost a very agreeable woman, who  
 wife, my sorrow is still fresh; and I am  
 the midst of company, upon any circumstan-  
 revives her memory, with a reflection  
 should say or do on such an occasion: I  
 any occurrence of that nature, which I can  
 a sense of, though I cannot express it whole-  
 all over softness, and am obliged to retire  
 way to a few sighs and tears before I can  
 I cannot but recommend the subject of mal-  
 hood to you, and beg you to touch upon  
 first opportunity. To those who have not  
 husbands during the lives of their spouses  
 be a tasteless jumble of words; but to  
 whom there are not a few) who have en-  
 state with the sentiments proper for it, you  
 every line, which hits the sorrow, attends  
 tear of pity and consolation; for I know  
 what goodness of Providence it is that  
 of passion is a step towards the relief of  
 there is a certain comfort in the very act of  
 ing, which, I suppose, arises from a sen-  
 sciousness in the mind, that the affliction it  
 flows from a virtuous cause. My concern  
 indeed so outrageous as at the first transpor-  
 think it has subsided rather into a sober  
 mind than any actual perturbation of spirit  
 might be rules formed for men's behaviour  
 great incident, to bring them from that mi-  
 into the condition I am at present; what  
 think, that my sorrow has converted all my  
 temper into meekness, good-nature, and  
 cency. But indeed, when in a serious  
 hour I present my departed consort to my  
 tion, with that air of persuasion in her coun-  
 when I have been in passion, that sweet  
 when I have been in good humour, that ten-  
 passion when I have had anything which  
 uneasiness; I confess to you I am inconsol-  
 my eyes gush with grief, as if I had seen her  
 then expire. In this condition I am broken  
 by a charming young woman, my daughter  
 the picture of what her mother was on her  
 day. The good girl strives to comfort me,  
 shall I let you know that all the comfort  
 me is to make my tears flow more easily  
 child knows she quickens my sorrows, and  
 my heart at the same time. Oh, ye learn-  
 me by what word to speak a motion of  
 which there is no name. When she kneels  
 me be comforted, she is my child: when I  
 in my arms, and bid her say no more,  
 my wife, and is the very comforter I  
 loss of. I banish her the room, and weep  
 I have lost her mother, and that I have lost  
 "Mr. Spectator, I wish it were possible  
 to have a sense of these pleasing perplexities  
 might communicate to the guilty part of  
 that they are incapable of the happiness  
 the very sorrows of the virtuous.

"But pray spare me a little longer;  
 leave to tell you the manner of her death.  
 leave of all her family, and bore the vari-  
 tion of medicines with the greatest patience.  
 nable. When the physician told her  
 certainly die, she desired as well as she  
 all who were present, except myself, might

She said she had nothing to say, for I signed, and I knew all she knew that was in this world; but she desired to be in the presence of God only she might, and I said, do her last duty to me, of for all my kindness to her: adding, and in my last moments I should feel the benefit of your goodness to her, as she did in having acquitted herself with honour, truth, and me.

Myself, and will not tell you that this was my heart in twain; when I expected for some passionate starts of mine, in our time together, to say nothing but for the good, if there was any good suit-own excellence! All that I had ever all the circumstances of sorrow and joy crowded upon my mind in the same when, immediately after, I saw the come upon that dear body which I embraced with transport; when I saw my eyes begin to be ghastly, and their to be to fix themselves on me, how did I feel! She expired in my arms, and I thought I saw her bosom still there was certainly life yet still left. I now spoke to me. But, alas! I grew things moved about me, from the down head; for the best of women was gone for ever.

My doctrine I would, methinks, have you on this account I have given you is, that in equanimity in those who are good runs into their very sorrow, and dis- force of it. Though they must pass tions in common with all who are in it, yet their conscious integrity shall air affliction; nay, that very affliction ce to their integrity, from a reflection virtue in the hour of affliction. I sat sign to put you upon giving us rules how such griefs as these, but I should rather teach men to be capable of them.

My letters have what you call the fine apprehensions of what is properly done is something like this deeply grafted him who is honest and faithful in all and actions. Everything which is or unworthy, is despicable to him, world should approve it. At the same the most lively sensibility in all enjoy- s offerings which it is proper for him to ay duty of life is concerned. To want you in decency and truth should be should think, a greater instance of a a blockhead than not to know the passage in Virgil. You have not yet Spectator, that the fine gentlemen of for hardness of heart; and humanity a share in their pretences. He is a who is always ready to kill a man he does not stand in the same degree of aments for the woman he loves. I you might work up a thousand pretty reflecting upon the persons most sus- e sort of sorrow I have spoken of; you will find upon examination that est and the bravest of mankind who le of it.

Sir, your humble Servant.

to be, 1712.

"F. J."

No. 521.] TUESDAY.

Vera redit facies, dissimulata.  
The real face returns, the dissimulated.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE been for many years in a situation, that there are very few men, that can report what they think, and this through incapacity, which disables almost every man from representing things as they are. I am come to a resolution, that I will say nothing I hear; and I contemn the appellation under the appellation of 'man': and, according to me, one whose life and conversation is a report of what is not matter of fact.

"I remember when I was in a situation, that there was no knowing his mind, you, Mr. Spectator, gave me the opportunity of that matter. In relations, that I am in, the relation lies very often more in the voice, or the gesture, than in the words, which, being repeated in a manner, which is undiscerning, bear a very different meaning from their original meaning. I have formerly have turned this humour to my account; for whenever I have entered with extraordinary vehemence upon considerable authority, I lay any wager that it was not so, I pretended to be so rash as to lay any particular way in opposition to it, a hundred ways of any thing which it has happened, I only come in that one manner as they say, the ninety-nine other ways, which more probability of success, I have particular skill in warming the relation as to make him throw out of the window, and then, if he has a will, he is free to do as he pleases, and the more he does, the more he is free to do as he pleases. Now, for fixing the wager. But, Mr. Spectator, the management, otherwise very good, may arise to the old detestable conceits I have been very often won some wagers of those who have followed themselves upon intellectual themselves to great charge and informed considerably sooner than the world.

"Having got a comfortable position to public report, I am now to so great a perfection, especially to party-relations, I seem with greedy ears to desire to know. I certainly do not know one of my own course of thought, which I am amused with much tranquility, because a late act of parliament has put all party liars from the pen, and consequently made it unprofitable. However, good-breeding obliges me to the figure of the keenest attention, of which in a coffee-house I am sitting over a table with the editor, upon your stomach: for the more is received with, the more good.

\* Stat. 7 Anne, cap. 17.—By it a contingency relating to the war with France is void.



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

asks you forget him.

Several very per-  
sonalities; and  
house where  
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r's news.

been so much  
houses as I for-  
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y; the others  
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case, therefore,  
re as eloquent  
embellishers;  
ar from others  
I permit, and  
fellow in town  
myself by tell-  
ing at eight  
gh all parts of  
which time he  
diverted them  
d at Will's in  
believed to be  
drew from it  
I have had  
man I speak of  
and have been  
very man they  
rted it, tall or  
a ragamuffin,  
ence. I have  
news say, that,  
an advertise-  
away, he has  
self a little be-  
offender: for  
per by a man  
ption of such  
ich the angry  
fellow always  
he would the  
sure he would  
ny other hints  
tion of all fic-  
ity to improve

ent,  
e Servant."

. 29, 1712.

um;  
ues homines.  
es: vireaut,  
mos, mi adimet  
t. act. iv. sc. 2.  
re sure to make  
have obtained;  
would separate

I should esteem myself a very happy man if speculations could in the least contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the most important affairs of life, to wit, their choice of marriage. This state is the foundation of community, and the chief band of society; and I do not think I can be too frequent on subjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a point which is so essential to their following happiness or misery. A virtuous disposition, a good understanding, an agreeable person, and an easy fortune, are the things which should be chiefly regarded on this occasion. Because my present view is to direct a young lady, who I think is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I shall talk at this time to a female readers. The advantages, as I was going to say, of sense, beauty, and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but, as it is to have her eye upon each of these, she is to consider herself, whether the man who has most of these commendations in the lump is not the most desirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate estate, and an agreeable person, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchase riches, but riches cannot purchase worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, as a capacity to entertain, is what should be highly valued, except it is founded on good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whose abilities do little else but make themselves and those about them uneasy. Such are those who are far gone in the pleasures of the town, who cannot support themselves without quick sensations and gay reflections, and who are strangers to tranquillity, to right reason, and a calm motion of spirits, without transport or dejection. These ingenious men, of all men living, are most to be avoided by her who would be happy in a husband. They are immediately sated with possession, and must necessarily fly to new acquisitions of beauty, and pass away the wiling moments and intervals of life for with them every hour is heavy that is not joy. But there is a sort of man of wit and sense, who can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner, with eyes of reason and honour, and who believes he offends against both these, if he does not look upon the woman who chose him to be under his protection in sickness and health with the utmost gratitude, whether from that moment she is shining or defective in person or mind: I say there are those who think themselves bound to supply with good-nature the failings of those who love them, and who always think those the objects of love and pity who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter sort is Lysander, a man of wit, learning, sobriety, and good-nature; of birth and estate below no woman to accept; and of whom might be said, should he succeed in his present wishes, his mistress raised his fortune, but not that she made it. When a woman is deliberating with herself whom she shall choose of many near and other in other pretensions, certainly he of best understanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily on the repeated conversation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the several occasions and subjects which come before him, or who cannot strike out of his reflections new paths of pleasing discourse. Honest Will Thrash and his wife, though not married above four months, have scarce had a word to say to each other this six weeks; and one can form to one's self a sillier picture than these two



asures, in solemn pomp and plenty, unable to joy their fortunes, and at a full stop among a crowd of servants, to whose taste of life they are bidden for the little satisfactions by which they can be understood to be so much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the distinctions of noon and night, dinner and supper, are the greatest notices they are capable of. This is perhaps representing the life of a very modest woman, joined to a dull fellow, more insipid than it really deserves; but I am sure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to say that every new accident or object, which comes into such a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleasures and satisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feast to her; nor can she enough applaud her good fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad, from every circumstance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleasures and amusements, and make the fortune she has brought him subservient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of sense, who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happiness of her who did him so great a distinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour because he is not sensible of it. I would, methinks, have so much to say for myself, that, if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he should be sensible when he did so. His conscience should be of my side, whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the insipid choice which has been made by those who have the care of young women, that the marriage state itself has been liable to so much ridicule. But a well-chosen love, moved by passion on both sides, and perfected by the generosity of one party, must be adorned with so many handsome incidents on the other side, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumstances to all the rest of the species. I shall end the chat upon this subject with a couple of letters; one from a lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on these occasions; and the other from his rival, who has a less estate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he says, as if he were already a father, and, laying aside the passion, comes to the reason of the thing.

"MADAM,

"My counsel has perused the inventory of your estate, and considered what estate you have, which seems to be only yours, and to the male-heirs of your family; but, in default of such issue, to the right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, Madam, I am advised you cannot (the remainder not being in you) dock the entail; by which means my estate, which is fee-simple, will come by the settlement proposed to your children begotten by me, whether they be males or females: but my children begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, except I beget a son. Now, Madam, since things are so, you are a woman of that prudence, and understand the world so well, as not to expect I should give you more than you can give me.

"I am, Madam (with great respect),

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

"T. W."

The other lover's estate is less than this gentleman's, but he expressed himself as follows:—

"MADAM,

"I have given in my estate to your counsel, and

desired my own which your friend and advantage making difficult not make me happy

"Your

You must know and the girl by epistle, she is to be dealt with by worthy gentlemen a farthing for a lady will make B. T. she under considered as a com

No. 523.] T

Nunc Lyciae  
Interpres divo  
Scilicet is sup  
Now Lycian l  
Now Hermes  
To warn him  
Of heavenly p

I AM always of any rising of this reason, I the late miscell there are many nious gentleman kind in perusing the Prospect of meet with such a performance pleased to find self with fables when he hints to it only as to

Many of our often extends he do not know how mixing a parcel of his actions.

among the auth turns more upon concerned. I great hero high hear some of the it has repeated scription of Po have searched gave a subject to with the exploit to attend a Fur one end of the school it is need the system of allowed to enlive a heathen god; panegyric that truth, nothing of recourse to our

No thought thought can be at least in that

weaken myself, because to divert by ancients to fouling such

If any are admitting compositions, I would totals of Mr. possible for without fawns nymphs, with see he has duty to this face of these ology which country.

their heroes, with their r to write in e a favourite ice between dd be down-poet that is evation in a e them in a urse to such may write a hat does not of his con-

this absurd ct, by virtue ich I stand

ice is, in all ed that there and to show and being nt that effuse to appre- person who that he is a him to his him in the t depending ling out for

I do like-ercury with ating to the erva to take y concerned are, that I d a hand in o have been hat all such y the Chris- therefore id of man's ss it be for I have good e great deal as which we do also pro- metaphor, d that even h great cau- it the same aternity of dem every bunders, or

exercises any other act of authority which does belong to him: in short, I expect that no pageant shall be introduced, or any fact related, which a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. Provided always, that nothing herein contained shall extend, or be construed to extend, to several the female poets in this nation, who shall be still in full possession of their gods and goddesses, in the same manner as if this paper had never been written.

No. 524.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1712.

Nos populo dantes—SEN.  
As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I first of all took it into my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for the reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hand, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest as to offer an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better than I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not passed fifteen: I have likewise the dream of a person of quality, and another calls it The Lady's Dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowance will be made to the age, condition, and sex, of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to the dreamers of dreams the advice which Epictetus has couched, after this manner, in a very simple and concise precept. "Never tell thy dreams," say that philosopher; "for though thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy dream, another will take no pleasure in hearing it." After this short preface, I must do justice to two or three visions which I have lately published, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I shall add a dream to these which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himself of that country and, for all I know, may be second-sighted. There is, indeed, something in it of the spirit of John Bunyan; but at the same time a certain sublime which that author was never master of. I shall publish it because I question not but it will fall in with the taste of all my popular readers, and amuse the imaginations of those who are more profound; declaring at the same time, that this is the last dream which I intend to publish this season.

"SEN,

"I was last Sunday in the evening led into serious reflection on the reasonableness of virtue and great folly of vice, from an excellent sermon I had heard that afternoon in my parish-church. Among other observations the preacher showed us that the temptations which the tempter proposes were all on a supposition that we are either wise men or fools, or with an intention to render us such that in no other affair we would suffer ourselves to be thus imposed upon, in a case so plainly and clearly against our visible interest. His illustrations and arguments carried so much persuasion and conviction with them, that they remained a considerable while fresh and working in my memory until at last the mind, fatigued with thought, gave

to the forcible oppressions of slumber and  
fancy, unwilling yet to drop the sub-  
presented me with the following vision :—  
I methought I was just awoke-out of a sleep that  
I could never remember the beginning of; the  
place where I found myself to be was a wide and  
spacious plain, full of people that wandered up and  
down through several beaten paths, whereof some  
were straight, and in direct lines, but most of  
them winding and turning like a labyrinth; but  
it appeared to me afterward that these last all  
came in one issue, so that many that seemed to steer  
in contrary courses, did at length meet and face  
another, to the no little amazement of many of

In the midst of the plain there was a great  
fountain; they called it the spring of Self-love: out  
of it issued two rivulets to the eastward and west-  
ward: the name of the first was Heavenly-Wisdom;  
the water was wonderfully clear, but of a yet more  
powerful effect; the other's name was Worldly-  
Wisdom; its water was thick, and yet far from  
being dormant or stagnating, for it was in a conti-  
nual violent agitation; which kept the travellers,  
as I shall mention by-and-by, from being sensi-  
ble of the foulness and thickness of the water;  
it had this effect, that it intoxicated those who  
drank it, and made them mistake every object that  
came before them. Both rivulets were parted near  
the springs into so many others, as there were  
right and crooked paths, which they attended all  
the way to their respective issues.

I observed from the several paths many now  
then diverting, to refresh and otherwise qualify  
themselves for their journey, to the respective rivu-  
lets that ran near them; they contracted a very  
valuable courage and steadiness in what they  
were about by drinking these waters. At the end  
of the perspective of every straight path, all which  
ended in one issue and point, appeared a high pil-  
lar of diamond, casting rays as bright as those  
of the sun into the paths; which rays had also cer-  
tain sympathizing and alluring virtues in them, so  
that whosoever had made some considerable pro-  
gress in his journey onwards towards the pillar, by  
repeated impressions of these rays upon him,  
was wrought into an habitual inclination and con-  
viction of his sight towards it, so that it grew at last  
in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon  
whereby he was kept steady in the straight  
paths, which alone led to that radiant body, the  
enjoyment of which was now grown a gratification to  
nature.

At the issue of the crooked paths there was a  
black tower, out of the centre of which streamed  
a succession of flames, which did rise even  
above the clouds; it gave a very great light to the  
whole plain, which did sometimes outshine the light  
of the sun; it oppressed the beams of the adamant pillar;  
though by the observation I made afterward, it ap-  
peared that it was not from any diminution of light,  
but that this lay in the travellers, who would some-  
times step out of the straight paths, where they lost  
the full prospect of the radiant pillar, and saw it  
sideways: but the great light from the black  
tower, which was somewhat particularly scorching  
and dim, would generally light and hasten them to  
the proper climate again.

Round about the black tower there were, methought,  
many thousands of huge misshapen ugly  
giants: these had great nets, which they were  
actually plying and casting towards the crooked

paths, and they were  
that were nearest  
straight, and whirl-  
tower, and they were  
They would send  
the right paths to  
for want of frequen-  
by them, grew dis-  
these would some-  
caught away, but  
these had ever been  
before very hearty  
I considered a  
attention, until at-  
ter of the traveller

up to me, bid me  
fell to singing an  
hand, and so car-  
After I had follow-  
perceived I had  
which I greatly  
gazed round about  
fancy my first vi-  
there was no such  
sidered that if I co-  
might as well have  
present, and not  
was very much  
effect I then just

Wisdom had upon  
of it again, I felt  
methought it dis-  
this made me sto-  
charm or enchant-  
within myself what  
to in this case, I  
man beckoning,  
over to him. I  
way. He then call-  
out of the path I  
longer I was in da-  
that was just hand-  
me up; that he w-  
tracted, as not to  
danger; assuring  
that way, he wou-  
more secure path.  
his palm full of  
which was of very  
straight cleared, a  
just before me: he  
near me cast me in-  
far as I could in-  
hind me. Then  
You have made  
world; the water  
ing nature, you  
shocked at the d-  
place; for beside  
pany you was, you  
are only bewitch-  
manner. Look a l-  
of passengers; the  
not to suffer the  
witching water; the  
of their sight, they  
it: but see how  
eyes downwards, a-  
thus rush into the  
troubled at the t-  
tion. Their wills  
so fond of the p-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS

xazards, and even before the  
 y; the idea they water, yet they  
 ing. See now, reby they have and some of  
 ch gives them content that, ther they are  
 ight than them- superstition, or  
 look that which scribe to them, and k  
 es, when they owed me in my quite out of m  
 ried me to the solli pleasure, till we came in  
 satisfaction in, ult, I were not of two. I was  
 the yinchar g

BEN 1, 1712  
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And I am apt to think it was about the same  
 that good-nature, a word so peculiarly elegant  
 our language, that some have affirmed it cannot  
 be expressed in any other, came first to be re-  
 sponsions, and in danger of being transferred to  
 its original sense to so distant an idea as that of  
 I must confess it has been my ambition, in  
 cause of my writings, to restore, as well as I  
 could, the proprieties of things. And as I have  
 touched this already on the subject of marriage  
 several papers, I shall here add some farther  
 variations which occur to me on the same head.  
 Nothing seems to be thought, by our fine ge-  
 nius, so indispensable an ornament in fashion,  
 as to love. "A knight-errant," says Don Quix-  
 ot, "without a mistress, is like a tree without leaf-  
 s, or a man of mode among us, who has not  
 his due to sigh for, might as well pretend to  
 dress without his periwig. We have too  
 proud a mannerable. All our pretenders to  
 are, professd innamoratos; and there is scarce a  
 good or bad, to be heard of, who has not some  
 or supposed Sarahissa to improve his vein.  
 If I live to any refinement, conjugal love must  
 certainly seem a much higher degree. There is  
 comparison between the travelers affectations of  
 treating the eyes of women with whom you are  
 captivated by way of amusement, and of whom  
 you know nothing more than their form,  
 and a regular and uniform endeavour to make y  
 self valuable, both as a friend and lover, to  
 whom you have chosen to be the companion of y  
 life. The first is the spring of a thousand gossip  
 ous artifices, falsehoods, and perhaps barba-  
 ric and best rises no higher than to a kind of dan-  
 sional breeding, to give the person a more spark-  
 ing. The latter is the parent of substantial vir-  
 and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the m  
 while it improves the behaviour. The passio-  
 nate love to a mistress, even where it is most sincere,  
 smokes too much in the flame of a fever, that  
 wife is like the vital heat.  
 I have often thought, if the letters written by  
 of good-nature to their wives were to be comp-  
 ar'd with those written by men of gallantry to their  
 mistresses, that the former, notwithstanding any me-  
 of style, would appear to have the advantage  
 of modesty, tenderness, and constancy, dressed  
 in simplicity of expression, recommending themselves  
 to the native candour, than passionate rapt  
 and extravagant conceits, and ravish adoration.  
 As we are apt to search the epithets of the be-  
 lieved to be, which the terms of epistles to mist-  
 res, and as, where there preserved with equal  
 care, we should find I should make any one  
 in the room, except her who is flattered by me.  
 But in how different a style must the wise Ben-  
 jamin, who converses with that good sense and g  
 him our ancient sages instruct, write to a wife w  
 the worthy object of his utmost affection? B  
 y, as to the mistress, in private, and all occas  
 of her appearance, to every good quality and  
 state of mind. A good, he is reverently  
 considering at home, beloved and happy. Th  
 nation he creeps thence settles into an habitual  
 pliancy, which shines in his countenance, even  
 in his winter seasons his conversation. Even  
 the most austere, who have never seen the  
 his refinement, are shatters in the happiness of  
 that it is very much owing to his being the best  
 loved, beloved of husbands, that he is the most st-  
 dard of them, and the most agreeable of compari-

There is a sensible pleasure in contemplating such beautiful instances of domestic life. The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened to the highest degree it is capable of when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to Hispulla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind I have ever met with. I shall end this discourse with a translation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have represented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

"PLINY TO HISPULLA.

"As I remember that great affection which was between you and your excellent brother, and know you love his daughter as your own, so as not only to express the tenderness of the best of aunts, but even to supply that of the best of fathers; I am sure it will be a pleasure to you to hear that she proves worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your and her ancestors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her frugality extraordinary. She loves me, the surest pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful disposition to learning, which she has acquired from her affection to me. She reads my writings, studies them, and even gets them by heart. You would smile to see the concern she is in when I have a cause to plead, and the joy she shows when it is over. She finds means to have the first news brought her of the success I meet with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. If I recite any thing in public, she cannot refrain from placing herself privately in some corner to hear, where with the utmost delight, she feasts on my applauses. Sometimes she sings my verses, and accompanies them with the lute, without any master except love, the best of instructors. From these instances, I take the most certain omens of our perpetual and increasing happiness; since her affection is not founded on my youth and person, which must gradually decay, but she is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and reputation. Nor indeed could less be expected from one who had the happiness to receive her education from you, who in your house was accustomed to every thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to love me by your recommendation. For, as you had always the greatest respect for my mother, you were pleased from my infancy to form me, to commend me, and kindly to presage I should be one day what my wife fancies I am. Accept, therefore, our united thanks: mine, that you have bestowed her on me; and hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant of joy and felicity."

No. 526.] MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1712.

Fortius utere loris.—OVID, Met. ii. 127.  
Keep a stiff rein.—ADDISON.

I AM very loath to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chastise them with my own hand, until I am forced by provocations too great to be suffered without the absolute destruction of my spectatorial dignity. The crimes of these offenders are placed under the observation of one of my chief officers, who is posted just at the entrance of the pass

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\* Feet. † I

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

from them.  
I say to you  
for I have  
Spectator  
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shall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preserve the countenance they had before such addition. As to persons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleased with their condition, and are dressed suitable to it; but especially to distinguish such as appear discreetly a low-necked shoe, with the decent ornament of a leather garter;\* to write down the names of such country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the nation; of all who strut, make a noise, and swear at the drivers of coaches to make haste, when they see it is impossible they should pass; of all young gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfect ignorance what they are sure to be excelled by the meanness of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and passengers give way according to the course of business, all the morning in terraces towards Westminster, the rest of the year towards the Exchange. Upon these directions, together with other secret articles herein enclosed, you are to govern yourself, and give advertisement thereof to me, at all convenient and spectatorial hours, when men of business are to be seen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my seal of office.

T. THE SPECTATOR.

No. 527. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 1. 1712.

Facile invenies et populum et populum moratum.  
Mellum invenies et populum, et populum moratum.  
Facile invenies et populum, et populum moratum.

You will easily find a wise woman, a better the sooner she is gone.

I AM so tender of my women-readers, that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happiness or quiet. The repose of a married woman is consulted in the first of the following letters, and the civility of a maiden lady in the second. I did it a necessity to have the address of an addressable man; and I think I have not very where seen a prettier application of a poetical story than that of mine in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the history picture of a female so gallant a manner as he addresses it. But see the letters —

\* MRS. STEPHENS.

It is now almost three months since I was in town about some business; and the hurry of it being over, I took coach one afternoon, and drove to see a relation, who married about six years ago a wealthy citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at the furthest. After the usual salutations of kindness, and a hundred questions about friends in the country, we sat down to piquet, played two or three games, and drank tea. I should have told you that this was my second time of seeing her since her marriage; but before, she lived at the same town where I went to school; so that the plea of a relation, added to the innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good humour to indulge me in a freedom of conversation, as often, and oftener, than the strict discipline of the school would allow of. You may easily imagine, after such an acquaintance, we might be exceeding merry without any offence; as

\* It has been said that there is an illusion here; that a very worthy gentleman of fortune, bred to the law, who had chambers in Lincoln's Inn, his name was Richard Warner, one of the best of chamberlains, who, though he always wore leather garters, and took the assistance affected singularly. For a more particular account of him, see Anecdotes of W. B. 301. p. 409.

to mind how many inventions I have been deluding the master, how many hands or excuses, how many times been sick in calth; for I was then never sick but at id only then because out of her company. I died away three hours after this manner, and it past five; and, not expecting her would return until late, rose up, and told Ild go early next morning for the country. ly answered she was afraid it would be re she saw me again; so, I took my leave, d. Now, Sir, I had not been got home a when I received a letter from a neighbour that ever since that fatal afternoon the been most inhumanly treated, and the publicly stormed that he was made a of too numerous a society. He had, it tenced most of the time my cousin and I ther. As jealous ears always hear double, I enough to make him mad; and as jea- always see through magnifying glasses, so tain it could not be I whom he had seen, a stripling, but fancied he saw a gay gen- the Temple, ten years older than myself; at reason, I presume, durst not come in, any notice when I went out. He is per- asking his wife if she does not think the (as she said she should) until she see her ain. Pray, Sir, what can be done in this have writ to him to assure him I was at all that afternoon expecting to see him. er is, it is only a trick of hers, and that he n nor will believe me. The parting kiss ghly nettles him; and confirms him in ors. Ben Jonson, as I remember, makes r, in one of his comedies, 'admire the valour of the bold English, who let out s to all encounters.' The general custom on should excuse the favour done me, or I lay down rules when such distinctions given or omitted. You cannot imagine, rouble I am for this unhappy lady's mis- und beg you would insert this letter, that nd may reflect upon this accident coolly. nall matter, the ease of a virtuous woman ole life. I know she will conform to any s (though more strict than the common r country require) to which his particular all] incline him to oblige her. This acci- me in mind how generously Pisiistratus, ian tyrant, behaved himself on a like occa- a he was instigated by his wife to put to ung gentleman, because, being passion- of his daughter, he had kissed her in pub- met her in the street. 'What,' said he, do to those who are our enemies, if we do hose who are our friends?' I will not ou much longer, but am exceedingly con- t this accident may cause a virtuous lady miserable life with a husband who has no or his jealousy but what I have faithfully id ought to be reckoned none. It is to be s, if at last he sees his mistake, yet people slow and unwilling in disbelieving scan- y are quick and forward in believing it. I avour to enliven this plain honest letter l's relation about Cybele's image. The ein it was aboard was stranded at the the Tiber, and the men were unable to until Claudia, a virgin, but suspected of by a slight pull hauled it in. The story he fourth book of the Fasti.

'Parent of Gods,' began  
'Reward or punish, but  
If lewdness e'er deil'd  
From heaven with just  
But if my honour yet ha  
Thou, goddess, thou my  
Thou, whom the nicest  
Vouchsafe to follow an  
She spoke; and touch'd  
The truth was witness  
The pitying goddess eas  
Follow'd in triumph, an  
While Claudia, blushing  
March'd silent on, with  
Nor yet from some was  
Though heaven such vi

"I am, Sir, your

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"You will oblige a la  
please to print the end  
paper. If you remembe  
know Procris, the fond  
have made her husband,  
of the wood, a present o  
process of time he was s  
his lady suspected he v  
under the pretence of fo  
cent. Under this suspic  
the trees, to observe his  
concealed, her husband  
hunting, came within he  
ing with heat, he cried  
charming air, approach  
"The unfortunate wi  
the name of a woman,  
bushes; and the husband  
his javelin and killed he  
a fan, which I presented  
my growing poetical.

'Come, gentle air!' the J  
While Procris panted in  
'Come, gentle air,' the J  
While at her feet her sw  
Lo! the glad gales o'er a  
Breathe on her lips, and  
In Delia's hand this toy  
Nor did that fabled dart  
Both gifts destructive to  
Alike both lovers fall by  
Yet guiltless, too, this br  
At random wounds, nor l  
She views the story with  
And pities Procris, while

No. 528.] WEDNE

Dum potuit, solita g

With wonted fortitude  
And not a groan con

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I who now write t  
with injuries; and the  
tune is, that they are su  
the generality of mank  
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from all mankind; but  
and paper, am resolved  
and lay before you what  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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woman of  
honor and  
decency, to  
some flippant  
creature who  
will, as the  
phrase is, be  
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they come  
into my head,  
without start-  
ing or shud-  
der. Ten thou-  
sand to one  
but the giddy  
young man  
who stares,  
at the same  
time is a house-  
keeper; for  
you must  
know they  
have got into  
a number of  
families, and  
being very regu-  
lar in their  
sins, and a  
young man  
who shall  
keep his four  
maris and  
three to the  
with the great-  
est gravity  
imaginable. There  
are less than  
six of these  
venerable  
housekeepers  
of my ac-  
quaintance. This  
humour among  
young men of  
this nation is  
maintained by  
all the world  
below them,  
and a general  
dissoluteness  
of manners  
arises from  
this one source  
of libertinism,  
without shame  
or reprehension  
in the male  
youth. It is  
from this  
source that  
so many beau-  
tiful helpless  
young women  
are sacrificed  
and given up  
to lewdness,  
shame, po-  
verty and  
disease. It  
is to this use  
that so many  
excellent  
young women,  
who might  
be patterns  
of conjugal  
affection, and  
parents of a  
worthy race,  
pine under  
unhappy pas-  
sions for such  
as have not  
attention en-  
ough to observe,  
or virtue en-  
ough to prefer,  
them to their  
common ven-  
ches. Now,  
Mr. Spectator,  
I must be true  
to own to you,  
that I myself  
suffer a taste-  
less insipid  
being, from a  
consideration  
I have for a  
man who would  
not, as he  
said in my  
hearing, resign  
his liberty, as  
he calls it,  
for all the  
riches and  
wealth the  
whole sex is  
pos-  
sessed of. Such  
calamities as  
these would  
not happen,  
if it could pos-  
sibly be brought  
about, that  
young bachelors  
as Papists convert,  
or the licentious  
were distinguish-  
ed by their  
disadvantage  
from the re-  
st of the world,  
who fall in  
with the measure  
of civil society.  
Last you should  
think I speak  
thus being,  
according to  
the senseless  
maxim, since  
I have said  
nothing, I shall  
accept of you  
I am in a  
bad condition,  
not now, for  
the twentieth  
year, and  
happy as I am  
to see ten differ-  
ent men, and  
the greater  
number of  
them have  
upon the most  
relaxed  
maxim. Something  
or other is  
always said  
when the  
lover takes  
to some new  
wench. A  
woman is  
always ex-  
pected to  
must, and to  
receive  
little more  
than that  
of the vicious  
part of our  
year. The  
young man  
is always  
said to be  
a fool, when  
he is without  
virtue, and  
without  
virtue. Now  
as I say we  
must be  
content to  
it we must  
get creatures  
which are  
not bad; give  
us to be ex-  
pected. Mr.  
Spectator,  
I sit many  
the other  
day, and  
think I  
could not  
displace  
your spec-  
tation of  
your great  
water. I  
shall be a  
judge of  
when I see  
whether you  
take notice  
of these  
tricks you  
win away,  
or prize  
this name  
dictated  
from the  
disdainful  
heavy heart  
of.

Sir, your most obedient humble Servant.  
" RICHARD WILKINSON."

T.

No. 5290. THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1732.

For a copy of the present sermon, see the  
Book of the Year, 1732.  
For a copy of the present sermon, see the  
Book of the Year, 1732.

Upon the hearing of several late disputes con-  
cerning rank and precedence, I could not resist  
myself with some observations which I have  
made up in the learned world, as to this great  
particular. By the learned world I here mean all

Disputes

all those who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers, I have observed that the author of a folio, in all companies and conversations, sets himself above the author of a quarto; the author of a quarto above the author of an octavo; and so on, by a gradual descent and subordination, to an author in twenty-fours. This distinction is so well observed, that in an assembly of the learned, I have seen a folio writer place himself in an elbow-chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a just deference to his superior quality, seated himself upon a squab. In a word, authors are usually ranged in company after the same manner as their works are upon a shelf.

The most minute pocket author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only stitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but the authors of single sheets, and of that fraternity who publish their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedence among the individuals in this latter class of writers is yet settled.

For my own part, I have had so strict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer, until my daily papers were gathered into one or two first volumes which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos are at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio; which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised if, after the publication of half a dozen volumes, I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I alter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received and set out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another according to the above-mentioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedence which is settled among the three learned professions by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above 'squires: his last order of men, being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions.\* I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to The present State of England, and who are often apt to surp that precedence which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not show their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers

to the learned upon all occasions; I mean the body; I mean the squire. Among these, the principle, that the comedian; and drolls who make lower end of the give way to the maxim, "Once this reason it w Bullock, notwithstanding of his person though he were tion is observed Queens and he conversation, and maids of he tance also behi

I shall only writers of tragic seated, served, those who deal seats between t been a long d tragic and her latter yield the and many other sion. Burlesque the heroic, as c in the drama.

By this short distinction pre ters.—O.

No. 530.] E

Sic visu  
Formas  
Savo  
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It is very u upon marriage, to enter into t culed, and to se heads. I scarce not, sooner or l a blessing to a judgment. I forth to us with ample of this ki distinguished t general, very o choosing one of a companion avenge in kind ridicule.

My friend W cifully witty up which I lately c the ladies am daughter; a pi by the last post he has married to me on this o matter that he count of his sp something more

\* In some Universities, that of Dublin in particular, they give doctors of music, who take rank after the doctors of the three learned professions, and above 'squires.

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inverted rak. .  
dashed with  
h those little  
nd Will offer.  
us hear what

tion, as a prudent head of a family, a good husband,  
a careful father (when it shall so happen), and as  
" Your most sincere Friend,  
and humble Servant,  
O. " WILLIAM HONEYCOMB."

Quædam et ceteras, Variorum eruditione  
 Interpretatus est:  
 Universales quoque generaliter apud  
 Nos, Vetus præcipue scholæ, et ætate condidit  
 Hæc, et cetera: 15

Winged like he w. p. d. birds above,  
The great Div. son, and the mighty King  
He came from greater than him here  
To take me up or down.  
So I am truly his, as thou art.—Ch. xvi.

If we consider the idea which wise men, by the light of reason, have framed of the Divine Being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a spiritual nature. And, since we have no notion of any kind of spiritual perfection let what we discover in our own souls, we join multitude to each kind of these perfections, and what a faculty in a human soul becomes an attribute in God. We exist in place and time; the Divine Being fills the immensity of space with his presence and inhabits eternity. We are possessed of a little power and a little knowledge; The Divine Being is almighty and omniscient. In short, by adding in our way to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all these different kinds of perfection in one being, we form our idea of the great Sovereign Ruler.

Though every one who thinks must have had this observation, I shall pronounce Mr. Locke's authority to the same purpose, out of his Essay of Human Understanding. "If we examine the ideas we have of the incomprehensible Supreme Being, we shall find that we come by it the same way; and that the complex ideas we have of God as separate spirits, are made up of the simple ideas we receive from reflection; *i. e.* having, from what we experience in ourselves, got the ideas of existence and duration, of knowledge and power, of pleasure and happiness, and of several other qualities in powers, which it is better to have than to have without; when we would frame an idea the most suitable we can to the Supreme Being, we enlarge every one of these with our own idea of infinity; and putting them together make our complex idea of God."

It is not impossible that there may be many kinds of spiritual perfection, besides those which a being in a human soul; but it is impossible that we should have ideas of any kinds of perfection, except those of which we have some small rays at least in our own strikes in ourselves. It would then be a very high presumption to determine whether the Spirit of Being has not many more attributes than those which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be a

kind of spiritual perfection which is not marked out in the human soul, it belongs in its fulness to the divine nature.

Several eminent philosophers have imagined that the soul, in her separate state, may have new faculties springing up in her, which she is not capable of exerting during her present union with the body; and whether these faculties may not correspond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have said before, we ought to acquiesce in, that the Sovereign Being, the great Author of Nature, has in him all possible perfections, as well in kind as in degree: to speak according to our methods of conceiving, I shall only add under this head, that when we have raised our notion of this infinite Being as high as it is possible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely short of what he really is. "There is no end of his greatness." The most exalted creature he has made is only capable of adoring it; none of himself can comprehend it.

The advice of the son of Sirach is very just and sublime in this light. "By his word all things consist. We may speak much, and yet come short: wherefore sum him he is all. How shall we be able to magnify him? for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terrible and very great; and marvellous is his power. When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you exalt him, put forth all your strength, and be not weary; for you can never go far enough. Who hath seen him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him as he is? There are yet hid greater things than these be, for we have seen but a few of his works."

I have here only considered the Supreme Being by the light of reason and philosophy. If we would see him in all the wonders of his mercy, we must have recourse to revelation, which represents him to us not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and just in his dispensations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every man's consideration, though indeed it can never be sufficiently considered, I shall here only take notice of that habitual worship and veneration which we ought to pay to this Almighty Being. We should often refresh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourselves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthlessness, and of his transcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint on our minds such a constant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of incessant prayer, and reasonable humiliation of the soul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little seeds of pride, vanity, and self-conceit, which are apt to root up in the minds of such whose thoughts turn on those comparative advantages which they enjoy over some of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite distance which is placed between them and the supreme model of all perfection. It would likewise quicken our desires and endeavours of uniting ourselves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the Supreme Being would, in a particular manner, banish from among that prevailing impiety of using his name on the most trivial occasions.

I find the following passage in an excellent sermon, preached at the funeral of a gentle-

man,\* who was diligent as we are of nature than

"He had the God of heaven in any person mentioned by him in his discourse particularly as he was so exact observed him."

Every one by the Jews holy. They were religious disce those who make ordinary expressions most impertinent into the most ridiculous phrase mention those.

It would be an forth the horror The very men those in whom gion, is not utt

No. 532.] M

Reddere

I play the To cut m

It is a very duce other men saying, I have in the world. I of, but that it who will take tion of the unw excellence of and yourself for that got so far, you you ever before the fame and we speak this as pr ing man, but a into a right cha having extorted of the greatest appeared by any few young gent be a glory to d possible means rest of ignorance substitute in th sense. It is fro self honoured as sciences. Mr. T this idea of me. lent paper of ve and the other et poem,† which I the mean time his, but insert th of Adrian. I v mentions; but his argument, th have seen, conv

\* See Bishop Burnet's History of the Honourable Robert Addison.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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SPECTATOR.  
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At length despoil'd, each to his fields retreats,  
First with the dogs, and long amidst the vapours  
From port to stupid snore sagaciously down,  
In youth a cockcomb, and in age a clown.

" Such readers scorn'd, then mingl'd they during flight  
Above the stars, and tread'd the fields of light:  
Fame, heaven, and hell, are thy exalted themes,  
And visions such as Jove himself might dream;  
Man sunk to slavery, though in glory born;  
Heaven's pride, when upright; and deprec'd, his scorn.

" Such hints alone could British Virgil lead,  
And thou alone deserve from such a friend:  
A debt so borrow'd is illustrious shame.  
And fame when shar'd with him is double loss:  
So flush'd with sweets, by beauty's queen bestow'd,  
With more than mortal charms *Adonis* glow'd:  
Such generous strifes *Eugene* and *Marlborough* try,  
And, as in glory, so in friendship vie.

" Permit these lines by thee to live—not blame  
A muse that pants and languishes for fame:  
That fears to sink when humbler themes she sings,  
Lost in the mass of mean forgotten things  
Receiv'd by thee, I propound my rhymes:  
The praise of virgins in succeeding times  
Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds shall set,  
But stand protected as inspir'd by thee.

" So some weak shoot, which else would yearly die,  
Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the skies;  
Through the new pupal fest'ring juices flow,  
Thrust forth the germ, and give the flowers to show  
Aloft, immortal reigns the plant unknown,  
With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own."

## " TO THE SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

" Mr. JOHN SLY humbly sheweth,

" That upon reading the deputation given to the  
said Mr. John Sly, all persons passing by his ob-  
servatory, behaved themselves with the same decen-  
rum as if your honour yourself had been present.

" That your said officer is preparing, according to  
your honour's secret instructions, hats for the several  
kinds of heads that make figures in the realm of  
Great Britain, with cocks significant of their powers  
and faculties.

" That your said officer has taken due notice of  
your instructions and admonitions concerning the  
internals of the head from the outward form of the  
same. His hats for men of the faculties of law and  
physic do but just turn up, to give a little life to their  
sagacity; his military hats glare full in the face;  
and he has prepared a familiar easy cock for all good  
companions between the above-mentioned extremes.  
For this end he has consulted the most learned of  
his acquaintance for the true form and dimensions  
of the *lepidum caput*, and made a hat fit for it.

" Your said officer does further represent, That  
the young divines about town are many of them got  
into the cock military, and desires your instructions  
therein.

" That the town has been for several days very  
well behaved, and further your said officer saith not."

T.

No. 533.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 11, 1712

Immo duas dabo, inquit ille, unum si parum est;

Et si duarum proletem, addentes dum—FLAUT.

Nay, says he, if one is too little, I will give you two;  
And if two will not satisfy you, I will add two more.

## " TO THE SPECTATOR.

" SIR,

" You have often given us very excellent dis-  
courses against that unnatural custom of parents, in  
forcing their children to marry contrary to their in-  
clinations. My own case, without further parade

\* A compliment to Addison. † By Mr. Thomas Tate.

I will lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My father and mother both being in declining years, would fain see me, their eldest son, as they call it, settled. I am as much for that as they can be: but I must be settled, it seems, not according to my own, but their, liking. Upon this account I am teased every day, because I have not yet fallen in love, in spite of nature, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daughters; for, out of their abundant generosity, they give me the choice of four. 'Jack,' begins my father, 'Mrs. Catharine is a fine woman.'—'Yes, Sir, but she is rather too old.'—'She will make the more discreet manager, boy.' Then my mother plays her part. 'Is not Mrs. Betty exceedingly fair?'—'Yes, Madam, but she is of no conversation; she has no fire, no agreeable vivacity; she either speaks nor looks with spirit.'—'True, son, but for those very reasons she will be an easy, soft, obliging, tractable creature.'—'After all,' cries an old aunt (who belongs to the class of those who read plays with spectacles on), 'what think you, nephew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy?'—'What do I think? why, I think she cannot be above six foot\* two inches high.'—'Well, well, you may banter as long as you please, but height of stature is commanding and majestic.'—'Come, come,' says a cousin of mine in the family, 'I will fit him: Fidelia is yet behind—pretty Miss Fiddy must please you.'—'Oh! your very humble servant, dear coz, she is as much too young as her eldest sister is too old.'—'Is it so indeed,' quoth she, 'good Mr. Pert? You who are at barely turned of twenty-two, and Miss Fiddy in half a year's time will be in her teens, and she is capable of learning any thing. Then she will be a observant; she will cry perhaps now and then, but never be angry.' Thus they will think for me on this matter, wherein I am more particularly concerned than any body else. If I name any woman in the world, one of these daughters has certainly the same qualities. You see by these few hints, Mr. Spectator, what a comfortable life I lead. To be still more open and free with you, I have been passionately fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call Miranda) now for these three years. I have often urged the matter home to my parents with all the submission of a son, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, Sir, think of three years; what expressible scenes of inquietude, what variety of misery must I have gone through in three long whole years! Miranda's fortune is equal to those I have mentioned; but her relations are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the rub! Miranda's person, wit, and humour, are what the nicest fancy could imagine: and, though we know you to be so elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none among all your various characters of fine women preferable to Miranda. In a word, she is never guilty of doing any thing but one amiss (if she can be thought to do miss by me), in being as blind to my faults as she is to her own perfections.

"I am, Sir,

"Your very humble obedient Servant,

"DUSTERRASTUS."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"When you spent so much time as you did lately censuring the ambitious young gentlemen who ride in triumph through town and country on coach-boxes, I wished you had employed those moments in consideration of what passes sometimes within-side

of those vehicles, by the insolent who travelled from Essex to London, what I have to under the chair no where else a young woman could have preserved for a fortnight it was I was no soon great surprise, attacked me, I not repeat to me to hear. speedy end of self what a per- tuous and a proper handling daughter, if you what treatment dragoons. On entertained us tions, or lewd with shame and had not allowed eyes. But we should not ever suffer death? hounds deserve better than on it effectually. Has every im- me, who pay pray consider who have nothing as gentleman-like talk obscenely has not power which you can gentleman, who gentlemen of to sup with him or three friends manners and mision. It happens of his regiment first onset eng healths and st imagine the cor ing some of his them the story (whom I find y been invited to Anglesey, and ner, instead of for, where the usual passions window, and we know what he answered he, 'I pleasure and im- versation of the sensibly stung to throw their care and so a conver This story prese together with th cers, that the y confusion. Sir if you like it, y but I think it ha

\* Feet.

BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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12, 1712.

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d.—STEPNEY.

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e like a fool,

for no one will answer as if I were their friend or companion. Pray, Sir, be pleased to take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your consideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out of our senses. I have got a hussy of a maid who is most craftily given to this ill quality. I was at first diverted with a certain absurdity the creature was guilty of in every thing she said. She is a country girl; and in the dialect of the shire she was born in, would tell me that every body reckoned her lady had the purest red and white in the world; then would tell me I was the most like one Sisly Dobson in their town, who made the miller make away with himself and walk afterward in the corn-field where they use to meet. With all this, this cunning hussy can be letters in my way, and put a billet in my glove, and then stand in it she knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my birth to this day, that I have been ever treated by any one as I ought; and if it were not for a few books, which I delight in, I should be at this hour a novice to all common sense. Would it not be worth your while to lay down rules for my behaviour in this case, and tell people, that we do not expect honest plain answers as well as other people? Why must I, good Sir, because I have good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom of my years, be misled in all my actions; and have the notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, &c. no other offence, but because I have the advantage of beauty and fortune? Indeed, Sir, what with this silly homage which is paid us by the sort of people I have above spoken of, and the utter negligence which others have for us, the conversation of us young women of condition is no other than what must expose us to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this I humbly submitted to your spectatorial wisdom, by Sir

"Your humble Servant,

"SHARLOT WEALRY."

"MR. SPECTATOR, Will's Coffee-house.

"Pray, Sir, it will serve to fill up a paper if you put in this; which is only to ask, whether that sort of verses which is a paraphrase of Isaiah, in one of your speculations, is not written by Mr. Pope? Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper distances, as at the end of a letter.

"I am, Sir, your humble Servant,

"ABRAHAM DAPPERWIT."

"MR. DAPPERWIT,

"I am glad to get another line forward, by sending that excellent piece is Mr. Pope's; and with proper distances,

"I am, Sir your humble Servant,

"THE SPECTATOR."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I was a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a single man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my shop, who I wished might, but was afraid to, would, make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and sold to her at less price than I bought, that I might buy at a price than I sold. She, you may be sure, often came and helped me to many customers at the old rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You need not think this was a good living trade, and my riches must be vastly improved. In due time, I might have declared bankrupt, when I declared myself her lover, and she herself married. I was,



tion to support myself, and am now in  
towing rich by losing my customers.

"Yours,  
"JEREMY COMFIT."

SPECTATOR,

n the condition of the idol you was once  
mention, and bar-keeper of a coffee-  
believe it is needless to tell you the oppor-  
must give, and the importunities I suffer.  
is one gentleman who besieges me as close  
ench did Bouchain. His gravity makes  
cautious, and his regular approaches de-  
d engineer. You need not doubt of his  
he is a lawyer; and especially since he  
o little use of it at Westminster, he may  
sore for me.

then can weak woman do? I am willing to  
but he would have it at discretion, and I  
tion. In the mean time, whilst we par-  
several interests are neglected. As his  
is stronger, my tea grows weaker: and  
pleads at my bar, none come to him for  
t in *forma pauperis*. Dear Mr. Spectator,  
not to insist upon hard articles, nor by  
lar desires contradict the well-meaning  
is countenance. If we were agreed, we  
le to something, as soon as we could de-  
ere we should get most by the law—at  
house or at Westminster.

"Your humble Servant,

"LUCINDA PARLEY."

*A Minute from Mr. John Sly.*

world is pretty regular for about forty rod  
en west of the observatory of the said Mr.  
he is credibly informed, that when they  
eyond the pass into the Strand, or those  
city-ward are got within Temple-bar,  
just as they were before. It is therefore  
posed, that moving sentries may be ap-  
all the busy hours of the day between the  
and Westminster, and report what passes  
onour, or your subordinate officers, from  
ne."

red,

r. Sly name the said officers, provided he  
r for their principles and morals.—T.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1712.

longam resces. ———— Hos. 1 Od. xi. 7.  
short vain hope.

er-hundred-and-seventy-first speculation  
on the subject of hope in general. I de-  
paper as a speculation upon that vain and  
pe, which is misemployed on temporal ob-  
produces many sorrows and calamities in  
c.

precept several times inculcated by Ho-  
we should not entertain a hope of any  
life which lies at a great distance from us.  
tness and uncertainty of our time here  
ch a kind of hope unreasonable and ab-  
grave lies unseen between us and the  
ich we reach after. Where one man lives to  
good he has in view, ten thousand are cut  
pursuit of it.

opens likewise unluckily, that one hope no  
es to us but another rises up in its stead,  
apt to fancy that we shall be happy and

satisfied if we possess o  
particular enjoyments; b  
emptiness, or the natural  
have no sooner gained o  
hopes to another. We st  
and landscapes lying be  
tance terminated our vie

The natural consequ  
these; that we should ta  
run out into too great a  
sufficiently weigh the obje  
be such as we may rea  
what we propose in their  
are such as we are prett  
our life extend itself so  
which are at too great a  
ble that we may be inter  
gress towards them. If  
we have not thoroughly  
our disappointment will  
sure in the fruition of t  
we are not likely to pos  
vain, and make life a g  
than it really is.

Many of the miseries  
ceed from our want of  
of these particulars. The  
sanguine tribe of lover  
bankrupt, the politician  
jector, are cast away in  
imaginations and towerin  
look the goods of fortun  
something that glitters  
to neglect solid and subs  
is showy and superficial.  
which lies within their  
are not capable of attai  
schemes for a long and d  
to imaginary points of b  
ties; and consequently v  
beggary, ruin, and disho

What I have here say  
an Arabian fable, whi  
French by Monsieur G  
such a wild but natural  
not but my reader will  
as I have been, and th  
if he reflects on the se  
which have sometimes pe  
relation to the Persian g

Alnaschar, says the f  
that never would set his  
ring his father's life. N  
him to the value of a hu  
money. Alnaschar, in  
laid it out in glasses, bo  
ware. These he piled  
and, having made cho  
placed the basket at hi  
upon the wall in expect  
sat in this posture, wit  
he fell into a most amus  
overheard by one of his  
himself in the followin  
says he, "cost me at  
hundred drachmas, whic  
I shall quickly make tw  
in retail. These two  
very little while rise to  
will amount in time to  
said drachmas cannot fa  
As soon as by this mea

class-man, and  
mounds, pearls,  
have got toge-  
re, I will make  
id, with lands,  
then begin to  
world. I will  
traffic,  
ousand drach-  
lf master of a  
naturally set  
demand the  
after having  
mation which  
cretion, and  
ter possesses.  
that it is my  
ousand pieces  
oon as I have  
I will buy her  
the best that  
ard make my  
in and equi-  
is right hand,  
ly to honour  
and pieces of  
erward to his  
r purse of the  
as, 'Sir, you  
ys give more

to my house,  
in her a due  
to love and  
re her to her  
and talk but  
at to me, that  
kindness, and  
t her sit down  
able, and will  
night. Her  
r daughter to  
he daughter,  
lf at my feet,  
vour. Then  
eneration for  
her from me  
she shall fall

p in this chi-  
acting with  
; so that un-  
ware, which  
or, he kicked  
him into the  
pieces.

14, 1712.

6. *Æn.* ix. 617.  
DRYDEN.

my booksel-  
out eighteen  
nd, brushing  
o the further  
d something  
e same time  
ch, pressing  
delivered the  
ithdrew. I

observed, in the midst of her discourse, that she flushed and cast an eye upon me over her shoulder, having been informed by my bookseller that I was the man of the short face whom she had so often read of. Upon her passing by me, the pretty blooming creature smiled in my face, and dropped me a courtesy. She scarce gave me time to return a salute, before she quitted the shop with an air of skuffle, and stepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were to. Upon her departure, my bookseller gave me a letter superscribed "To the ingenious Spectator," which the young lady had desired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the speedy publication of it would not only oblige heredit, but a tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore with a resolution to publish it, whatever it should contain, and am sure if any of my male readers will be severely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleased with it as myself, had they seen the face of the pretty scribe.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

London, Nov. 1712.

"You are always ready to receive any useful hint or proposal, and such, I believe, you will think as that may put you in a way to employ the most idle part of the kingdom: I mean that part of mankind who are known by the name of the women's men, or beaux, &c. Mr. Spectator, you are sensible these pretty gentlemen are not made for manly employments, and for want of business are often as much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I propose is this, that since knotting is again in fashion, who has been found a very pretty amusement, that you will recommend it to these gentlemen as something that may make them useful to the ladies they admire. And since it is not inconsistent with any game, or other diversion, for it may be done in the playhouse, in their coaches, at the tea-table, and in short in all places where they come for the sake of the ladies (except at church; be pleased to forbid that there, to prevent mistakes), it will be easily complied with. It is, besides, an employment that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces which will make the beaux more readily comply with it: it shows a white hand and a diamond ring, a great advantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be employed as before, as also the thoughts at the tongue. In short, it seems in every respect proper, that it is needless to urge it further, by speaking of the satisfaction these male knotters will find, when they see their work mixed up in a fringe and worn by the fair lady for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. Spectator, I cannot be so pleased I have hit upon something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it is sad to consider a part of the kingdom (I mean for mankind) should be of no manner of use. I shall not trouble you further at this time, but only to say, that I am always your reader, and generally your admirer.

"T. B.

"P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to work the better; there being at this time several fine fringes that stay only for more hands."

I shall in the next place present my reader with the description of a set of men who are numbers enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter:—

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Since you have lately, to so good purpose, as

upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you will age every practice that rather proceeds from id to interest than to happiness. Now you but observe, that most of our fine young readily fall in with the direction of the graver retain in their service by some small encouragement as great a number as they can of supernu and insignificant fellows, which they use differs, and commonly call 'shoeing horns,' are never designed to know the length of the it only, when a good offer comes, to whet and m up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion of ave lady, Madam Matchwell, that it is also- convenient for every prudent family to have of these implements about the house to clap occasion serves; and that every spark ought uce a certificate of his being a shoeing horn be admitted as a shoe. A certain lady I could name, if it was necessary, has at pre- ore shoeing horns of all sizes, countries, and , in her service, than ever she had new shoes life. I have known a woman make use of a ; horn for several years, and, finding him unful in that function, convert him at length shoe. I am mistaken if your friend, Mr. Wil- oneycomb, was not a cast shoeing horn be- late marriage. As for myself, I must frankly to you, that I have been an errant shoeing or above these twenty years. I served my stress in that capacity above five of the num- fore she was shod. I confess, though she had who made their applications to her, I always t myself the best shoe in her shop; and it t until a month before her marriage that I red what I was.

had like to have broke my heart, and raised spicions in me, that I told the next I made upon receiving some unkind usage from her, began to look upon myself as no more than eing horn. Upon which, my dear, who was tte in her nature, told me I was hypochondri- ad that I might as well look upon myself to egg, or a pipkin. But in a very short time e gave me to know that I was not mistaken elf. It would be tedious to you to recount the an unfortunate shoeing horn, or I might en- you with a very long and melancholy relation ufferings. Upon the whole, I think, Sir, it ery well become a man in your post, to de- in what cases a woman may be allowed with to make use of a shoeing horn, as also to whether a maid on this side five-and-twenty, dow who has not been three years in that may be granted such a privilege, with other ies which will naturally occur to you upon ject.

"I am, Sir,

"With the most profound veneration,

"Yours," &c.

[ SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1712.

For we are his offspring.—Acts xvii. 28.

"TO THE SPECTATOR.

has been usual to remind persons of rank, occasions in life, of their race and quality, what expectations they were born; that by ing what is worthy of them, they may be wu from mean pursuits, and encouraged to e undertakings. This is turning nobility principle of virtue, and making it productive

of merit, as it is und a reward of it.

"It is for the like have in some of your readers the dignity o not be insensible that there are authors wh very different view, a written to show the The reflections whic usually take some t characters of those th resolve the most shi artifice and design: content, repulses, or their spleen for philos and such as find them any distinction among pulling down all app to upbraid them; and deformity. From a draughts of mankind burlesque pictures w turas; where the art distorted proportions distinguishing likenes manner as to transform into the most odious

"It is very disinge kind with the worst, s to degrade the whole not only to remove a but to destroy that re great guard of innoc

"It is true, indeed, tures of beauty and d virtue and vice, in th rity is found among n every individual in so is so unequal to hims most wavering and i creation. So that t cerning the dignity o appear like some diffi losophy, in which the to be of equal strengt sidering this point, as here borrow an adm Pascal, which I think

"It is of dangero represent to man ho beasts, without showi greatness. It is likv his greatness without dangerous yet to leav very beneficial that b both." Whatever im our nature, it is the b to rectify them, as far sent state. In the me ragement to generou shall put them all o sublime manner of s approach their kings,

O king

may be addressed to mortal among us, un

\* An allusion to the foli Morales de M. le Duc de says of him, that he had in ghosts.

ded. And he soul, will ity of his naitable to it. to a subject r letter, and the thoughts of his book acquainted e elder Cato peaker, and is venerable as it were future state, imperishable r death. I as you have e soul's im- he Christian not be dis- th shines in

nasion, that so great ac- of the past, is enriched veries; it is ns all these

death, is re- his manner: hen I depart ember, that was invisible isible it ex- existing still, ly would the eath, if their their fame! that the soul departed out lost when it ation. But ance, then it an frame is of its parts? other beings from whence neither pre- yes.'

No one shall y father, or us, or Afri- her excellent ned so many, without be- it. And, if I e to speak of endured the nights, both at the same erminate toy o have worn free from la- I know not, and looked expectation, it shall then rue, that the most worthy strongest im-

"What besides this is the cause that the wise men die with the greatest equanimity, the ignorant with the greatest concern? Does it not seem to those minds which have the most extensive view, foresee they are removing to a happier condition, which those of a narrow sight do not perceive? for my part, am transported with the hope of seeing your ancestors, whom I have honoured and loved, and am earnestly desirous of meeting not only the excellent persons whom I have known, but those too, of whom I have heard and read, and of whom myself have written; nor would I be detained from so pleasing a journey. O happy day, when I shall escape from this crowd, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that divine assembly of exalted spirits! when I shall go not only to those great persons I have named, but to my Cato, my son, then when a better man was never born, and whose faults I myself performed, whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet has not his soul deserted me, but, seeming to cast back a look on me, is gone before to those habitations to which it was sensible I should follow him. And though I might appear to have borne my loss with courage, I was not so affected with it; but I comforted myself in the assurance, that it would not be long before we should meet again, and be divorced no more."

"I am, Sir," &c.

No. 538.] MONDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1772

Ultra  
Finem tendere opus. — Mos. 7 Sat. 1. 1.  
To launch beyond all bounds.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that even one aims at it who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces; but not the particulars in this point of conversation, which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or excite the burst of laughter which accompanies merriment. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had led him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a true surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road, and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by implying upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders as upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely if man should have ever met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of metaphysics was a proper field wherein such false surprises might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to show it in its full extent of traditional history. Some of them, in a loose manner, offered to our consideration the miraculous powers which the effluvia of cheese have in bodies whose pores are disposed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of men who could indeed bear the sight of cheese, but

re; for which they brought a reason from the their nurses. Others again discoursed, with-leavouring at reasons, concerning an uncon-le aversion which some stomachs have against-of meat when it is whole, and the eager in- in they have for it when, by its being cut up, pe which had affected them is altered. From they passed to eels, then to pawnips, and so is aversion to another, until we had worked selves to such a pitch of complaisance, that he dinner was to come in we inquired the f every dish, and hoped it would be no offence company, before it was admitted. When we down, this civility among us turned the dis-from eatables to other sorts of aversions; and rnal cat, which plagues every conversation of ure, began then to engross the subject. One rated at the sight of it, another had smelled s it lay concealed in a very distant cupboard; who crowned the whole set of these stories, d up the number of times in which it had oc-d him to swoon away. "At last," says he, ou may all be satisfied of my invincible aver-a cat, I shall give an unanswerable instance. is going through a street of London, where I ver been until then, I felt a general damp atness all over me, which I could not tell how unt for, until I chanced to cast my eyes up-and found that I was passing under a sign- which the picture of a cat was hung."

extravagance of this turn in the way of sur-ive a stop to the talk we had been carrying me were silent because they doubted, and because they were conquered in their own o that the gentleman had an opportunity to a belief of it upon us, and let us see that he ber exposing himself than ridiculing others. st freely own that I did not all this while ve every thing that was said; but yet I some in the company had been endeavouring uld pitch the bar furthest; that it had for me been a measuring cast, and at last my f the cat and sign-post had thrown beyond L

n considered the manner in which this story n received, and the possibility that it might sed for a jest upon others, if he had not la-against himself. From hence, thought I, e two ways which the well-bred world gene-ces to correct such a practice, when they do k fit to contradict it flatly.

first of these is a general silence, which I ot advise any one to interpret in his own bet is often the effect of prudence in avoiding d, when they see another drive so fast that no stopping him without being run against; very seldom the effect of weakness in be-suddenly. The generality of mankind are rossly ignorant, as some overbearing spirits rsuade themselves; and if the authority of ter or a caution against danger make us our opinions, yet neither of these are of ough to suppress our thoughts of them. If ho has endeavoured to amuse his company roabilities could but look into their minds, l find that they imagine he lightly esteems ense when he thinks to impose upon them, he is less esteemed by them in his attempt so. His endeavour to glory at their ex-comes a ground of quarrel, and the scorn ference with which they entertain it begins diate punishment: and indeed (if we should

even go no further) ference, has a deeper sition, because oppos that has a sort of gen sary mingling along w is some esteem in your you think him worth lence, or a negligent anger, mixed with a s thought by you too co

The other method correcting this practice shoot such talkers in story with further deg up for a voucher to the let them see they st heard a discourse was of fear. One of the how it had turned his while the terrors of a Another, taking the his own knowledge to like nature to such a ble he could ever ha still grounded these sake of variety, it migh of the conversation, al who can feel the pass escape so common at some of the company contradict him: but appearance of severit story in his head, assur to believe that the fe man's hair gray, since had suffered so by it, and made them easy, taken to bring us to sh to increase our charac mimicry, by which an versation to show us to ridiculous before, that a resemblance you bea know he will not lie lieving you. Then it immediately with a co you have been saying, wardly grieved at the but perceive others en short, you are against company runs against obliged to you for that lowed them at your ow you have injured, nas on you, when by the bar become a frequent dive

"MR. SPECTATOR

"The other day, walk I thought of your pape taphs, and am of opin worth being communica

Here innocence and Was snatch'd by ear Hence she did go, Je Sorrow to know, be Death, that does sin Is the next blessing t

ER 18, 1712.

I fortune and  
I find I have  
ly to visit me,  
s, though they  
of you would  
use these pert  
d my country  
use them as  
tion of a jilt:  
one of them  
flowed the li-  
vanity to be-  
break that re-  
g to use foils,  
to fight; and  
t, without de-  
ay with which  
man who pre-  
comes into a  
ope upon this  
ee of the na-  
oks, and ges-  
l make none,  
d interpreters  
larly skilled  
into a sudden  
ay have seen  
ities beyond  
d cities. Add  
is look, which  
Though I can  
taught way of  
y prey: and  
ntil I find I  
Sir, to print  
he chase of a  
pes, returns,  
from time to  
r instruction  
reducing the  
t of man.

pendent,  
A LOVELY."

spect for vir-  
ring the de-  
than to lay  
parents, who  
screet young  
for no other  
to enter into  
ches, my cir-  
suspected to  
w motives as  
ce, wit, and  
they have in  
e on this sub-  
may be from  
e itself, and  
at our incli-  
and while we  
e enjoyment  
may change  
very delicate  
haunted, I am

in hopes it would give the parties concerned a  
reflection that might expedite our happiness. There  
is a possibility, and I hope I may say it without im-  
putation of immodesty to her I love with the highest  
honour: I say there is a possibility this delay will  
be as painful to her as it is to me; if it be as much  
it must be more, by reason of the severe rules the  
sex are under, in being denied even the relief of  
complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I assure  
I promise you a place at my wedding, and a pre-  
sent suitable to your spectatorial dignity.

"Your most humble Servant,

"EUSTACE."

"SIR,

"I yesterday heard a young gentleman, that looks  
as if he was just come to the gown and a scarf, use  
evil speaking: which subject, you know Archibald  
Tillotson has so nobly handled in a sermon in his  
folio. As soon as ever he had named his text, as  
he had opened a little the drift of his discourse, I was  
in great hopes he had been one of Sir Roger's chas-  
tains. I have conceived so great an idea of the  
charming discourse above, that I should have thought  
one part of my Sabbath very well spent in hearing  
repetition of it. But, alas! Mr. Spectator, this re-  
verend divine gave us his grace's sermon, and yet  
do not know how; even I, that I am sure have read  
it at least twenty times, could not tell what to make  
of it, and was at a loss sometimes to guess what the  
man aimed at. He was so just indeed, as to give  
us all the heads and the sub-divisions of the sermon  
and further I think there was not one beautiful  
thought in it but what we had. But then, Sir, this  
gentleman made so many pretty additions; and he  
could never give us a paragraph of the sermon, but  
he introduced it with something which methought  
looked more like a design to show his own in-  
equity, than to instruct the people. In short, he  
added and curtailed in such a manner, that he vexed  
me; insomuch that I could not forbear thinking  
(what I confess I ought not to have thought of in a  
holy a place), that this young spark was as justly  
blameable as Bullock or Penkethman, when they  
mend a noble play of Shakspeare or Jonson. Pray  
Sir, take this into your consideration; and, if we  
must be entertained with the works of any of these  
great men, desire these gentlemen to give them as  
as they find them, that so when we read them to our  
families at home, they may the better remember  
that they have heard them at church.

"Sir, your humble Servant."

No. 540.] WEDNESDAY, NOV. 19, 1712.

—Non deficit alter.—Vind. Aen. vi. 143.

A second is not wanting.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"THERE is no part of your writings which I have  
in more esteem than your criticism upon Milton. It  
is an honourable and candid endeavour to set the  
works of our noble writers in the graceful light which  
they deserve. You will lose much of my kind affec-  
tion towards you, if you do not attempt the same  
of Spenser also, or at least indulge my per-  
sion for that charming author as far as to print the  
loose hints I now give you on that subject.

"Spenser's general plan is the representation of  
six virtues—holiness, temperance, chastity, friend-  
ship, justice, and courtesy—in six legends by six per-  
sons. The six personages are supposed, under proper

allegories suitable to their respective characters, to all that is necessary for the full manifestation of the respective virtues which they are to exert.

"These one might undertake to show under the several heads are admirably drawn; no images improper, and most surprisingly beautiful. The Redcross Knight runs through the whole steps of the Christian life; Guyon does all that temperance can possibly require; Britomartis (a woman) observes the true rules of unaffected chastity; Arthegal is in every respect of life strictly and wisely just; Calidore is rightly courteous.

"In short, in Fairy land, where knights-errant have a full scope to range, and to do even what Ariosto or Orlando's could not do in the world without breaking into credibility, Spenser's knights have, under those six heads, a full and truly poetical system of Christian, public, and low life.

"His legend of friendship is more diffuse, and yet even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads various: one knight could not there support all the parts.

"To do honour to his country, Prince Arthur is a universal hero; in holiness, temperance, chastity, and justice, superexcellent. For the same reason, and to compliment Queen Elizabeth, Gloriana, queen of fairies, whose court was the asylum of the oppressed, represents that glorious queen. At her commands all these knights set forth, and only at her's the Redcross Knight destroys the dragon, Guyon overturns the Bower of Bliss, Arthegal (*i. e.* Justice) beats down Geryoneo (*i. e.* Philip II., king of Spain) to rescue Belge (*i. e.* Holland), and he beats the Grantorto (the same Philip in another light) to restore Irena (*i. e.* Peace to Europe).

"Chastity being the first female virtue, Britomartis is a Briton; her part is fine, though it requires explanation. His style is very poetical; no puns, affectations of wit, forced antitheses, or any of that low tribe.

"His old words are all true English, and numbers exquisite; and since of words there is the *multa renescentur*, since they are all proper, such a poem should not (any more than Milton's) consist all of it of common ordinary words. See instances of descriptions.

*Useless jealousy in Britomartis, v. 6. 14, in its restlessness.*

Like as a wayward child, whose sounder sleep  
Is broken with some fearful dream's affright,  
With froward will doth set himself to weep,  
Ne can be still'd for all his nurse's might.  
But kicks and squalls, and shrieks for fell despite;  
Now scratching her, and her loose locks misusing,  
Now seeking darkness, and now seeking light;  
Then craving suck, and then the suck refusing:  
Such was this lady's fit in her love's fond accusing.

*Curiosity occasioned by jealousy, upon occasion of her lover's absence. Ibid. Stan. 8, 9.*

Then as she look'd long, at last she spy'd  
One coming towards her with hasty speed:  
Well ween'd she then, ere him she plain descri'd,  
That it was one sent from her love indeed:  
Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,  
Ne would she stay till he in place could come,  
But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings' somme:  
Even in the door him meeting, she begun,  
'And where is he, thy lord, and how far hence?  
Declare at once; and hath he lost or won?'

*Care and his house are described thus, iv. 6. 33—35.*

Not far away, nor meet for any guest,  
They spy'd a little cottage, like some poor man's nest.

34.

There entering in, they found the good man's self,  
Full busily unto his work ybent.

Who was so  
With hollow  
As if he had  
Full black a  
Besmear'd w  
With rugged  
The which h

Rude was hi  
No better ha  
His blistered  
And fingers f  
Right fit to re  
His name wa  
That neither  
But to small  
These he un

"Homer's  
quity: see wh  
are in these e  
the Redcross  
Stan. 8, 9.

The sailing p  
The vine-pro  
The bulder-  
The aspine g

The laurel, s  
And poets sa  
The willow v  
The yew obe  
The birch fo  
The myrrhe  
The war-like  
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No. 541.] TH

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Gracchus?—  
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f this in the  
trest Mother,

Ell go, and in the anguish of my heart  
Weep o'er my child!—If he must die, my life  
Is wrapt in his, I shall not long survive.  
'Tis for his sake that I have risk'd a life,  
Grown'd to captivity, and cutty'd th'active  
Yes, my Antony, we'll go together!  
Together to the realms of night we'll go;  
There to thy ravish'd eyes thy wife I'll show,  
And point him out among the shades below.

Fear expresses itself in a low, hesitating, and af-  
fect sound. If the reader considers the broken  
speech of Lady Macbeth, while her husband is alone  
the murder of Duncan and his grooms, he will im-  
agine her even affrighted with the sound of her own  
voice while she is speaking it:—

Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,  
And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,  
Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the daggers ready;  
He could not miss them. Had he not resembled  
My father as he slept, I had done it.

Courage assumes a louder tone, as in that speech  
of Don Sebastian.

Here satiate all your fury;  
Let Fortune empty her whole quiver on me;  
I have a soul that like an ample shield  
Can take in all, and verge enough for more.

Pleasure dissolves into a luxurious, mild, tender,  
and joyous modulation; as in the following lines in  
Caius Marius:—

Lavinia! O there's music in the name,  
That softening me to infant tenderness,  
Makes my heart spring like the first leap of life.

And perplexity is different from all these; grave  
but not bemoaning, with an earnest uniform sound  
of voice; as in that celebrated speech of Hamlet:—

To be, or not to be!—that is the question:  
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer  
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,  
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,  
And by opposing end them? To die, to sleep;  
No more; and by a sleep to say we end  
The heart-ach, and a thousand natural shocks  
That flesh is heir to: 'tis a consummation  
Devoutly to be wish'd! To die, to sleep!—  
To sleep; perchance to dream! Ay, there's the rub;  
For, in that sleep of death, what dreams may come,  
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,  
Must give us pause—There's the respect  
That makes calamity of so long life;  
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,  
Th' oppressor's wrongs, the proud man's contumely,  
The pangs of despis'd love, the law's delay,  
The insolence of office, and the spurns  
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,  
When he himself might his quietus make,  
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,  
To groan and sweat under a weary life,  
But that the dread of something after death,  
The undiscover'd country, from whose bosom  
No traveller returns, puzzles the will,  
And makes us rather bear those ills we have  
Than fly to others that we know not of.

As all these varieties of voice are to be directed to  
the sense, so the action is to be directed by the  
voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were, to  
enforce it. The arm, which by a strong spirit  
Tully calls the orator's weapon, is to be sometimes  
raised and extended; and the hand, by its motion  
sometimes to lead, and sometimes to follow, the  
words as they are uttered. The stamping of the  
foot, too, has its proper expression in denoting  
anger, or absolute command. But the face is the  
epitome of the whole man, and the eyes are as  
were the epitome of the face; for which reason, I  
say, the best judges among the Romans were  
extremely pleased even with Roscius himself in his  
mask. No part of the body, besides the face,

capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expressing them all by those changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore Theophrastus called one, who barely rehearsed his speech with his eyes fixed, an "absent actor."

As the countenance admits of so great variety, it requires also great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be shifted on every occasion, lest it turn to farce and buffoonery; but it is certain that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind; sometimes by a steadfast look, sometimes by a careless one—now by a sudden regard, then by a joyful sparkling, as the sense of the words is diversified; for action is, as it were, the speech of the features and limbs, and must therefore conform itself always to the sentiments of the soul. And it may be observed, that in all which relates to the gesture there is a wonderful force implanted by nature; since the vulgar, the unskilful, and even the most barbarous, are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the sound of words but those who understand the language; and the sense of many things is lost upon men of a dull apprehension: but action is a kind of universal tongue: all men are subject to the same passions, and consequently know the same marks of them in others, by which they themselves express them.

Perhaps some of my readers may be of opinion that the hints I have here made use of out of Cicero are somewhat too refined for the players on our theatre: in answer to which I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good sense no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to personate the dignity of a Roman hero who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and gesture delivered by a Roman orator.

There is another thing which my author does not think too minute to insist on, though it is purely mechanical: and that is the right pitching of the voice. On this occasion he tells the story of Gracchus, who employed a servant with a little ivory pipe to stand behind him, and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. "Every voice," says Tully, "has its particular medium and compass, and the sweetness of speech consists in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore," says he, "leave the pipe at home, but carry the sense of this custom with you."

No. 542.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1712.

*Et sibi preferri se gaudet*——— Ovid, Met. ii. 430.

——— He heard,

Well pleas'd, himself before himself preferr'd.—ADDISON.

WHEN I have been present in assemblies, where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleased to hear those who would detract from the author of it observe, that the letters which are sent to the Spectator are as good, if not better, than any of his works. Upon this occasion many letters of mirth are usually mentioned, which some think the Spectator writ to himself, and which others commend because they fancy he received them from his correspondents. Such are those from the valetudinarian: the inspector of the sign-posts; the master of the fan exercise; with that of the hooped petticoat; that of Nicholas Hart the annual sleeper; that from Sir John Evelyn; that upon the London Cries; with multitudes of the same nature. As I

love nothing that I may do they have, yet not design it writings when them. I have tlemen proving was not able to day before. N ing out ambig any reason to the honour to epistle, which esteem or ap These rigid c thing which d not be positive the flower-pot write those let I must there often choose t letter, for the policy of those fore they own would extort a applaud any t tain. Thirdly, introducing a work, which c written in the because the d had I publish crous composi names and c often serve to tional reflecti them.

There are o particular hon such who will or borrowed which are writ of a person, w his learning, in his private sure he could but, had he n he would find less. Those v in this point, fending, that fault, in quo which I might assertion is in published, I o vour to confu

Some are that small rep any of these some of the b scripts with w are others, I given me a gr under this hea invention. T guilty of false manuscripts v of action or gaged. But

\* The person was Rawlinson. Folio, in the T

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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BER 22, 1712.  
et. 11. 12.

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rful. As the  
art, their dis-  
of admiring  
formation of a

human body. Galen was converted by his dis-  
tions, and could not but own a Supreme Being up-  
a survey of this his handy-work. There were, in-  
deed, many parts, of which the old anatomists did  
not know the certain use; but, as they saw that  
most of those which they examined were adapted  
with admirable art to their several functions, they  
did not question but those, whose uses they could  
not determine, were contrived with the same wisdom  
for respective ends and purposes. Since the cir-  
ulation of the blood has been found out, and many  
other great discoveries have been made by our modern  
anatomists, we see new wonders in the human  
frame, and discern several important uses for the  
parts, which uses the ancients knew nothing of. In  
short, the body of man is such a subject as stands  
the utmost test of examination. Though it appears  
formed with the nicest wisdom, upon the most super-  
ficial survey of it, it still mends upon the search  
and produces our surprise and amazement in pro-  
portion as we pry into it. What I have here said  
of a human body may be applied to the body of every  
animal which has been the subject of anatomic  
observations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate  
our senses. It is a particular system of Providence  
that lies in a narrow compass. The eye is able to  
command it, and by successive inquiries can wear  
into all its parts. Could the body of the whole  
earth, or indeed the whole universe, be thus sub-  
mitted to the examination of our senses, were it not  
too big and disproportioned for our inquiries, too  
unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand,  
there is no question but it would appear to us  
curious and well contrived a frame as that of  
human body. We should see the same concentra-  
tion and subserviency, the same necessity and use-  
fulness, the same beauty and harmony, in all the  
every of its parts, as what we discover in the body  
of every single animal.

The more extended our reason is, and the more  
able to grapple with immense objects, the greater  
still are those discoveries which it makes of wisdom  
and providence in the works of the creation. A  
Isaac Newton, who stands up as the miracle of the  
present age, can look through a whole planetary  
system; consider it in its weight, number, and me-  
asure; and draw from it as many demonstrations of  
infinite power and wisdom, as a more confined  
understanding is able to deduce from the system of  
human body.

But to return to our speculations on anatomy,  
shall here consider the fabric and texture of the  
bodies of animals in one particular view: which,  
in my opinion, shows the hand of a thinking and  
wise Being in their formation, with the evidence  
of a thousand demonstrations. I think we may lay  
this down as an uncontested principle, that chance  
never acts in a perpetual uniformity and consistency  
with itself. If one should always find the same  
number with ten thousand dice, or see every thing  
just five times less, or five times more in number  
than the throw which immediately preceded it, we  
would not imagine there is some invisible power  
which directs the cast? This is the process  
which we find in the operations of nature. Every  
kind of animal is diversified by different mag-  
nitudes, each of which give rise to a different species.  
Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will  
observe how many of the works of nature are per-  
fected, if I may use the expression, in a variety  
of editions. If we look into the reptile world, at it

different kinds of animals that fill the element, we meet with the same repetitions among species, that differ very little from one another in size and bulk. You find the same that is drawn at large copied out in several sizes and ending in miniature. It would be to produce instances of this regular conduct of nature, as it would be superfluous to those reversed in the natural history of animals. The magnificent harmony of the universe is such, that may observe innumerable divisions running on the same ground. I might also extend this notion to the dead parts of nature, in which I find matter disposed into many similar systems, well in our survey of stars and planets, as of vegetables, and other sublunary parts of nature. In a word, Providence has shown the effects of its goodness and wisdom, not only in the creation of many original species, but in the multitude of descents\* which it has made on every species in particular.

To pursue this thought still further. Every creature considered in itself has many varied parts that are exact copies of some parts which it possesses, and which are combined in the same manner. One eye would have been sufficient for the subsistence and preservation of the animal; but, in order to better his condition, another placed with a mathematical exactness in the same most advantageous situation, and in the particular of the same size and texture. Is it for chance to be thus delicate and uninterfering in its operations? Should a million of dice thrown twice together the same number, the wonder would be nothing in comparison with this. But we see this similitude and resemblance in the hand, the fingers; when we see one half of the body entirely correspond with the other in the minute strokes, without which a man might not well subsisted; nay, when we often see a part repeated a hundred times in the same twofold situation it consists of the most intricate of numberless fibres, and these parts still in magnitude, as the convenience of the particular situation requires; sure a man must be strangely cast of understanding, who does not see the finger of God in so wonderful a work. It applies in those parts of the body, without which man might have very well subsisted, though well as with them, are a plain demonstration of the wise Contriver, as those more numerous which are found among the vessels of the body, are evident demonstrations that they are not the work of chance. This argument gains additional strength, if we apply it to every insect within our knowledge, as well as to numberless living creatures that are objects of sight for a human eye: and if we consider several species in this whole world of life, one another in very many particulars, so convenient for their respective states of existence, it is much more probable that a hundred of dice should be casually thrown a hundred times in the same number, than that the body of any single animal should be produced by the fortuitous concurrence of matter. And like chance should arise in innumerable instances, requires a degree of credulity that is not in the direction of common sense. We may

\* perhaps for "descents," i.e. progress downwards.

carry this consideration to the two sexes in every species, to each of the distinctions that were necessary to this great world of life.

There are many more instances of the goodness of the Being, and of his transference of goodness, in the formation of the creature, for which I have writings, particularly the entitled Creation,\* where the human body is described with elegance. I have been told which runs through the whole, but not seen it enlarged upon.

#### No. 544. MONDAY.

Nunquam ita quisquam habuit  
Quin rex, atq. rex, usus semper  
Aliquid inueniat: ut illa,  
Et, quæ tibi putaris prima

No man was ever so completely satisfied as not to receive new information, inasmuch that we find our thoughts we understood, and called our truest interest.

THERE are, I think, many letters from my friend who ever a rational and equal comparison for an advantage of condition:—

"Sir,

"I am come to the conclusion, honoured kinsman, Sir, to assure you I find it a figure of master of the house, so comely enjoyed by the not (with respect to the be it spoken) reflect upon confirmed in the truth, spoken at the club; to and well-disposed heart is highly superior in his the greatest talents, is of tions. But alas! why speaking of my worth little absurdities and in of the politest men a greater qualities are known not whether by not enhance his merit, a reputation in his country the pains of the wisest. By the way, I must oblige your readers have my writings, wherein Sir H. quired into the private man at the tavern. In circumstance as an innocent of his mind, a very easy thing to receive and not as an inclination her. The less discernment enter into that delicacy, ter: but indeed my chief represent to you my perfect satisfaction I promise of my new fortune. I ger's servants, except s

\* Creation. A poem.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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g to tell you  
s, I have set  
able for such  
in the army,

and will please from time to time to sojourn all  
any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of them  
will do me that honour shall find horses, servants  
and all things necessary for their accommodation  
and enjoyment of all the conveniences of life in  
pleasant various country. If Colonel Camper-  
be in town, and his abilities are not employed a  
other way in the service, there is no man would  
more welcome here. That gentleman's thorough  
knowledge in his profession, together with the in-  
plicity of his manners and goodness of his heart  
would induce others like him to honour my abode  
and I should be glad my acquaintance would tell  
themselves to be invited or not, as their characters  
have an affinity to his.

"I would have all my friends know, that they  
need not fear (though I am become a country gen-  
tleman) I will trespass against their temperance  
and sobriety. No, Sir, I shall retain so much of the  
good sentiments for the conduct of life, which I  
cultivated in each other at our club, as to resist  
all inordinate pleasures; but particularly re-  
member, with our beloved Tully, that the delight in life  
consists in desire, not satiety. They who most pas-  
sionately pursue pleasure seldomest arrive at it.  
Now I am writing to a philosopher I cannot but  
bear mentioning the satisfaction I took in the pa-  
page I read yesterday in the same Tully. A noble  
man of Athens made a compliment to Plato the  
morning after he had supped at his house: 'Your  
entertainments do not only please when you give  
them, but also the day after.'

"I am, my worthy Friend,  
Your most obedient humble Servant,  
T. "WILLIAM SENTER."

No. 545.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1775

Quin potius pacem internam pactosque hymenales  
Execratus—VIRG. *Æn. 12. 38.*  
Let us in bonds of lasting peace unite,  
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I CANNOT but think the following letter from the  
Emperor of China to the Pope of Rome, proposing  
a coalition of the Chinese and Roman churches, will  
be acceptable to the curious. I must confess, I my-  
self being of opinion that the Emperor has as much  
authority to be interpreter to him as he pretends to  
expound, as the Pope has to be vicar of the more  
person he takes upon him to represent, I was not  
little pleased with their treaty of alliance. What  
progress the negotiation between his majesty of  
Rome and his holiness of China makes (as we daily  
writers say upon subjects where we are at a loss)  
time will let us know. In the mean time, when  
they agree in the fundamentals of power and au-  
thority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may ex-  
pect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di lettera del re della China al Papa, in-  
terpretata dal padre segretario dell' India della com-  
pagna di Giesu.

"A voi benedetto sopra i benedetti P. P. et su-  
periore grande de pontifici e pastore Xpus dispensatore  
del' opulo de' re d' Europa, Umanitate XI

"Il favorito amico di Dio Giunato 75, puer-  
simo sopra tutti i potentissimi della terra, alio-

\* Colonel Camperdell. Spent in India. A son committed  
to the father of the late worthy Admiral Boscawen, who was  
drowned in the Royal George at Spithead, Aug. 27, 1782.

l'altissimi sotto il sole e la luna, che  
de di smeraldo della China sopra cento  
ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti  
i fedeli d' Abramo, chi dà la vita e la  
ato quindici regni, ed a cento settante  
con la penna dello struzzo vergine, e  
ed accrescimento di vecchiezza.

arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della  
gioventù deve maturare i frutti della  
piezza, e confortare con quell' i desiderii  
nostri divoti, e propagare il seme d'  
a che deve proteggerli, habbiamo stabil-  
impagnarci con una vergine eccelsa ed  
stata alla mamella della leonessa forte e  
mansueta. Percio essendoci stato figu-  
il vostro popolo Europeo Romano per  
ne invite, e forte, e caste; allongiamo la  
potente, a stringere una di loro, e questa  
tra nipote, o nipote di qualche altro gran-  
tino, che sia guardata dall' occhio dritto  
a seminata in lei l' autorità di Sarra, la  
Esther, e la sapienza di Abba; la vogliamo  
io della colomba che guarda il cielo, e la  
la bocca della conchiglia che si pasce della  
il mattino. La sua età non passi ducento  
luna, la sua statura sia alta quanto la  
a del grano verde, e la sua grossezza  
manipolo di grano secco. Noi la man-  
vestire per li nostri mandatici ambas-  
chi la condurranno a noi, e noi incontra-  
riva del fiume grande facendola salire  
cocchio. Ella potrà adorare appresso di  
Dio, con venti quattro altre vergini a sua  
potrà cantare con loro, come la tottora  
era.

ando O padre e amico nostro questa  
na, sarete caggione di unire in perpetua  
testi vostri regni d' Europa al nostro do-  
perio, e si abbracceranno le vostre leggi  
era abbraccia la pianta; e noi medesimi  
del nostro seme reale in coteste pro-  
aldando i letti di vostri principi con il  
oso delle nostre amazzoni, d' alcune delle  
tri mandatici ambasciatori vi porteranno  
nze dipinte.

stiriamo di tenere in pace le due buone  
umiglie delli missionarii gli figlioli d' Ig-  
bianchi e neri figlioli di Dominico, il cui  
egl' uni e degl' altri ci serve di scorta nel  
imento e di lume ad interpretare le divine  
ne appunto fa lume l' oglio che si getta

to alzandoci dal nostro trono per abbrac-  
chiarci nostro congiunto e confederato,  
no che questo foglio sia segnato col nostro  
erial della nostra città, capo del mondo,  
giorno della terza lunatione l' anno quarto  
imperio.

o è un sole nella cui faccia è anche quella  
ed intorno tra i raggi vi sono traposte  
ade.

il traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di  
tere e recedentissimo specialmente fessere  
n la penna della struzzo-vergine con la  
sogbonsi scrivere quei re che le pregere  
rivendo a qualche altro principe del mon-  
gior finezza che usino, e scrivergli con la  
pavone."

from the Emperor of China to the Pope, in-  
by a father Jesuit, secretary of the Indies.  
blessed above the blessed, great emperor of

bishops and pastor of C  
oil of the kings of Europe

"The favourite friend  
VIth, the most powerful  
of the earth, highest above  
sun and moon, who sits on  
China, above 100 steps of  
guage of God to the faithful  
death to 115 kingdoms, and  
with the quill of a virgin  
and increase of old age.

"Being arrived at the t  
the flower of our royal y  
fruit towards old age, to co  
of our devoted people, and  
that plant which must pro  
mined to accompany ourse  
virgin, suckled at the bre  
a meek lamb; and, imagi  
your European Roman pe  
unconquerable and chaste  
powerful arm to embrace  
be one of your nieces, or  
great Latin priest, the da  
Let the authority of Sa  
fidelity of Esther, and th  
would have her eye like  
look upon heaven and es  
shell-fish to feed upon the  
age must not exceed 200  
her stature be equal to th  
and her girth a handful.

"We will send our m  
clothe her, and to condu  
meet her on the bank of t  
to leap up into our charie  
ship her own God, togeth  
of her own choosing; an  
as the turtle in the spring

"You, O father and f  
our desire, may be an oc  
tual friendship our high  
kingdoms, and we may  
ivy embraces the tree; an  
our royal blood into you  
chief of your princes wi  
amazons, the resembling  
our said mandarines amba

"We exhort you to ke  
gious families of missio  
Ignatius, and the white an  
that the counsel, both of  
serve as a guide to us  
light to interpret the div  
the sea produces light.

"To conclude, we ris  
brace you, we declare yo  
and have ordered this le  
perial signet, in our roya  
the eighth day of the th  
year of our reign."

Letters from Rome s  
both among gentlemen  
the subject of this epis  
The Jesuit who translate  
the majesty of the origi  
there was an offer of th  
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of France; but no lady  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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JOHN SLY."

26, 1712.

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he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear  
light all that he gives his spectators for their money  
with an account of the first manufacturers. But  
intended to give the lecture of this day upon the  
common and prostituted behaviour of trades in  
ordinary commerce. The philosopher made it a rule  
of trade, that your profit ought to be the common pro-  
fit; and it is unjust to make any step towards gain  
wherein the gain of even those to whom you sell  
not also consulted. A man may deceive himself  
he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who  
sells anything without telling the exceptions against  
it, as well as what is to be said to its advantage.  
The scandalous abuse of language and hardening of  
conscience, which may be observed every day in  
going from one place to another, is what makes  
whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves.  
It was no small pleasure to me for this reason to  
remark, as I passed by Cornhill, that the shop-  
that worthy, honest, though lately-unfortunate citi-  
zen, Mr. John Morton, so well known in the linen  
trade, is sitting up anew. Since a man has been  
in a distressed condition, it ought to be a great  
satisfaction to have passed through it in such a  
manner as not to have lost the friendship of those  
who suffered with him, but to receive an honourable  
acknowledgment of his honesty from those very per-  
sons to whom the law had consigned his estate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove a  
very general advantage to those who shall deal  
with him hereafter; for the stock with which he was  
sets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot ex-  
pose that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters  
into a ready-money trade, by which means he will  
both buy and sell the best and cheapest. He im-  
poses upon himself a rule of affixing the value of  
each piece he sells, to the piece itself; so that the  
most ignorant servant or child will be as good a  
buyer at his shop as the most skilful in the trade.  
For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune  
for your security. To encourage dealing after this  
way, there is not only the avoiding the most infer-  
nal guilt in ordinary bartering; but this obser-  
vation, that he who buys with ready money saves as  
much to his family as the state exacts out of his  
for the security and service of his country; that is  
to say, in plain English, sixteen will do as much as  
twenty shillings.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"My heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments  
on account of some favours which I have lately re-  
ceived, that I must beg leave to give them utterance  
amongst the crowd of other anonymous correspon-  
dents; and writing, I hope, will be as great a re-  
lief to my forced silence, as it is to your natural  
taciturnity. My generous benefactor will not suffer  
me to speak to him in any terms of acknowledg-  
ment, but ever treats me as if he had the greatest  
obligations, and uses me with a distinction that I  
not to be expected from one so much my superior  
in fortune, years, and understanding. He men-  
tions, as if I had a certain right to his favours  
from some merit, which his particular indulgence  
me has discovered; but that is only a learned  
artifice to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in  
receiving obligations when there is no probability of  
returning them.

"A gift is doubled when accompanied with  
a delicacy of address; but what to me gives it its  
inexpressible value, is its coming from the man  
most esteemed in the world. It pleases me indeed, a

er" a tragedy



advantage and addition to my fortune; but consider it as an instance of that good man's hip, it overjoys, it transports me: I look on a lover's eye, and no longer regard the gift, hand that gave it. For my friendship is so void of any gainful views, that it often gives me to think it should have been chargeable to me, and I cannot at some melancholy hours help his generosity the injury of fearing it should be on this account, and that the last favour might be of legacy of a departing friendship.

I confess these fears seem very groundless and but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one possessed of a great treasure, who is at the most distant shadow of danger.

Now I have thus far opened my heart to you, will not conceal the secret satisfaction I feel there, and the goodness of my friend will not be denied. I am pleased with thinking the prayers of the Almighty hath sufficient blessings in it, and will certainly discharge the debt, I am not made the happy instrument of doing.

However, nothing in my power shall be wanting to show my gratitude; I will make it the business of my life to thank him; and shall esteem of him those my best friends, who give me the greatest assistance in this good work. Printing here would be some little instance of my gratitude, and your favour herein will very much oblige me.

Your most humble Servant, &c.  
W. C."

547.] THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1712.

*Valisus tibi, monstrata radice vel herba,  
non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba  
proficiente nihil curarier.*—Hos. 2 Ep. ii. 149.

suppose you had a wound, and one that shew'd it as a herb, which you apply'd, but found no good; Would you be fond of this, increase your pain, and use the fruitless remedy again?—CREECH.

very difficult to praise a man without put him out of countenance. My following correspondent has found out this uncommon art, and, with his friends, has celebrated some of his relations after such a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am not publishing my own commendations, they now I should have deserved their censure as I had I suppressed the humour in which they conveyed to me.

SIR,

It is often in a private assembly of wits of both sexes, where we generally descant upon your speculations, or upon the subjects on which you have written.

We were last Tuesday talking of those names which you have lately published. Some commending one of your papers, and some others; and there was scarce a single person in company that had not a favourite speculation. This a man of wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be amiss if we paid the Spectator the same compliment that is often made in our prints to Sir William Read, Dr. Grant, Mr. the apothecary, and other eminent physicians: there it is usual for the patients to publish some which have been made upon them, and what distempers under which they laboured. I shall take your proposal to heart; and the lady where we visited the two last volumes in large paper inter-

leaved for her own perusal, brought down, and laid one in the company regular advertisement in like ingenious composition meet with at the end of the world. I had finished our work, and deal of mirth at the Spectator. The proposal entered the for the title-page, after the order:—

"*Remedium efficax* remedy adapted to all persons may cure him spleen, or any other man system, with an infection is upon him. as bread, agreeable to confinement. It has as abundance of the ne the kingdom have ex-

"N. B. No family Over the two Spectator first in the third

"I, William Crazy having been for several doubts, fears, and vapours and beauty of Mary hereby, for the benefit that I have found great ing doses, having taken with a dish of chocolate

For the B

"In charity to such case of levee-hunting, bread every morning a men, I, A. B., do testify laboured under this fa- cured of it by a reu Baldwin, contained in No. 193, where any of same remedy at the pr

"An infallible cure choly, Nos. 173, 184, 239, 245, 247, 251.

"*Probatum est.*

"I, Christopher Q with a certain distemper showed itself in impertinencies, have not asked since my perusal of the 228."

"The Britannic B modesty, No. 231, which blushing colour to the or pale, that it is not natural fine complexion, which is the nearest friend in the least hurtful. It handsome; is not subject cannot be paralleled by metie, &c. It is certain world.

"I, Samuel Self, of

\* Translated from the Latin. Liqueor. Spect. in folio, No.

himself, and something to be expected against it. I have heard of a man who, in a heated argument, endeavoured to strengthen his position by saying, "If you have the money, you will not mind it; but to get to the bottom of it, let me know how many guineas you have published, or supposed to have published."

It is a pity, however, to say, that a man who is so much afraid that they did it from one or another of the reasons, are none of these. B. then was given to understand that she was wrong, as Horace says, *non est*.

It is a pity, however, to say, that a man who is so much afraid that they did it from one or another of the reasons, are none of these. B. then was given to understand that she was wrong, as Horace says, *non est*.

Aliment says her two Gods, and in spite of her endeavours to the contrary, sinks from one level only as they are more or less so.

Two of three of the old Greek poets having got the same turn to a sentence, which describes the miseries of man in this life.—

It is a pity, however, to say, that a man who is so much afraid that they did it from one or another of the reasons, are none of these. B. then was given to understand that she was wrong, as Horace says, *non est*.

It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the public, to observe how these three immortal poets are bound up in different subjects by the same way of thinking; but I shall return to the first of them.

Our goodness being of a comparative and not an absolute nature, there is none who in stature can be called a virtuous man. Every one has his natural alloy, though one may be rarer than another; for this reason I cannot turn to a poet to introduce a perfect or a faultless character, not only because such a character is improper to me, but because it is not such a thing in nature. The tragic poet of the one or the other the Spectator in the other page took notice of that late invention of the ancient poets, and the wrong notions into which it has crept into the writers. The most perfect man he was strong enough to mow down, to punish, to abuse, and to glory. Providence in regard to man is such that may be fatal him. For this reason I cannot find, but that the instruction and moral are to be found, where a man who is virtuous in the world, his character falls into distress, and shows the flaws of nature at the end of a tragical action, he is represented as happy at the end of the play. Such a tragedy corrects the misanthropic nature, softens the mind of the reader with soft words to pity, and compassion, and shows him his own private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of men's virtues by their successes. I cannot think of one real hero in all antiquity, but I read of one in modern times, that he was not so very naturally represented in a tragedy, as I have seen in the comedies. The hero is a man of sense and a prevailing passion, or a prevailing passion, and show it in such a manner, as you sufficiently acquit the gods of any imputation of interfering. For as Horace says, *non est*, that the hero is faulty, though not as faulty as those whom we generally call the heroes.

It is a pity, however, to say, that a man who is so much afraid that they did it from one or another of the reasons, are none of these. B. then was given to understand that she was wrong, as Horace says, *non est*.

happy persons. Nisus and Euryalus. Lausus and Creusa, come all to unfortunate ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that, in the sacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the most just man among the Trojans.

—Cedit et Ripheus justissimus unus.  
Qui fuit in Teucriis, et servatissimus æqui:  
Hic aliter visum est.—Æn. ii. 427.

I that Pantheus could neither be preserved by transcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, whose priest he was.

—Nec te tuas plurima, Pantheus,  
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula textit.—Ibid. v. 129.

I might here mention the practice of ancient tragedy, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is touched upon in the paper above mentioned, I will pass it over in silence. I could produce passages out of Aristotle in favour of my opinion; and in one place he says that an absolutely virtuous man should not be represented as unhappy, this I do not justify any one who shall think fit to bring an absolutely virtuous man upon the stage. I know who are acquainted with that author's way of writing know very well that, to take the whole extent of his subject into his divisions of it, he often makes use of such cases as are imaginary, and not possible to practice. He himself declares that in tragedies as ended unhappily bore away the edge in theatrical contentions, from those which ended happily; and for the fortieth speculation, which I am now considering, as it has given reasons these are more apt to please an audience, so it proves that these are generally preferable to the other, though at the same time it affirms that many different tragedies have and may be written in both kinds.

I shall conclude with observing, that though the Spectator above mentioned is so far against the rule of poetical justice, as to affirm that good men may be brought to an unhappy catastrophe in tragedy, it is not say that ill men may go off unpunished. The reason for this distinction is very plain, namely, that the best of men are vicious enough to justify Providence for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befall them, but there are many men so wicked that they can have no claim or pretence to goodness. The best of men may deserve punishment, but the worst of men cannot deserve happiness.

549.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1712.

Quamvis digressu veteris confusus amici,  
Laudo tamen.—Juv. Sat. iii. 1.

Thou' griev'd at the departure of my friend,  
His purpose of retiring I commend.

SEVERE most people begin the world with a resolution to withdraw from it into a serious kind of study or retirement when they have made themselves easy in it. Our unhappiness is, that we find some excuse or other for deferring such our good resolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are so hard to part with the world as those who grow old in the heaping up of riches. Their desires are so warped with their constant attention to it, that it is very difficult for them to give their minds another bent, and convert them towards those pleasures, which though they are proper for every stage of life, are so more especially for the last. Seneca describes an old usurer as so charmed with

the pleasure of a certain purchase he calls it was the event of it he put it out again thought by a disinterested my worthy friend so much natural ease of mind, that I a pleasure. As we sole remaining me gave me an account in which he had been reckoned up to me which at another time of good fortune; but then, he termed providence, and blessed "Now," says he, "I am so used to being a debtor, that I often in manner with regard. In this case, when I find such innumerable means to cast them on the creditor side, I find. Now, though I am in my power to be I am resolved how yours that way. Surprised, my friend, myself to a more meet you no more.

I could not but be withstanding the law drew has since enlarged in the following my hands:—

"Good Mrs.

"Notwithstanding always rallied me from business, and sayings, that 'as he has got a little that there is one enough, and is de his life in the enjoyment of me so well, that I enjoyment of my useful to the public estate has been his nature, either to it is now fixed at tenements. I have of stocks, winds, and considerable purchase opportunity of being in setting my pocket them a comfortable industry. My garden and pasture-ground or rather workhouse, I am a great man starving in my spread of improvements thoughts are already fencing others; marshes. In fine, of this island, I am a spot as any in it there is not an inveterate to the best

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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me that he  
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and others to bribe me with the odd nine in case I  
may succeed Sir Andrew Freeport, which he thinks  
would raise the credit of that fund. I have several  
letters dated from Jenny Mann's, by gentlemen who  
are candidates for Captain Sentry's place; and a  
many from a coffee-house in Paul's churchyard of  
such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the  
death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom  
can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several parties  
lars, with the many remonstrances that have been  
made to me on this subject, and considering how  
invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make  
the whole election depend upon my single voice  
and being unwilling to expose myself to those cal-  
mours, which on such an occasion will not fail to be  
raised against me for partiality, injustice, corrup-  
tion, and other qualities, which my nature abhors  
I have formed to myself the project of a club as  
follows:—

I have thoughts of issuing out writs to all  
every of the clubs that are established in the city  
of London and Westminster, requiring them to  
choose out of their respective bodies a person of the  
greatest merit, and to return his name to me before  
Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon busi-  
ness.

By this means, I may have reason to hope, that  
the club over which I shall preside will be the very  
flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have  
communicated this my project to none but a parti-  
cular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice  
or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which  
is commonly known by the name of a pun. The  
only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise  
up enemies to myself if I act with an irregularity  
and that my detractors, instead of giving me the  
usual title of Spectator, will be apt to call me the  
King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project; it is  
well known that I at first set forth in this work as  
the character of a silent man; and I think I have  
so well preserved my taciturnity, that I do not re-  
member to have violated it with three sentences in  
the space of almost two years. As a necessary result  
is my delight, I have made very few excursions in  
the conversations which I have related, beyond  
Yes or a No. By this means, my readers have had  
many good things which I have had in my heart  
though I did not care for uttering them.

Now in order to diversify my character, and to  
show the world how well I can talk if I have a mind  
I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club  
which I have now under consideration. But that I  
may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I de-  
sign, upon the first meeting of the said club, to have  
my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate  
myself in this particular by a certain ritual which  
I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which  
are practised at the opening of the mouth of a car-  
dinal. I have likewise examined the forms which  
were used of old by Pythagoras, when any of his  
scholars, after an apprenticeship of silence, was  
made free of his speech. In the mean time, as  
I have of late found my name in foreign papers  
upon less occasions, I question not but in these  
articles from Great Britain they will inform the  
world, that "the Spectator's mouth is to be opened  
on the twenty-fifth of March next." I may perhaps  
publish a very useful paper at that time of the pro-  
ceedings in that solemnity, and of the persons who  
shall assist at it. But of this more hereafter.—D.

No. 551.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1712.

Sic honor et nomen divinis vatibus atque  
Carmenibus venit. ———— Hos. Ars Poet. ver. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,  
And so divine a poet's function.—Roscommon.

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“WHEN men of worthy and excelling geniuses have obliged the world with beautiful and instructive writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that praise should be returned them, as one proper consequent reward of their performances. Nor has mankind ever been so degenerately sunk but they have made his return, and even when they have not been brought up by the generous endeavour so as to receive the advantages designed by it. This praise, which arises first in the mouth of particular persons, spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; and when it thus meets with a full success changes its denomination, and is called fame. They, who have happily arrived at this, are, even while they live, inflamed by the acknowledgments of others, and spurred on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, notwithstanding the detraction which some abject tempers would cast upon them: not when they debase, their characters being free from the shadow which envy laid them under, begin to shine out with the greater splendour; their spirits survive in their works; they are admitted into the highest companies, and they continue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to age. Some of us best gain a character, by being able to show that they are no strangers to them: and others obtain a new warmth to labour for the happiness and use of mankind, from a reflection upon those honours which are paid to their memories.

“The thought of this took me up as I turned over those epigrams which are the remains of several of the poets of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the fame of those who had excelled in beautiful poetic performances. Wherefore, in pursuance to my thought, I concluded to do something along with them to bring their praises into a new light and language, for the encouragement of those whose modest tempers may be deterred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair attempts, to which their parts might render them equal. You will perceive them, if they follow, to be conceived in the form of epigrams, a sort of writing which is wholly set apart for short-pointed method of praise.

ON ORPHEUS, WRITTEN BY ANTIPATER

No longer, Orpheus, shall thy sacred strains  
Lead stones, and trees, and beasts along the plains:  
No longer soothe the boisterous winds to sleep,  
Or still the billows of the raging deep.  
For thou art gone. The Muses mourn thy fall  
In solemn strains, thy mother most of all,  
Ye mortals, idly for your sons ye moan,  
If thus a goddess could not save her own.

“Observe here, that if we take the fable for granted, as it was believed to be in that age when an epigram was written, the turn appears to have been set to the gods, and a resigning spirit in its application. But if we consider the point with respect to our present knowledge, it will be less esteemed; though the author himself, because he believed it, may still be more valued than any one who should now write with a point of the same nature.

• ON HOMER, BY ALPHEUS OF MYTILENE.

Still in our ears Andromache complains,  
And still in sight the fate of Troy remains:  
Still Ajax fights, still Hector's dusky along  
Such strange enchantment dwells in Homer's song.

Whose birth  
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Let ivy wreath  
And from its  
Let wells of  
So will time  
If any please

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“This epigram

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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all that follows,  
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tion of 1712

Who first transcribed the famous Trojan war,  
And wise Ulysses' acts, O Jove, make known  
For since 'tis certain thus these poems are,  
No more let Homer boast they are his own

" If you think it worthy of a place in your spec-  
ulations, for aught I know (by that means) it may in  
time be printed as often in English as it has already  
been in Greek.

" I am (like the rest of the world),

" Sir, your great Admirer,

" 4th Dec.

" G. R."

The reader may observe that the beauty of the  
epigram is different from that of any in the forges  
ing. An irony is looked upon as the finest pal-  
lative of praise; and very often conveys the noblest  
panegyric under the appearance of satire. Home  
is here seemingly accused and treated as a plagiarist,  
but what is drawn up in the form of an accusation  
is certainly, as my correspondent observes, the  
greatest compliment that could have been paid to  
that divine poet.

" DEAR MR. SPECTATOR,

" I am a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and  
of a temper impatient of any thing which I think  
injury. However, I always quarrelled according to  
law, and instead of attacking my adversary by the  
dangerous method of sword and pistol, I made my  
assaults by that more secure one of writ or warrant.  
I cannot help telling you, that either by the justice  
of my causes or the superiority of my conduct, I  
have been generally successful; and to my great  
satisfaction I can say it, that by three actions of  
slander, and half-a-dozen trespasses, I have for se-  
veral years enjoyed a perfect tranquillity in my re-  
putation and estate: by these means, also, I have  
been made known to the judges; the serjeants of  
our circuit are my intimate friends; and the best  
mental counsel pay a very profound respect to me  
who has made so great a figure in the law. Affairs of  
consequence having brought me to town, I had the  
curiosity the other day to visit Westminster-hall,  
and, having placed myself in one of the courts ex-  
pected to be most agreeably entertained. After the  
court and counsel were with due ceremony seated  
up stands a learned gentleman, and began, When  
this matter was last "stirred" before your lord-  
ships; the next humbly moved to "quash" the  
dictment; another complained that his adversary  
had "snapped" a judgment; the next informed the  
court that his client was stripped of his possession;  
another begged leave to acquaint his lordship that  
they had been "saddled" with costs. At last we  
got a grave serjeant, and told us his client had been  
"hung up" a whole term by a writ of error. At  
this I could bear it no longer, but came higher, and  
resolved to apply myself to your honour to interpose  
with these gentlemen, that they would leave off such  
low and unnatural expressions: for surely though  
the lawyers subscribe to hideous French and false  
Latin, yet they should let their clients have a little  
decent and proper English for their jargon. What  
man that has a value for a good name would like to  
have it said in a public court, that Mr. Such-a-one  
was stript, saddled, or hung-up? This being what  
has escaped your spectatorial observation, be pleased  
to correct such an illiberal cant among profane  
speakers, and you will infinitely oblige,

" Your humble Servant,

" PHILISTICK."

" Joe's Coffee-house, Nov. 28."

\* No. 551 is not lettered in the Spectator, but has a signature in the 6vo. or 12mo. editions of 1712.

No. 552.] WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1712.

*Qui pręgravat aries**Infra se positas, extinctus amabitur idem.—Hox. 2 Ep. l. 13.*

For those are hated that excel the rest.

Although, when dead, they are belov'd and blest.—*Cæsar.*

As I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myself with busy scenes in the shops on each side of me, it came into my head, with no small remorse, that I had not seen frequent enough in the mention and recommendation of the industrious part of mankind. It very naturally upon this occasion touched my conscience in particular, that I had not acquitted myself to my friend Mr. Peter Motteux. That industrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the mill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It could injure him, as a man of business, if I did not let the world know that the author of so good verses rit them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately resolved to make him a visit. I found it spacious warehouses filled and adorned with tea, china, and India-ware. I could observe a beautiful resemblance of the whole; and such different and considerable branches of trade carried on in the same house, I exulted in seeing disposed by a poetical head. In one place were exposed to view silks of various shades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthiest product of foreign looms. Here you might see the finest laces held up by the fairest hands; and there, examined by the beautiful eyes of the buyers, the most delicate cambrics, muslins, and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend to the humble, but I hope beneficial, use he had made of his talents, and wished I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleased to make me of his poetry. The honest man has I know that modest desire of gain which is peculiar to those who understand better things than riches; and I dare say he would be contented with much less than that is called wealth in that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his customers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his desires.

Among other omissions of which I have been also guilty, with relation to men of industry of a superior order, I must acknowledge my silence towards a proposal frequently enclosed to me by Mr. Renatus Læris, organ-builder. The ambition of this artist is to erect an organ in St. Paul's cathedral, over the west door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence shall transcend any work of that kind ever before intended. The proposal in perspicuous language sets forth the honour and advantage such a performance would be to the British name, as well as that it would apply the power of sounds in a manner more amazingly terrible than perhaps has yet been known, and I am sure to an end much more worthy. Had so vast sums which have been laid out upon operas about skill or conduct, and to no other purpose as to suspend or vitiate our understandings, been proposed this way, we should now perhaps have had a machine so formed as to strike the minds of half a people at once in a place of worship, with a forgetfulness of present care and calamity, and a hope of endless rapture, joy, and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this justice, I am not to forget a best mechanic of my acquaintance, that useful servant to sciences and knowledge, Mr. John Rowley; but think I lay a great obligation on the pub-

lic, by acquainting them with a pair of new globes, which I have lately purchased in the said

IN

“Care shall be placed according to the manner of the many of Cassini, Mr. Flamsteed, and Mr. Halley, Savilian professor of astronomy, from whatever globe more exact.”

“That all the figures, new, and just, distinct, and true magnitude of the stars, according to the observation of the stars. They have been expressed in any globe.”

IN

“That by reason of the errors both in the Eastern and Western hemispheres, Asia, and Africa, in a manner wholly new, and not noted that the latitude of the globe of other great and necessary remarkable countries omitted in other the best discovery. Lastly, that the seasons, and other parts of the tropics, be represented.”

“Now, in reference to the universal use, and necessary parts of the globe, to the honour of the charge of carrying it, and sired that all geographers should be so great a work, following conditions.”

“I. The underwriter with a compass thirty inches diameter, adorned, the stars distinguished, the circles, and inaccurately divided, really appear, in and intelligent than will be demonstrated.”

“II. Whosoever shall pay twenty-five pounds for a pair of the globes, shall present them to any public library, arms, name, title, inserted in some place.”

“III. That every year the sum of ten pounds be delivered of the sum up. And that the twelve months shall be completed; and with globes in the hands of the underwriter.”

“IV. That after be sold to a third party, thirty pounds.”

“V. That, if the



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

1712, the  
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ER 4, 1712,

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p. xiv. 35.

BRECH.

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it is sent me from gentlemen who belong to a bed  
which I shall always honour, and where (I cannot  
speak it without a secret pride) my speculations  
have met with a very kind reception. It is usual  
for poets, upon the publishing of their works, to  
print before them such copies of verses as have been  
made in their praise. Not that you must imagine  
they are pleased with their own commendation, but  
because the elegant compositions of their friends  
should not be lost. I must make the same apology  
for the publication of the ensuing letter, to which I  
have suppressed no part of those praises that are  
given my speculations with too lavish and good-  
natured a hand; though my correspondents can wit-  
ness for me, that at other times I have generally  
blotted out those parts in the letters which I have  
received from them.

O.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"In spite of your invincible silence you have  
found out the method of being the most agreeable  
companion in the world: that kind of conversation  
which you hold with the town has the good feature  
of being always pleasing to the men of taste and  
leisure, and never offensive to those of hurry and  
business. You are never heard but at what Horace  
calls *destro tempore*, and have the happiness to ob-  
serve the politic rule which the same discerning au-  
thor gave his friend, when he enjoined him to deli-  
ver his book to Augustus:—

*Si validus, si lætus erit, si denique poscet.*—I Ep. lib. 2.

—When vexing cares are fled,  
When well, when merry, when he asks to read.—CHURCH.

You never begin to talk but when people are desirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of humour until you leave off. But I am led unconsciously into reflections foreign to the original design of this epistle; which was to let you know, that some unfeigned admirers of your inimitable papers, who could, without any flattery, greet you with the salutation used to the eastern monarchs, viz. "O Spectator, live for ever," have lately been under the same apprehensions with Mr. Philo-Spec.; that the haste you have made to dispatch your best friends portends no long duration to your own short visits. We could not, indeed, find any just grounds for complaint in the method you took to dissolve the venerable body; no, the world was not worthy of your divine. Will Honeycomb could not, with his reputation, live single any longer. It was high time for the Templar to turn himself to Coke; and Sir Roger's dying was the wisest thing he ever did in his life. It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to think that we were in danger of losing so elegant and valuable an entertainment. And we could not, without sorrow, reflect that we were fated to have nothing to interrupt our sips in the morning and to suspend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and right ear, but the ordinary trash of new papers. We resolved, therefore, not to part with you so. But since, to make use of your own allusion, the cherries began now to crowd the market and their season was almost over, we consulted of future enjoyments, and endeavoured to make the exquisite pleasure that delicious fruit gave us last as lasting as we could, and by drying them, preserve their stay beyond its natural date. We even thought thus they have not a flavour equal to their fresh bloom; but yet, under this disadvantage, they peep the palate, and become a salver-better than at

its first appearance. To speak plain, number of us who have begun your and meet two nights in the week in you a re-hearing. We never come out drinking your health, and as without general expressions of thanks to night's improvement. This we conceive useful institution than any other club excepting even that of Ugly Faces. manifest advantage over that renowned respect to Mr. Spectator's company. they may brag that you sometimes make appearance amongst them, it is impossible should ever get a word from you, are with us the reverse of what Phaedra have his mistress be in his rival's comment in your absence.' We make you and as long as we please; and, let me seldom hold your tongue for the whole promise myself you will look with an upon a meeting which owes its original emulation among its members, who most profound respect for your paper; have a very great value for your person: say you can no where find four more writers, and humble Servants, than

"T. F. G. S. J. T. E. F."

#### FRIDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1712.

*intanda via est, qua me quoque possim*

*no, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

*VIRG. Georg. lib. 9.*

I must attempt, my grovelling name  
To lift, and wing my flight to fame.—DAYDEN.

For the following essay, as well for its down rules out of Tully for pronunciation, to the ingenious author of a poem lately, entitled An Ode to the Creator of the world, by the Fragments of Orpheus. I mark, made as I remember by a celebrated author, that no man ever pushed his art as it was able to extend. I shall not alter this assertion be strictly true. It is said, that men of the greatest applications can look back upon many years, and neglected parts of time, which were away from them unemployed; and if any one considering person in the present to fancy with himself, at some time or other his life were to begin again he could not

be so much provoked to cast on itself this reproach, when the examples of such persons are presented to it as have far outshot the generality in learning, arts, or any valuations.

Of the most extensive and improved genius, I had any instance of in our own nation, was that of Sir Francis Bacon, Lord of this great man, by an extraordinary compass of thought, and indefatigable industry, amassed to himself such stores of knowledge, that we cannot look upon without amazement, seemed to have grasped all that was in books before his time; and, not that, he began to strike out new tracts of knowledge to be travelled over by any one compass of the longest life. These could only mark down, like imperfect steps, on supposed points of land, to be verified and ascertained by the industry

of after-ages, who should produce or conjectures.

"The excellent Mr. Boyle seems to have been designed to the labours and inquiries of genius I have just mentioned experiments, he in a great number of plans and outlines of science had sketched out. His life was of nature through a great number of changes, and in the most rational adoration of its divine Author."

"It would be impossible for those who have extended their curiosity, two, in the studies they pursued, readers on this occasion will be brought to a third,\* who is wise the glory of our own age, and the improvements which others had made in mathematical knowledge has so many hands, as to afford at once a great capacity is of a kind that is exhaustible the subject of that remark in holy writ, that we seek to find out the works of God, and to the end, yet shall he be glorified."

"I cannot help mentioning more of a different kind in order to one as may serve to show the nature and of application, an instance of a universal genius. The person I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, painter, descended from a noble family, about the beginning of the sixteenth century, his profession of history-painter, master, that some have affirmed went before him. It is the envy of Michael Angelo, who was and that from the study of anatomy, he learned his best manner, a master too in sculpture, and skilful in anatomy, mathematics. The aqueduct from the river Arno, is mentioned as a work of his contrived in several languages, and was the studies of history, philosophy, and natural history. Though it is not necessary to mention I cannot but take notice, that he mentioned likewise his particular instances of his strength and courage is described to have been of a great and a master of all gentle exercises. We are told that his moral education to his natural and intellectual faculties, that he was of an honest and adorned with great sweetness of temper. I break off the account of his life, which will be an entertainment to our readers, to find so remarkable a genius, distinguished by as remarkable a death. The fame of his works, and a universal esteem, he was in France, where, after some time, Francis the First coming to Paris, he retired to himself in his bed to acknowledge what was done him by that visit, and Leonardo, faintly expired in the arms of that monarch."

"It is impossible to attend to these without being raised

\* Sir Isaac Newton. \* He was born



never publicly acknowledged them. We put other friends upon importuning him, I shall end what I think I am obliged to his head, by giving my reader this hint of my judgment of my productions—that the next upon them would be an account when *The Tender Husband* was in England.

My reader will also find some papers which are in the letter X, for which he is obliged to the gentleman who diverted the town with the letter to *The Distressed Mother*. I might have sent these several papers with the free consent of gentlemen, who did not write them, and of being known for the authors. But, and sincere behaviour ought to be pre-emptive considerations, I would not let my acquaintance with a consciousness of having praise which is not my right.

Assistances which I have had have been by letter, sometimes by whole papers, sometimes by short hints from unknown hands. I have been able to trace favours of this kind with certainty, but to the following names, in the order wherein I received the hints: the first I am going to name cautioned in a list wherein he would not precede. The persons to whom I am indebted for acknowledgments are, Mr. Henry Pope, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Carey of New Oxford, Mr. Tickell of Queen's in the University, Mr. Parnell and Mr. Eusden of Cambridge. Thus, to speak in the language of my late friend, Sir Andrew Freeport, I add my accounts with all my creditors for printing. But as these excellent performers would not have seen the light without this paper, I may still arrogate to myself their being communicated to the public. Nothing more to add, but having swelled five hundred and fifty-five papers, they are now bound into seven volumes, four of which are published, and the three others in the press. I will not be demanded of me why I now publish I must own myself obliged to give to the town of my time hereafter; since their partiality to me is so great, that of the former volumes of *Spectators* of a thousand each book, is already sold off, and each half-sheet has brought into the market one week with another, above 200. I am glad from the single paper, notwithstanding the tax reduced it to less than half the number formerly printed before the tax was laid. I beseech the continuance of this inclination what I may hereafter produce, and in many occurrences of my life tasted of pain and sorrow, that I am proof against more prosperous circumstances than those to which my own industry can possess me.

I am, my good-natured Reader,

Your most obedient,

Most obliged humble Servant,

RICHARD STEELE.

*et plaudite.* Ter.

My next letter regards an ingenious set of people who have done me the honour to make their society:—

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“The academy of painting in London, having done you the honour to choose you one of their members, and a lively art, which before was regarded as a Spectator, has asked you to be under the same care of her interests.

“The honour of our country in the matter I am going to defend (and perhaps other nations will be national false humility as to glory; and, though we boast the world in things where we are in other things we attribute which we ourselves possess particularly in the art of painting.

“Painting is an art of which much for any mortal man to do in all its parts; it is enough to paint faces, history, landscape, pieces, fruit, flowers, or designs. I have ever been excellent in all the kinds (in number) of these several kinds of painting. I take upon me to call every kind of painting.

“And as one man may be better, but unable to paint a face well, and so of the rest; in some kinds of painting, and better in other climates.

“Italy may have the pretensions for history-painting; a neat finished manner of variety, janty, fluttering pictures; traits; but to give the honour of painting to any one account of their excellence is like adjudging the prize of or burlesque poetry, to him any one of them.

“Where there are the most helps and encouragement suppose an art will arrive to by this rule let us consider respect to face-painting. It delights so much in having or relations pictures; whether good-nature, or having a lot being encouraged in that pictures, which the purity of free use of, or from whatever are not inferior to those of rather they are greater; statues and bas-reliefs which history-painters, the beauties which England is confessed painters; and, besides, we number of the works of the best any people, not without a copy of the most excellent in every kind. And for encouragement of the English nation degree as artists have no reason.

“And accordingly, in a place where so well performed I do not whether it has lain in but I have, and pretend to have seen what is done abroad that the honour of that trade due to us. I appeal to the truth of what I assert.

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STERLE."

8, 1714.

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—DRYDEN.

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after having been many years as much longer-  
as myself.

Upon the first opening of my mouth I made  
speech, consisting of about half a dozen well-turned  
periods; but grew so very hoarse upon it, that  
three days together, instead of finding the use of  
tongue, I was afraid that I had quite lost.  
Besides, the unusual extension of my muscles  
this occasion made my face ache on both sides,  
such a degree, that nothing but an invincible re-  
sultion and perseverance could have prevented  
from falling back to my monosyllables.

I afterward made several essays towards spee-  
ing; and that I might not be startled at my  
voice which has happened to me more than once  
used to read aloud in my chamber, and have sit-  
stood in the middle of the street to call a coach  
where I knew there was none within hearing.

When I was thus grown pretty well acquaint-  
with my own voice, I laid hold of all opportunity  
to exert it. Not caring however to speak much  
myself, and to draw upon me the whole attention  
those I conversed with, I used for some time  
walk every morning in the Mall, and talk in close  
with a parcel of Frenchmen. I found my modesty  
greatly relieved by the communicative temper  
this nation, who are so very sociable as to think  
they are never better company than when they are  
all opening at the same time.

I then fancied I might receive great benefit from  
female conversation, and that I should have the con-  
venience of talking with the greater freedom, as  
I was not under any impediment of thinking;  
therefore threw myself into an assembly of ladies,  
but could not for my life get in a word among them,  
and found that if I did not change my company,  
was in danger of being reduced to my primitive  
taciturnity.

The coffee-houses have ever since been my chief  
places of resort, where I have made the greatest  
improvements; in order to which I have taken  
particular care never to be of the same opinion with  
the man I conversed with. I was a Tory at Rutland's  
and a Whig at Child's, a friend to the Englishman  
or an advocate for the Examiner, as it best suited  
my turn: some fancy me a great enemy to the  
French king, though in reality I only make use of  
him for a help to discourse. In short, I wrangle  
and dispute for exercise; and have carried the  
point so far, that I was once like to have been run  
through the body for making a little too free with  
my betters.

In a word, I am quite another man in what I was

—Nil fuit unquam

Tam dispar sibi

Hor. l. Ep. li. 15.

Nothing was ever so unlike itself

My old acquaintance scarce knew me, nay,  
was asked the other day by a Jew at Jonathan's  
whether I was not related to a dumb gentleman  
who used to come to that coffee-house? But I think  
I never was better pleased in my life than about a  
week ago, when, as I was battling it across the table  
with a young Templar, his companion gave him a  
pull by the sleeve, begging him to come away, for  
that the old prig would talk him to death.

Being now a very good proficient in discourse,  
I shall appear in the world with this addition to my  
character, that my countrymen may reap the fruit  
of my new-acquired loquacity.

Those who have been present at public disputes  
in the university know that it is usual to maintain  
heresies for argument's sake. I have heard a man

advent Socinian for half an hour, who has heretofore divine all his life after. I have found a method to accomplish myself in the science, having talked above a twelve-month so much for the benefit of my hearers, as

But, since I have now gained the art, I have been so long endeavouring after, I shall make a right use of it, and shall think myself obliged for the future to speak always in sincerity of heart. While a man is learning, he practises both on friend and foe; but when he is a master in the art, he never exerts himself but he thinks the right side.

My last allusion may not give my reader a true idea of my design in this paper, I must here declare that the author of it is of no faction; friend to no interests but those of truth; nor a foe to any but those of vice and folly. I make more noise in the world than I do, I am still resolved to act in it as a true spectator. It is not my ambition to be numbered either of whigs or tories, but I would be good men; and I could heartily wish that the faults common to both parties, which are sufficient matter to work upon, without resorting to those which are peculiar to either.

A multitude of counsellors there is safety, and I think ourselves the securest nation in the world. Most of our garrets are inhabited by men who watch over the liberties of their country, and make a shift to keep themselves from taking into their care the properties of their subjects.

Politicians of both sides have already set the nation into a most unnatural ferment, I am far from endeavouring to raise it to a pitch, that, on the contrary, it shall be the object of my papers to inspire my countrymen with a mutual good-will and benevolence. Faults either party may be guilty of, they are inflamed than cured by those reproaches cast upon one another. The most likely way to rectify any man's conduct is by referring to him the principles of truth and religion and virtue; and so long as he acts in conformity to these principles, whatever party he is not fail of being a good Englishman, and of his country.

Persons concerned in this work, the most of them, or at least of such as desire it, are published hereafter; until which time I shall leave the courteous reader to suspend his judgment rather to consider what is written than who writes it.

I have adjusted all necessary preliminaries before I shall enter, I shall not trouble him with any long discourses, but proceed in my old manner to entertain him with speculations on the subject that falls in my way.

Among all the accounts I do not remember one that is more honourable than the following passage. As an advocate was pleading before one of the prætors, he produced a single witness in a point of testimony of two persons; he insisted on the integrity of the witness he had produced; but the prætor, who the law required two witnesses of one, though it were Cato, would not receive from a person who sat at the prætor's table, while Cato was still living, a thousand examples, he had gained among his countrymen, in count of his sincerity.

When such an inflexible integrity is joined and qualified by the good breeding, there is no need of the whole catalogue of social virtues; ever, ought to take great care to get out of his veracity, nor to be free from prejudice of his virtue.

This subject is exquisitely handled in an elegant sermon of the great master, I shall beg leave to transcribe a few sentences as a proper introduction to the letter, which I shall make use of in this speculation.

"The old English plainness and generous integrity of nature, which always argues a true disposition, which always argues a true resolution, and is usually accompanied with a great resolution, is in a great measure lost."

"The dialect of conversation is now swelled with vanity and affected (as I may say) of expression, that if a man that has been in the world should return into the world, he would want a dictionary to help him in his language, and to know the meaning of the phrase in fashion; and I believe at what a low rate he would pass in current payment; to understand it, it would be necessary for him to bring himself with a good conscience, to convert terms and in their own way."

I have by me a letter from a person of great curiosity, and which is a confirmation to the foregoing account of the most excellent prelate, who was written in King Charles's time, and was ambassador of Bantam,† to England.

"MASTER,

"The people where I am, are more than from their hearts than from their heads, and thou knowest the inclination of the places do not know what they say. They call thee and thy subjects, and we speak what we mean; and we mean what we say; and we mean another: truth they mean politeness. Upon this account, I was sent from the king to tell thee that he was extremely

71 MONDAY, JUNE 21, 1714.

non timet ambiguum, Tyriosque bilingues.

VIRG. ÆN. I. 665.

ambiguous race, and Tyrians double-tongued.

is nothing," says Plato, "so delightful as the speaking of truth." For this is no conversation so agreeable as that of integrity, who hears without any intention to deceive, and speaks without any intention

† Archbishop Tillotson, vol. II. p. 162.

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o me above a  
ot only thus  
it in a more  
their hands,  
hough at the  
' drink their  
found by ex-  
often pretend  
manner; but  
the goodness  
their wishes.  
this double-  
himself once  
antam!"

E 23, 1714.

em  
t?  
re!  
a,  
ur; horse  
a  
t

file, data vadihuc, qui nunc abstractus in vobis est.  
Sed et felices viventes in vobis.  
Cetera de morte hoc (adit) erat nunc in vobis  
Delasare valent Falgum. Ne te nunc, qui  
Quo rem deservit. In quo dicit, in quo dicit,  
Jan faciam quod vultis, et in quo nunc nunc.  
Mercator; in vobis nunc nunc nunc. In vobis  
Vos hinc nunc nunc nunc nunc. In vobis  
Quid stat? Nunc. Atque nunc nunc nunc.

Thos. 1. 1. 1.

Whence is't, Macenna, that so few approve  
The state they're plac'd in, and incline to move?  
Whether against their will by fate impos'd,  
Or by consent and prudent choice expos'd?  
Happy the merchant! the old soldier cross,  
Broke with fatigues and warlike enterprise.  
The merchant, when the dreaded hurricane  
Tosses his wealthy cargo on the main,  
Applauds the wars and toils of a campaign;  
There an engagement soon decides your doom,  
Bravely to die, or come victorious home.  
The lawyer vows the farmer's life is best,  
When at the dawn the clients break his rest.  
The farmer, having put in half 't appear,  
And forc'd to town, cries they are happiest there:  
With thousands more of this inconstant race,  
Would tire e'en Fabius to relate each case.  
Not to detain you longer, pray attend,  
The issue of all this: Should Jove descend,  
And grant to every man his rash demand,  
To run his lengths with a neglectful hand:  
First, grant the harass'd warrior a release,  
Bid him to trade, and try the faithful seas,  
To purchase treasure and declining seas;  
Next, call the pleader from his learned strife,  
To the calm blessings of a country life;  
And with these separate demands dissent  
Each suppliant to enjoy the promis'd bliss:  
Don't you believe they'd run? Not one will move,  
Though proffer'd to be happy from above.—HARRIS.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among all whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they were already possessed of before that which would fall in their lot by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further in the motto of my paper, which implies, that the hardships or misfortunes we are under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating upon these two remarks, as seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep when on a sudden methought there was a peevish notion made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, as throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin wiry shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes as the garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously aided him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were, however, several persons who go



version upon this occasion. I observed  
 ag in a farce very carefully concealed  
 d embroidered cloak, which, upon his  
 into the heap, I discovered to be Po-  
 ther, after a great deal of puffing, threw  
 ggage, which, upon examining, I found  
 life.

re multitudes of lovers saddled with very  
 burdens composed of darts and flames;  
 was very odd, though they sighed as if  
 would break under these bundles of cas-  
 ty could not persuade themselves to cast  
 be heap, when they came up to it; but,  
 faint efforts, shook their heads, and  
 way as heavy loaden as they came. I  
 ades of old women throw down their  
 and several young ones who stripped  
 of a tawny skin. There were very great  
 noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The  
 s, I was surprised to see the greatest part  
 tain made up of bodily deformities. Ob-  
 e advancing towards the heap with a  
 than ordinary upon his back, I found  
 ear approach that it was only a natural  
 h he disposed of with great joy of heart  
 collection of human miseries. There  
 se distempers of all sorts; though I could  
 serve, that there were many more ima-  
 real. One little packet I could not but  
 of, which was a complication of all the  
 ident to human nature, and was in the  
 great many fine people; this was called

But what most of all surprised me, was  
 made, that there was not a single vice  
 own into the whole heap; at which I  
 uch astonished, having concluded within  
 every one would take this opportunity  
 rid of his passions, prejudices, and

notice in particular of a very profligate  
 I did not question came loaden with his  
 upon searching into his bundle I found  
 of throwing his guilt from him, he had  
 own his memory. He was followed by  
 flesh rogue, who flung away his modesty  
 is ignorance.

a whole race of mankind had thus cast  
 as, the phantom which had been so busy  
 asion, seeing me an idle Spectator of  
 e, approached towards me. I grew un-  
 presence, when of a sudden she held her  
 glass full before my eyes. I no sooner  
 in it, but was startled at the shortness  
 now appeared to me in its utmost aggra-  
 e immoderate breadth of the features  
 ery much out of humour with my own  
 e, upon which I threw it from me like a  
 appened very luckily that one who stood  
 ast before thrown down his visage, which  
 is too long for him. It was indeed ex-  
 most shameful length; I believe the very  
 odestly speaking, as long as my whole  
 ad both of us an opportunity of mend-  
 s; and all the contributions being now  
 every man was at liberty to exchange  
 es for those of another person. But  
 se many new incidents in the sequel of  
 I shall reserve them for the subject of  
 er.

No. 559.] FRIDAY

Quid causo est, merito quod  
 Iratus buccas inflet, neque  
 Tam facilem dicat, votis

Were it not just that Jove  
 Should drive these triflers  
 And unrelenting stand with

In my last paper I gave  
 mountain of miseries which  
 several calamities that affli-  
 saw with unspeakable ple-  
 thus delivered from its sore  
 time, as we stood round the  
 several materials of which  
 was scarcely a mortal in  
 did not discover what his  
 blessings of life, and won-  
 them ever came to look up  
 grievances.

As we were regarding  
 fusion of miseries, this ch-  
 issued out a second proc-  
 was now at liberty to exch-  
 return to his habitation w-  
 as should be delivered to h-

Upon this, Fancy began  
 and, parcelling out the wh-  
 activity, recommended to  
 packet. The hurry and co-  
 not to be expressed. Som-  
 made upon the occasion I  
 public. A venerable gray  
 laid down the cholic, and  
 heir to his estate, snatched  
 had been thrown into the l-  
 The graceless youth, in l-  
 hour, pulled the old gentle-  
 had liked to have knocked  
 meeting the true father, wh-  
 a fit of the gripes, he begg-  
 again, and give him back  
 incapable either of them-  
 they had made. A poor gal-  
 down his chains, took up  
 but made such wry faces, t-  
 ceive he was no great gal-  
 was pleasant enough to se-  
 that were made, for sickness  
 against want of appetite, an-

The female world were  
 selves in bartering for fea-  
 a lock of gray hairs for a  
 making over a short waist-  
 ders, and a third cheapen-  
 putation: but on all these  
 one of them who did not t-  
 soon as she had got it in  
 more disagreeable than th-  
 same observation on every  
 lamity which every one i-  
 upon himself in lieu of w-  
 whether it be that all the  
 in some measure suited a  
 strength, or that every evi-  
 able by our being accus-  
 termine.

I could not from my h-  
 poor hump-backed gentle-  
 former paper, who went off  
 son with a stone in his blad-  
 man who had struck up th-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ly of ladies, who used  
shoulders peeping over

particular adventure.  
had no sooner taken  
he made such a gro-  
looked upon him I  
myself, insomuch that  
utenance. The poor  
f the ridicule, that I  
t he had done; on the  
elf had no great reason  
touch my forehead, I  
d my finger upon my  
se was exceeding pro-  
e unlucky knocks as I  
y face, and aiming at  
two other gentlemen  
ne ridiculous circum-  
foolish swop between  
nd two long trapsticks  
One of these looked  
s, and was so lifted up  
y height, that his head  
the other made such  
pted to walk, that he  
forward upon his new  
to be a pleasant kind  
n the ground, and told  
of wine that he did not  
I drew from him in a

buted among the two  
ous sight, as they wane  
pressure of their se-  
plain was filled with  
ans and lamentations.  
mpassion on the poor  
ond time to lay down  
give every one his own  
mselves with a great  
the phantom who had  
sions was commanded  
in her stead a goddess  
er motions were steady  
t serious but cheerful.  
ast her eyes towards  
on Jupiter: her name  
ooner placed herself by  
that I thought very re-  
unk to such a degree.  
d part so big as it was  
ed every man his own  
g him how to bear it in  
r, he marched off with  
ell pleased that he had  
e as to the kind of evils

of morality to be drawn  
om it never to repine at  
envy the happiness of  
e for any man to form  
hbour's sufferings; for  
ormined never to think  
plaints, but to regard  
atures with sentiments

JUNE 28, 1714.

—OVID, *Met.* l. 747.  
softly breaks.—DANF.

EVERY one has heard of the famous co-  
who, according to the opinion of the vulg-  
studied himself dumb; for which reason, I  
believed, he delivers out his oracles in writing  
that as it will, the blind Teresias was no  
famous in Greece than this dumb artist has  
for some years last past in the cities of Lond-  
Westminster. Thus much for the profound  
man who honours me with the following ep-  
" Sir, From my Cell, June 24,

" Being informed that you have lately  
use of your tongue, I have some thoughts of  
ing your example, that I may be a fortune  
properly speaking. I am grown weary of su-  
urnity, and having served my country man  
under the title of 'the dumb doctor,' I sh-  
prophesy by word of mouth, and (as Mr. L-  
of the magpie, who you know was a great  
teller among the ancients) chatter futurity.  
hitherto chosen to receive questions and  
answers in writing, that I might avoid the  
ness and trouble of debates, my querists  
generally of a humour to think that they have  
predictions enough for their money. In sh-  
my case has been something like that of the  
creeet animals the monkeys, who, as the  
tell us, can speak if they would, but purpose  
it, that they may not be made to work.  
hitherto gained a livelihood by holding my  
but shall now open my mouth in order to fil-  
I appear a little word-bound in my first  
and responses, I hope it will not be imputed  
want of foresight, but to the long disuse of  
I doubt not by this invention to have all my  
customers over again; for if I have promised  
them lovers or husbands, riches or good fu-  
my design to confirm to them, *ried eue*, what  
already given them under my hand. If y-  
honour me with a visit, I will compliment y-  
the first opening of my mouth: and if you  
you may make an entertaining dialogue out  
conversation of two dumb men. Excuse this  
worthy sir, from one who has been a long in-  
" Your silent Admirer,

" CORNELIUS AGRIPPA

I have received the following letter, or  
billet-doux, from a pert young baggage, who  
gratulates with me upon the same occasion:

" June 23,

" DEAR MR PRATE-A-PACK,

" I am a member of a female society w-  
ourselves the Chit-chat Club, and am ord-  
the whole sisterhood to congratulate you o-  
use of your tongue. We have all of us a  
mind to hear you talk; and if you will tal-  
place among us for an evening, we have unanim-  
agreed to allow you one minute in ten,  
interruption. " I am, Sir,

" Your humble servant,

" P. S. You may find us at my Lady  
Clack's, who will leave orders with her port-  
if an elderly gentleman, with a short face,  
for her, he shall be admitted, and no q-  
asked."

As this particular paper shall consist o-  
what I have received from my correspon-  
shall fill up the remaining part of it with o-  
gratulatory letters of the same nature.

" Sir, Oxford, June 25,

" We are here wonderfully pleased w-  
opening of your mouth, and very frequen-

approbation of your design; especially since you are resolved to preserve your taciturnity in party matters. We do not question but that great an orator as Sir Hudibras, of whom sweetly sings,

—He could not open  
His mouth, but out there flew a trope.

It send us down the half dozen well-turned hat produced such dismal effects in your we will deposit them near an old manfully's orations, among the archives of the; for we all agree with you, that there is a remarkable accident recorded in history, which happened to the son of Cæsus; I believe you might have gone higher, and d Balaam's ass. We are impatient to see our productions; and expect what words fall from you with as much attention as were set to watch the speaking head of Bacon formerly erected in this place.

"We are, worthy Sir,

"Your most humble Servants,

"B. R. T. D." &c.

NEXT SPEC., Middle Temple, June 24.  
very glad to hear that thou beginnest to find, by thy yesterday's vision, thou art it that thou canst not forbear talking in

Let me only advise thee to speak like; for I am afraid thou wilt be very queer if not intend to use the phrases in fashion, I list them in thy second paper. Hast thou to pass for a Bantamite, or to make us s? I do assure thee, dear Spec., I am not at of my veracity, when I subscribe myself constant Admirer, and humble Servant,

"FRANK TOWNLY."

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 30, 1714.

Paulatim abolere Sichæum  
et vivo tenat prævertere amore  
sem resides animos desuetæque corda.

VIRG. ÆN. l. 724.

—But he  
the piliant bosom of the fair,  
adds her heart anew, and blots her former care.  
it is to the living love resign'd.  
Æneas enters in her mind.—DANIEL.

a tall, broad-shouldered, impudent, black, as I thought, every way qualified for a; but after having tried my fortune for years together, I have not been able to gle relict in the mind. My first attacks rally successful, but always broke off as y came to the word settlement. Though improved my fortune this way, I have ence, and have learnt several secrets be of use to those unhappy gentlemen, ommonly distinguished by the name of lers, and who do not know that this tribe are, generally speaking, as much upon is themselves. I shall here communicate mysteries of a certain female cabal of this call themselves the Widow Club. This ts of nine experienced dames, who take once a week round a large oval table. President is a person who has disposed bands, and is now determined to take a eing of opinion that there is as much he touch of a seventh husband as of a s. Her comrades are as follow:

1. Snap, who has four jointures, by four

different bedfellows, of at present upon the pos die sex man, and is said tending her possessions England on this side the

"III. Mrs. Medlar, v a gallant, is now wedde sixty. Upon her maki after a week's cohabitat sit as a widow, and acco the board.

"IV. The widow Qu night after the death o weeds have served her t as new.

"V. Lady Catharine at eighteen, and has sin and two coachmen.

"VI. The Lady Wad the 15th year of her a knight, aged three-score had twins nine months 55th year of her age s Spindle, Esq. a youth of not outlive the honey-mo

"VII. Deborah Conq is somewhat particular. Sampson Conquest, some Sir Sampson was seven breadth from the tip of He had married three w in child-bed. This terr none of them durst ver length Mrs. Deborah un good an account of him she very fairly laid him o upon the ground. This great a reputation in the Sir Sampson's three vict the merit of a fourth wid place accordingly.

"VIII. The widow W Wildfire, fox-hunter, who bar gate. She took his d it was thought it would had she not diverted he addresses of a gentleman made love to her in the s hood. This gentleman w for the sake of a young session of her for six wee out by a broken officer, place to a gentleman at c short-lived a favourite as the pleasure to see him series of lovers, who fol to the 37th year of her ag sued a cessation of ten v berdasher, took it in his h and it is thought will ve

"IX. The last is prett her first husband's heart which time she was ente after left it upon accout made so quick a dispatc her seat in less than a t matron is looked upon as of the society, and will p chair before she dies.

"These ladies, upon solved to give the pictu bands to the club-room;

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

they covered all the  
ne to a second resort  
give her own picture,  
bands' in midwinter.

em the misfortune to  
ney had a noble cellar  
rs. When they grow  
to commemorate their

But ask them which  
e, they are not able to  
that they do not weep  
usband as for the want

which the whole society  
his, to cry up the pleas-  
occasions, in order to  
om marriage, and en-  
to themselves.

any one makes love to  
communicate his name,  
ably sit upon his repu-  
good-humour; and if  
sister of the club, they  
to make him sure. By  
ed with all the widow-  
afford them great  
est Irish gentleman, it  
of this society, but at  
to the whole club.

turns upon their former  
rting to hear them re-  
stratagems with which  
scified the choleric, or  
man, till at last, to use  
him out of the house

most cultivated by this  
ate chiefly to these two  
and how to manage a  
st of artifices, they are  
the compass of your  
reserved for a second

usband is built upon the  
re universally assented  
o give him his heart at  
o great freedoms and  
ated by him like a raw  
nows the world. Not  
mer figure. To cele-  
other virtue of a de-  
ould recommend to his  
d his old friends and  
he dear man to herself.  
undutiful children of  
e thoroughly convinced  
ade over to her all his

letter, I am,  
more ceremony,  
humble Servant." &c.

JULY 2, 1711.

Edm. Esq. Oct 1. 1712

ect for a man to speak,  
it grate his own heart  
ment, and the reader's  
aise from him." Let

the tenour of his discourse be what it will u  
subject, it generally proceeds from vanity. A  
fact as man will rather relate a blunder or a  
city he has committed, than be debarr'd tr  
ing of his own dear person.

Some very great writers have been guilty  
fault. It is observed of Tully in particu  
his works run very much in the first per  
that he takes 11 occasions of doing himself  
" Does he think," says Brutus, " that his  
ship deserves more applause than my puttin  
to death, because I am not perpetually to  
the ides of March, as he is of the nimes of  
ber?" I need not acquaint my learner i  
in the ides of March Brutus destroyed Cæ  
that Cicero quashed the conspiracy of Cæ  
the calends of December. How shockin  
this great man's talking of himself might la  
to his contemporaries. I must confess I a  
better pleased than when he is on this subject  
openings of the heart give a man a thorough  
into his personal character, and illustrate  
passages in the history of his life; besides th  
is some little pleasure in discovering the i  
of a great man, and seeing how the opinion  
of himself agrees with what the world eu  
of him.

The gentlemen of Port Royal, who we  
eminent for their learning and humility t  
other in France, banished the way of spee  
the first person out of all their works, as  
from vain-glory and self-conceit. To sho  
particular aversion to it, they branded this  
writing with the name of an egotism; a figur  
be found among the ancient rhetoricians.

The most violent egotism which I have n  
in the course of my reading, is that of C  
Wesley, *Ego et res meæ*. " I and my king;"  
haps the most eminent egotist that ever o  
in the world was Montaigne, the author of t  
brated Essays. This lively old Gascon has  
all his bodily infirmities into his works; an  
having spoken of the faults or virtues of an  
man, immediately publishes to the world  
stands with himself in that particular. I  
kept his own counsel, he might have pass  
much better man, though perhaps he would n  
been so diverting an author. The title of a  
promises perhaps a discourse upon Virgil or  
Cæsar; but, when you look into it, you are  
meet with more upon Monsieur Montaigne  
either of them. The younger Scaliger, wh  
to have been no great friend to this auth  
having acquainted the world that his father  
rings, adds these words: *La grande judaïse*  
*taïgne, qui a écrit qu'il aimoit mieux le vin ble*  
*Que le blanc a ton à faire de savoir ce qu'il*  
" For my part," says Montaigne, " I am  
lover of your white wines."—" What the d  
miles it to the public," says Scaliger, " wh  
is a lover of white wines or of red wines?"

I cannot here forbear mentioning a tribe  
ists, for whom I always had a mortal aver  
mean the authors of memoirs, who are nev  
tioned in any works but their own, and w  
all their productions out of this single figure!

Most of our modern prefaces savour very  
of the egotism. Every insignificant author  
it of importance to the world to know that  
his book in the country, that he did it to pa  
some of his idle hours, that it was publish  
importunity of friends, or that his natural

or conversations, directed him to the choice subject.

—Id populus curat scilicet.

Informations cannot but be highly gratifying reader.

se works of humour especially, when a man under a fictitious personage, the talking of himself may give some diversion to the public; could advise every other writer never to speak of himself, unless there be something very considerable in his character: though I am sensible this rule of little use in the world, because there is no so many fancies his thoughts worth publishing that he look upon himself as a considerable person. I will close this paper with a remark upon such egotists in conversation: these are generally in a shallow part of mankind, people being full of themselves when they have nothing to say. There is one kind of egotists which is common in the world, though I do not recollect that any writer has taken notice of them; those empty conceited fellows who repeat, in jests of their own or some of their particular friends, several jests which were made before they were born, and which every one who has conversed in the world has heard a hundred times over. A young fellow of my acquaintance was very fond of this absurdity; he would be always laying down for some old piece of wit, and telling us, as he and Jack Such-a-one were together, that other of them had such a conceit on such an occasion; upon which he would laugh very heartily, and wonder the company did not join with him. When his mirth was over, I have often rebuked him out of Terence. *Tuumne, obsecro te, am erat? vetus credidi.* But finding him still impenetrable, and having a kindness for the young fellow, who was otherwise a good-natured fellow, I recommended to his perusal the Oxford and Cambridge jests, with several little pieces of pleasantry of the same nature. Upon the reading of them he underwent no small confusion to find that all his jests had passed through several editions, and that he thought was a new conceit, and had applied to his own use, had appeared in print before, or his ingenious friends were ever heard of. This had so good an effect upon him, that he is at present to pass for a man of plain sense and ordinary conversation, and is never facetious when he knows his company.

[No. 563.] MONDAY, JULY 5, 1714.

—Magni nominis umbra.—LUCAN. l. 135.  
The shadow of a mighty name.

ALL entertain my reader with two very curious stories. The first of them comes from a chimerical person, who I believe never writ to any body before.

SIR,

I am descended from the ancient family of the Blank, a name well known to all men of business. I always read in those little white spaces of writing, which want to be filled up, and which for that reason are called blank spaces, as of right appertaining to our family: for I consider myself as the proprietor of a manor, who lays his claim to all wastes or unenclosed ground that are unappropriated. I am a great friend to John a Styles and John a Nokes; and, I am told, came in with the conqueror. I am mentioned oftener in both houses of Parliament

than any other person is written, or, more properly thus: I am one

every thing, and appear as I can make myself in sometimes metamorphosed a day of the month, or often represent a sum of the first subsidy that have now and then sold thousands of land-soldiers been employed in the

“Now, Sir, my commission made use of to serve as soon as a proper place.

“If you have ever seen the curtain rises, you are filled with men of my rank, and resign their state to those for whom they are

“But the most ill-natured are those who are placed in time as persons of great credit out to supply them. I am qualified for all offices, for a soldier, a politician, please. I have known Blank, that has been heap up great riches, and importance, before he could agree among the step into his place. I continue so long in office, such it is to be reckoned it), that he has grown to be removed.

“But to return to commodious a person, well-regulated government, my case into consideration made a tool of, and of such usage, without blank. For all which myself to your protection.

“Your

“P. S. I herewith by a country attorney whose names he was did not think fit to they were transacting instrument,” and read You may see by this am to the busy world

“I, T. Blank; Esq. county of Blank, do sum of Blank, to God he did me in procuring Blank: and I do hereby pay unto him the said day of the month of penalty and forfeiture.

I shall take time to imaginary correspondence shall present my reason to come from a person blood.

“Good Mr. Sir  
“I am married to

the same time  
ore him when  
over he is the

When he is  
at chances to  
sends me in  
fore. I may  
hild's fortune

n goes every

I once pre-  
: in his hand,  
eeing me do  
kicked down  
runds but the  
s together in  
desiring him  
would spend  
broke to his  
my giving a  
he flew into  
on tea-dishes,  
convenient for

a room which  
by this nei-  
tely went to

a passion, he  
e; and if on  
is rage upon,  
I be in safety.  
now whether  
e distemper;  
publish this  
at veneration  
know you do

vant," &c.

Y 7, 1714.

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is darkened and eclipsed by a hundred other ir-  
regular passions.

Men have either no character at all, says a ce-  
lebrated author, or it is that of being inconsistent  
with themselves. They find it easier to join ex-  
imities than to be uniform and of a piece. This  
finely illustrated in Xenophon's Life of Cyrus the  
Great. That author tells us, that Cyrus having  
taken a most beautiful lady named Panthea, the  
wife of Abradatas, committed her to the custody of  
Araspas, a young Persian nobleman, who had  
little before maintained in discourse that a vir-  
tually virtuous was incapable of entertaining any  
lawful passion. The young gentleman had al-  
long been in the possession of his fair captive, and  
a complaint was made to Cyrus, that he not only  
solicited the lady Panthea to receive him in the  
room of her absent husband, but that, finding her re-  
treaties had no effect, he was preparing to make  
use of force. Cyrus, who loved the young man, im-  
mediately sent for him, and in a gentle manner re-  
presenting to him his fault, and putting him in re-  
mind of his former assertion, the unhappy youth  
confounded with a quick sense of his guilt and  
shame, burst out into a flood of tears, and spoke as  
follows:—

"O Cyrus, I am convinced that I have two souls.  
Love has taught me this piece of philosophy. If  
I had but one soul, it could not at the same time pos-  
sibly after virtue and vice, wish and abhor at the same  
thing. It is certain therefore we have two souls  
when the good soul rules I undertake nobly and  
virtuous actions; but when the bad soul pre-  
dominates I am forced to do evil. All I can say at pre-  
sent is, that I find my good soul, encouraged by  
your presence, has got the better of my bad."

I know not whether my readers will allow of this  
piece of philosophy; but if they will not, they may  
confess we meet with as different passions in men  
and the same soul as can be supposed in two. We  
can hardly read the life of a great man who lived in  
former ages, or converse with any who are eminent  
among our contemporaries, that is not an instance  
of what I am saying.

But as I have hitherto only argued against the  
partiality and injustice of giving our judgment upon  
men in gross, who are such a composition of virtues  
and vices, of good and evil, I might carry this re-  
flection still further, and make it extend to most of  
their actions. If, on the one hand, we fairly weigh  
every circumstance, we should frequently find them  
obliged to do that action we at first sight condemn  
in order to avoid another we should have been much  
more displeased with. If, on the other hand, we  
nicely examined such actions as appear most de-  
serving to the eye, we should find most of them either  
deficient and lame in several parts, produced by  
bad ambition, or directed to an ill end. The very  
same action may sometimes be so oddly cir-  
cumstanced, that it is difficult to determine whether  
it ought to be rewarded or punished. Those who com-  
piled the laws of England were so sensible of this  
that they have laid it down as one of their first  
maxims, "It is better suffering a mischief than  
inconvenience;" which is as much as to say in other  
words, that, since no law can take in or provide for  
all cases, it is better private men should have an  
injustice done them than that a public grievance  
should not be redressed. This is usually pleaded in  
defence of all those hardships which fall upon par-  
ticular persons in particular occasions, which could  
not be foreseen when a law was made. To reward

however, as much as possible, the court of  
ry was erected, which frequently mitigates  
s the teeth of the common law, in cases of  
properties, while in criminal cases there is a  
of pardoning still lodged in the crown.  
withstanding this, it is perhaps impossible in  
government to distribute rewards and punish-  
strictly proportioned to the merits of every ac-  
he. Spartan commonwealth was indeed wou-  
exact in this particular; and I do not re-  
in all my reading to have met with so nice  
ple of justice as that recorded by Plutarch,  
uch I shall close my paper for this day.

city of Sparta, being unexpectedly attacked  
powerful army of Thebans, was in very great  
of falling into the hands of their enemies.  
izens suddenly gathering themselves into a  
ught with a resolution equal to the necessity  
affairs, yet no one so remarkably distin-  
himself on this occasion, to the amazement  
armies, as Isidas, the son of Phœbidas, who  
hat time in the bloom of his youth, and very  
ble for the comeliness of his person. He  
ning out of the bath when the alarm was  
o that he had not time to put on his clothes,  
es his armour; however, transported with a  
o serve his country in so great an exigency,  
d up a spear in one hand and a sword in the  
e flung himself into the thickest ranks of  
mies. Nothing could withstand his fury;  
part soever he fought he put the enemies to  
thout receiving a single wound. Whether,  
utarch, he was the particular care of some  
o rewarded his valour that day with an ex-  
ary protection, or that his enemies, struck  
e unusualness of his dress, and beauty of his  
supposed him something more than man, I  
t determine.

gallantry of this action was judged so great  
spartans, that the ephori, or chief magis-  
decreed he should be presented with a gar-  
it, as soon as they had done so, fined him a  
d drachmas for going out to the battle un-

o. 565.] FRIDAY, JULY 9, 1714.

Deum namque ire per omnes  
que, tractusque maris, cœlumque profundum.  
Vino. Georg. iv. 221.

ed the whole created mass inspires,  
in heaven and earth, and ocean's depths: he throws  
fluence round, and kindles as he goes.—DRYDEN.

a yesterday about sun-set walking in the  
lds, until the night insensibly fell upon me.  
st amused myself with all the richness and  
of colours which appeared in the western  
heaven; in proportion as they faded away  
ot out, several stars and planets appeared  
er another, until the whole firmament was in

The blueness of the ether was exceedingly  
ned and enlivened by the season of the year,  
the rays of all those luminaries that passed  
it. The galaxy appeared in its most beauti-  
e. To complete the scene, the full moon  
length in that clouded majesty which Milton  
tice of, and opened to the eye a new picture  
re, which was more finely shaded and dis-  
among softer lights than that which the sun  
ore discovered to us.

was surveying the moon walking in her  
ess, and taking her progress among the con-

stellations, a thought  
very often perplexes  
and contemplative nat-  
it in that reflection, "V  
the work of thy finger  
which thou hast ordain-  
art mindful of him? a  
regardest him?" In th  
sidered that infinite be-  
philosophically, of sun  
upon me, with those in-  
worlds which were mo-  
suns; when I still enli-  
another heaven of suns  
this which we discovered  
by a superior firmame  
planted at so great a di-  
to the inhabitants of t  
us; in short, whilst I g  
not but reflect on th  
which I myself bore a  
works.

Were the sun, which  
creation, with all the  
move about him, utter-  
lated, they would not  
of sand upon the sea-s  
is so exceedingly little  
that it would scarce m  
The chasm would be  
could take in the whole  
from one end of the c  
possible there may be  
hereafter, or in creatur  
exalted than ourselves  
help of glasses, which  
naked eyes; and the  
more still are our disc  
this thought so far, th  
sible there may be sta-  
velled down to us, sinc  
is no question but the  
set to it: but when we  
of an infinite power,  
ness, with an infinite  
can our imagination se

To return, therefore  
not but look upon my  
being that was not wor-  
who had so great a wo  
intendency. I was  
amidst the immensity  
that infinite variety of  
bability swarm throu  
regions of matter.

In order to recover  
thought, I considered  
those narrow concept  
entertain of the Div  
cannot attend to many  
time. If we are caref  
must of course negle  
which we observe in  
that cleaves in some  
highest capacities, as  
beings of finite and lin  
of every created bei  
measure of space, and  
is stinted to a certain n  
in which we move, a  
wider circumference to  
according as we rise on



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

lest of these our spheres  
then, therefore, we reflect  
e so used and accustomed  
rselves, that we cannot  
ascribing it to Him in  
y of imperfection. Our  
at his attributes are infi-  
our conceptions is such,  
g bounds to every thing  
ason comes again to our  
all those little prejudices  
s, and are natural to the  
y extinguish this melan-  
overlooked by our Maker  
works, and the infinity of  
e seems to be incessantly  
in the first place that he  
e second, that he is om-

omnipresence, his being  
and supports, the whole  
ation, and every part of  
nothing he has made  
little, or so inconsidera-  
tially inhabit. His sub-  
stance of every being, whe-  
ll, and as intimately pre-  
o itself. It would be an  
he able to remove out of  
o withdraw himself from  
r from any part of that  
spread abroad to infinity.  
n the language of the old  
whose centre is every  
ce no where.

is omniscient as well as  
science indeed necessarily  
omnipresence; he can-  
ery motion that arises in  
which he thus essentially  
ght that is stirring in the  
part of which he is thus  
al moralists have con-  
temple of God, which he  
nds, and which is filled  
have considered infinite  
rather the habitation, of  
est and most exalted way  
space is that of Sir Isaac  
porium of the Godhead.  
ensoriola, or little sen-  
hend the presence and  
ew objects that lie conti-  
nowledge and observation  
circle. But as God Al-  
e and know every thing  
te space gives room to  
as it were, an organ to

from the body, and with  
start beyond the bounds  
r millions of years con-  
infinite space with the  
find itself within the  
encompassed round with  
ead. Whilst we are in  
ent with us because he  
O that I knew where I  
" Behold I go forward,  
backward, but I cannot  
and where he does work,

but I cannot behold him: he hideth him-  
right hand that I cannot see him." In-  
son as well as revelation assures us, that  
be absent from us, notwithstanding he  
covered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty  
presence and omniscience every one  
thought vanishes. He cannot but reg-  
thing that has being, especially such of him  
who fear they are not regarded by him  
privity to all their thoughts, and to that  
heart in particular, which is apt to trouble  
this occasion; for, as it is impossible  
overlook any of his creatures, so we may  
dent that he regards, with an eye of mi-  
who endeavour to recommend themselves  
tice, and in an unfeigned humility of heart  
selves unworthy that he should be mindful

No. 566.] MONDAY, JULY 12,

Militiæ species amor est.—OVID, *Art. Am. ii.*  
Love is a kind of warfare.

As my correspondents begin to grow  
merous, I think myself obliged to take so  
of them, and shall therefore make this pa-  
cellary of letters. I have since my re-as-  
office of Spectator, received abundance  
from gentlemen of the blade, who I find  
so used to action that they know not how  
They seem generally to be of opinion that  
at home ought to reward them for their  
abroad, and that, until the cause of their  
calls them again into the field, they have  
right to quarter themselves upon the la-  
order to favour their approaches, I am dis-  
some to enlarge upon the accomplishment  
profession, and by others to give them my  
the carrying on their attacks. But let us let  
the gentlemen say for themselves:—

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"Though it may look somewhat pervers  
the arts of peace to talk too much of war,  
gratitude to pay the last office to its man-  
even peace itself is, in some measure, obli-  
for its being.

"You have, in your former papers, al-  
commended the accomplished to the favo-  
fair; and I hope you will allow me to  
some part of a military life not altogether  
sary to the forming a gentleman. I need  
you that in France, whose fashions we ha-  
formerly so fond of, almost every one dis-  
pretences to merit from the sword; and th-  
has scarce the face to make his court to  
without some credentials from the service  
mend him. As the profession is very an-  
have reason to think some of the great  
among the old Romans derived many of  
tues from it, their commanders being frequ-  
other respects some of the most shining c-  
of the age.

"The army not only gives a man oppo-  
of exercising these two great virtues, pati-  
courage, but often produces them in him  
they had scarce any footing before. I need  
that it is one of the best schools in the wo-  
ceive a general notion of mankind in, and  
freedom of behaviour, which is not so re-  
quired in any other place. At the same

most own that some military airs are pretty extraordinary; and that a man who goes into the army a second time will come out of it a sort of public nuisance: not a man of sense, or one who before had not been sufficiently used to a mixed conversation, generally takes the true turn. The court has in all ages been allowed to be the standard of good-breeding; and I believe there is not a juster observation in Monsieur de la Rochefoucault, than that "a man who has been bred up wholly to business can never get the air of a courtier at court, but will immediately catch it in the camp." The reason of this most certainly is, that the very essence of good-breeding and politeness consists in several niceties, which are so minute that they escape his observation, and he falls short of the original he would copy after; but when he sees the same things charged and aggravated to a fault, he no sooner endeavours to come up to the pattern which is set before him, than, though he stops somewhat short of that, he naturally rests there in reality he ought. I was, two or three days ago, mightily pleased with the observation of a humorous gentleman upon one of his friends, who was in other respects every way an accomplished person, that he wanted nothing but a dash of the excomb in him, by which he understood a little of that alertness and unconcern in the common actions of life, which is usually so visible among gentlemen of the army, and which a campaign or two would infallibly have given him.

"You will easily guess, Sir, by this my panegyric upon a military education, that I am myself a soldier; and indeed I am so. I remember, within three years after I had been in the army, I was ordered into the country a recruiting. I had very particular success in this part of the service, and was ever and above assured, at my going away, that I might have taken a young lady, who was the most considerable fortune in the country, along with me. I preferred the pursuit of fame at that time to all other considerations; and though I was not absolutely bent on a wooden leg, resolved at least to get a scar or two for the good of Europe. I have at present as much as I desire of this sort of honour; and if you could recommend me effectually, should be well enough contented to pass the remainder of my days in the arms of some dear kind creature, and upon a pretty estate in the country. This, as I take it, would be following the example of Lucius Cincinnatus, the old Roman dictator, who, at the end of a war, left the camp to follow the plough. I am, Sir, with all imaginable respect,

"Your most obedient humble Servant,

"WILL WARLEY."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I am a half-pay officer, and am at present with a friend in the country. Here is a rich widow in the neighbourhood, who has made fools of all the fox-hunters within fifty miles of her. She declares she intends to marry, but has not yet been asked by the man she could like. She usually admits her humble admirers to an audience or two; but after she has once given them denial, will never see them more. I am assured by a female relation that I shall have fair play at her; but as my whole success depends on my first approaches, I desire your advice, whether I had best storm, or proceed by way of rap."

"I am, Sir, yours, &c."

"P. S. I had forgot to tell you that I have

already carried her maid."

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I have as much talent as a Country, and am in the morning at sea, and in the afternoon at the settlement of the session of the blanché, and in the pretenders for the advice, and in the

"From my four in the afternoon."

No. 567.]

—Inceptus est

—The weak

I HAVE received a correspondent's general run, I should say, I have a few things sell which illustrious title eye upon a new separated from up and perusal and an h, a Z, them, has sold have known a or three well-

A sprinkling of papist, plund in an italic c upon the eye "scribbler, in without which controversy."

Our party tue of an inu that of late P——t at let honour, and them from ex satisfaction t that he is ab by the streng blank space, first or last le

Some of o more satirical of a great m on all the c first of all i tious memor name of all i in his works, without any

\* M and h m  
† Tom Brew

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

authors, and taking than curious libel, find a great acquaintance easily dis-

tion who en- on, and ruin est Engli- at there are io hears me rite \*\*\* not ple may cry but to make the p-dd-ng hat if a cer- tain prelate d for it), our . Must the se my lady sonable that terror of the e of a —? and clearly, country. I i, though he l would not a traitor, au s," &c. &c. eatise, which st celebrated nicate to the In the mean us reader, as mas: and if ile it, I will ses, acquaint

: my readers l state tracts, t, I might in the political r of the age. shine all the oroughly to d shortly to ave a single

, 1714.

[Epig. l. 29.

not far from d three per- of tobacco; own use, I stood before wo or three e one of the that lighting looked upon to conversa- our heads to- g intrrenched k up the last , "The Spec- upon which at the upper wn out of his

month a great deal of smoke, which we had been lecting for some time before," "Ay," says he, "in witty then wise, I am afraid." His neighbour, who at his right hand, immediately coloured, and, as an angry politician, laid down his pipe with so much wrath that he broke it in the middle, and by means furnished me with a tobacco-stopper. I lit it up very sedately, and, looking him full in the face, made use of it from time to time all the while he was speaking: "This fellow," says he, "must for his life keep out of politics. Do you see how abuses four great men here?" I fixed my eyes attentively on the paper, and asked him if he meant those who were represented by Asterisks. "No risks," says he, "do you call them? they are all them stars—he might as well have put garlands on them. Then pray do but mind the two or three next lines. Ch-rch and p-dd-ing in the same sentence! Our clergy are very much beloved by him!" Upon this the third gentleman, who was a mild disposition, and, as I found, a whig in his heart, desired him not to be too severe upon the Spectator neither; "for," says he, "you had be very cautious of giving offence, and has himself put two dashes into his pudding."—"A dash for a dash," says the angry politician; "in his next sentence he gives a plain innuendo that our poster will be in a sweet p-ckle. What does the fool mean by his pickle? Why does not he write it at length if he means honestly?"—"I have read over the whole sentence," says I; "but I look upon the parenthesis in the belly of it to be the most dangerous part, and as full of insinuations as it can be. But who," says I, "is my Lady Q-p-t-s?"—"An answer that if you can, Sir," says the furious statesman to the poor whig that sat over against him. But without giving him time to reply, "I do assure you," says he, "were I my Lady Q-p-t-s, I would send him for *scandalum magnatum*. What is the use come to? Must every body be allowed to?"—"He had by this time filled a new pipe, and applied it to his lips, when we expected the last word of the sentence, put us off with a whiff of tobacco; when he redoubled with so much rage and trepidation that he almost stifled the whole company. After a short pause, I owned that I thought the Spectator had gone too far in writing so many letters of my Lady Q-p-t-s's name; "but, however," says I, "he has made a little amends for it in his next sentence where he leaves blank space without so much as consonant to direct us. I mean," says I, "as those words, 'the fleet that used to be the terror of the ocean, should be wind-bound for the sake of —';" after which ensues a chasm, that, in my opinion, looks modest enough."—"Sir," says my antagonist, "you may easily know his meaning by his gaping: I suppose he designs his chasm, as I call it, for a hole to creep out at, but I believe will hardly serve his turn. Who can endure the great officers of state, the B—y's and T—treated after so scurrilous a manner?"—"I care for my life," says I, "imagine who they are."—"The Spectator means."—"No," says he; "Your humble servant, Sir!" Upon which he flung himself back in his chair after a contemptuous manner, and smiled upon the old lethargic gentleman on his hand, who I found was his great admirer. The whig however had begun to conceive a good will towards me, and, seeing my pipe out, very generously offered me the use of his box; but I declined it with great civility, being obliged to meet a friend about a time in another quarter of the city.

leaving the coffee-house, I could not forbear  
 with myself upon that gross tribe of fools  
 be termed the over-wise, and upon the  
 of writing anything in this censorious age  
 weak head may not construe into private  
 ad personal reflection.

n who has a good nose at an innuendo smells  
 and sedition in the most innocent words that  
 put together, and never sees a vice or folly  
 zed, but finds out one or other of his ac-  
 ce pointed at by the writer. I remember  
 y pragmatical fellow in the country, who,  
 nding over "The Whole Duty of Man," had  
 the names of several persons in the village  
 de of every sin which is mentioned by that  
 t author; so that he had converted one of  
 ; books in the world into a libel against the  
 churchwardens, overseers of the poor, and  
 most considerable persons in the parish.  
 sk, with these extraordinary marginal notes,  
 dentally into the hands of one who had never  
 before; upon which there arose a current  
 at somebody had written a book against the  
 and the whole parish. The minister of the  
 aving at that time a controversy with some  
 gregation upon the account of his tithes,  
 er some suspicion of being the author, until  
 l man set his people right, by showing them  
 satirical passages might be applied to several  
 f two or three neighbouring villages, and  
 book was written against all the sinners in  
 [

.569.] MONDAY, JULY 19, 1714.

centur multis urgere culiculis,  
 vere mero, quem perspexisse laborent,  
 micula digna. — Hon. Ar. Poet. ver. 434.

ere the kings who never chose a friend  
 n full cups they had unmask'd his soul,  
 n the bottom of his deepest thoughts. — ROSCOPHOS.

ces are so incurable as those which men are  
 lory in. One would wonder how drunken-  
 id have the good luck to be of this number.  
 sis, being invited to a match of drinking at  
 demanded the prize very humorously, be-  
 was drunk before any of the rest of the  
 : "for," says he, "when we run a race, he  
 ives at the goal first is entitled to the re-  
 on the contrary, in this thirsty generation,  
 ur falls upon him who carries off the great-  
 ity of liquor, and knocks down the rest of  
 any. I was the other day with honest Will  
 the West Saxon, who was reckoning up  
 h liquor had passed through him in the last  
 ears of his life, which, according to his  
 ion, amounted to twenty-three hogsheads  
 er, four tons of port, half a kilderkin of  
 er, nineteen barrels of cider, and three  
 of champagne; besides which he had as-  
 four hundred bowls of punch, not to men-  
 , drams, and whets without number. I  
 not but every reader's memory will suggest  
 veral ambitious young men who are as vain  
 articular as Will Funnell, and can boast of  
 is exploits.

odern philosophers observe, that there is a  
 decay of moisture in the globe of the earth.  
 y chiefly ascribe to the growth of vege-  
 lich incorporate into their own substance  
 d bodies that never return again to their  
 store: but, with submission, they ought to

throw into their account  
 beings which fetch the  
 liquids; especially w  
 compared with their  
 more than comes to the

But, however high  
 think of themselves, a  
 monster than any that  
 creatures which God h  
 no character which a  
 deformed, in the eyes o  
 that of a drunkard. B  
 trymen, who was addi  
 up for a share in the R  
 feated in a great battle  
 was seen by the army,  
 notwithstanding he had  
 the common jest was, t  
 ing upon the tree before  
 bottle.

This vice has very fa  
 body, and fortune, of  
 to it.

In regard to the m  
 every flaw in it. The  
 of reason, may keep u  
 or folly to which he  
 makes every latent see  
 show itself; it gives fu  
 to those objects which

When a young fellow  
 sopher that his wife w  
 water in your wine,"  
 you will quickly make  
 difference into love, lov  
 into madness. It often  
 into an idiot, and the o  
 gives bitterness to rese  
 supportable, and displ  
 soul in its utmost defor

Nor does this vice o  
 of a man, and show t  
 lours, but often occasi  
 naturally subject. The  
 truth in a saying of Se  
 not produce but discove  
 teaches us the contrary.  
 himself, and infuses ge  
 she is a stranger to it  
 person you converse w  
 not the same man who  
 you. Upon this maxim  
 est sayings I ever me  
 Publius Syrus, "*Qui  
 sentem.*" "He who jest  
 injures the absent."

Thus does drunkenne  
 to reason, whose busin  
 every vice which is cr  
 against all the approac  
 to make its entrance.  
 which this vice produ  
 ally under its dominion  
 on the mind even in i  
 sensibly weakens the  
 memory, and makes the  
 produced by frequent ex

I should now proceed  
 this vice has on the be  
 but these I shall reser  
 future paper.



intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

"Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is sensible of his Maker's presence, from the secret effects of his mercy and loving-kindness!

"First, How disconsolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus present with his Maker, but at the same time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from his presence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty Being which passes through it. The heavens and the earth, the stars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the presence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their respective qualities. The several instincts, in the brute creation, do likewise operate and work towards the several ends which are agreeable to them by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with this Holy Spirit, and is unattentive to his presence, receives none of those advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and necessary to his well-being. The Divinity is with him, and in him, and every where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the same thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impossible for an Infinite Being to remove himself from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his essence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and consolations of it. His presence may perhaps be necessary to support us in our existence; but he may leave this our existence to itself, with regard to its happiness or misery. For in this sense he may cast us away from his presence, and take his Holy Spirit from us. This single consideration one would think sufficient to make us open our hearts to all those infusions of joy and gladness which are so near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; especially when we consider, secondly, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from his Maker's presence, but such as proceed from divine wrath and indignation.

"We may assure ourselves that the great Author of nature will not always be as one who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Those who will not feel him in his love, will be sure at length to feel him in his displeasure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only sensible of the being of his Creator by what he suffers from him! He is as essentially present in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of the former behold him only in his wrath, and shrink within the flames to conceal themselves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incensed.

"But I shall only consider the wretchedness of an intellectual being, who in this life lies under the displeasure of Him, that at all times and in all places is intimately united with him. He is able to disquiet the soul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greatest comforts of life from refreshing us, and give an edge to every one of its slightest calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an outcast from his presence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expostulation of Job, when for the trial of his patience he was made to look upon himself in this deplorable condition! "Why hast

thou set me a burden, and become a burthen to me? For my vexation is grievous, because of mine affliction, and my soul is weary."

"The blessed that is, are as, the presence of our eyes. The by which they do material of our souls, when glorified bodies part of space. Divine presence standing between be content to keep with us, by the outward senses we may, however by his influence thoughts which comforts and our souls, and satisfactions with and diffusing to good men. He is as a soul who standing, rectifying enliven all the fore is an intense meditation, by communication. Though the whole all nature look and support with mind, and bear horrors which helper is at hand any thing else or terrifying he tempt he attend things to his fender, his glory his deepest so he is in complete perceives with presence, as a that can be made creatures. Even the pains of hell the breaking between his soul always present itself to him in

"If he would our Maker's presence mercy and good over all our things. Scripture, his must take care endeavour to always accept thus to reside could direct some remarkable passage in nobis spiritu vator, et quem nos." "There watches and will treat us him." But I





about the wound; and indeed was the means that relieved the hero; but the reason it was the particular assistance of a physician speeded the operation. An Englishman may see the whole story in Mr. Dryden's *Virg.*—

'd on his knees the pensive hero stood,  
and saw, unmov'd, the mourning crowd.  
And physician takes his robes around,  
And hands, and hastes to the wound.  
Little touches he performs his part,  
And that, soliciting the dart,  
Receives all his heavenly art.  
Using samples, known of sovereign use,  
Presses out, and pours their noble juice:  
But infus'd to lenify the pain,  
With pinners, but he tugs in vain.  
The patron of his art pray'd,  
That his art refus'd his aid.  
Now the goddess mother, mov'd with grief,  
Se'd with pity, hastens her relief.  
She of healing dittany she brought,  
In the Cretan fields with care she sought;  
Is the stem, which woolly leaves surround;  
Presses with flowers, the flowers with purple crown'd;  
Down to wounded goats: a sure relief  
In the pointed steel and ease the grief.  
Mus brings, in clouds involv'd; and brews  
Ract liquor with ambrosian dews,  
From panacea: unseen she stands,  
Using the mixture with her heavenly hands;  
And in a bowl already crown'd  
Dice of medicinal herbs, prepared to bathe the wound.  
Ach, unknowing of superior art,  
Aids the cure, with this foment the part:  
A moment ceas'd the raging smart.  
D in the blood, and in the bottom stands  
Ed, but scarcely touch'd with tender hands,  
Up and follows of its own accord;  
Alth and vigour are at once restor'd.  
At perceiv'd the closing wound!  
At the footsteps of a god he found:  
Arms! he cries: 'the sword and shield prepare,  
And the willing chief, renew'd, to war.  
No mortal work, no cure of mine,  
Is effect, but done by hands divine.' ..

*Virg. Æn. lib. xii. 391, &c.*

] WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1714.

— Castigate remordent.—*Juv. Sat. ii. 35.*  
utilised, the accusation they retort.

er on the club of widows has brought me  
letters; and among the rest, a long one  
President, as follows:—

ART SIR,

re pleased to be very merry, as you ima-  
us widows: and you seem to ground your  
ur receiving consolation so soon after the  
ar dears, and the number we are pleased  
or our companions; but you never reflect  
ands we have buried, and how short a  
loss of them was capable of occasioning.  
rn part, Mrs. President, as you call me,  
usband I was married to at fourteen by  
and guardian (as I afterward discovered)  
sale, for the third part of my fortune.  
w looked upon me as a mere child he  
ad up after his own fancy: if he kissed  
ermaid before my face, I was supposed so  
ow could I think there was any hurt in  
he came home roaring drunk at five in  
g, it was the custom of all men that live  
d. I was not to see a penny of money,  
ing, how could I manage it? He took a  
cousin of his into the house (as he said)  
ousekeeper, and to govern my servants:  
ald I know how to rule a family? While

she had what money she  
reasonable for the trouble  
was not to be so censorious  
and kindness between  
great a coward, to contem-  
child to be thus imposed  
tempt as I ought to do,  
blinded wives do, until  
away my tyrant, who let  
own land, and a large  
money brought me man-  
deavoured to establish  
while my husband was  
Honourable, Edward Wa-  
who addressed me, advis-  
that was my intimate fri-  
what I was worth. Mr. N-  
man, and every body who  
does himself, if they di-  
esteem and love is all  
object as it is impossi-  
mean himself. He made  
within four or five mon-  
with such an assured ease  
not to banish him; qu-  
malice, I heard his first  
innocent surprise, and  
ceived it touched his very  
the best-natured, silly, p-  
a man has such a notion  
better than he thinks he  
be thus revenged on him-  
tune; and finding it was  
heart ache, I resolved  
and entertained several  
impression of my unde-  
strung in his head, he at-  
the inevitable force of ma-  
ral blushes and side glan-  
favourite; and when I  
diversion, he thought it  
and pitied the violence  
to comply with my fri-  
Nicholas Fribble of sixty  
Sir, the case of Mrs. Med-  
have had me cry out my  
shed tears enough for my  
my marriage; and when  
reckoning he had been  
a widow of that stand-  
afterward John Sturdy, I  
indeed some thoughts of  
found he could stay; and  
indecent to ask me to  
was out; so, privately re-  
I took Mr. Sturdy for the  
lieve it, Sir, Mr. Sturdy  
about six feet high, and  
the country, and I belie-  
times for my old Fribble  
his dogs all the day, and  
up at table with him and  
I think myself obliged to  
chase in which he broke  
began his addresses and  
had married him now, but  
in the guards that had  
my acquaintance, and I  
little vain of his courtshi-  
it, and read me such an  
conduct of women; I mar-  
day, out of pure spite to

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when I read  
of my heart,  
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s lost in two  
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fort was still  
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ow.' I knew

afterward she had given the selfsame shadow of me to him ; but, however, I was so much persuaded by her, I hastened on the match for fear he should die before the time came ; he had the same fears, and was so pressing, I married him in a fortnight, resolving to keep it private a fortnight longer. During this fortnight Mr. Waitfort came to make me a visit : he told me he had waited on me sooner, but had that respect for me, he would not interrupt me in the first day of my affliction for my dear lord ; that as soon as he heard I was at liberty to make another choice, he had broke off a match very advantageous for his fortune, just upon the point of conclusion, and was forty times more in love with me than ever. I never received more pleasure in my life than from this declaration ; but I suspected my face to a grave air, and said the news of his engagement had touched me to the heart, that his rash jealous fit I had married a man I never could have thought on, if I had not lost all hopes of him. Good-natured Mr. Waitfort had liked to have dropped down dead at hearing this, but went from me with such an air as plainly showed me he had laid all the blame upon himself, and hated those friends that had advised him to the fatal application ; he seemed as much touched by my misfortune as his own, for he had not the least doubt I was still passionately in love with him. The truth of the story is, my new husband gave me reason to repent I had not stayed for him ; he had married me for my money, and I soon found he loved money to distraction ; there was nothing he would not do to get it ; nothing he would not suffer to preserve it ; the smallest expense kept him awake whole nights ; and when he paid a bill, it was with as many sighs, and after as many delays, as a man that endures the loss of a limb. I heard nothing but reproofs for extravagancy, whatever I did. I saw very well that he would have starved me, but for losing my jointures ; and he suffered agonies between the grief of seeing me have as good a stomach, and the fear that if he had made me fast, it might prejudice my health. I did not doubt he would have broken my heart, if I did not break his, which was allowable by the law of self-defence. The way was very easy. I resolved to spend as much money as I could ; and, before he was aware of the stroke, appeared before him in a two thousand pound diamond necklace : he said nothing, he went quietly to his chamber, and, as it is thought, composed himself with a dose of opium. I believe myself so well upon the occasion, that to this day I believe he died of an apoplexy. Mr. Waitfort was resolved not to be too late this time, and I knew from him in two days, I am almost out of my wits at this present writing, and very doubtful whether will marry him or no. I do not think of a reward for the ridiculous reason you mention, but out of pure morality that I think so much constancy should be rewarded, though I may not do it after all, perhaps. I do not believe all the unreasonable mills of mankind can give a pretence why I should have been constant to the memory of any of the deceased or have spent much time in grieving for an insolent insignificant, negligent, extravagant, splenetic, covetous husband ;—my first insulted me, my second was nothing to me, my third disgusted me, the fourth would have ruined me, the fifth tormented me, and the sixth would have starved me. If the other had your name would thus give in their husbands' names at length, you would see they have had as little reason as myself to lose their hours in weeping and wailing.

No. 574.] FRIDAY, JULY 30, 1714.

Non possidentem multa vocaveris

Recte beatum. Rectius occupat

Muneribus beatus, qui Deorum

Muneribus sapienter uti,

Duramque callet pauperiem pati.—HOM. 4 Od. ix. 45

Believe not those that lands possess,

And shining heaps of useless ore,

The only lords of happiness;

But rather those that know

For what kind fates bestow,

And have the heart to use the store

That have the generous skill to bear

The hated weight of poverty.—CÆCILIUS.

I was once engaged in discourse with a Rosicrucian about "the great secret." As this kind of men (I mean those of them who are not professed cheats) are overrun with enthusiasm and philosophy, it was very amusing to hear this religious adept descending on his pretended discovery. He talked of the secret as of a spirit which lived within an emerald, and converted every thing that was near it to the highest perfection it is capable of. "It gives a lustre," says he, "to the sun, and water to the diamond. It irradiates every metal, and enriches lead with all the properties of gold. It heightens smoke into flame, flame into light, and light into glory." He further added, "that a single ray of it dissipates pain, and care, and melancholy, from the person on whom it falls. In short," says he, "its presence naturally changes every place into a kind of heaven." After he had gone on for some time in this unintelligible cant, I found that he jumbled natural and moral ideas together into the same discourse, and that his great secret was nothing else but content.

This virtue does indeed produce, in some measure, all those effects which the alchymist usually ascribes to what he calls the philosopher's stone; and if it does not bring riches, it does the same thing, by banishing the desire of them. If it cannot remove the disquietudes arising out of a man's mind, body, or fortune, it makes him easy under them. It has indeed a kindly influence on the soul of man, in respect of every being to whom he stands related. It extinguishes all murmur, repining, and ingratitude, towards that Being who has allotted him his part to act in this world. It destroys all inordinate ambition, and every tendency to corruption, with regard to the community wherein he is placed. It gives sweetness to his conversation, and a perpetual serenity to all his thoughts.

Among the many methods which might be made use of for the acquiring of this virtue, I shall only mention the two following. First of all, a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants: and secondly, how much more unhappy he might be than he really is.

First of all a man should always consider how much he has more than he wants. I am wonderfully pleased with the reply which Aristippus made to one who condoled him upon the loss of a farm: "Why," said he, "I have three farms still, and you have but one; so that I ought rather to be afflicted for you than you for me." On the contrary, foolish men are more apt to consider what they have lost than what they possess; and to fix their eyes upon those who are richer than themselves, rather than on those who are under greater difficulties. All the real pleasures and conveniences of life lie in a narrow compass; but it is the humour of mankind to be always looking forward, and straining after one who has got the start of them in wealth and honour. For this reason, as there are none can be properly called rich who have not more

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2, 1714.

iv. 223.

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is a stranger on the earth, at would his that we were ifferent ends ? Must not world to get think that it station, and were forbid-

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den poverty by threats of eternal punishment, enjoined to pursue our pleasures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a scheme of duties quite opposite those which are indeed prescribed to us. And according to such an imagination, he must conclude that we are a species of the most obedient creature in the universe; that we are constant in our duty and that we keep a steady eye on the end for which we were sent hither.

But how great would be his astonishment when he learned that we were beings not designed to exist in this world above threescore and ten years, and that the greatest part of this busy species falls before even of that age? How would he be lost in horror and admiration, when he should know that this sort of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for the life, which scarce deserves the name of existence—when, I say, he should know that this sort of creatures are to exist to all eternity in another life, to which they make no preparations? Nothing could be a greater disgrace to reason, than that men, who are persuaded of these two different states of being, should be perpetually employed in providing for the life of threescore and ten years, and neglecting to make provision for that, which after many myriads of years will be still new, and still beginning; especially when we consider that our endeavours in making ourselves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever else we place our happiness in, may all prove unsuccessful: whereas, if we constantly and sincerely endeavour to make ourselves happy in the other life, we are sure that our endeavours will succeed, and that we shall not be disappointed of our hope.

The following question is started by one of the schoolmen:—Supposing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or mass of the finest sand, and that a single grain or particle of this sand should be annihilated every thousand years. Supposing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious mass of sand was consuming by this slow method, until there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miserable for ever after? Or, supposing that you might be happy for ever after on condition that you would be miserable until the whole mass of sand were thus annihilated at the rate of one sand in a thousand years:—which of these two cases would you make your choice?

It must be confessed in this case, so many thousands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, though in reality they do not bear so great a proportion to that duration which is to follow the sand as a unit does to the greatest number which you can put together in figures, or as one of those sands to the supposed heap. Reason therefore tells us, without any manner of hesitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reason might in such case be overset by the imagination, as to dispose some persons to sink under the consideration of the great length of the first part of this duration, and as the great distance of that second duration which is to succeed it. The mind, I say, might give itself up to that happiness which is at hand, considering that it is so very near, and that it would last so very long. But when the choice we actually have before us is this, whether we will choose to be happy in the space of only threescore and ten, say, years, or only twenty or ten years, I might say at only a day or an hour, and miserable to all eternity:—

the contrary, miserable for this short term of years, and happy for a whole eternity: what words sufficient to express that folly and want of consideration which in such a case makes a wrong choice?

I here put the case even at the worst, by supposing, what seldom happens, that a course of virtue makes us miserable in this life: but if we suppose, as it generally happens, that virtue would make us more happy even in this life than a contrary course of vice, how can we sufficiently admire the stupidity or madness of those persons who are capable of making so absurd a choice?

Every wise man, therefore, will consider this life only as it may conduce to the happiness of the hereafter, and cheerfully sacrifice the pleasures of a few years to those of an eternity.

No. 576.] WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 4, 1714.

*Nitor in adversum: nec me, qui cætera, vincit  
Inpetus; et rapido contrarius evehor orbi.*

*Ovid, Met. ii. 72.*

*I steer against their motions, nor am I  
Borne back by all the current of the sky.—ADDISON.*

I REMEMBER a young man of very lively parts, and of a sprightly turn in conversation, who had only one fault, which was an inordinate desire of appearing fashionable. This ran him into many mours, and consequently into many distempers. He never went to bed until two o'clock in the morning, because he would not be a queer fellow; and was every now and then knocked down by a constable to signalize his vivacity. He was initiated into half a dozen clubs before he was one-and-twenty; and so improved in them his natural variety of temper, that you might frequently trace him to his lodgings by a range of broken windows, and other the like monuments of wit and gallantry. To be short, after having fully established his reputation of being a very agreeable rake, he died of old age at five-and-twenty.

There is indeed nothing which betrays a man into so many errors and inconveniences as the desire of not appearing singular; for which reason it is very necessary to form a right idea of singularity, that we may know when it is laudable, and when it is vicious. In the first place, every man of sense will agree with me, that singularity is laudable when, in contradiction to a multitude, it adheres to the dictates of conscience, morality, and honour. In these cases we ought to consider that it is not custom, but duty, which is the rule of action; and that we should be only so far sociable, as we are reasonable creatures. Truth is nevertheless so far not being attended to; and it is the nature of actions, not the number of actors, by which we ought to regulate our behaviour. Singularity in concerns of this kind is to be looked upon as heroic bravery, in which a man saves the species only as he soars above it. What greater instance can there be of a weak and pusillanimous temper, than for a man to pass his whole life in opposition to his own sentiments? or not dare to be what he thinks he ought to be?

Singularity, therefore, is only vicious when it makes men act contrary to reason, or when it puts them upon distinguishing themselves by trifles. As for the first of these, who are singular in any thing that is irreligious, immoral, or dishonourable, I assure every one will easily give them up. I shall therefore speak of those only who are remarkable for their singularity in things of no importance; as in

dress, behaviour, and other courses of life, where no deference due to the public may be a colour for a multitude in some particular of his private inclinations. I often makes a husband from being of another him ridiculous to standing.

I have heard of a man in England, who was foolishly singular within himself, of life according to reason and good example. The little oddnesses of his dinner, supper, ought to attend, appetites to our appetites. In his men he would not strictly true: he his humble service and would rather drink the king's would thrust his every morning, about half an hour could bawl the which end he got the Greek tongue more deep and expectation of particularities, philosophical reasons him, he chose to concluding very about his head as cleanly, than frequent perspiration observed, that dress must not blood; for which his doublet of the manner of the pure dictate so much from the deed from his wife have, clapped his his estate: but he did no harm, commission of his estate into the hands

The fate of the remark in Mons Dead." "The he, "are mad much as those v they have the g side; whereas a lunatic is a fre words, something does not fall in

The subject letter which I for want of room next paper.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

\* 6, 1714.

vi. 612.  
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not seem altogether easy. I took notice that  
butler was never after this accident ordered to  
the bottle upon the table after dinner. Add to  
that I frequently overheard the servants men-  
me by the name of 'the crazed gentleman, the  
tleman a little touched, the mad Londoner,' and  
like. This made me think it high time for me  
shift my quarters, which I resolved to do the  
handsome opportunity; and was confirmed in  
resolution by a young lady in the neighbourhood  
who frequently visited us, and who one day, a-  
having heard all the fine things I was able to  
was pleased with a scornful smile to bid me  
sleep.

"The first minute I got to my lodgings in to-  
I set pen to paper to desire your opinion, which  
upon the evidence before you, I am mad or not.  
can bring certificates that I behave myself well  
before company, and I hope there is at least as  
merit in withdrawing to be mad. Look you, Sir,  
am contented to be esteemed a little touched and  
phrase it, but should be sorry to be madder than  
neighbours; therefore, pray let me be as much  
my senses as you can afford. I know I could let  
yourself as an instance of a man who has confused  
talking to himself; but yours is a particular case  
and cannot justify me, who have not kept silent  
any part of my life. What if I should own myself  
in love? You know lovers are always allowed the  
comfort of soliloquy—But I will say no more upon  
this subject, because I have long since observed a  
ready way to be thought mad is to contend that you  
are not so; as we generally conclude that mad  
drunk who takes pains to be thought sober. I will  
therefore leave myself to your determination; but  
am the more desirous to be thought in my reason  
that it may be no discredit to you when I assure you  
that I have always been very much

"Your Admirer,

"P. S. If I must be mad, I desire the young lady  
may believe it is for her."

"The humble Petition of John a Nokes and  
John a Styles,

"Sheweth,

"That your petitioners have had causes depend-  
ing in Westminster hall above five hundred years  
and that we despair of ever seeing them brought  
an issue; that your petitioners have not been in-  
volved in these lawsuits out of any litigious temp-  
of their own, but by the instigation of contentious  
persons; that the young lawyers in our courts do  
are continually setting us together by the ears, and  
think they do us no hurt, because they plead for  
without a fee; that many of the gentlemen of the  
robe have no other clients in the world besides  
two; that when they have nothing else to do, they  
make us plaintiffs and defendants, though they  
never retained by either of us; that they trade  
condemn, or acquit us, without any manner of re-  
gard to our reputations and good names in the world.  
Your petitioners, therefore, being therewith en-  
raged by the favourable reception which you had  
gave to our kinsman Blank, do humbly pray that  
you will put an end to the controversies which  
have been so long depending between us your said pe-  
titioners, and that our enmity may not endure from  
generation to generation; it being our resolution  
live hereafter as it becometh men of peaceable  
dispositions.

"And your petitioners, as in duty bound, shall  
ever pray," &c.

No. 578. MONDAY, AUGUST 9, 1714.

—*Æque feris humana in corpora transit.*  
*Inque feris noster.* — OVID, Met. xv. 167.

—*'Tis unbodied spirit flies—*  
*And lodges where it lights in man or beast.* — DRYDEN.

THERE has been very great reason, on several accounts, for the learned world to endeavour at settling what it was that might be said to compose personal identity.

Mr. Locke, after having premised that the word person properly signifies a thinking intelligent being that has reason and reflection, and can consider itself as itself, concludes, that it is consciousness alone, and not an identity of substance, which makes this personal identity of sameness. "Had I the same consciousness," says that author, "that I saw the ark and Noah's flood, as that I saw an overflowing of the Thames last winter; or as that I now write; I could no more doubt that I who write this now, that saw the Thames overflow last winter, and that viewed be flood at the general deluge, was the same self, since that self in what substance you please, than that I who write this am the same myself now while I write, whether I consist of all the same substance, material or immaterial, or no, that I was yesterday; or as to this point of being the same self, it matters not whether this present self be made up of the same or other substances."

I was mightily pleased with a story in some measure applicable to this piece of philosophy, which I read the other day in the Persian Tales, as they are lately very well translated by Mr. Phillips; and with an abridgment whereof I shall here present my readers.

I shall only premise that these stories are written after the eastern manner, but somewhat more correct.

"Fadlallah, a prince of great virtue, succeeded his father Bin Ortoc in the kingdom of Mousel. He reigned over his faithful subjects for some time, and lived in great happiness with his beauteous consort Queen Zemroude, when there appeared at his court a young dervise of so lively and entertaining a turn of wit, as won upon the affections of every one he conversed with. His reputation grew so fast every day, that it at last raised a curiosity in the prince himself to see and talk with him. He did so; and, far from finding that common fame had flattered him, he was soon convinced that every thing he had heard of him fell short of the truth.

"Fadlallah immediately lost all manner of relish for the conversation of other men; and, as he was every day more and more satisfied of the abilities of his stranger, offered him the first posts in his kingdom. The young dervise, after having thanked him with a very singular modesty, desired to be excused, as having made a vow never to accept of any employment, and preferring a free and independent state of life to all other conditions.

"The king was infinitely charmed with so great an example of moderation; and though he could not get him to engage in a life of business, made him however his chief companion and first favourite.

"As they were one day hunting together and appeared to be separated from the rest of the company, the dervise entertained Fadlallah with an account of his travels and adventures. After having related to him several curiosities which he had seen in the Indies, 'It was in this place,' says he, 'that I contracted an acquaintance with an old brachman, who was skilled in the most hidden powers of nature; died within my arms, and with his parting breath communicated to me one of the most valuable of

his secrets, on any man.' The young favourite's greatness he had it was the power the dervise, 'that; it is the flinging my own

"While he was ing by them, and shot her through a fair opportunity. The young dervise, breathless on that of the dervise, fawned to several wanton the same instant its life. The king common an opportunity every thing that him. The dervise, relating his promise him at last that from so excellent him therefore began to repeat two of which the whole content to try the them as he had found himself a little time to come for the treacher into the royal cabinet bow against him not the king, was to the woods.

"The dervise returned to Mousel the unhappy Fadlallah.

"The first that cured himself in kingdom, was to his subjects to The king had provided his pur nightingale, when tree. In this night to the palace; was near his queen's with so many men drew her to the to see that, instead the mirth of his slave who was serenade her ever charmed with his ers, and ordered to put that little king, pleased more near his himself to be taken though he showed any of the other hid himself in highly pleased new favourite, open cage in her opportunity of m ing, by a thousand allowed him. The every day in her



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ST 11, 1712.

v. 132

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bishop Laud, to punish this negligence, had a con-  
siderable fine upon that company in the star-chamber.

By the practice of the world, which prevails in  
this degenerate age, I am afraid that very many  
young profligates of both sexes are possessed of the  
spurious edition of the Bible, and observe the com-  
mandment according to that faulty reading.

Adulterers in the first ages of the church were  
excommunicated for ever, and unqualified all their  
lives from bearing a part in Christian assemblies;  
notwithstanding they might seek it with tears, and at  
the appearances of the most unfeigned repentance.

I might here mention some ancient laws among  
the heathens, which punished this crime with death,  
and others of the same kind, which are now in force  
among several governments that have embraced the  
reformed religion. But, because a subject of this  
nature may be too serious for my ordinary reader,  
who are very apt to throw by my papers when they  
are not enlivened with something that is diverse  
or uncommon, I shall here publish the contents of a  
little manuscript lately fallen into my hands, in  
which pretends to great antiquity; though by reason  
of some modern phrases, and other particulars in it,  
I can by no means allow it to be genuine, but rather  
the production of a modern sophist.

It is well known by the learned, that there was  
a temple upon mount *Ætna* dedicated to *Vulcan*, which  
was guarded by dogs of so exquisite a smell, say the  
historians, that they could discern whether the per-  
sons who came thither were chaste or otherwise. They  
used to meet and fawn upon such as were chaste,  
caressing them as the friends of their master *Vulcan*;  
but flew at those who were polluted, and never  
ceased barking at them till they had driven them  
from the temple.

My manuscript gives the following account  
of these dogs, and was probably designed as a comedy  
upon this story:—

"These dogs were given to *Vulcan*, by his sister  
*Diana*, the goddess of hunting and of chastity, be-  
ing bred them out of some of her hounds, in which  
she had observed this natural instinct and sagacity.  
It was thought she did it in spite to *Venus*, and  
upon her return home, always found her husband  
in a good or bad humour, according to the reception  
which she met with from his dogs. They lived in  
the temple several years, but were such snappish  
cur, that they frightened away most of the visitors.  
The women of *Sicily* made a solemn deposition  
the priest, by which they acquainted him, that they  
would not come up to the temple with their annual  
offerings unless he muzzled his mastiffs; and at last  
compromised the matter with him, that the offer-  
ings should always be brought by a chorus of young girls  
who were none of them above seven years old. This  
was wonderful, says the author, to see how difficult  
the treatment was which the dogs gave to these li-  
berties, from that which they had shown to their  
mothers. It is said that the prince of *Syracuse*,  
having married a young lady, and being naturally  
of a jealous temper, made such an interest with  
the priests of this temple, that he procured a whelp  
of them of this famous breed. The young puppy was  
very troublesome to the fair lady at first, inasmuch  
that she solicited her husband to send him away;  
but the good man cut her short with the old *Sicilian*  
proverb, 'Love me, love my dog;' from which  
she lived very peaceably with both of them. The  
ladies of *Syracuse* were very much amused with  
him, and several of very good reputation refused  
to come to court until he was discarded. There was

# THE SPECTATOR.

ed some of them that defied his sagacity; but it observed, though he did not actually bite them, could growl at them most confoundedly. To re- to the dogs of the temple; after they had lived in great repute for several years, it so hap- d, that as one of the priests, who had been making a visit to a widow who lived on the pro- rory of Lilybeum, returned home pretty late in evening, the dogs flew at him with so much fury, they would have worried him if his brethren not come to his assistance; upon which, says uthor, the dogs were all of them hanged, as ng lost their original instinct."

cannot conclude this paper without wishing that ad some of this breed of dogs in Great Britain, h would certainly do justice, I should say ho- , to the ladies of our country, and show the d the difference between pagan women and e who are instructed in sounder principles of e and religion.

No. 580.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 13, 1714.

— Si verbis audacia detur,  
Hand timeam magni dixisse palatia coeli.

OVID, MET. l. 175.

This place, the brightest mansion of the sky,  
I'll call the palace of the Deity.—DARTON.

"SIR,

I CONSIDERED in my two last letters that awful tremendous subject, the ubiquity or omnipre- se of the Divine Being. I have shown that he is present in all places throughout the whole of infinite space. This doctrine is so agree- to reason, that we meet with it in the writings he enlightened heathens, as I might show at e, were it not already done by other hands. But gh the Deity be thus essentially present through he immensity of space, there is one part of it in h he discovers himself in a most transcendent visible glory; this is that place which is marked in Scripture under the different appellations of radise, the third heaven, the throne of God, and habitation of his glory.' It is here where the ified body of our Saviour resides, and where all celestial hierarchies, and the innumerable hosts ngels, are represented as perpetually surround- the seat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of e. This is that presence of God which some of divines call his glorious, and others his majestic ence. He is indeed as essentially present in other places as in this; but it is here where He les in a sensible magnificence, and in the midst ll those splendours which can affect the imagina- of created beings.

It is very remarkable that this opinion of God ighty's presence in heaven, whether discovered he light of nature, or by a general tradition from first parents, prevails among all the nations of world, whatsoever different notions they entertain he Godhead. If you look into Homer, that is, most ancient of the Greek writers, you see the eme power seated in the heavens, and encom- ed with inferior deities, among whom the Muses represented as singing incessantly about his ne. Who does not here see the main strokes outlines of this great truth we are speaking of? same doctrine is shadowed out in many other en authors, though at the same time, like seve- other revealed truths, dashed and adulterated a mixture of fables and human inventions.— te pass over the notions of the Greeks and

Romans, those mo world, we find the late discovered n an opinion that a divinity whom the

"As in Solomon's Sanctu- rium, in which the figures of the but the high-prie after having made people: so if we great temple, there which the High-p took his place and having made a pro

"With how mu be erected! Wil habitation beautif by Him who inspi great must be the whole art of creat God has chosen to nificent manner? of infinite power wisdom? A spir an ineffable mann which were made knows the inward and ravish it in al ties. It is to this apply those beauti hold even to the n stars are not pure sun, and all the live, are but as rather darkness it dours which enco

"As the glory of imagination, so pr is light behind lig far that space may in perfect majest Though it is not i though not immea regard to any crea made these lower wide and magnifi and perishable be the courts of his residence in a mo himself in the ful numerable compa men made perfect

"This is certai be raised too high omnipotence and erted themselves, duce a scene infin what we are able but at the consum apartments of nat beings who inh added to that glo speaking, and by tion for beings wh cleared of their in seems to intimate and of a new earth

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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Divine Being, as he inhabits infinitude, as he sees  
among his works, as he is present to the mind  
man, and as he discovers himself in a vast and  
manner among the regions of the bliss. Such  
consideration should be kept awake in us at  
times, and in all places, and possess our minds with  
a perpetual awe and reverence. It should be in-  
woven with all our thoughts and perceptions, as  
become one with the consciousness of our own being.  
It is not to be reflected on in the coldness of phi-  
sophy, but ought to sink us into the lowest prostr-  
tion before Him who is so astonishingly wonderful  
and holy."

No. 581.] MONDAY, AUGUST 16, 1714.

Sunt bona, sunt quedam mediocria, sunt quædam pæne.  
Quæ legi ———— MAKE EYES & EARS.  
Some good, more bad, some neither: *one has to choose.*

I AM at present sitting with a heap of letters be-  
fore me, which I have received under the character  
of Spectator. I have complaints from lovers, rebukes  
from projectors, scandal from ladies, congratulations  
compliments, and advice, in abundance.

I have not been thus long an author, to be insen-  
sible of the natural fondness every person must be  
for their own productions; and I begin to think  
have treated my correspondents a little too ungenerally  
in stringing them all together on a file, and letting  
them lie so long unregarded. I shall therefore, in  
the future, think myself at least obliged to take  
notice of such letters as I receive, and may possibly  
do it at the end of every month.

In the mean time I intend my present paper to  
short answer to most of those which have been  
ready sent me.

The public, however, are not to expect I should  
them into all my secrets; and, though I appear to  
struse to most people, it is sufficient if I am under-  
stood by my particular correspondents.

My well-wisher, Van Nath, is very ardent, but is  
quite enough so to appear in print.

Philadelphus will, in a little time, see his ques-  
tion fully answered by a treatise which is now in the press.

It was very improper at that time to comply with  
Mr. G.

Miss Kitty must excuse me.

The gentleman who sent me a copy of verses on  
his mistress's dancing, is, I believe, too thoughtful  
in love to compose correctly.

I have too great a respect for both the univer-  
sities, to praise one at the expense of the other.

Tom Nimble is a very honest fellow, and I desire  
him to present my humble service to his cousin F.  
Bumper.

I am obliged for the letter upon prejudice.

I may in due time animadvert on the case of Gen-  
Grumble.

The petition of P. S. granted.

That of Sarah Loveit refused.

The papers of A. S. are returned.

I thank Aristippus for his kind invitation.

My friend at Woodstock is a bold man to under-  
take for all within ten miles of him.

I am afraid the entertainment of Tom Turnstone  
will hardly be relished by the good citizens of London  
and Westminster.

I must consider further of it, before I indulge  
W. F. in those freedoms he takes with the ladies  
stockings.

I am obliged to the ingenious gentleman who

on the subject of a late Spectator, and particular notice of his last letter. The lady who wrote me a letter dated July in relation to some passages in a Lover, more particular in her directions, I shall be answer.

A gentleman who fancies my writings could his husband, who can abuse such a wife as he has, I am afraid, too great an opinion of

propolis is, I dare say, a very well-meaning is a little too prolix in his compositions. It is thus himself must be the best judge in the sententions.

A letter dated from Lincoln is received. A and her friend may hear further from me. A little too hasty.

is a good girl, but must not courtesy to does not know.

ingenuously confess my friend Samson as quite puzzled me, and writ me a long h I cannot comprehend one word of.

I must also explain what he means by his g."

it beneath my spectatorial dignity to conf in the affair of the boiled dumpling.

consult some literati on the project sent discovery of the longitude.

not how to conclude this paper better than g a couple of letters which are really ge- d which I look upon to be two of the pieces I have received from my correspond- her sex:—

OTHER SPEC.,

you are surveying every object that falls y, I am wholly taken up with one. Had who demanded what beauty was, lived to an angel I love, he would not have asked sition. Had another seen her, he would ve loved the person in whom Heaven has re visible; and, were you yourself to be pany, you could never, with all your lo- ty enough of her good-humour and sense. the outlines of a picture, which I can inish, than I can sufficiently admire the al. I am, your most affectionate Brother,

"CONSTANTIO SPEC."

DD MR. PERT,

allow you nothing until you resolve me ing question. Pray what is the reason e you only talk now upon Wednesdays, nd Mondays, you pretend to be a greater n when you spoke every day as you for- l to do? If this be your plunging out of mity, pray let the length of your speeches e for the scarceness of them. I am, good

"Your Admirer,

"If you will be long enough for me,

"AMANDA LOVELENGTH."

WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 18, 1714.

—Tenet insanabile multos

cacoëthes. Juv. Sat. vii. 51.

of writing is an endless itch.—CH. DRYDEN.

is a certain distemper, which is mentioned Galen nor Hippocrates, nor to be met London Dispensary. Juvenal, in the y paper, terms it a cacoëthes; which is for a disease called in plain English,

"the itch of writing."

mical as the small-pox, are not seized with it s lives. There is, howev two distempers, that th posed you for a time, ne this I am speaking of, v blood, seldom comes out is very much afflicted wi very many remedies hav infected with it, few of cessful. Some have be and lampoons, but have from them; others have an hour together betw made use of as a cure f appears in its greatest mali one kind of this malady removed, like the bitin sound of a musical instr known by the name of a patient of this kind un sure yourself there is ne him effectually, but by pen, ink, and paper.

But, to drop the alle out, there is no species o and more incurable, tha whose words return upon and at stated times. We in the perusal of these au reading of all others, nam have but patience, we ma labours. I have often ad of Diogenes, who reading his friends, when every d ing that he was almost c end of it, he cried, "C On the contrary, our pro writers I am now speaki One day makes work for when to promise ourselve

It is a melancholy thin of printing, which might mankind, should prove o it should be made use of t norance through a peopl them truth and knowledg

I was lately reading e entitled William Ramsa logy. This profound aut passages, has the followi the sun is not the cause e light is so great that it m over at once, as clear as tenebrificous and dark s night is brought on, and t and obscurity upon the ea

I consider writers in th trologer does the heavn are stars that scatter ligh could mention several au stars of the first magnitud gentlemen, who have bee be looked upon as a dark e has been a great while b these antiluminaries. I their darkness as long a till at length I came to a them, and hope in a litt out of the British hemisp

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delighted in every succeeding year than they did in the last going.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As, for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others, that the increase of forest trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of the nature, he is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who, when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish: "We are always doing," says he, "something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

But I think men are inexcusable, who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting of a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich, by an inconsiderable expense, if he finds himself averse to it, he may conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration which may very much enforce what I have here said. Many honest minds, that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This, therefore, is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to be able to serve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that "you may trace him;" which I look upon as a good funeral oration, at the death of an honest husbandman, who hath left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue; which, as I have already shown, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that it tends to. It must be confessed that this is true of those turbulent pleasures which are apt to gratify man in the heats of youth; but, if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to useful contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives under their gardens. Epicurus himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other way. Every reader, who is acquainted with Hesiod, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all ages,

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quity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primeval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular in order to introduce, in my next paper, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

No. 584.] MONDAY, AUGUST 23, 1714.

*Hic gehdi fontes, hic mollia prata, Lycori:*

*Hic nomus, hic toto tecum consumerer avo.*—VIRG. ECL. x. 42.

Come see what pleasures in our plains abound;

The woods, the fountains, and the flow'ry ground:

Here I could live, and love, and die with only you.—DRYDEN.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and, when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter, in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gentle disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age; and, being of an insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the valleys, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day, from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath; and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made joye to the young widow; though no one was

thought so like her first lover. Shalum, about ten years of age, was not thought should be seen in the deace of her.

Shalum fall solving to take raised against to Hilpa, be with Harpath which fell to He knew how soil, and is th tional secrets employment to his amuse years shaded up into groves walks and law whole region, began now to pleasantness position of Sh mildest and w drew into it t petually empl ging of trence the better dist of this spaciou

The habita more beautiful space of sever with the dista were then cov and gloomy co place, and co escapes the eye

The Chines to have writte widowhood.

parting from and plainness original.

Shalum was years old, and

"Shalum,

"What hav Zilpah, since to my rival? and have be woods and for have I bewail Tirzah, and s sand gloomy s lings are at part of them fountains. T thy reception. let us people t tiful race of among these d of them with thou daughter a thousand ye of a few centu or as a cedar of four hundred thought of by

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

d remember

which I look  
out now ex-  
e answer to

T 25, 1714.

ing. Ecl. v. 68.  
joice;  
v.—DAYDEN.

AND HILPA.

so good an  
in less than  
er:—

lum, Master

the creation.

alum? Thou  
not secretly  
adows? Art  
of her green  
sight of her  
the bleating  
y mountains,  
though I am  
ts, and those  
ie top of Tir-  
ley?more wise and  
hy dwellings  
out the di-  
influences of  
asons. Can  
such a one?  
alone, that I  
ch are fallen  
words. May  
est thou add  
it tempt not  
e thy retire-afterward she  
pouring hills,  
is treat lasted  
Shalum five  
riches, and a  
of all recom-  
us fruits and  
ag could anye had planted  
e wood was  
s as are most  
ing birds; so  
f the country,  
t to the other  
son.liful and sur-  
woodlands;  
ortunities he  
her, he suc-  
re she made  
her word to  
ss than fifty

She had not been long among her own people in the valleys, when she received new adventures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called, after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives: so that the quantity of stone and timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. The great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, inasmuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no further than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her; who, during his long silence, is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened, which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and, having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day on which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar, and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached about three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of myrrh and sheaves of spikenard, enriching it with every spicy shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals; the smoke of it ascended up to heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.

No. 586.] FRIDAY, AUGUST 27, 1714.

—Quæ in vita usurpant homines, cogitant, corant, vident, quæ  
que agunt vigilantes, agitantque, ea cunctis in somno acci-  
dunt.—Cic. de Div.

The things which employ men's waking thoughts and senses  
recur to their imaginations in sleep.

By the last post I received the following letter which is built upon a thought that is new, and very well carried on; for which reasons I shall give it to the public without alteration, addition, or amendment:—

"SIR,

"It was a good piece of advice which Pythagoras gave to his scholars—that every night before they slept they should examine what they had been doing



y, and so discover what actions were worthy  
 out to-morrow, and what little vices were to  
 be guarded against from slipping unawares into a habit.  
 I have second the philosopher's advice, it should  
 be, that in a morning before my scholar rose  
 I should consider what he had been about that  
 night, and with the same strictness as if the condi-  
 tion had believed himself to be in was real. Such  
 my into the actions of his fancy must be of  
 great advantage; for this reason, because  
 in circumstances which a man imagines himself in  
 sleep are generally such as entirely favour  
 his passions, good or bad, and give him imagi-  
 nary opportunities of pursuing them to the utmost:  
 his temper will lie fairly open to his view,  
 and he considers how it is moved when free from  
 constraints which the accidents of real life  
 hinder. Dreams are certainly the result of  
 strong thoughts, and our daily hopes and fears  
 give the mind such nimble relishes of plea-  
 sure and such severe touches of pain, in its mid-  
 dles. A man that murders his enemy, or  
 his friend, in a dream, had need to guard his  
 against revenge and ingratitude, and take  
 care that he be not tempted to do a vile thing in  
 the heat of false, or the neglect of true honour.  
 I part, I seldom receive a benefit, but in a  
 short time I make most noble returns for  
 it, though my benefactor is not a whit the  
 wiser, yet it pleases me to think that it was from  
 a sense of gratitude in me that my mind was  
 capable of such generous transport while I  
 myself repaying the kindness of my friend:  
 I have often been ready to beg pardon, instead  
 of making an injury, after considering that when  
 I was in my power I had carried my re-  
 venge much too far.

It has been observed, in the course of  
 my papers, how much one's happiness or misery  
 depend upon the imagination: of which truth  
 I have many workings of fancy in sleep are no in-  
 credible instances; so that not only the advan-  
 tage of making discoveries of himself,  
 but to his own ease or disquiet, may induce  
 me to accept of my advice. Such as are willing to  
 follow it, I shall put into a way of doing it  
 secure, by observing only one maxim which  
 I give them, viz. 'To go to bed with a mind  
 free from passion, and a body clear of the  
 imperance.'

I, indeed, who can sink into sleep with their  
 less calm or innocent than they should be,  
 plunge themselves into scenes of guilt and  
 horror, or they who are willing to purchase any  
 quietude for the satisfaction of a full  
 glass full of wine; these I have nothing  
 to say, as not knowing how to invite them to re-  
 flect on the full of shame and horror: but those that  
 observe this rule, I promise them they shall  
 be in health and cheerfulness, and be capable  
 of enjoying with delight those glorious moments,  
 when the mind has been indulging itself in such  
 thoughts, such noble hurry of imagination.  
 A man's going supperless to bed should in-  
 duce him to the table of some great prince or  
 emperor, where he shall be entertained with the noblest  
 honour and plenty, and do so much busi-  
 ness, that he shall rise with as good a stomach  
 as if he had fasted all night long:  
 he should see his dearest friends remain  
 in great distresses, which he should in-  
 stantly disengage them from, could he have

been content to have  
 bottled; believe me the  
 temptable consequence  
 of one's appetite.

"I forbear recom-  
 mend other accounts, until I  
 can see how others relish what I have  
 said. There be any that may  
 be hurt because they never dream  
 perhaps who do little else  
 one as sensible as I am  
 sleep, it would be no dis-  
 tinguishable a portion of  
 stocks and stones, or ve-  
 getually at work upon  
 However, it is an honour  
 to persuade my countrymen  
 so many unregarded  
 encourage it.

"I shall conclude  
 two of my way of pro-

"If I have any busi-  
 ness to-morrow, I am scarce  
 in the midst of it; and  
 whole procession of the  
 stage of the next day's  
 risen upon it.

"There is scarcely  
 some time or other been  
 I was master of a collar  
 whenever there is a pro-  
 I intend to step in as s-

"I have done many  
 examination, when I  
 being invisible; for we  
 not possessed of those

"Lastly, Mr. Spectator  
 respondent of yours, as  
 ters in your paper while  
 you have a mind I should  
 parcel of visions and  
 tuary, which I shall  
 with on proper occasions

"Oxford, Aug. 20.

No. 587.] MONDAY

Intus et in cute n-  
 I know thee to th-  
 Thy shallow cen-

THOUGH the author  
 known to me, I am ap-  
 of that ingenious gentle-  
 the last paper, some ex-

"SIR,

"I was the other  
 home. Among many  
 recorded of that impos-  
 his age, the angel Gabriel  
 was among his playfellows  
 cut open his breast, pluck-  
 out of it that black dog  
 Turkish divines, is con-  
 that he was free from sin  
 said to myself, Though  
 very good moral may be  
 man but apply it to  
 squeeze out of his heart  
 ties he find in it: 220

"While my mind was

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS

most pleasing entered my ween them. of the room red to open at in which ne, and for- he hearts of e; but, be- madvert on e yourself.' ife, cut me izee it. I any things, t, issued out ort, after it ked like an breathing a ed it safe to d me up, we

transparent looked like ny eye upon which con- incredible t swam, and side of the le of it, was d seemed to is. 'That,' com Dread- ne late wars, n aiming at He is lately oked up with n than him- ise it is im- ficiently re- amined was l at the bot- erceive that ck, and had rt. 'This,' ick Gloomy, noney. Not- s still poor. ble state of nposition of gives them himself than

shed a large he *fomes* or I could not I turned the and in the ou are ex- igs to Will de soul, and s. The speck

art of Free- and I,' said her, and I do nan which I eacher com- nd to my un- welling spot, rds me, was r inspection he phantom

told me Freeclove was one of the best natured man alive.

" 'This,' says my teacher, 'is a female heart of your acquaintance.' I found the *fomes* in it of the largest size, and of a hundred different colours which were still varying every moment. Upon my asking to whom it belonged, I was informed that it was the heart of Coquetilla.

"I set it down, and drew out another, in which I took the *fomes* at first sight to be very small, but was amazed to find that, as I looked steadfastly upon it, it grew still larger. It was the heart of Melissa, a noted prude, who lives the next door to me.

" 'I show you this,' says the phantom, 'because it is indeed a rarity, and you have the happiness to know the person to whom it belongs.' He then put into my hands a large crystal glass, that enclosed a heart, in which, though I examined it with the utmost nicety, I could not perceive any blemish. I made no scruple to affirm that it must be the heart of Seraphina; and was glad, but not surprised, to find that it was so. 'She is indeed,' continued my guide, 'the ornament as well as the envy of her sex.' At these last words he pointed to the heart of several of her female acquaintance which lay in different phials, and had very large spots in them all of a deep blue. 'You are not to wonder,' says he, 'that you see no spot in a heart, whose innocence has been proof against all the corruptions of depraved age. If it has any blemish, it is too small to be discovered by human eyes.'

"I laid it down, and took up the hearts of other females, in all of which the *fomes* ran in various veins, which were twisted together, and made a very perplexed figure. I asked the meaning of it, and was told it represented deceit.

"I should have been glad to have examined the hearts of several of my acquaintance, whom I knew to be particularly addicted to drinking, gaming, co- triving, &c., but my interpreter told me I must do that alone until another opportunity, and flung down the cover of the chest with so much violence as he immediately awoke me."

No. 588.] WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 1, 1774

Dicitis, omnis in imbecillitate est et gratia, et cunctis.

You pretend that all kindness and benevolence is founded in weakness.

Man may be considered in two views, as a reasonable and as a sociable being; capable of becoming himself either happy or miserable, and contributing to the happiness or misery of his fellow-creatures. Suitably to this double capacity, the Contriver of human nature hath wisely furnished with two principles of action, self-love and benevolence; designed one of them to render men watchful to his own personal interest, the other to deter him from giving his utmost assistance to all engaged in the same pursuit. This is such an account of our frame, so agreeable to reason, so much to the honour of our Maker, and the credit of our species that it may appear somewhat unreasonable when should induce men to represent human nature as they do under characters of disadvantage; or have drawn it with a little and sordid aspect, what pleasure they can possibly take in such a picture. If they reflect that it is their own, and, if we will believe themselves, is not more odious than the serpent. One of the first that talked in this lofty strain of our nature was Epicurus. Benevolence, and

owers say, is all founded in weakness; and, er be pretended, the kindness that passeth between men is by every man directed to himself. This, it must be confessed, is of a piece with that hopeful philosophy, which, having hatched man up out of the four elements, attributes his being to chance, and derives all his wisdom from an unintelligible declination of atoms. In these glorious discoveries the poet is beyond transport in the praises of his hero, as if it needs be something more than man, only to endeavour to prove that man is in nothing inferior to beasts. In this school was Mr. Hobbes, who used to speak after the same manner, if he did not draw his knowledge from an observation of his own temper; for he somewhere unluckily lays this as a rule, that from the similitudes of the actions and passions of one man to the thoughts and passions of another, whosoever looks into himself can consider what he doth when he thinks, fears, &c., and upon what grounds, he shall be able to read and know what are the thoughts and passions of all other men upon the like occasion. I will allow Mr. Hobbes to know best how he is inclined; but in earnest, I should be heartily conceited with myself if I thought myself of this temper as he affirms, and should have as much kindness for myself as for any body in the world.

Hitherto I always imagined that kind and gentle propensions were the original growth of the heart of man; and, however checked and overruled by counter-inclinations that have since sprung up in us, have still some force in the worst of us, and a considerable influence on the best. I think it is a fair step towards the proof of the utility of the most beneficent of all beings is he who is the most absolute fulness of perfection in himself, and who gives existence to the universe, and so cannot be supposed to want that which he communicated, and which diminishes from the plenitude of his own mind and happiness. The philosophers before mentioned have indeed done all that in them lay to increase this argument; for, placing the gods in the most elevated blessedness, they describe ourselves as poor miserable mortals can be, and set them out from all concern for mankind, and the score of their having no need of us. But that sitteth in the heavens wants not us, we have a continual need of him; and, surely, next to the survey of the immense treasures of his own mind, the most exalted pleasure he receives is from seeing millions of creatures, lately drawn out of the void of non-existence, rejoicing in the various degrees of being and happiness imparted to them. If this is the true, the glorious character of the Deity, in forming a reasonable creature he would not possibly suffer his image to pass out of his mind, nor adorned with a resemblance of himself in the lowest part of his nature. For what company could a mind, whose love is as unbounded as his knowledge, have in a work so unlike himself; or one that should be capable of knowing and dealing with a vast circle of objects, and love itself? What proportion would there be between the head and the heart of such a creature, and its understanding? Or could any of such creatures, with no other bottom but the earth on which to maintain a commerce, ever be happy? Reason, it is certain, would oblige every man to pursue the general happiness as the means to procure and establish his own; and yet, if benevolence in consideration, there were not a natural in-

stinct, prompting me to the satisfaction of others, and the admonitions of reason to restrain me into a state of war and contention, I should be as restless as the soul is in the body. The all-wise and all-potent Creator saw the returns of hunger and cold, and the desires, to put it in mind, if we should eat and drink without any abstracted speculation and disinterestedness, and then leave us to our own quantity, we should be as brutish as the most brutish life. And, in that we follow nothing but our inclinations which are like a bias, draw the order, therefore, to each of us, that we may be of benefits among men, and not fail to give them this benevolence, if, as I have said, it comes from whence can we derive it? Is it inconsistent with the motions contrary? Is the motion of the earth is motion round its own axis, proved as an illustration, which it about the centre, answering to universal self-love abated, or its violence? So far from a distinct principle, it is love, and then doth designed.

But to descend from the height of benevolence, which arises from the satisfaction of mankind, having removed them from a thousand and a half as a disinterested being, from a reflection we have the same ill accident nothing to the present, being an artificial cause by no means be admitted, because children, about their own condition, into the prospects of touches of compassion, and delight which impart to another, or relieve objects are numerous, and really inexpressible, but a consciousness of something praiseworthy, and Whereas, if in all the and self-love, as there are motions that make the nature would not have pleasure; nor could a person receives for be at all more satisfied for what he doth will cases the ends of self. The conscience of a man to mankind is the not doubtless it is, and to pose anything so much notwithstanding which less unselfish. The purification of our hunger of these appetites; the prospect; and so like

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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R 3, 1714.

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Constantius,  
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and regarded

it as the highest piece of sacrilege to injure certain  
trees which they took to be protected by some deity.  
The story of Erisichon, the grove of Dodona, and  
that at Delphi, are all instances of this kind.

"If we consider the machine in Virgil, so much  
blamed by several critics, in this light, we shall  
hardly think it too violent.

"Æneas, when he built his fleet in order to sail  
for Italy, was obliged to cut down the grove on  
mount Ida, which however he durst not do until he  
had obtained leave from Cybele, to whom it was de-  
dicated. The goddess could not but think herself  
obliged to protect the ships, which were made of  
consecrated timber, after a very extraordinary man-  
ner, and therefore desired Jupiter, that they might  
not be obnoxious to the power of waves or winds.  
Jupiter would not grant this, but promised her that  
as many as came safe to Italy should be transferred  
into goddesses of the sea; which the poet tells us  
was accordingly executed.

And now at length the number'd hours were pass'd,  
Prefix'd by Fate's irreversible doom,  
When the great mother of the gods was free,  
To save her ships, and hush Jove's decree.  
First, from the quarter of the morn there sprung  
A light that ting'd the heavens, and shot along;  
Then from a cloud, fring'd round with golden fires,  
Were timbrels heard, and flames withouten fires;  
And last a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
Both hosts in arms opposed with equal horror wound.

"O Trojan race, your needless aid forbear;  
And know my ships are my peculiar care.  
With greater ease the bold Latinian may  
With unaided hands attempt to turn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my children,  
Loos'd from your crooked anchors, harrass'd at large,  
Exalted each a nymph: break the band,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.  
No sooner had the goddess ceased to speak,  
When lo, th' obedient ships their hquiers leave;  
And strange to tell, like dolphins in the main,  
They plunge their prows, and dive and spring again.  
As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.

DeVigne's Vase.

"The common opinion concerning the nymphs  
whom the ancients called Hamadryads, is more to  
the honour of trees than any thing yet mentioned.  
It was thought the fate of these nymphs had so much  
a dependance on some trees, more especially oaks,  
that they lived and died together. For this reason  
they were extremely grateful to such persons who  
preserved those trees with which their being was  
sisted. Apollonius tells us a very remarkable story  
to this purpose, with which I shall conclude my  
letter.

"A certain man, called Rhæcus, observing an oak  
ready to fall, and being moved with a sort of  
compassion towards the tree, ordered his servants to  
pour in fresh earth at the roots of it, and set it on  
right. The Hamadryad, or nymph, who must ne-  
cessarily have perished with the tree, appeared to  
him the next day, and, after having returned her  
her thanks, told him she was ready to grant what-  
ever he should ask. As she was extremely beautiful,  
Rhæcus desired he might be entertained as his  
lover. The Hamadryad, not much displeased with  
the request, promised to give him a meeting, and  
commanded him for some days to abstain from the  
embraces of all other women, adding, that she  
would send a bee to him, to let him know when  
he was to be happy. Rhæcus was, it seems, too much  
addicted to gaming, and happened to be in a ruin-  
ous ill-luck when the faithful bee came buzzing about  
him; so that, instead of minding his kind mes-  
sage, he had like to have killed him for his pains.  
The Hamadryad was so provoked at her own dis-

ment, and the ill usage of her messenger, deprived Rhæcus of the use of his limbs. R. says the story, he was not so much a but he made a shift to cut down the tree, sequently to fell his mistress."

O.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1714.

aiduo labuntur tempora motu,  
as ac flumen. Neque enim consistere flumen,  
is hora potest: sed ut unda impellitur unda,  
que prior venienti, argetque priorem:  
sic sic fugiunt pariter, pariterque sequuntur:  
sunt semper. Num quod fuit ante, relictum est:  
quod laud fuerat: momentaque cuncta novantur.  
Ovid, Met. xv. 179.

see are in perpetual flux, and run,  
ers from their fountains, rolling on,  
e, no more than streams, is at a stay:  
ing hour is ever on her way:  
the fountains still supply their store,  
ve behind impels the wave before;  
successive course the minutes run,  
e their predecessor minutes on.  
ing, ever new; for former things  
l aside, like abdicated kings;  
ery moment alters what is done,  
ovates some act, till then unknown.—DRYDEN.

*Following discourse comes from the same hand  
with the Essays on Infinity.*

consider infinite space as an expansion  
a circumference: we consider eternity, or  
duration, as a line that has neither a be-  
nor an end. In our speculations of infinite  
e consider that particular place in which we  
a kind of centre to the whole expansion. In  
ulations of eternity, we consider the time  
present to us as the middle, which divides  
le line into two equal parts. For this reason  
itty authors compare the present time to an  
or narrow neck of land, that rises in the  
an ocean, immeasurably diffused on either  
it.

osophy, and indeed common sense, naturally  
ernity under two divisions, which we may  
English that eternity which is past, and that  
which is to come. The learned terms of  
a *parte ante*, and *Æternitas a parte post*,  
more amusing to the reader, but can have  
idea affixed to them than what is conveyed  
those words, an eternity that is past, and  
ity that is to come. Each of these eternities  
ed at the one extreme; or, in other words,  
er has an end, and the latter a beginning.

us first of all consider that eternity which  
reserving that which is to come for the sub-  
another paper. The nature of this eternity  
y inconceivable by the mind of man: our  
emonstrates to us that it has been, but at  
e time can frame no idea of it, but what is  
absurdity and contradiction. We can have  
conception of any duration which is past,  
it all of it was once present; and whatever  
e present is at some certain distance from  
whatever is at any certain distance from us,  
istance never so remote, cannot be eternity.  
y notion of any duration being past, implies  
as once present, for the idea of being once  
is actually included in the idea of its being  
his, therefore, is a depth not to be sounded  
an understanding. We are sure that there  
is an eternity, and yet contradict ourselves  
e measure this eternity by any notion which  
frame of it.

we go to the bottom of this matter, we shall

find that the difficulty  
ceptions of eternity pro  
that we can have no ot  
tion than that by which  
created beings, do exist  
ration made up of past,  
is nothing which exist  
parts of whose exist  
present, and consequ  
certain number of yea  
ascend as high as we p  
to that eternity which  
of years to millions of y  
up to any fountain-hea  
ning in eternity: but a  
that whatever was once  
reach of numbers, thou  
able to put enough\* of  
pose. We may as well  
actually present in any  
does not lie at a cert  
any part of infinite dur  
sent, and does not also  
tance from us. The d  
immeasurable and inde  
our reason tells us th  
Here, therefore, is tha  
derstanding is not capa  
sure that something mu  
and are at the same t  
any thing which exists,  
existence, can have exi

"It is hard for a re  
thought in his own mi  
stracted speculation; b  
it, because I think it  
of the being and eterni  
are many other demon  
great truth, I do not  
any proofs in this matte  
has suggested to us, esp  
as has been urged by  
tration and force of u  
appears altogether concl  
the pains to examine it

"Having thus consi  
past, according to the  
I shall now draw up  
subject, which are dict  
son, and which may be  
a philosopher in this gr

"First, It is certain  
made itself; for if so,  
was, which is a contrad

"Secondly, That the  
existed from all eterni

"Thirdly, That what  
of created beings, or ac  
we have of existence,  
eternity.

"Fourthly, That thi  
fore be the great Auth  
Days,' who, being at i  
tions from all finite an  
quite different manner  
of which they can have

"I know that several  
not be thought ignor  
tended to explain the  
telling us that he com

\* KNOW: The singular

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

in a *pantheum*  
and sense, an  
ference to his  
to which the  
description of

g past,

these proposi-  
x to them :  
norance than  
nothing, and

We cannot  
a we meditate  
ach glory and  
the fountain  
is whole crea-  
fore, with the  
s some being  
rarity, so this  
sible manner,  
have existed  
otions of ex-  
tural dictates  
ves us of the  
hat he is the  
that he is the  
d the ending ;  
one day, and  
hich, and the  
his existence  
nitely differ-  
creatures, and  
s to frame any

kes of his own  
: I Am ;' and  
ame he shall  
, he bids him  
great Creator,  
a manner ex-  
istence, and  
es as the only  
The ancient  
n speculations  
his revelation  
ere is nothing,  
e existence, as  
resent, and to  
e existence, is  
nothing which  
only properly  
sent ; that is,  
t perfect man-  
e no idea of.

with one use-  
ntly prostrate  
aker, when we  
wisdom which  
tures ? What  
od-will, which  
ence to being-  
ally when we  
a the complete  
ess, and in the  
p can think of  
om nothing, of  
onable, and a  
taken in as a  
artner in eter-  
in wonder, in

praise, in adoration ! It is indeed a thought too  
for the mind of man, and rather to be entertained  
in the secrecy of devotion, and in the silence of a  
soul, than to be expressed by words. The Supreme  
Being has not given us powers or faculties sufficient  
to extol and magnify such unutterable goodness.

"It is however some comfort to us, that we shall  
be always doing what we shall never be able to do,  
and that a work which cannot be finished, will how-  
ever be the work of eternity."

No. 591.] WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 2, 1791

—Tenerum lunor amorum.

OTIS, Trist. 3 B. 3. 71.

Love the soft subject of his sportive Muse.

"I HAVE just received a letter from a gentleman  
who tells me he has observed, with no small con-  
cern, that my papers have of late been very loose  
in relation to love; a subject which, when agree-  
ably handled, can scarcely fail of being well re-  
ceived by both sexes.

If my invention, therefore, should be almost ex-  
hausted on this head, he offers to serve under me  
the quality of a love-counsellor; for which place he  
conceives himself to be thoroughly qualified, having  
made this passion his principal study, and observed  
it in all its different shapes and appearances from  
the fifteenth to the forty-fifth year of his age.

He assures me with an air of confidence, which  
he proceeds from his real abilities, that he does  
not doubt of giving judgment in the satisfaction of  
the parties concerned in the most nice and delicate  
cases which can happen in an amour: as,

How great the construction of the fingers must be  
before it amounts to a squeeze by the hand.

What can be properly termed an absolute denial  
from a maid, and what from a widow.

What advances a lover may presume to make  
after having received a pat upon his shoulder from  
his mistress's fan.

Whether a lady, at the first interview, may allow  
a humble servant to kiss her hand.

How far it may be permitted to curse the maid  
in order to succeed with the mistress.

What constructions a man may put upon a smile  
and in what cases a frown goes for nothing.

On what occasion a sheepish look may do us  
vice, &c.

As a further proof of his skill, he also sent me  
several maxims in love, which he assures me are the  
result of a long and profound reflection, some of  
which I think myself obliged to communicate to the  
public, not remembering to have seen them before  
in any author.

"There are more calamities in the world arising  
from love than from hatred.

"Love is the daughter of idleness, but the mother  
of Disquietude.

"Men of grave natures, says Sir Francis Bacon,  
are the most constant; for the same reason, women  
should be more constant than men.

"The gay part of mankind is most amorous, the  
serious most loving.

"A coquette often loses her reputation while  
she preserves her virtue.

"A prude often preserves her reputation while  
she has lost her virtue.

"Love refines a man's behaviour, but makes  
a woman's ridiculous.

"Love is generally accompanied with great

in the young, interest in the middle-aged, and a passion too gross to name in the old.

"The endeavours to revive a decaying passion generally extinguish the remains of it.

"A woman who from being a slattern becomes over-neat, or from being over-neat becomes a slattern, is most certainly in love."

I shall make use of this gentleman's skill as I see occasion; and since I am got upon the subject of love, shall conclude this paper with a copy of verses which were lately sent me by an unknown hand, as I look upon them to be above the ordinary run of sonneteers.

The author tells me they were written in one of his despairing fits; and I find entertains some hope that his mistress may pity such a passion as he has described, before she knows that she is herself Corinna.

Conceal fond man, conceal the mighty smart,  
Nor tell Corinna she has fir'd thy heart.  
In vain would'st thou complain, in vain pretend  
To ask a pity which she must not lend.  
She's too much thy superior to comply,  
And too, too fair to let thy passion die.  
Languish in secret, and with dumb surprise  
Drink the resistless glances of her eyes.  
At awful distance entertain thy grief,  
Be still in pain, but never ask relief.  
Ne'er tempt her scorn of thy consuming state,  
Be any way undone, but fly her hate.  
Thou must submit to see thy charmer bless  
Some happier youth that shall admire her less;  
Who is that lovely form, that heavenly mind,  
Shall missten thousand beauties thou could'st find;  
Who with low fancy shall approach her charms,  
While half enjoy'd she sinks into his arms.  
She knows not, must not know, thy noble fire,  
Whom she and whom the Muses do inspire:  
Her image only shall thy breast employ,  
And fill thy captive soul with shades of joy;  
Direct thy dreams by night, thy thoughts by day,  
And never never from thy bosom stray.\*

No. 592.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1714.

—Stadium sine divite vena.—HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 409  
Art without a vein.—ROSCOMMON.

I look upon the playhouse as a world within itself. They have lately furnished the middle region of it with a new set of meteors, in order to give the sublime to many modern tragedies. I was there last winter at the first rehearsal of the new thunder,† which is much more deep and sonorous than any hitherto made use of. They have a Salmoneus behind the scenes who plays it off with great success. Their lightnings are made to flash more briskly than heretofore; their clouds are also better furbelowed, and more voluminous; not to mention a violent storm locked up in a great chest, that is designed for the Tempest. They are also provided with above a dozen showers of snow, which, as I am informed, are the plays of many unsuccessful poets artificially cut and shredded for that use. Mr. Rymer's Edgar is to fall in snow at the next acting of *King Lear*, in order to heighten, or rather to alleviate, the distress of that unfortunate prince; and to serve by way of decoration to a piece which that great critic has written against.

I do not indeed wonder that the actors should be such professed enemies to those among our nation who are commonly known by the name of critics,

\* The author of these verses was Gilbert, the second brother of Eustace Budgell, Esq.

† Apparently an allusion to Mr. Dennis's new and improved method of making thunder; at whom several oblique strokes in this paper seem to have been aimed.

SPECTATOR—Nos. 85 & 86

since it is a play, not takes. So that whatever must of necessity be the first part. Whether the determination be more than myself to the honour of the published it; by a run of exquisitely them more

I have Aristotle and Quintilian Dacier among that some, are so stupid words together and withhold the learned old authors them by way of notions the words unpronounced among unthey are very The ancient contemporaries escaped the find out a little slips of writings of of the smart make it the new production ordinary blenments, that piece are full of these criticisms are like those of the

Envy and ignorance in the health son of Nox Idle men, who plish or distract from o to decry tho they have n of Momus, critics, are t lustrious and numerous a the people, sometimes a from the rule 2ndly, that great genius than in the

knows but so First, We perfectly accing, and n them on extances out o have shown purposely re



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

much higher  
a rule would  
the noblest  
ancient and  
frequent de-  
the greatest  
noble effect  
of proceeding  
from what the  
arts, which is

seem sensible  
ks of a great  
art, than in  
and observes  
that Terence  
ical cavillers

entlam.  
ulate than these

tion in the ill  
is a physician  
was killed re-  
spensare is a  
of these rigid  
d one of his  
of the stage  
modern critic,  
Shakespeare  
f poetry, and  
rrhus's ring,  
of Apollo and  
duced by the  
ut any help

ER 13, 1714.

aligna.  
t. vi. 270.  
ht.  
light.—DRYDEN.

Shadow, has  
curious obser-  
he method to  
his letter will  
readers.

ure, that none  
by we should  
scenes we are  
they have less  
ditations. A  
question, who  
up for want of  
dot instead of  
and it must  
ough two or  
as much such  
of countries;  
em strangely  
e such traces  
carefully pur-  
th of action.  
n our fancied  
ocking in our  
tivity of the  
ep the image  
affords us a

strong intimation of something within us that can never die.

"I have wondered that Alexander the Great who came into the world sufficiently dreamed of by his parents, and had himself a tolerable knack of dreaming, should often say that sleep was one thing which made him sensible he was mortal. I, who have not such fields of action in the day-time to divert my attention from this matter, plainly perceive that in those operations of the mind, while the body is at rest, there is a certain vastness of conception very suitable to the capacity, and demonstrative of the force of that divine part in our composition which will last for ever. Neither do I much doubt but, had we a true account of the wonders the best last mentioned performed in his sleep, his embracing this little globe would hardly be worth mentioning. I may affirm, without vanity, that, when I compare several actions in Quintus Curtius and some others in my own noctuary, I appear the greater hero of the two."

I shall close this subject with observing, that while we are awake we are at liberty to fix our thoughts on what we please, but in sleep we have not the command of them. The ideas which strike the fancy arise in us without our choice, either from the occurrences of the day past, the temper we lie down in, or it may be the direction of some superior being.

It is certain the imagination may be so differently affected in sleep, that our actions of the day might be either rewarded or punished with a little agreeable happiness or misery. St. Austin was of opinion that, if in Paradise there was the same vicissitude of sleeping and waking as in the present world, the dreams of its inhabitants would be very happy.

And so far at present our dreams are in power, that they are generally conformable to our waking thoughts, so that it is not impossible to convey ourselves to a concert of music, the conversation of constant friends, or any other entertainment which has been before lodged in the mind.

My readers, by applying these hints, will find the necessity of making a good day of it, if they heartily wish themselves a good night.

I have considered Marcia's prayer, and Lucius's account of Cato, in this light.

Marc. O ye immortal powers that guard the just,  
Watch round his couch, and soften his repose,  
Nurish his sorrows, and beguile his soul  
With easy dreams; remember all his virtues,  
And show mankind that goodness is your care.

Luc. Sweet are the slumbers of the virtuous soul!  
O Marcia, I have seen thy godlike father;  
Some power invisible supports his soul,  
And bears it up in all its wond'rous greatness.  
A kind refreshing sleep is fallen upon him;  
I saw him stretch'd at ease, his fancy lost  
In pleasing dreams; as I drew near his couch  
He smil'd, and cry'd, Caesar, thou canst not hurt me!

Mr. Shadow acquaints me in a postscript, that he has no manner of title to the vision which accompanied his first letter; but adds, that, as the gentlemen who wrote it dream very sensibly, he shall be glad to meet him some night or other under the great elm-tree, by which Virgil has given us a fine metaphorical image of sleep, in order to turn over a leaf of the leaves together, and oblige the public with an account of the dreams that lie under them.

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 15, 1714.

item qui rodit amicum,  
 edit, alio culpante; solutos  
 us hominum, famanque dicaris  
 de visu potest; commissa tacere  
 de niger est: hunc tu, Romane, caveas.  
 Hor. l. Sat. IV. 81.

rail against his absent friends,  
 scandalize'd, and not defends;  
 set him, and speaks what'er he can,  
 as though a witty man;  
 so brings his friends in disesteem;  
 a knave;—be sure beware of him.—CREECH.

re vexations of life put together, we  
 at a great part of them proceed from  
 as and reproaches which we spread  
 ing one another.

re a man living, who is not, in some  
 of this offence; though at the same  
 we treat one another, it must be con-  
 s all consent in speaking ill of the  
 re notorious for this practice. It gets  
 rise either from an ill-will to man-  
 s inclination to make ourselves es-  
 timation of wit, and vanity of being  
 secrets of the world; or from a de-  
 ing any of these dispositions of mind  
 s with whom we converse.

er of scandal is more or less odious to  
 criminal in himself, as he is influenced  
 more of the foregoing motives. But,  
 be the occasion of spreading these  
 re ought to consider that the effect of  
 ly prejudicial and pernicious to the  
 m they are aimed. The injury is the  
 he principle from whence it proceeds  
 nt.

e looks upon himself with too much  
 en he passes a judgment on his own  
 tions, and as very few would be thought  
 abominable proceeding, which is so  
 actised, and at the same time so uni-  
 d, I shall lay down three rules, by  
 have a man examine and search into  
 before he stands acquitted to himself  
 isposition of mind which I am here

Let him consider whether he does not  
 hearing the faults of others.

Vhether he is not too apt to believe  
 ckening accounts, and more inclined  
 us on the uncharitable than on the  
 side.

hether he is not ready to spread and  
 h reports as tend to the disreputation

the several steps by which this vice  
 grows up into slander and defamation.  
 place, a man who takes delight in  
 ults of others, shows sufficiently that  
 relish of scandal, and consequently  
 his vice, within him. If his mind is  
 hearing the reproaches which are cast  
 will find the same pleasure in relating  
 the more apt to do it, as he will natu-  
 every one he converses with in de-  
 same manner with himself. A man  
 our, therefore, to wear out of his mind  
 viority, which is perpetually height-  
 amed by listening to such stories as  
 reputation of others.

nd place, a man should consult his own  
 he be not apt to believe such little

blackening accounts, and more  
 dulous on the uncharitable than  
 side.

Such a credulity is very  
 generally arises from a man's  
 own secret corruptions. If  
 Thales, "Falsehood is just as  
 as the ears are from the eye,"  
 would intimate, that a wise man  
 give credit to the reports of  
 not seen. I shall, under this  
 three remarkable rules to be  
 bers of the celebrated Abbey  
 are published in a little French

The fathers are there ordi-  
 ear to any accounts of base con-  
 turn off all such discourse if  
 they hear any thing of this nature,  
 that they cannot disbelieve it,  
 pose that the criminal action  
 from a good intention in his  
 This is, perhaps, carrying ex-  
 gance; but it is certainly man-  
 to suppose, as the ill-natured  
 that indifferent and even good  
 bad principles and wrong inte-

In the third place, a man  
 heart, whether he does not find  
 nation to propagate such reports  
 reputation of another.

When the disease of the  
 hitherto been speaking of, as  
 malignity, it discovers itself  
 and is in danger of becoming  
 therefore, insist upon the guilt  
 which every one cannot but  
 void of humanity, or even  
 shall only add, that whatever  
 may take in spreading whis-  
 will find an infinitely greater  
 quering the temptation he is  
 secret die within his own breast.

No. 595.] 'FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER

— Non ut placidis coeant  
 Serpentes avibus gementibus

— Nature, and the com-  
 Forbid to reconcile antipathies  
 Or make a snake engender a dove  
 And hungry tigers court the dove

If ordinary authors would  
 they think, they would at least  
 of being intelligible. But they  
 be ridiculous; and, by their  
 style, perfectly disguise the  
 There is a grievance of this  
 wealth of letters, which I have  
 solved to redress, and accord-  
 day apart for justice. What  
 of inconsistent metaphors, very  
 often found in learned writers,  
 learned without exception.

In order to set this matter  
 reader, I shall in the first  
 metaphor is a simile in one

\* St Basil Sermon 61.

† Felibien, Description de l'Abbaye  
 1671; reprinted in 1682. It is a  
 Duchess of Liancourt

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

resemblances  
There is not  
be compared  
eral distinct  
ing may be  
the mischief  
these meta-  
it there shall  
apt resem-  
noise. Thus  
underbolt, a  
them proper  
force. But  
ed, that the  
the lion hath  
billows nave

vious. And  
s are put to-  
less. It hath  
e images of  
ge, therefore,  
cannot, with-  
; and so of  
to make any  
metaphorical  
inal. I shall  
ance which I  
trial writers,  
rated author,  
' &c. I sup-  
tly heard of  
g lashed in a  
both at any  
of nonsense.  
absurdity of  
uppose these  
ed. Imagine  
eral lashes of  
e the true re-  
e. I believe,  
e to judge of  
r, and deter-  
ich are hete-  
y, which are

I must take  
etaphors into  
error on the  
as the other.  
lustre of one  
id makes him  
gether. I re-  
who, having  
d a world of  
sider her as  
nes, and pur-  
letter written  
y reader hath  
e epistle hath  
nt after what  
it if he dare.

t have fallen  
t in return all  
ur shoulders.  
age upon me  
Billingsgate,  
er I deserved  
. I tell you

once for all, turn your eyes where you please, you shall never smell me out. Do you think that the panics, which you sow about the parish, will ever build a monument to your glory? No, Sir, you may fight these battles as long as you will; but when you come to balance the account, you will find that you have been fishing in troubled waters, and that as *ignis fatuus* hath bewildered you, and that indeed you have built upon a sandy foundation, and brought your hogs to a fair market.

"I am, Sir, yours," &c.

No. 596.] MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 20, 1718

Molle meum levibus cor est vincibile telis.

Ovid, Ep. xv. 12.

Cupid's light darts my tender bosom move.—Pope.

THE case of my correspondent, who sends me the following letter, has somewhat in it so very whimsical, that I know not how to entertain my reader better than by laying it before them.

"Sir, Middle Temple, Sept. 18

"I am fully convinced that there is not upon earth a more impertinent creature than an unfortunate lover. We are daily complaining of the severity of our fate to people who are wholly unconcerned in it; and hourly improving a passion, which we would persuade the world is the torment of our lives. Notwithstanding this reflection, Sir, I cannot forbear acquainting you with my own case. You must know then, Sir, that, even from my childhood the most prevailing inclination I could perceive in myself was a strong desire to be in favour with the fair sex. I am at present in the one-and-twenty year of my age; and should have made choice of a she bedfellow many years since, had not my father who has a pretty good estate of his own getting, and passes in the world for a prudent man, been pleased to lay it down as a maxim, that nothing should a young fellow's fortune so soon as marrying early, and that no man ought to think of wedlock until six-and-twenty. Knowing his sentiments upon this head, I thought it in vain to apply myself to women of condition, who expect settlements; so that all my amours have hitherto been with ladies who had no fortunes: but I know not how to give you so good an idea of me, as by laying before you the history of my life.

"I can very well remember, that at my school-mistress's, whenever we broke up, I was always for joining myself with the miss who lay-in, and was constantly one of the first to make a party in the play of Husband and Wife. This passion for being well with the females still increased as I advanced in years. At the dancing-school I contracted many quarrels by struggling with my fellow-scholars for the partner I liked best, that upon a full night, before our mothers made their appearance, I was usually up to the nose in blood. My father like a discreet man, soon removed me from this stage of softness to a school of discipline, where I learnt Latin and Greek. I underwent several severities in this place, until it was thought convenient to send me to the university: though, to confess the truth, I should not have arrived so early at the seat of learning, but from the discovery of an intrigue between me and my master's housekeeper, upon whom I had employed my rhetoric as effectually, that, though she was a very elderly lady, I had almost brought her to consent to marry me. Upon my arrival at Oxford, I found logic so dry, and

ving attention to the dead, I soon fell the living. My first amour was with whom I shall call Parthenope: her ale by the town-wall. Being often by the proctor, I was forced at last, stress's reputation might receive no onfess my addresses were honourable. was immediately sent home; but Par after marrying a shoemaker, I was d to return. My next affair was with ighter, who deserted me for the sake barber. Upon my complaining to one lar friends of this misfortune, the cruel mere jest of my calamity, and asked ile, where the needle should turn but

After this I was deeply in love with and at last with my bed-maker; upon sent away, or, in the university phrase, ever.

Coming home, I settled to my studies and contracted so great a reservedness st from the company I most affected, r thought he might venture me at the

a week after my arrival, I began to and became enamoured with a mighty re, who had every thing but money to er. Having frequent opportunities of ie soft things which a heart formed for spire me with, I soon gained her cou- of marriage; but unfortunately for us sence of my charmer I usually talked guage to her eldest sister, who is also

Now I assure you, Mr. Spectator, proceed from any real affection I had her; but, being a perfect stranger to tion of men, and strongly addicted to h the women, I knew no other lan- of love. I should, however, be very to you if you could free me from the im at present in. I have sent word to eman in the country that I am des- ve with the younger sister; and her new no better, poor man, acquainted same post, that I had for some time dresses to the elder. Upon this, old ne up word, that he has heard so much s, that he intends immediately to order ith-sea. Sir, I have occasionally talked ying, that I begin to think there is not and if the old 'squire persists in his de- reby give him notice that I am pro- f with proper instruments for the de- despairing lovers: let him therefore l consider that by his obstinacy he may he son of his strength, the world a r, my mistress a passionate lover, and ctator,

"Your constant Admirer,  
"JEREMY LOVEMORE."

WEDNESDAY, SEPT. 22, 1714.

- Mens sine pondere ludit.—Petr.  
s mind uncumber'd plays.

ceived my friend Shadow's letter, seve- respondents have been pleased to send it how they have been employed in at notable adventures they have been

a common sign of a barber's shop

engaged in during that mod shall lay before my readers few of their extravagancies, in time accustom themselves to the purpose.

One, who styles himself Gl that his fair one charges him does not use him with half sincerity of his passion m Gladio having by valour and tyrants, enchanters, monste number, and exposed himse gers for her sake and safe postscript to know whether, in them, he may not promi her esteem at last.

Another, who is very p writes me word, that having sea, he took occasion one gone along with it, and gr richest man in all the Indie about a year or two, a gue open his casement, blew h country again, where awaki the change of the air not turned to his left side in ord but ere he could get on s nately apprehended for steal condemned for the fact, and executed, if somebody steppi ber had not brought him a ton, wants Mr. Shadow's ad would bid him be content to and learn to be satisfied as s

The next is a public-spiri me, that on the second of S whole city was on fire, and been reduced to ashes again not flown over it with the and happily extinguished the prevailed too far. He woul he has not a right to petit aldermen for a reward.

A letter, dated Septemb me, that the writer, being res had fasted all that day; and of dreaming upon something handsome slice of bride-cake conveniently under his pillow memory happened to fail him lect nothing but an odd fauc cake: which being found up few crumbs, he is resolved to dreams another time, believi may possibly be somewhat o

I have received numerous delicious dreamers, desiring thod of silencing those noi tions lead them to take their city in a morning, doing a working strange confusion it bitants. Several monarchs honour to acquaint me how ofte from their respective thron coach or the rumbling of a w private gentlemen, I find, h vast estates by fellows not fair lady was just on the poi young, handsome, rich, ing an impertinent tinker pass and a hopeful youth, who h to great honour and prefer

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

in old song,  
those incon-  
it dissolving  
impoverish-  
interrupting  
, and gene-  
A boisterous  
ect without  
ces, to open  
ransforming  
nations into  
y statesman,  
ror of Eu-  
the Great  
as crowned  
the conclu-  
th instant,  
rial majesty

testimonies  
de, who owe  
rances from  
by waking  
ed him from  
watchman,  
r, freed him  
emies, and  
to nothing.  
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all its extravagancies, whether in sleeping or waking,  
is no improper method of correcting and bringing  
it to act in subordination to reason, so as to be de-  
lighted only with such objects as will affect it with  
pleasure when it is never so cold and sedate.

No. 598.] FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1714.

Jamne igitur laudat, quod de sapientibus alter  
Ridebat, quoties a limbo moveat unum  
Protuleratque pedem: fiebat contrarius alter?  
Jov. Sat. 2. 28.

Will ye not now the pair of sages praise,  
Who the same end pursu'd by several ways?  
One ply'd, one condemn'd, the woful times;  
One laugh'd at follies, one lamented crimes.—Dorset.

MANKIND may be divided into the merry and the  
serious, who both of them make a very good figure  
in the species, so long as they keep their respective  
humours from degenerating into the neighbouring  
extreme; there being a natural tendency in the one  
to a melancholy moroseness, and in the other to a  
fantastic levity.

The merry part of the world are very amiable  
while they diffuse a cheerfulness through conversa-  
tion at proper seasons and on proper occasions; but  
on the contrary, a great grievance to society when  
they infect every discourse with insipid mirth, and  
turn into ridicule such subjects as are not suited to  
it. For though laughter is looked upon by the phi-  
losophers as the property of reason, the excess of it  
has been always considered as the mark of folly.

On the other side, seriousness has its beauty while  
it is attended with cheerfulness and humanity, and  
does not come in unseasonably to pall the good  
humour of those with whom we converse.

These two sets of men, notwithstanding that each  
of them shine in their respective characters, are  
apt to bear a natural aversion and antipathy to each  
another.

What is more usual than to hear men of serious  
tempers, and austere morals, enlarging upon the  
vanities and follies of the young and gay part of the  
species, whilst they look with a kind of honour upon  
such pomps and diversions as are innocent in them-  
selves, and only culpable when they draw the mind  
too much?

I could not but smile upon reading a passage in  
the account which Mr. Baxter gives of his own life,  
wherein he represents it as a great blessing that in  
his youth he very narrowly escaped getting a place  
at court.

It must indeed be confessed that levity of temper  
takes a man off his guard, and opens a pass to his  
soul for any temptation that assaults it. It favours  
all the approaches of vice, and weakens all the  
resistance of virtue; for which reason a renowned  
statesman in Queen Elizabeth's days, after having  
retired from court and public business, in order to  
give himself up to the duties of religion, when any  
of his old friends used to visit him, had still the  
word of advice in his mouth, "Be serious."

An eminent Italian author of this cast of mind  
speaking of the great advantage of a serious and  
composed temper, wishes very graciously, that for the  
benefit of mankind he had Trophonius's cave in his  
possession; which, says he, would contribute more  
to the reformation of manners than all the good  
houses and hidewells in Europe.

We have a very particular description of this  
cave in Pausanias, who tells us that it was made in  
the form of a huge oven, and had many particu-

again into day-light, yet  
cave to have been a nun-  
a solemn procession of  
behind another, in the  
the most exemplary dece-  
delighted with so edify-  
wards me a great comp-  
laughing, singing, and  
that I could hear them  
them. Upon my asking  
them whether they told  
were French Protestant  
Britain; and that, find-  
humour for my country,  
me in order to compos-  
tion. I told them that,  
soon spoil their mirth;  
whole shoal of them, w-  
survey of the place, cam-  
and with looks entirely  
in a Dutchman, who ha-  
kelder, as he called it; b-  
it had made any manner

A comedian, who had parts of humour, told me to act *Alexander the Great*, succeed very well in it, three laughing features of the experiment, but contrary to it, that I am afraid hereafter but a *Timon of Athens*.

I then clapped up an order to qualify him for succeeded by a young man who was brought to me to her great sorrow and Quaker. Seeing myself Freethinkers and scoffing making themselves merry thoughtful brows of those I thrust them all in, one the door upon them. I looked as if they had bewits, and were marching hands to a wood that was I found they were not at their first serious thoughts quickly bring them to a gave them into the cust that happy change was

The last that was bro  
woman, who at the first  
into an immoderate fit of  
to hold her sides all the  
ing to me. Upon this, I  
and taking the daughters  
said I, "be pleased to r  
your mother tells me y  
into the mouth of the ca  
having begged pardon fo  
me that she often treat  
of her relations in the sa  
sit giggling and laughi  
one end of a tragedy t  
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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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29, 1714.

En. vi. 641.  
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Being on a human soul. It has also, like many other opinions of the heathen world upon these important points; it has, I say, its foundation in truth as it supposes the souls of good men after this life to be in a state of perfect happiness; that in this state there will be no barren hopes, nor fruitless wishes, and that we shall enjoy every thing we can desire. But the particular circumstance which I am most pleased with in this scheme, and which arises from a just reflection upon human nature, is that variety of pleasures which it supposes the soul of good men will be possessed of in another world. This I think highly probable, from the dictates both of reason and revelation. The soul consists of many faculties, as the understanding, and the will, with all the senses both outward and inward; or, to speak more philosophically, the soul can exert herself in many different ways of action. She can understand, will, imagine, see, and hear; love, and discourse, and apply herself to many other the like exercises of different kinds and natures; but what is more to be considered, the soul is capable of receiving a most exquisite pleasure and satisfaction from the exercise of any of these its powers, when they are gratified with their proper objects; she can be entirely happy by the satisfaction of the memory, the sight, the hearing, or any other mode of perception. Every faculty is as a distinct taste in the mind, and hath objects accommodated to its proper relish. Doctor Tillotson somewhere says, that he will not presume to determine in what consists the happiness of the blessed, because God Almighty is capable of making the soul happy by ten thousand different ways. Besides those several avenues to pleasure which the soul is endowed with in this life, it is not impossible, according to the opinions of many eminent divines, but there may be new faculties in the souls of good men made perfect, as well as new senses in their glorified bodies. This we are sure of, that there will be new objects offered to all those faculties which are essential to us.

We are likewise to take notice that every particular faculty is capable of being employed on a very great variety of objects. The understanding, for example, may be happy in the contemplation of moral, natural, mathematical, and other kinds of truth. The memory, likewise, may turn itself to an infinite multitude of objects, especially when the soul shall have passed through the space of many millions of years, and shall reflect with pleasure on the days of eternity. Every other faculty may be considered in the same extent.

We cannot question but that the happiness of a soul will be adequate to its nature; and that it is not endowed with any faculties which are to lie useless and unemployed. The happiness is to be the happiness of the whole man; and we may easily conceive to ourselves the happiness of the soul which any one of its faculties is in the fruition of its chief good. The happiness may be of a more exalted nature in proportion as the faculty employed is exalted; but, as the whole soul acts in the exertion of any of its particular powers, the whole soul is happy in the pleasure which arises from any of its particular actions. For, notwithstanding, as has been before hinted, and as it has been taken notice of by one of the greatest modern philosophers,\* we divide the soul into several powers, and faculties, there is no such division in the soul itself, since it is the whole soul that remembers, understands, wills, or imagines.

\* Locke



power of considering the memory, understanding, imagination, and the like faculties, is for enabling us to express ourselves in such subjects of speculation, not that there is a division in the soul itself.

It is, then, that the soul has many different faculties, in other words, many different ways of being pleased, that it can be intensely pleased or made happy by all these different faculties, or ways of being pleased, that it may be endowed with several latent faculties, which it is not at present in a condition to use, that we cannot believe the soul is endowed with a faculty which is of no use to it; that, if any one of these faculties is transcendently exercised, the soul is in a state of happiness; and, in this place, considering that the happiness of an individual is to be the happiness of the whole man, the question is, but that there is an infinite variety of pleasures we are speaking of? and that this joy will be made up of all those pleasures of which the nature of the soul is capable of receiving? shall be the more confirmed in this doctrine, to observe the nature of variety with regard to the soul of man. The soul does not care to be in the same bent. The faculties relieve one another by turns, and receive an additional pleasure from the novelty of those objects about which they are exerted.

It is likewise very much confirmed by the different views which it gives us of the nature of happiness. In the description of the happiness of God it represents to us all those objects which are able to gratify the senses and imagination: in many places it intimates to us all the happiness which the understanding can possibly receive in this state, where all things shall be revealed to us; we shall know even as we are known; the pleasures of devotion, of divine love, the pleasure of being with our blessed Saviour, with an innumerable host of angels, and with the spirits of just men made perfect, are likewise revealed to us in several parts of the holy writings. There are also described those hierarchies or governments in which the angels shall be ranged one above another, and in which we may be sure a great part of our happiness will likewise consist; for it will not be there as in this world, where every one is aiming at power and superiority; but, on the contrary, every one will be at that station the most proper for him in which he is placed, and will probably think that he is not so happy in any other station. And many other particulars, are marked in the description of heaven, as the several ingredients of our happiness in heaven, which all imply such a variety of faculties and such a gratification of the soul in all its faculties, as I have been here mentioning.

The Rabbins tell us, that the cherubim are the angels who know most, and the seraphim are the angels who love most. Whether this description be not altogether imaginary, I shall not here inquire; but it is highly probable that, among the angels, there may be some who will be employed with the employment of one faculty more than another; and this perhaps according to those virtuous habits or inclinations which have been taken the deepest root.

It will here apply this consideration to the spirit of the wicked men, with relation to the pain which they will suffer in every one of their faculties, and the active miseries which shall be appropriated to each faculty in particular. But, leaving this to the discretion of my readers, I shall conclude with

observing how we ought to glorify our Creator, and rejoice in the gifts bestowed upon us, for having been made capable of pleasure by so many different ways, that what a variety of pains and pleasures enter into the thoughts of the human spirit is framed by the different faculties, and taste the different pleasures; may therefore look into the nature of amazement, and cannot but be in a posture to Him who has poured out a profusion of blessings upon us, and made it a being capable of enjoying them.

There cannot be a doubt that God has designed us for a state of happiness for that heaven which he has thus natured out for us, and made it a being capable of bliss. He would never have made us vain, and have endowed us with faculties not to be exerted on objects of vanity. It is very manifest that the constitution of our mind is adapted to an infinite variety of pleasures which are not to be met with in this world; therefore, at all times, we should appoint this his gracious providence towards us, and make the most of it, as so many qualifications which are to be the instruments of our happiness.

## No. 601.] FRIDAY.

Man is naturally

THE following essay has entertained my readers.

“Notwithstanding the great variety of pleasures which obtain in this world, it is not therefore concluded that the nature of mankind is such as to delight in nothing so much as to receive more of their pleasures from the world, by rebound from other pleasures, than to receive more of their pleasures from the world, by rebound from other pleasures. Now, it is manifest that there are but few, and to a great degree above the grovelling pleasures of the world, another order of beings, whose nature is the same; moved by the same passions, and endowed with all the same faculties, cleared, refined, and cultivated, as the fluid body in winter and summer, is stiffened in ice as water, and streams, gladdening the eye, and refreshing the soul. It is a property of the human mind, that its kind wishes spread themselves over the whole creation; and if there were too many of them, who were not their own dear selves, with their species, let us suppose that the world is frozen, and, by the contrary quality, restrained from its usual activity, therefore endeavour to check upon this general passion of the soul, which will enable it to find out what method, this method, this method, unfettered, and restore the soul to its exercise.

“The first and leading passion of the human mind is the love of the true source of moral excellence, and the obliquity of matter

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each imagining all the rest to be embarked in in-  
terest that cannot take place but to his prejudice.  
Hence are those eager competitions for wealth  
power; hence one man's success becomes another's  
disappointment; and, like pretenders to the su-  
premiacy, they can seldom have common charity  
towards their rivals. Not that they are naturally disposed  
to quarrel and fall out; but it is natural for a man  
to prefer himself to all others, and to secure his  
own interest first. If that which men esteem the  
happiest were, like the light, the same without  
and unconfined good, whether ten thousand en-  
joyed the benefit of it or but one, we should see more  
good-will and kind endeavours would be assuasive

Homo qui erranti comiter monstrat viam  
Quasi lumen de suo lumine accendat, facit,  
Nullumque ipse lucrat, cum illi ascendat.

To direct a wanderer in the right way, as to light another  
man's candle by one's own, which lumen none of us light  
what the other gains.

"But, unluckily, mankind agree in ranking the  
of objects which inevitably engage them in per-  
tual differences. Learn, therefore, like a wise man,  
the true estimate of things. Desire not more  
of the world than is necessary to accommodate you  
passing through it; look upon every thing beyond  
not as useless only, but burdensome. Place  
your quiet in things which you cannot have without  
putting others beside them, and thereby make  
them your enemies; and which, when attained, will  
give you more trouble to keep than satisfaction  
in the enjoyment. Virtue is a good of a nobler kind  
it grows by communication; and so little reward  
earthly riches, that the more hands it is lodged in,  
the greater is every man's particular stock. So, by  
propagating and mingling their flames, not only  
the lights of a branch together cast a more exten-  
sive brightness, but each single light burns with  
stronger flame. And lastly, take this along with  
you, that if wealth be an instrument of pleasure, the  
greatest pleasure it can put into your power is the  
of doing good. It is worth considering that the or-  
gans of sense act within a narrow compass, and the  
appetites will soon say they have enough. Which  
of the two therefore is the happier man—the who  
confining all his regard to the gratification of his  
own appetites, is capable but of short fits of plea-  
sure—or the man who, reckoning himself a share-  
in the satisfactions of others, especially those who  
come to them by his means, enlarges the sphere of  
his happiness?

"The last enemy to beneficence I shall mention  
is uneasiness of any kind. A guilty or a discontented  
mind, a mind ruffled by ill-fortune, disor-  
dered by its own passions, hurried by neglect, or  
fretting at disappointments, hath not leisure to at-  
tend to the necessity or reasonableness of a kindness  
desired, nor a taste for those pleasures which wait  
on beneficence, which demand a calm and unper-  
turbed heart to relish them. The most miserable of  
all beings is the most envious; and, on the other  
hand, the most communicative is the happiest. And  
if you are in search of the seat of perfect love and  
friendship, you will not find it until you come to the  
region of the blessed, where happiness, like a re-  
freshing stream, flows from heart to heart in an  
endless circulation, and is preserved sweet and un-  
tainted by the motion. It is old advice, if you have  
a favour to request of any one, to observe the golden  
times of address, when the soul, in a flash of good  
humour, takes a pleasure to show itself pleased.  
Persons conscious of their own integrity, valuing

emselves and their condition, and full of grace in a Supreme Being, and the hope of almighty, survey all about them with a flow of blood: as trees which like their soil, they shoot expressions of kindness, and bend beneath the precious load, to the hand of the gatherer. The mind be not thus easy, it is an infallible at it is not in its natural state: place the in its right posture, it will immediately display its innate propensity to beneficence."

602.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1714.

*Facit hoc illos hyacinthos.*—*Juv. Sat. vi. 110.*

This makes them hyacinths.

following letter comes from a gentleman and is very diligent in making his observations which I think too material not to be communicated to the public:—

18,

order to execute the office of love-casualist to Britain, with which I take myself to be in your paper of September 8, I shall make further observations upon the two sexes in beginning with that which always ought to be upper hand. After having observed, with curiosity, the accomplishments which are apt to captivate female hearts, I find that there is no one irresistible as one who is a man of importance. He makes himself talked of, though it be for the singular cock of his hat, or for prating aloud in a play, is in the fair way of being a favourite.

I have known a young fellow make his way by knocking down a constable; and may to say, though it may seem a paradox, that a fair one has died by a duel in which both servants have survived.

About three winters ago I took notice of a lady at the theatre, who conceived a passion for a notorious rake that headed a party of cat-bags. I am credibly informed that the emperor of the Turks married a rich widow within three months after having rendered himself formidable in the streets of London and Westminster. Scouring the windows have done frequent execution upon the sex. But there is no set of these rascals who make their way more successful than those who have gained themselves a name by being a great man's favourite, and have ruined the greatest number of fortunes. There is a strange curiosity in the world to be acquainted with the dear man who has been loved by others, and to know what it makes him so agreeable. His reputation is more than half his business. Every one, that is ambitious of being a woman of fashion, looks out for opportunities of being in his company; so that, as the old proverb, 'When his name is up he is a-bed.'

As very sensible of the great advantage of being in the company of a man of importance upon these occasions on the king's entry, when I was seated in a box behind a cluster of very pretty country ladies had one of these showy gentlemen in the company. The first trick I caught him at was to flatter several persons of quality whom he did not know; nay, he had the impudence to hem at a lady who had a finer equipage than ordinary; and a little concerned at the impertinent behaviour of the mob that hindered his friend from

taking notice of him. He pulled off his hat to him who it was, he told him that he had been very much obliged to him, whereas, in truth, it was he who had been very much obliged to him.

"He was never at a person's name, though under a peer. He for the aldermen, very good privy-councillors, with rakes among the bishops."

"In short, I collected that he was acquainted with nobody. At the same time did not that day make mention of his mistress, could have done in half an hour."

"Ovid has finely told of love, which I shall here send you his translation:

"Page

Thus love in theatres  
And glances are still  
Nor shun the chariot  
The Circus is no more  
No need is there of time  
Nor nods, nor signs, nor  
But boldly next the  
Close as you can to  
Pleas'd or unpleas'd  
For so the laws of love  
Then find occasion to  
Inquire whose chariot  
To whatsoever side  
Suit all your inclination  
Like what she likes,  
And whom she favours

"Again, page

O when will come  
When thou, the best  
Drawn by white horses  
With conquer'd slaves  
Slaves that no longer  
O glorious object! O  
O day of public joy!  
On such a day, if thou  
Some beauty sits, the  
If she inquire the name  
Of mountains, rivers,  
Answer to all thou know'st  
Of things unknown as  
This is Euphrates, or  
Flows the swift Tigris  
Invent new names of  
Call this Armenia, this  
Call this a Mede, and  
Talk probably: no more

No. 603.] WEDNESDAY

*Ducite ab urbe domum, &c.*

— Restore

My lingering Daphnis to me

The following copy of my correspondents, and original, that I do not mind my readers:—\*

My time, O ye Muses, when  
When Phoebe went with me

\* The Phoebe of this name was daughter of the very learned and prebendary of Ely, early College, Cambridge, who married to Dr. Dennison of Killaloe in Ireland, and was Bishop of Peterborough.

res: I felt in my breast;  
like Cohn was blest;  
as left me behind;  
on a sudden I find!  
a could possibly be,  
but, alas! it was she.

II.  
to tend a few sheep,  
lie down and sleep,  
be cheerful and gay.  
feather all day;  
neevish am grown,  
ever was known.  
y joys are all drown'd,  
t weighs more than a pound.

III.  
to run sweetly along,  
the pebbles among;  
if Phœbe was there,  
twas music to hear:  
lk by its side,  
nothing but chide.  
side I go in pain?  
bling, and hear me complain.

IV.  
and me would oftentimes play,  
re as joyful as they,  
g, how happy the time,  
uty were all in their prime:  
en by me they pass,  
adful of grass:  
akes me quite mad,  
I am so sad.

V.  
pleased to see  
y fair one and me;  
so, and to my dog said,  
had patted his head,  
g, I with a sour look  
a blow with my crook:  
for why should not Tray  
hen Phœbe's away?

VI.  
be, what sights have I seen!  
ow fresh was the green!  
the trees and the shade,  
, and every thing made!  
ough all are still there,  
delightful appear:  
e, I find, of her eyes,  
pects arise.

VII.  
as both all the wood thro',  
and nightingale too;  
locks by us did bleat,  
pper under our feet,  
ugh still they sing on,  
the melody's gone:  
a now I have found,  
greeable sound.

VIII.  
thy delicate hue?  
eautiful blue?  
the blossom beguile?  
e, why do they not smile?  
as that you dress'd  
for: a place on her breast;  
pleasure her eye,  
on her bosom to die.

IX.  
s, till my Phœbe return!  
yr's cool breezes I burn!  
bouts he would tread,  
and 'twould melt down the lead.  
og hither my dear,  
t when she is here.  
of delay,  
ter for all thou canst say.

X.  
at hears me complain,  
ten my pain?  
lin, thy passion remove;  
o live without love?  
up to return,  
d so sadly forlorn,  
all die with despair!  
now ye love one so fair.

No. 604.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER

Tu ne quaesieris (scire nefas) quem iussu  
Finem tui dederint, Leuconoe: nec Ba  
Tentaris numeros. — HON. 10

Ah, do not strive too much to know,  
My dear Leuconoe,  
What the kind gods design to do  
With me and thee. — Cæcilius.

THE desire of knowing future events is the strongest inclination in the mind; and, indeed, an ability of foreseeing probably what, in the language of men, is called prudence; but, not satisfied with this reason holds out, mankind hath endeavored to penetrate more compendiously into futurity by oracles, omens, lucky hours, and the like. Superstition, owe their rise to this propensity. As this principle is founded in self-love, it is sure to be solicitous in the first place for its own fortune, the course of his life, and the manner of his death.

If we consider that we are free-agents, we discover the absurdity of such inquiries into our actions, which we might have neglected, is the cause of another that and so the whole chain of life is linked together. Pain, poverty, or infamy, are the natural consequences of vicious and imprudent acts, as blessings are of good ones; so that we suppose our lot to be determined without our great enhancement of pleasure arises unexpectedly; and pain is doubled by being unexpected. Upon all these, and several other considerations, ought to rest satisfied in this portion allotted us; to adore the hand that hath fitted us to our nature, and hath not more displayed its power in our knowledge than in our ignorance.

It is not unworthy observation, that the inquiries into future events prevail more in proportion to the improvement of liberal useful knowledge in the several parts of the world. Accordingly we find, that magical inquiries are main in Lapland; in the more remote parts of Scotland they have their second sight; of our own countrymen see abundant evidence. In Asia this credulity is strong; and in that part of refined learning there consists a knowledge of amulets, talismans, occult influences, &c. the like.

When I was at Grand Cairo I fell into the acquaintance of a good-natured musician, who promised me many good offices which he intended to do me when he became the prime minister. It was a fortune bestowed on his imagination, that he was a doctor very deep in the curious sciences, and repeated solicitations I went to learn of him this wonderful sage. For a small sum he promised, but was required to wait in expectation until he had run through the Egyptian ceremonies. Having a strong propensity then, to dreaming, I took a nap upon the spot I was placed, and had the following particulars whereof I picked up the other day my papers.

I found myself in an unbounded prospect, methought the whole world, in several parts with different tongues, was assembled. A multitude glided swiftly along, and I found a strong inclination to mingle in the train. I quickly singled out some of the spleeniest. Several in rich caftans and glittering robes, bustled through the throng, and tramp-

er they threw down; until, to my great  
ad that the great pace they went only  
a to a scaffold or a bowstring. Many  
sels on the other side moved forward  
iety; some danced until they fell all  
thers painted their faces until they  
es. A tribe of creatures with busy  
nto a fit of laughter at the misfortunes  
y ladies, I turned my eyes upon them.  
ch of them filling his pockets with  
ds, and when there was no room left  
e wretches, looking round with fear  
ed away before my face with famine  
t.  
ct of human misery struck me dumb  
. Then it was that, to disburden my  
en and ink, and did every thing that  
pened under my office of Spectator.  
mploying myself for the good of man-  
rised to meet with very unsuitable  
y fellow-creatures. Never was poor  
t with pamphleteers, who sometimes  
ly against me, but oftener shot at me  
bulwarks, or rose up suddenly in  
y were of all characters and capaci-  
h ensigns of dignity, and others in  
what most surprised me was to see  
black gowns among my enemies. It  
trouble to me, sometimes to have a  
to me with an angry face, and re-  
having lampooned him when I had  
eard of him in my life. With the  
berwise; many became my enemies  
particularly pointed out: as there  
ho resented the satire which they  
I directed against them. My great  
the company of half a dozen friends,  
nee were the club which I have so  
d in my papers. I laughed often at  
ay sleep, and was the more diverted  
ycomb's gallantries (when we after-  
acquainted), because I had foreseen  
ith a farmer's daughter. The regret  
my mind upon the death of my com-  
ixities for the public, and the many  
fleeing before my eyes, made me  
osity; when the magician entered  
awakened me, by telling me (when  
that he was just going to begin.  
only delivered the prophecy of that  
which is past, it being inconvenient  
second part until a more proper op-

MONDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1714.

extremum animum; cultusque frequenti.  
e voces artes, haud tarda sequuntur.

VIRG. GEORG. II. 51.

They change their savage mind.

as lose, and, quitting nature's part,  
as and discipline of art.—DRYDEN.

used the following letter, and finding  
the subject of love, I referred it to  
suist, whom I have retained in my  
ulations of that kind. He returned  
at morning with his report annexed

and black gowns employed by the admi-  
nist year of the Queen's reign, Dr. Swift,  
fr. Friend, Dr. King, Mr. Oldsworth, Mrs. D.  
niers of the Examiners, &c.

to it, with both of which I  
reader:—

“MR. SPECTATOR,

“Finding that you have  
person in your service in qu  
apply myself to you, under  
that hath for some months pe  
couple of humble servants, of  
aversion to: the other I think  
first hath the reputation of a  
is one of those people that  
value. My spark is reckoned  
the men, but is a favourite  
marry the man of worth as  
oblige my parents, and imp  
with my dear beau I prom  
although not a jointure. N  
whether I should consent to  
man that I have only no obj  
against whom all objections t  
I am determined to follow t  
I dare say he will not put  
thing as matrimony contrary

“I am, &c.

“P. S. I forgot to tell you  
tleman is the most complai  
world, and is always of my  
forsooth, fancies he hath as  
slights my lapdog, and hath th  
dict me when he thinks I  
About half an hour ago he m  
that a patch always implies a

As I look upon it to be n  
with the parents than the da  
some considerations to my  
may incline her to comply w  
direction she is; and at the  
her that it is not impossible  
have a true affection for him  
different to her; or, to use th  
that, “if she marries first, love

The only objection that she  
against the gentleman propos  
of complaisance, which, I p  
willing to return. Now I c  
very circumstance, that she  
ever they may think of it, are  
their hearts. It is difficult  
love delights more in giving p  
Miss Fickle ask her own heart  
a secret pride in making this  
look very silly. Hath she eve  
than when her behaviour hath  
to hang himself; or doth she  
when she thinks she hath dri  
brink of a purling stream?  
the same time, that it is not im  
may have discovered her tricks  
give her as good as she bri  
handsome young baggage th  
Greek of my acquaintance, ju  
as if he had been a barbarian.  
she had fixed him she took a  
his rival's box, and apparently  
little finger. She became a p  
arts and sciences, and scarce  
him without wilfully mispell  
young scholar, to be even  
coquettes as soon as he had g  
not want parts to turn into ric  
and pleasure of the town. A  
one another for the space of

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

es from Lou-  
sted with her  
ontrary way.  
n a few days  
are now the  
present with  
asure.  
me time, not  
fter them a  
satisfaction  
I know very  
to be excused  
th worn out  
a discretion,  
ect. And it  
g husbands,  
men beyond  
tually in the  
ply the same

of their pur-  
united care  
serve, by the  
ore warm in  
red than any  
bligations,  
here than in  
use affection  
ary, persons  
a particular  
they think  
in they have

that as there  
marriage, so  
served.

ry of custom  
e a mutual  
ons. It is a  
lend of mine  
loves a man  
is stories, or  
cret delight;  
lattery, and  
of self-love.  
re possessed  
the air and  
nto the same  
some have  
rt, that the  
to resemble  
nt therefore  
ended will  
two or three  
in the beau,  
fier another.  
nent, if that  
is the most

our present  
which I shall  
rrespondent

as in British  
ress through  
ughter, who  
celebrated  
and the vio-  
the mother  
her daugh-  
n her heart  
It was no

sooner dark than she conveyed into his room  
young maid of no disagreeable figure, who was  
of her attendants, and did not want address to  
prove the opportunity for the advancement of  
fortune. She made so good use of her time, t  
when she offered to rise a little before day, the k  
could by no means think of parting with her;  
that finding herself under a necessity of discover  
who she was, she did it in so handsome a man  
that his majesty was exceedingly gracious to h  
and took her ever after under his protection: so  
much, that our chronicles tell us he carried h  
along with him, made her his first minister of m  
and continued true to her alone, until his marria  
with the beautiful Elfrida.

No. 606.] WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 17

— Longum castu solata laborum  
Arguta conjux percurrit perline telas.—VIRG. Georg. 4. 28  
— menu time at home  
The good wife singin piles the various looms.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE a couple of nieces under my directi  
who so often run gadding abroad, that I do n  
know where to have them. Their dress, their d  
and their visits, take up all their time, and they  
to bed as tired with doing nothing, as I am sh  
quilting a whole under-petticoat. The only tim  
they are not idle is while they read your Spectator  
which being dedicated to the interests of virtue,  
desire you to recommend the long-neglected an  
needle-work. Those hours which in this age a  
thrown away in dress, play, visits, and the lik  
were employed, in my time, in writing out recipes  
or working beds, chairs, and hangings for the fam  
For my part, I have plied my needle these 40  
years, and by my good-will would never have it us  
of my hand. It grieves my heart to see a couple  
proud idle flirts sipping their tea, for a whole af  
noon, in a room hung round with the industry  
their great-grandmother. Pray, Sir, take the la  
able mystery of embroidery into your serious con  
sideration, and, as you have a great deal of the viti  
of the last age in you, continue your endeavours t  
reform the present. "I am," &c.

In obedience to the commands of my respectable  
correspondent, I have duly weighed this important  
subject, and promise myself, from the arguments  
here laid down, that all the fine ladies of England  
will be ready, as soon as their mourning is over,  
to appear covered with the work of their own hands.

What a delightful entertainment must it be to the  
fair sex, whom their native modesty, and the tend  
ness of men towards them, exempt from public busi  
ness, to pass their hours in imitating fruit of  
flowers, and transplanting all the beauties of nature  
into their own dress, or raising a new creation i  
their closets and apartments! How pleasing is th  
amusement of walking among the shades and grove  
planted by themselves, in surveying heroes slain b  
their needle, or little Cupids which they hav  
brought into the world without pain!

This is, methinks, the most proper way where  
a lady can show a fine genius; and I cannot help  
wishing that several writers of that sex had chosen  
to apply themselves rather to tapestry than rhime.  
Your pastoral poetesses may vent their fancy i  
rural landscapes, and place despairing shepherds

\* Public mourning for the death of Queen Anne.

illows, or drown them in a stream of heroic writers may work up battles and inflame them with gold or stain them. Even those who have only a or an epigram, may put many valuations to a purse, and crowd a thousand air of garters.

Without breach of good manners, immodest creature is void of genius, and her part herein but very awkwardly, unless insist upon her working, if it be not out of harm's way.

Argument for busying good women in this, because it takes them off from usual attendant of tea-tables, and all scenes of life. While they are forming and beasts, their neighbours will be the fathers of their own children; and will be but seldom mentioned where it is, whether blue or red is the more

How much greater glory would be general, if she would choose rather to be of Blenheim in tapestry, than sigh with so much remembrance against those women in their hearts!

It is that I shall mention, is the profit to the family where these pretty arts. It is manifest that this way of life fair ladies from running out into excess at the same time an actual improvement would that matron be, who is described upon her monument, "that she wrote the whole Bible in tapestry, and at an old age, after having covered three miles of wail in the mansion-house!" Being considered, I humbly submit proposals to all mothers in Great

Let every virgin whatsoever be allowed to be the mistress of her first lover, but in a suit of mourning.

Let every fresh humble servant, she appear with a new stomacher at the

Let one be actually married until she has had her bed pillows, &c. ready situated, as if the bed were quite finished.

Let I mistake not, would effectually read art of needle-work, and make the needle Britain exceedingly nimble-fingered.

Let the memorable custom of the Grecian lacertian preserved in Homer, which I have seen a very good effect with my country-dow, in ancient times, could not, they receive a second husband, until they had shrouded for her deceased lord, or the like. Accordingly, the chaste Penelope thought, lost Ulysses at sea, she was time in preparing a winding-sheet for the body of her husband. The story of very famous, and yet not sufficiently general circumstances, I shall give it as Homer makes one of her woovers

Let her give to every youth apart, her sweet looks, and a deceitful heart: Let her be the love of many a slender twine, Let her be the texture, and perplex design; Let her, she cried, "my lord but newly dead, Let her, to court my widow'd bed, Let her, as solemn vows require, Let her, shroud for poor Ulysses' sire,

Let her limbs, when fate the hero's Shall claim this labour of his Let her all the dames of Greece While the great king without

Thus she, Nor did my friend All day she sped the long labour But when the burning lamps were Each night unravell'd what the Three livelong summers did the The fourth her maidens told the These eyes beheld, as close I The backward labours of her Till, watch'd at length, and so Her task she ended, and com

No. 607.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1749.

Dicite Io Pagan, et Io his dilectis Decidit in casses præda perempta

Now Io Pagan sing, now sing And with repeated Io's fill the The prey is fallen in my snare

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"HAVING in your paper of Monday my report on the case of Mrs. Pagan, in I have taken notice that let me be married; I hope your readers are so sensible that as love generally produces matrimony, so

"It perhaps requires more virtue in a husband or wife than what gives the most shining character who is married.

"Discretion seems absolutely necessary. Accordingly we find that the best and most famous for their wisdom, have drawn a perfect pattern of a perfect husband, it the more complete, hath celestial just returns of fidelity and tenderness inasmuch that he refused the love of a woman for her sake; and, to use the words of Pagan authors, 'Vetulum mulierem,' his old woman was dearest to him.

"Virtue is the next necessary to this domestic character, as if constancy and mutual esteem were more remarkable in them than any others of the age.

"Good-nature is a third necessary to the marriage state, without which the marriage is sour upon a thousand occasions. A good mind is joined with the heart, which attracts the admiration and esteem of others. Thus Caesar, not more for his fortune and valour than for his wisdom, has won the hearts of the Roman people. Through the custom, he pronounced the funeral of his first and best-loved wife.

"Good-nature is insufficient, it must be accompanied with a steady and uniform, and accompanied with a steady temper, which is above all things necessary to this friendship contracted for life. It is easy within himself before he can be easy to others. Socrates and Marcus Antoninus, of men, who by the strength of their minds entirely composed their minds to the passions, are celebrated for good-nature. Withstanding the first was young and the other with Faustina. The first would but habituate themselves to bear with one another's faults, the second pretty well conquered. This good temper and complacency was necessary in the nuptial ceremonies among



solemnity, al-  
la of the vic-  
a passage out  
ordshire, not  
resent paper,  
y give rise to  
er belonging

e manors of  
therton, and  
f the earls of  
The said Sir  
s, one bacon-  
novre ready  
Lent, to be  
d, after the  
past, in form

before named  
in their own  
or to the por-  
and shall say

ow, that I am  
lyke hanging  
re, after the

r porter shall  
y his faith to  
of his neigh-  
l bailiff shall  
of the lord-  
hall go to the  
Knightleye,  
Knightleye,  
be ready at  
time of day,  
horse and a  
vey the said  
unity of Staf-  
l bailiff shall,  
he tenants of  
appointed at  
the services  
t the day as  
e bacon shall  
Whichenovre,  
and awaiting  
he bacon.—  
delivered to  
l those which  
o the bacon.  
with trumps  
relsy, to the  
l of Whiche-  
the bacon in

mandeth the  
s neighbours  
here ready,"  
e two neigh-  
be a wedded  
l if since his  
and if he be  
d neighbours  
three points  
in down and

at Dummow in  
ord, at the date

brought to the hall-door, and shall there be  
upon one half-quarter of wheat, and upon one sh  
of rye. And he that demandeth the bacon sh  
kneel upon his knee, and shall hold his right ha  
upon a book, which book shall be laid open t  
bacon and the corn, and shall make oath in t  
manner:—

"Here ye, Sir Philip de Somerville, lord  
Whichenovre, mayntener and gyver of this bacon  
that I, A. sithe I wedded R. my wife, and sithe I k  
hyr in my keepyng, and at my wylls by a retr  
a day after our marriage, I would not have chang  
for none other; farer ne fowler; richer ne poor  
ne for none other descended of greater hys  
slepyng ne wakyng, at noo tyme. And if the w  
B. were sole, and I sole, I would take her to be  
wyfe before all the wymen of the world, of w  
condicions soever they be, good or evyll; as be  
me God and his sayntes, and this flesh and  
fleshes."

"And his neighbours shall make oath, that th  
trust verily he hath said truly. And if it be tak  
by his neighbours before named, that he be a tr  
man, there shall be delivered to him half-a-quar  
of wheat and a cheese; and if he be a villain,  
shall have a quarter of rye without cheese. A  
then shall Knightleye, the lord of Redlow, be call  
for to carry all these things tofore rehearsed; a  
the said corn shall be laid on one horse; and t  
bacon above it; and he to whom the bacon app  
taineth shall ascend upon his horse, and shall be  
the cheese before him if he have a horse. And if  
have none, the lord of Whichenovre shall cause h  
to have one horse and saddle, to such time as he l  
passed his lordship; and so shall they depart fr  
manor of Whichenovre with the corn and the chee  
tofore him that hath won it, with trumpets, tabour  
and other manner of minstrelsy. And all the h  
tenants of Whichenovre shall conduct him to h  
passed the lordship of Whichenovre. And the  
shall they all return except him to whom app  
taineth to make the carriage and journey within  
the county of Stafford, at the costs of his lord  
Whichenovre."

No. 608.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1711.

— Perjuria ridet amantium.—Ovid, *Art. Amor. l. 631.*

— Forgiving with a smile

The perjuries that easy maids beguile.—Dryden.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"ACCORDING to my promise I herewith trans  
to you a list of several persons, who from time  
time demanded the fitch of bacon of Sir Philip  
Somerville, and his descendants; as it is preserved  
in an ancient manuscript, under the title of 'Th  
Register of Whichenovre-hall, and of the house  
fitch there maintained.'

"In the beginning of this record, is recited th  
law or institution in form, as it is already printed  
your last paper: to which are added two lines  
as a comment upon the general law, the substance  
whereof is, that the wife shall take the same oath  
the husband, *mutatis mutandis*; and that the judge  
shall, as they think meet, interrogate or cross-exa  
mine the witnesses. After this precedeth the regul  
ter in manner following:—

"Aubry de Falstaff, son of Sir John Falstaff, k  
with dame Maude his wife, were the first that de  
manded the bacon, he having bribed twain of h  
father's companions to swear falsely in his behalf  
whereby he gained the fitch. But he and his son

immediately into a dispute how the said should be dressed, it was, by order of the men from him and hung up again in the said island. The wife of Stephen Freckle, brought her husband along with her, and set forth the actions and behaviour of her consort, adding that she doubted not but he was ready to like of her, his wife; whereupon he, the said, shaking his head, she turned short and gave him a box on the ear.

de Waverland, having laid his hand upon the clause, "were I sole and was rehearsed, found a secret compunction in his mind, and stole it off again.

ard de Loveless, who was a courtier, and a bred-man, being observed to hesitate at "after our marriage," was thereupon explain himself. He replied, by talking of his exact complaisance while he was and alleged that he had not in the least his wife for a year and a day before marriage he hoped was the same thing.

ne Jolly, Esq. making it appear, by un-  
e testimony, that he and his wife had  
all and entire affection for the space of  
nth, commonly called the honey-moon,  
consideration thereof, one rasher bestowed

his, says the record, many years passed  
any demandant appeared at Whiche-  
insomuch that one would have thought  
ole country were turned Jews, so little  
ection to the flitch of bacon.

st couple enrolled had liked to have care  
e of the witnesses had not deposed, that  
Sunday with the demandant, whose wife  
w the Squire's lady at church, she thought  
pped some expressions, as if she thought  
deserved to be knighted; to which he  
passionate pish! The judges taking the  
to consideration, declared the aforesaid  
o imply an unwarrantable ambition in  
anger in the husband.

orded as a sufficient disqualification of  
se that, speaking of her husband, she  
orgive him."

ewise remarkable, that a couple were  
in the deposition of one of their neigh-  
he lady had once told her husband, that  
duty to obey: to which he replied, "O  
u are never in the wrong!"

lent passion of one lady for her lapdog;  
sway of the old housemaid by another;  
torn by the wife, and a tailor's by the  
quarrel about the kissing crust; spoils-  
rs, and coming in late of nights, are so  
al articles which occasioned the repro-  
ne scores of demandants, whose names  
in the aforesaid register.

enumerating other particular persons,  
nt myself with observing that the sen-  
enced against one Gervase Poacher is,  
ght have had bacon to his eggs, if he  
efore scolded his wife when they were

And the deposition against Dorothy  
s in these words, "that she had so far  
lominion of the coal fire (the stirring  
husband claimed to himself) that by  
she never would suffer the poker out

"I find but two couple  
were successful: the first  
wife, who since the day  
seen one another until the  
second was an honest pa-  
the husband was a man of  
peaceable temper; the w-

No. 609.] WEDNESDAY

— Farrago

The miscellaneous

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I HAVE for some time  
paper, and have therefore  
into the Spectator, when  
will not have many spare  
of your own. As I was th-  
an honest country gentle-  
expressing his astonishm-  
mightily crowded with d-  
which I told him he was y-  
took all those gentlemen  
persons of that dignity;  
after his first degree in the  
hither only to show himse-  
is apt to think he is but h-  
and cassock for his publi-  
not the additional orname-  
magnitude to entitle him  
Doctor from his landlady  
Now since I know that I  
looked upon as a mark of  
is made use of among som-  
venturers of the town, I sh-  
give it a place among those  
justly exposed in several of  
well assured that the main-  
in the country and the uns-  
to a man untainted with  
pleased to see this venerab-  
When my patron did me th-  
his family (for I must own  
was pleased to say he took  
panion: and whether he k-  
the lace and shoulder-knot  
of servitude and dependanc-  
was so kind as to leave my  
discretion; and, not havin-  
my degrees, I am content

ment. The privileges of  
certain number of chaplain-  
perhaps not one in ten of t-  
have any relation to the ne-  
belong to: the right gener-  
lains, except the domestic  
being nothing more than the  
place, who, if he happens to  
number of his noble maste-  
and the same time have fif-  
proper accoutrements, of h-  
perhaps there hath been n-  
said in the family since the  
coronet.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I wish you would writ-  
about natural antipathies,

o The 20th of October, 1714,  
of King George I.



memorable instance to our present purpose. The oracle, being asked by Gyges, who was the happiest man, replied, Aglaüs. Gyges, who expected to have heard himself named on this occasion, was much surprised, and very curious to know who this Aglaüs should be. After much inquiry, he was found to be an obscure countryman, who employed all his time in cultivating a garden, and a few acres of land about his house.

Cowley's agreeable relation of this story shall lose its day's speculation.

This Aglaüs (a man unknown to men,  
But the gods knew, and therefore lov'd him then),  
Thus liv'd obscurely then without a name,  
Aglaüs, now consign'd to eternal fame.  
For Gyges, the rich king, wicked and great,  
Presum'd at wise Apollo's Delphic seat,  
Presum'd to ask, O thou the whole world's eye,  
Deest thou a man that happier is than I?  
The god, who scorn'd to flatter man, reply'd,  
Aglaüs happier is. But Gyges cry'd,  
In a proud rage, Who can that Aglaüs be?  
We've heard as yet of no such king as he.  
And true it was, through the whole earth around,  
No king of such a name was to be found.  
Is some old hero of that name alive,  
Who his high race does from the gods derive?  
Is it some mighty gen'ral that has done  
Wonders in fight, and godlike honours won?  
Is it some man of endless wealth? said he,  
None, none of these. Who can this Aglaüs be?  
After long search, and vain inquiries past,  
In an obscure Arcadian vale at last  
(Th' Arcadian life has always shady been),  
Near Sopho's town, which he but once had seen,  
This Aglaüs, who monarchs' envy drew,  
Whose happiness the gods stood witness to,  
This mighty Aglaüs, was lab'ring found,  
With his own hands, in his own little ground.  
So, gracious God, if it may lawful be  
Among those foolish gods to mention thee,  
So let me act, on such a private stage,  
The last dull scenes of my declining age;  
After long toils and voyages in vain,  
This quiet port let my tost vessel gain;  
Of heavenly rest this earnest to me lend,  
Let my life sleep, and learn to love her end.

No. 611.] MONDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1714.

*Perfidus! sed duris genuit te cautibus horrens  
Caucasus, Hyrcanæque admovent ubera tigres.*  
VINO. Æn. iv. 366.

Perfidious man! thy parent was a rock,  
And fierce Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck.

I AM willing to postpone every thing, to do any least service for the deserving and unfortunate. Accordingly I have caused the following letter to be inserted in my paper the moment that it came into my hands, without altering one tittle in an account which the lady relates so handsomely herself.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I flatter myself you will not only pity, but, if possible, redress a misfortune myself and several others of my sex lie under. I hope you will not be offended, nor think I mean by this to justify my own imprudent conduct, or expect you should. No: I am sensible how severely, in some of your former papers, you have reproved persons guilty of the like mismanagements. I was scarce sixteen, and I may say, without vanity, handsome, when courted by a perjured man; who, upon promise of marriage, rendered me the most unhappy of women. After he had deluded me from my parents, who were people of very good fashion, in less than three months he left me. My parents would not see nor hear from me; and, had it not been for a servant who had lived in our family, I must certainly have perished for want of bread. However, it pleased

Providence, in my miserable condition, to oblige me, and married me, and I might be in a better condition, as I was at first, if I had not been so much obliged to you, that you should be so kind to me; and I am so much obliged to you, and compassion some of your papers, that I have

wrong. I have do not know that without my husband obliged, through relations, to go to London. Then it is I am That man, or rather go to. Base villain his nauseous wife strives all the while destitute of friends worth inquiring opened to see his jewels. Then the hypocrite pretends practised all the while. I am not to I hate and abhor plainly perceive he makes it his business seeing him in always most in short, told all his fair; they tell the his companions, he tells it, think liar. If they boy return it, then I no ways agreeable my eyes from the upon it, and while until I have at last upon me. Nay, under that mist favours to one man will let those who this way of proceeding himself the person to the insolence unhappy women those things that horror! You have customs appear to sure, for the sake own it, but, like make it as infamous or expose our secret on the ear, and

"Your obedient

"P. S. I am in fortune, having on Wednesday, in the

I entirely agree Lesbia, that in circumstances is as behaviour when the truth I shall begin following observations

It is a mark of sending an affront lead a man into cowardice to affirm

however, this  
probability to  
be high, it re-

My mother, wearing a faded and thin apron,  
 Placed her foot upon the edge of Lillian's bed;  
 I saw the pattern box chariot thrown,  
 And, with the weight of an unwisely done—DANIEL

n this leg of  
 his trip, it is  
 on the 29th  
 until he has  
 in most cases  
 arranged for  
 his return  
 home with  
 a bit more  
 right :  
 I agree, and  
 will shew you  
 the point  
 you will see  
 at the even-  
 ing conference  
 symposium  
 so glad to  
 do with you :

It is highly laudible to pay respect to a new predecessor of a worthy ancestor, not only in gratitude to those who have done good for us, but also as it is an encouragement to others to follow their example. But this is an honour to be given not demanded by the descendants of great men, but by who are apt to remain as it were, as they put us up, making comparisons to their ancestors. There is some probability of wisdom, strength, or wealth, cause the commendation, but of their having no place of pre-eminence; but we can have no merit, right we to claim any respect, because our father's will whether we would or no.

The following letter indicates the fully felt  
 notion, in a new, and I think, not disagree-  
 ble —

.. M.C. SPILLAI (K.)

d with our  
 nment the  
 ink spent  
 great par-  
 ent whose  
 and the of  
 es which his  
 e well know  
 ce to his pe-  
 e on a small  
 r they im-  
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 a by a Span-  
 give to the  
 must be to  
 and may not  
 d have the  
 Doubt, I have

When the genealogy of every family presented to the world probably be no man valued or despised on account of his birth. There is scarce a leg in the society who would not find himself indebted to some great name; nor any one of higher rank, who would not find one or several of his important persons deriving his ancestors. It would be a pleasant entertainment to see one personage upon a great father, under the same character they bore who chiefly acted their respective parts in the history. Suppose, for instance, a gentleman full of his illustrious family, seated in the neighbourhood of a village where a few poor peasants, who were his tenants, were labouring. He would look down upon his tenants—with his many various passions would be heard shepherds, and would station his tenants, peacocks in the garden, in the prospect of fifty thousand pounds. He would be content to sink or flutter in the sea of speculation, in a secure interval with a wife of proper rank and fortune and proper possessions, in the midst of splendour and disgrace. And how would he be affected by the probability, his tenants are in the country, in order to see whether, as the land is a new discovery, and might or might not

[illegible][illegible]

(1) 1990年1月1日起，凡在境内销售货物或提供应税劳务的纳税人，均应按销售额和规定的税率计算应纳税额，并不得抵扣任何税额。

Platy made a visit to our country garden, which was far from fine in this sort of business. I found him in a study pointing out members of his family, whom he had just taken out of the closet, as it was then called out in the year of the republic, and put in the parlour. Having the pleasure to have some of his blood in my veins, I attempted to cast my eye over the august and venerable plant; and asked my owner to inform me of some of the superfluous branches.

"We possess slightly over three or four of them," he said, "the late forefathers, whom he knew by tradition."

soon stopped by an alderman of London, received made my kinsman's heart go pit-a-ty. His confusion increased when he found the man's father to be a grazier; but he recovered himself upon seeing justice of the quorum at the assizes. Things went on pretty well as we sat our eyes frequently over the tree, when suddenly he perceived a merchant-tailor perched upon a bough, who was said greatly to have increased his estate; he was just going to cut him off if he had been *gent.* after the name of his son; who had dared to have mortgaged one of the manors his father had purchased. A weaver, who had got for his religion in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, was pruned away without mercy; as was a yeoman who died of a fall from his own estate; great was our triumph in one of the trees which was beheaded for high-treason; which, however, was not a little allayed by another of the trees who was hanged for stealing sheep. Expectations of my good cousin were wondered at by a match into the family of a knight; unfortunately for us this branch proved barren: in other hand, Margery the milk-maid, being married to a bough, it flourished out into so many and so bent with so much fruit, that the old man was quite out of countenance. To compound this disgrace, he singled out a branch more fruitful than the other, which he told him he valued more than any in the tree, and bade him have good comfort. This enormous bough was that of a Welsh heiress, with so many Apartments that it might have made a little grove by itself from the trunk of the pedigree, which was composed of labourers and shepherds, arose in pride of farmers: this was branched out into seven, and ended in a sheriff of the county, knighted for his good service to the crown upon an address. Several of the names used to disparage the family, being looked upon as mistakes, were lopped off as rotten or superfluous; as, on the contrary, no small number of apartments without any titles, my cousin, to supply the defect of the manuscript, added *esq.* at the end of them.

The tree, so pruned, dressed, and cultivated, in a few days, transplanted into a large tub, and placed in the great hall, where it was the veneration of his tenants every Sunday, while they wait until his worship is gone to church; wondering that a man who has many fathers before him should not be made king, or at least a justice of the peace."

## 3.] FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1714.

*Stadils florentem ignobilis et.*

*Virg. Georg. iv. 564.*

Studious of less noisy praise.—DAYDEN.

I reckoned a piece of ill-breeding for one man to be the whole talk to himself. For this reason I keep three visiting-days in the week, I sit now and then to let my friends put in their words. There are several advantages hereby accruing to my readers and myself. As first, modest writers have an opportunity of being printed; again, the town enjoys the pleasure of variety; and posterity will see the humour of the present age, by the help of these little lights upon the private and domestic life. The benefits I receive thence are such as these: I gain more

time for future speculation; I improve for the public my grievances; and by leastening the several letters to the Spectator, with little labour.

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"I was mightily pleased with your Friday. Your sentiments were worked up in such a manner upon every reader. But I have a remark; that while you are contentment, and a retirement of melancholy, and actions truly glorious. A reward of virtue; we then are with them; and though we are puffed up with exterior splendour, it is not as truly philosophy as the ruby, or the sparkling diamond, the fainter and less perfect. If there are any cities who lie concealed, impute it to them as a defect, not I believe it owing to their nature rather than of their education. The story of Aglaüs with a stranger to courts, nor is

What shall I do to  
And make the age

was the result of a laudable ambition, until after frequent disquisitions himself the melancholy solitude when he despair. The soul of man is an animal, who withdraws himself from the stage, and cannot be drawn out; he refuses to answer his end with an honest ambition for example. The battles of the world have more than once made me weary. And, when I have seen a man celebrated by our poets, I am one of that distinguished number in vain I pant with the desire to be chained down in obscurity. I can take it in seeing them join their friendly lights to the throne. Farewell, I believe me to be with great

"Yo

"SIR, Mid

"Though you formerly were the subject of one or more of your papers, I am now a subject of one of your papers, who are so far from ruling their practice, that they never heard of such an art as masters of it than Tully's art, or whom you praise. The persons I am speaking of are beggars about this town. True, I appeal to any man of a degree softer than a stone, I do not pretend to more than my bours, I have oftentimes with money in my pocket only penniless, but destitute of bestowing of it any other

### NOTED ESSAYISTS

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Se: 11

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And I am very sensible of the blessing yet I am not but mislike, because such advice from the saints seems to insult than comfort me, and reminds me much of what I was: which melancholy was so great, I cannot yet perfectly surmount, but I have comments on this head will make it a better thing.

To show you what a value I have for your talents, these are to certify the persons I directed to call some of them returns to his labours, if I may call them so, before the winter is over. I will but only confine myself to a statement where I have promised them all with my needs. I will therefore inform them by deciphering them on a carpet, and leaving assistance, myself sorrowfully refusing. It is to improve of this, as savouring the need masses, be pleased to acquaint me with a design you do better, and it shall be faithfully performed by the undertakers.

"Moumoula."

## No. 614. MONDAY NOVEMBER 1, 1874.

2. 下列各句中，加粗的词语使用恰当的一项是  
 A. 他为人处事，总是以心平气和的态度来对待纷繁复杂的诸事。  
 B. 同学们经常到这位名流大师那儿垂青，求教、探讨，总是受益匪浅。  
 C. 周末，我带着孩子到郊区游玩，见到了不少见所未见、闻所未闻的风景名胜。  
 D. 他最近出版的小说，情节跌宕起伏，扣人心弦，真是让人叹为观止。

**Volume 75**

—We have sold almost the year  
of our stock, and have to be careful  
We are going to be careful to be sure  
The year will be a good one — DRYDEN

The following account hath been transmitted to me by the Governor, —

• *My Sister Victoria*

Having in some former papers taken care of the two states of virginity and marriage, and knowing that all people should be served in their turn, I this day drew out my drawer of widows, and went with several cases, to each, whereof I have obtained satisfactory answers by the post. The cases are as follow:—

Q. Whether Amoret be bound by a promise  
marriage to Pindander, made during her business

Q. Whether Seng-roma, having faithfully given notice to two several persons, during the absence of her husband, is not thereby put at liberty to a case which of them she pleases, not to be bound to for the sake of a new lover?

On the subject, whether she be obliged to fulfill a vow according to a vow made to her husband at the time of his procuring her with a diacon, the canonists being informed by a very pretty and clear demonstration, that such vows are that that is stated.

"Ah, then, madam, whether she hath not the gift of a woman, to respect herself as a gentleman's great friend, who passes very hard by her master's duty, and so is a great enemy to a gentleman?"

An angel is thus a creature both the creation of a wish, whether it be proper for her to marry a man who is younger than her eldest son.

A very plump well-spoken matron, who gave a great many good words, only doubt, what she was not obliged to conscience to shut up her "tongue" and "tongues," until such time as she had "tongued" her "tongue" of herself.

Sophronia, who seems by her pin-e and spectacles to be a person of condition, sets forth, that where she hath a great estate, and is but a woman, she is to be informed, whether she would not do better



to marry Camillus, a very idle tall young  
man, who hath no fortune of his own, and conse-  
quently hath nothing else to do but to manage

As I speak of widows, I cannot but observe  
that, which I do not know how to account for;  
it is always more sought after than an old  
man of the same age. It is common enough among  
every people, for a stale virgin to set up a shop  
in a place where she is not known; where the large  
company, supposed to be given her by her hus-  
band, quickly recommends her to some wealthy  
squire, who takes a liking to the jolly widow,  
and would have overlooked the venerable spinster.  
The truth of it is, if we look into this set of women,  
and, according to the different characters or cir-  
cumstances wherein they are left, that widows may  
be divided into those who raise love and those who  
excite compassion.

As, not to ramble from this subject, there are  
things in which consists chiefly the glory of the  
widow—the love of her deceased husband, and the  
care of her children; to which may be added a third,  
the prudence of the former, such a prudent conduct as  
will do honour to both.

A widow possessed of all these three qualities  
is not only a virtuous but a sublime character.  
There is something so great and so generous in  
the state of life, when it is accompanied with all its  
difficulties, that it is the subject of one of the finest among  
modern tragedies in the person of Andromache,  
both met with a universal and deserved ap-  
plause, when introduced upon our English stage  
by Mr. Phillips.

The most memorable widow in history is Queen  
Hecuba, who not only erected the famous mauso-  
leum, but drank up the ashes of her dead lord;  
and by enclosing them in a nobler monument than  
which she had built, though deservedly esteemed  
of the wonders of architecture.

The last lady seems to have had a better title to a  
deceased husband than any I have read of, since not  
the least of her first was remaining. Our moderns  
might think a husband a very bitter draught,  
and would have good reason to complain, if they  
did not accept of a second partner until they had  
such a troublesome method of losing the me-  
mory of the first.

I shall add to these illustrious examples out of  
ancient story, a remarkable instance of the delicacy  
of our ancestors in relation to the state of widow-  
hood, as I find it recorded in Cowell's Interpreter.  
East and West Euborne, in the county of  
Surrey, if a customary tenant die, the widow shall  
have what the law calls her freebench in all his copy-  
lands, *dum sola et casta fuerit*, that is, while she  
remains single and chaste; but if she commits incon-  
tinency she forfeits her estate; yet if she will come  
to the court riding backward upon a black ram,  
with his tail in her hand, and say the words follow-  
ing, the steward is bound by the custom to readmit  
her to her freebench.

— Here I am,  
Riding upon a black ram,  
Like a whore as I am;  
And for my crinum cranum  
Have lost my vincum bahum;  
And for my tall's game  
Have done this wordly shame;  
Therefore I pray you, Mr. Steward, let me have my  
land again.

A record of this kind is to be found in the edition of  
Cowell's Interpreter of 1637, 4to

The like custom the  
Devonshire, and other

It is not impossible  
to present you with a re-  
presentation of other western dames,  
on occasion; and I hope  
with a cavalcade of v

No. 615.] WEDNESDAY

Quæ-  
Mimeribus  
Duramque o-  
Pejusque le-  
Non ille p-  
Aut pat-

Who spend their time  
By the large boun-  
Who in a fixt un-  
Smile at the do-  
And scorn alike he-  
Who poison le-  
Loath to purcha-  
But kindly for their fr-  
And seal their country

It must be owned  
passion, since it is c-  
virtues to subdue it.  
Our preservation, it  
to us as long as we  
to preserve. But as  
would be scarce wor-  
a perpetual dread of  
of religion and phi-  
necessary anxieties,  
object.

If we consider the  
and the violent eff-  
how dangerous it is  
occasions. Some ha-  
madness, others hav-  
apprehensions. The  
in the space of one t-

O! nox quam long-  
A tedious night ind-

These apprehensi-  
consciousness of guilt,  
and may excite our  
When the hand of  
against the impious,  
withstand him. We  
represented in the  
tormented with the  
apocryphal book of

“For when unrig-  
the holy nation; the  
the prisoners of d-  
bonds of a long n-  
eternal Providence.  
hid in their secret s-  
dark veil of forgetfu-  
and troubled with st-  
ness, condemned  
timorous, and, bei-  
always forecasteth  
nothing else but a  
reason offereth.—For  
clear light, and non-  
Over them only was  
of that darkness w-  
them; but yet we  
grievous than the d-

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projected, but  
may spoil it,  
pleasure, and  
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change in the  
st subtle pro  
own servants  
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may be mach  
e. As there  
its calamities,  
enemies. Ask  
eel the pangs  
he poor and  
ects of quiet  
ains of body,  
structions pat  
ly, when for  
res are sen  
e present is  
s of this life  
d on them,  
ouch we feel  
rings, may I  
nature  
ure I see wh  
are, they are  
e I see. One  
point which  
our feelings,  
beyond our

strength is often peased, in his tender severity, to-  
parade the soul from its body and miseries together.  
It we look forward to him for help, we shall never  
be in danger of falling down those precipices which  
our imagination is apt to create. Like those who  
walk upon a line, if we keep our eye fixed upon our  
point, we may step forward securely: whereas an  
independent or cowardly glance on either side will  
infinitely destroy us.

## No. 616.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1714

Q. To his home-est. Cotta, pos, this home-est  
Moor. Epig. 1. 10

A pretty fellow is but half a man.

Cicero hath observed that a jest is never more  
with a better grace than when it is accompanied  
with a serious countenance. When a pleasant  
thought plays in the features before it discovers itself  
in words, it raises too great an expectation, and so  
the advantage of giving surprise. Wit and humour  
are much less poeily recommended by a levity of phrase  
and that kind of language which may be distin-  
guished by the name of Cant. Ridicule is never  
more striking than when it is concealed in gravity.  
True wit our lies in the thought, and arises from  
the representation of images in odd circumstances  
and uncommon lights. A pleasant thought strik-  
es by the force of its natural beauty; and the nat-  
ure of a jest is rather pallid than heightened by  
that train of phrases and figures which is so much  
used among the pretenders to humour and plea-  
santry. The style of men are like our mountebanks  
they make a man a wit by putting him in a fan-  
tastic habit.

Our little burlesque authors, who are the delight  
of ordinary readers, generally abound in these pe-  
culiarities, which have in them more vivacity than wit.

I lately saw an instance of this kind of writing  
which gave me so lively an idea of it, that I could  
not forbear begging a copy of the letter from the  
gentleman who showed it to me. It is written by  
country wit, upon the occasion of the rejoicings at  
the day of the king's coronation.

" Past two o'clock, and a frosty morning

" DEAR JACK,

" I have just left the right worshipful and hi-  
myrindons about a sneaker of five gallons. The  
whole magistracy was pretty well disguised before  
gave them the slip. Our friend the alderman was  
hid-seas over before the bonfire was out. We ha  
with us the attorney, and two or three other brags  
fellows. The doctor plays least in sight.

" At nine o'clock in the evening we set fire to the  
whore of Babylon. The devil acted his part to-  
mercifully. He has made his fortune by it. We equip-  
ped the young fog with a tester apiece. Honest old  
Brown of England was very drunk, and showed his  
loyalty to the tune of a hundred rockets. The mag-  
drank the king's health, on their marrow-bones, and  
another Day's doable. They whipped us half a dozen  
goshals. Poor Tom Tyeet had like to have been  
down-hill with the end of a sky-rocket, that fell  
upon the bridge of his nose as he was drinking to  
king's health, and spoiled his tip. The mob was  
very loyal till about midnight, when they grew  
a little mutinous for more liquor. They had used  
have dumbedounded the justice; and his clerk came  
in to his assistance, and took them all down in black  
and white.

I had been huzzaed out of my seven made a visit to the women, who were gazed comfortably. Mrs. Mayoress clipped the glish. Clack was the word.

ot to tell thee that every one of the posse it cocked with a distich; the senators sent a cargo of riband and metre for the oc-

richard, to show his zeal for the Protestant s at the expense of a tar-barrel and a ball. into the knight's great hall, and saw a very y of spinsters. My dear relict was amongst ambled in a country dance as notably as of them.

all his majesty's liege subjects love him as s good people of this his ancient borough!

[17.] MONDAY, NOV. 8, 1714.

Mimallonis implerunt cornua bombis,  
ptum vitulo caput ablatura superbo  
ris, et lynceum Maenas flexura corymbis,  
ingemmat: reparabilis adsonat Echo.

PEN. SAT. l. 29.

crooked horns the Mimallonian crew  
blasts inspir'd; and Basaris, who slew  
cornful calf, with sword advanced on high,  
from his neck his haughty head to fly.  
Maenas, when, with ivy-bridles bound,  
ed the spotted lynx, then Evion rang around,  
from woods and floods repeating Echo's sound.

DRYDEN.

are two extremes in the style of humour, ich consists in the use of that little pert y which I took notice of in my last paper; in the affectation of strained and pompous is, fetched from the learned languages. The rs too much of the town; the other of the

ing illustrates better than example, I present my reader with a letter of pedantic hich was written by a young gentleman ersity to his friend, on the same occasion, the same place, as the lively epistle pub- ny last Spectator.

AR CHUN,\*

now the third watch of the night, the art of which I have spent round a capa- of china, filled with the choicest products e Indies. I was placed at a quadrangular metrically opposite to the mace-bearer. e of that venerable herald was, according most gloriously illuminated on this joy- on. The mayor and aldermen, those pil- constitution, began to totter; and if any board could have so far articulated, as to nded intelligibly a reinforcement of liquor, assembly had been by this time extended table.

celebration of this night's solemnity was the obstreperous joy of drummers, who, parchment thunder, gave a signal for the e of the mob under their several classes iminations. They were quickly joined by ous clank of marrowbones and cleavers, chorus of bells filled up the concert. A of stack-fagots cheered the hearts of the with the promise of a blaze; the guns had uttered the prologue, but the heavens stened with artificial meteors and stars of

word for a chamber-companion and bed-fellow at

our own making; and all from one end to another. We collected a largess of pled eleemosynary until ferous. There was a past swarthy demon at his el whispers and insinuation the fire, and then left his mobile were very sarcastic the old gentleman sever head-piece.\* Tom Tyle maged by the fall of a s spoiled the gnomon of his of the commons grew so found work for our friend help of his amanuensis, and their crimes, with a d script at the next quarter.

I shall subjoin to the the following copy of an Italian poet, who was had had multitudes of admir- cident that happened und when a firelock, that had castle of St. Angelo, beg being kindled by a flash, hath written his poem in that I have already exe line in it is a riddle, and to consider it twice or th that the Cynic's tenement cast-coat a hog'shead, &c.

+ 'Twas night, and heaven  
An Argus now, did count  
In every window Rome  
All bright and studded

A blazing chain of light  
And round her neck the  
The Cynic's rolling tenement  
With Bacchus his cast-

The pile, still big with  
The Tuscan pile, did lie  
Where the proud tops of  
Whence giants sally, ad

Whilst now the multi-  
And their thr'd eyes the  
A thousand iron mouths  
And thunder out a drea  
In treble notes the sma  
The deep-mouth'd cant  
The lab'ring pile now h  
Proofs of its travail, sig

The clouds envelop'd  
Quench'd ev'ry star, and  
New real thunder grum  
And in dismalful murr  
Nor doth its answer'd cl  
But, whilst both parties  
While heav'n and earth  
The doubtful cracks the  
Whether the claps of th  
Or else the burst of can  
Whether clouds rag'd be  
Or struggling clouds in  
But, O my Muse, the w  
As ev'ry accident in ord

Tall groves of trees in  
Fictitious trees with pa  
These know no spring,  
In fire, and shoot their

\* The pope's tiara, or triple crown.  
+ This copy of verses is a translation of the style and manner of Camillo Quindici. His character and his writings are well known to Leo X., and his portrait and his courtiers are in the Vatican, p. 244; and Bayle's Diet.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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it is rest  
ture let  
burns  
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an;  
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impout sh  
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v.

10, 1711

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to offer to you  
y of writing, n  
y itself; and  
in any of the  
to my hands,  
tion, be a s  
inds of poetry  
rite letters, a  
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language, and  
by giving the  
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tood to mean  
ve been so use  
ied from the  
uced into two  
letters, but a  
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are of a quite  
d in the kind  
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gh known to  
into the world  
he age. Our  
oned a to the  
bled with the  
dark sides of  
fined radiance,

and understand the delicacies, as well as the usual  
fates of conversation. He must have a lively in  
of wit, with an easy and concise manner of ex  
sion: every thing he says must be in a free and l  
engaged manner. He must be guilty of nothing  
that betrays the air of a recluse, but appear a man  
the world through. His illustrations, his argu  
ments, and the greatest parts of his images, must  
drawn from common life. Strokes of satire a  
criticism, as well as panegyric, judiciously tar  
in fact as it were by-the-hyot, give a wonder  
ful and ornament to compositions of this kind. B  
let our poet, while he writes epistles, though ze  
s familiar, still remember that he writes in verse  
and must for that reason have a more than ordin  
care not to fall into prose, and a vulgar diction, c  
cepting where the nature and humour of the ma  
do necessarily require it. In this point Horace ha  
been thought by some critics to be sometimes ca  
less, as well as too negligent of his versification;  
which he seems to have been sensible himself.

"All I have to add is, that both these manners  
writing may be made as entertaining, in their way,  
as any other species of poetry, if undertaken by  
persons duly qualified: and the latter sort may be  
managed so as to become in a peculiar manner  
corrective."

"I am," &c.  
I shall add an observation or two to the remark  
of my ingenious correspondent; and, in the first  
place, take notice, that subjects of the most sublime  
nature are often treated in the epistolary way with  
advantage—as in the famous epistle of Horace to  
Augustus. The poet surprises us with his poem  
and seems rather betrayed into his subject than  
have aimed at it by design. He appears, like the  
ghost of a king unknown, with a mixture of firm  
ness and grandeur. In works of this kind, where  
the dignity of the subject hurries the poet into  
descriptions and sentiments seemingly unpremeditated,  
by a sort of inspiration, it is usual for him  
to feel himself, and fall back gracefully into the  
natural style of a letter.

I might here mention an epistolary poem, it  
published by Mr. Eusden, on the king's accession  
to the throne: wherein, amongst many other noble  
and beautiful strokes of poetry, his reader may  
observe the very happily observed.

NO. 6124. FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1714

data  
I have prepared, or rather composed, for you.  
Vide Quarta 359.  
I have a letter as away.  
A letter of the kind I have brought away.

I have often thought that if the several letters  
which have written to me under the character of the  
Spectator, and which I have not made use of, were  
published in a volume, they would not be an un  
entertaining collection. The variety of the subjects,  
styles, sentiments, and informations, which a  
translation to me, would had a very curious.  
Very often, indeed, insensibly along through a great  
many pages. I know some authors who would pick  
up a secret history out of such materials, and make  
a book of an abridger by the copy. I shall  
therefore carefully preserve the original papers in  
order not apart for that purpose, to the end that  
they may be of service to posterity; but shall  
pretend not to myself with owning the receipt  
of several letters, lately come to my hands, the which  
whereof I am impatient for an answer

sa, whose letter is dated from Cornhill, de-  
be eased in some scruples relating to the  
astrologers.—Referred to the dumb man for  
er.

who proposes a love-case, as he calls it, to  
-casuist, is hereby desired to speak of it to  
ster of the parish: it being a case of con-

poor young lady, whose letter is dated Oc-  
6, who complains of a harsh guardian and  
brother, can only have my good wishes,  
he pleases to be more particular.

etition of a certain gentleman, whose name  
er got, famous for renewing the curls of de-  
wigs, is referred to the censor of small

emonstrance of T. C. against the profana-  
the sabbath by barbers, shoe-cleaners, &c.,  
er be offered to the society of reformers.

ned and laborious treatise upon the art of  
returned to the author.

e gentleman of Oxford, who desires me to  
copy of Latin verses; which were denied a  
the university books. Answer: *Nonumque*  
*in annum.*

y learned correspondent who writes against  
gowns, and poke sleeves, with a word in  
of large scarfs. Answer: I resolve not to  
impositions amongst the clergy.

e lady who writes with rage against one of  
sex, upon the account of party warmth.

: Is not the lady she writes against reckoned  
as?

re Tom Truelove (who sends me a sonnet  
s mistress, with a desire to print it imme-  
to consider that it is long since I was in love.

I answer a very profound letter from my  
d the upholsterer, who is still inquisitive  
the king of Sweden be living or dead, by  
ng him in the ear, that I believe he is alive.

fr. Dapperwit consider, What is that long  
the cuckoldom to me?

e earnest desire of Monimia's lover, who de-  
himself very penitent, he is recorded in my  
the name of the faithful Castalio.

etition of Charles Cocksure, which the peti-  
yles "very reasonable," rejected.

emorial of Philander; which he desires may  
ched out of hand, postponed.

re S. R. not to repeat the expression "under  
" so often in his next letter.

etter of P. S., who desires either to have it  
entire, or committed to the flames; not to  
ed entire.

## D. MONDAY, NOVEMBER, 15, 1714.

vi, hic est, tibi quem promitti sapius audis.

VINO. Æn. vi. 791.

said the promis'd chief!

we lately presented my reader with a copy  
full of the false sublime, I shall here com-  
e to him an excellent specimen of the true:  
t hath not been yet published, the judicious  
ill readily discern it to be the work of a  
and if he hath read that noble poem on the  
of peace, he will not be at a loss to guess at  
or.

### THE ROYAL PROGRESS

Brunswick first appeared, each honest heart,  
on verse, disdained the rules of art;  
in the songsters, in unmeasur'd odes  
d Alcides, and dethron'd the gods.

In golden chains the king  
Or rent the turban from  
One, in old fables, and  
With nymphs and tritons  
Another draws fierce La  
And fills the infernal reg  
A third awakes some d  
Each future triumph fro  
Exploded fancies, that  
While the mind nausea  
My Muse th' expected  
From clime to clime, #  
His shining march desc  
Content to paint him, ne  
Their charms, if charms  
And from the theme un

By longing nations fo  
And call'd to guard the  
With secret grief his go  
And Britain's crown wi  
While prayers and tears  
And crowds of mourner  
Not so he march'd whe  
In scenes of death, and  
When his hot courser pa  
And adverse legions sto  
His frontiers past, the H  
And cross the level field  
Here pleas'd the land o  
He greatly scorns the th  
O'er the thin soil, with  
Transplanted woods an  
Where ev'ry meadow v  
From haughty tyrants  
With fruits and flowers  
And clothes the marsh  
Such wealth for frugal  
And such thy gifts, cele

Through stately towns,  
The pomp advances to  
Whole nations crowd a  
And view the hero with

In Haga's towers he  
Propitious rise to swell  
Hither the fame of Eng  
The vows and friendsh  
Mature in wisdom, his  
Takes in the blended  
The world's great pair  
Secure in him, O Euro  
Henceforth thy kingdo  
By rocks or streams, th  
The Alps their new-ma  
Nor shall thy hills, Pyr

But see, to Britain's  
And leave the sinking t  
The royal bark bound  
Breaks through the bill  
O'er the vast deep, gre  
A wat'ry prospect boun  
Ten thousand vessels,  
Bring gums and gold, a  
Behold the tributes ha  
And see the wide horiz

Still is it thine: tho'  
Hail Albion's cliffs just  
Before the wind with a  
Till Thames receives t  
The monarch hears the  
From trembling woods  
Nor misses yet, amid th  
The roarings of the ho

As in the flood he sail  
He views his kingdom o  
A various scene the w  
O'er rich enclosures an  
A lowing herd each fer  
And distant flocks stray  
Fair Greenwich hid in  
(Shade above shade) u  
His woods ordain'd to  
And guard the island w

The sun now rolling  
A blaze of fires renews  
Unnumber'd barks the  
Bright'ning the twilight

rand,  
eyes,  
a breeze,  
the seas,  
the foe,  
me,  
same.  
design'd  
ure;  
boat  
host,  
the skies,  
re shed,  
ways  
al frame,  
name.  
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re.  
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d rude,  
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aise,  
ams,  
way'd,  
y'd.  
17, 1714.  
ix. 11.  
Rowe.  
ome observa-  
make it the  
ride of man,  
tory writers,  
nal, the im-  
duration of

these goods in which he makes his boast. It is  
be true that we can have nothing in us that only  
to raise our vanity, yet a consciousness of our in-  
merit may be sometimes laudable. The folly is  
to be no more. we are apt to pride ourselves in our  
less, or, perhaps, shameful things; and on the other  
man is out that disgraceful which is our truest glory.

Hence it is, that the lovers of praise take  
measures to attain it. Would a vain man, in  
his own heart, he would find that in others as  
his weaknesses as well as he himself, both, he can  
not have the impudence to expect the public eye.  
Pride therefore flows from want of reflection and  
ignorance of ourselves. Knowledge and reason  
come upon us together.

The proper way to make an estimate of a  
self, is to consider seriously what it is we value.  
despise in others. A man who boasts of the goods  
of fortune, a gay dress, or a new title, is generally  
the mark of ridicule. We ought therefore to  
look to ourselves what we are so ready to laugh  
at in other men.

Much less can we with reason pride ourselves  
in those things, which at some time of our life  
shall certainly despise. And yet, if we will give our-  
selves the trouble of looking backward and forward  
on the several changes which we have already en-  
dured, and hereafter must try, we shall find in  
the greater degrees of our knowledge and wisdom  
serve only to show us our own imperfections.

As we rise from childhood to youth, we look  
with contempt on the toys and trifles which our  
hearts have hitherto been set upon. When we ad-  
vance to manhood, we are held wise, in proportion  
to our shame and regret for the rashness and extra-  
vagance of youth. Old age fills us with mortifying  
reflections upon a life mispent in the pursuit of  
anxious wealth, or uncertain honour. Agreeable to  
this gradual change of thought in this life, it may be  
reasonably supposed that, in a future state, the  
wise man, the experienced, and the maxims of old age  
will be looked upon by a separate spirit in much the  
same light as an ancient man now sees the little  
foibles and toys of infants. The pomps, the  
honours, the policies, and arts, of mortal men, can  
be thought as trifling as hobby-horses, mock battles  
or any other sports that now employ all the cunning  
and strength, and ambition of rational beings from  
four years old to nine or ten.

If the notion of a gradual rise in beings from  
the meanest to the Most High be not a vain imagi-  
nation, it is not improbable that an angel looks down  
upon a man as a man doth upon a creature which  
approaches the nearest to the rational nature. By  
the same rule, if I may indulge my fancy in the  
particular, a superior brute looks with a kind of  
pity on one of an inferior species. If they could  
reflect, we might imagine, from the gestures of some  
of them, that they think themselves the sovereigns  
of the world, and that all things were made for them.  
Such a thought would not be more absurd in brute  
creatures than one which men are apt to entertain  
namely, that all the stars in the firmament were  
created only to please their eyes and amuse their  
imagination. Mr. Dryden, in his fable of the Cock  
and the Fox, makes a speech for his hero, the cock,  
which is a pretty instance for this purpose.

Then for me, said to Partlet, ' See, my dear,  
How this creature hath adorn'd the year,  
How the oak-primrose and the violet spring.  
And now essay their throats, thus'd to sing  
All in season ours, and I with pleasure see  
Mankind, and all the world, and aping me.'

# THE SPECTATOR.

What I would observe from the whole is this, we ought to value ourselves upon those things which superior beings think valuable, since is the only way for us not to sink in our own hereafter."

622.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1714.

— Fallentis semita vitæ.—Hos. 1 Ep. xviii. 103.

— A safe private quiet, which betrays self to ease, and cheats away the days.—POPE.

MR. SPECTATOR,

In a former speculation you have observed, that greatness doth not consist in that pomp and wherein the generality of mankind are apt to it. You have there taken notice that virtue and security often appears more illustrious in the eye of superior beings, than all that passes for grandeur and significance among men.

When we look back upon the history of those who have borne the part of kings, statesmen, or commanders, they appear to us stripped of those outside ornaments that dazzle their contemporaries; and we find their persons as great or little in proportion to the eminence of their virtues or vices. The wise and generous sentiments, or disinterested conduct of a philosopher under mean circumstances of fortune, set him higher in our esteem than the mighty states of the earth, when we view them both through the long prospect of many ages. Were we to be the emblems of an obscure man, who lived up to the rectitude of his nature, and according to the rules of equity to be laid before us, we should find nothing in such a character which might not set him on a par with men of the highest stations. The following extract out of the private papers of an honest and worthy gentleman will set this matter in a clear light.

Your reader will, perhaps, conceive a greater esteem for him from these actions done in secret, and not as a witness, than of those which have drawn them the admiration of multitudes.

## MEMOIRS.

In my twenty-second year I found a violent passion for my cousin Charles's wife growing upon me, wherein I was in danger of succeeding, if I had not that account begun my travels into foreign countries.

A little after my return into England, at a private meeting with my uncle Francis, I refused the offer of his estate, and prevailed upon him not to bequeath it to his son Ned.

I never told this to Ned, lest he should reproach me with the hardness of his deceased father: though he continued to speak ill of me for that very reason.

I prevented a scandalous lawsuit betwixt my brother Harry and his mother, by allowing her to take out of my own pocket, so much money as was the dispute was about.

I procured a benefice for a young divine, who is now a son to the good man who was my tutor, and has been dead twenty years.

I have ten pounds to poor Mrs. ———, my friend ———'s widow.

I dem. To retrench one dish at my table, until I have fetched it up again.

I dem. To repair my house and finish my garden in order to employ poor people after harvest.

I ordered John to set out Goodman D——'s

sheep that were poor  
his fellow-servants

"Prevailed upon  
the farmer's son for  
him his gun again.

"Paid the apothecary  
that confessed herse

"Gave away my f  
"Made the mind

justice of one mind,  
their notions to one

"Mem. To turn  
while she was eating

"When my neighbor  
jured me, comes to f

"Mem. I have f  
"Laid up my char

lieve the poor in a s  
"In the same year

part of their rents.  
"As I was airing

warmed my heart,  
for it as long as I li

"Mem. To charge  
monument for me; b

No. 623.] MONDAY

Sed mihi vel tellus  
Vel pater omnipotens  
Fallentes umbras E  
Ante, pudor, quam  
Ille meos, primus q  
Abstulit; ille habea

But first let yawning  
And let me thro' the  
First let avenging J  
Drive down this bo  
Condemn'd with gl  
Before I break the p  
No: he who had m  
For whom I lov'd o

I AM obliged to m  
following curious p  
communicate to the

"MR. SPECTATOR

"You may remember  
you an account of a  
of East and West E  
and elsewhere. "I  
widow shall have wh  
in all his copyhold l  
that is, while she liv  
commit incontinenc  
if she will come in  
upon a black ram,  
say the words follow  
custom to re-admit h

"Here I am,  
Riding upon  
Like a whore  
And for my c  
Have lost my  
And for my t  
Have done th  
Therefore, I  
my land

"After having in  
observes, that this i  
nature of any in Eng  
writing that letter, h  
been of great pains  
the black ram; and"



# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

at bench, for  
saith, that a  
to the right  
by a crafty  
lands of the  
widows, for-  
would have  
h the good  
ram." The  
veral pleas-  
,\* that they

a great con-  
ts to see the  
the widow  
e in the last  
that finding  
might have  
the steward-  
ohn Daunt-  
, came next  
ne difficulty  
as observe it,  
to soften the  
m *discum*,  
speak plan-  
land again.  
this worldly  
ain, had the  
a which she  
h the rest of  
ell versed in  
is occasion,  
t hinder the

the widow  
half-a-score  
f two years-  
er John, she  
l her lovers

which were  
our with her  
figure in the

to make her  
ard, as well  
quire himself

ject against  
ut it was re-  
use the year-  
ved, that she  
se service of

o court, in-  
the death of  
his lifetime;  
ider his own  
fore her.

f a very cor-  
cused as not  
y her; upon  
ishment, and  
lack ex.

ho had long  
eter, having  
pet was by  
on the black

of June, being

"Several widows of the neighbourhood, being brought upon their trial, they showed that they did not hold of the manor, and were discharged accordingly.

"A pretty young creature who closed the process, came ambling in, with so bewitching an air, that the steward was observed to cast a sheep's eye upon her, and married her within a month after the death of his wife.

"N. B. Mrs. Touchwood appeared according to summons, but had nothing laid to her charge; having lived irreproachably since the decease of her husband, who left her a widow in the sixty-third year of her age.

"I am, Sir," &c.

## No. 624.] WEDNESDAY, NOV. 24, 1714.

Adire ut pie togam jubee componere, quisquis

And thou, maia, aut argenti pallet am-re.

Quis pias lavaria

Hon. 2 Sat. iii. 77

Sat. viii. and near, those whom proud thoughts do swell.

Thou that look pale by loving coin too well;

Whom luxury corrupts—

Cæcili

MANKIND is divided into two parts, the busy and the idle. The busy world may be divided into the virtuous and the vicious. The vicious again into the covetous, the ambitious, and the sensual. The idle part of mankind are in a state inferior to any one of these. All the other are engaged in the pursuit of happiness, though often misplaced, and are therefore more likely to be attentive to such means as shall be proposed to them for that end. The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically called by Doctor Tillotson, "fools at large." They propose to themselves no end, but run adrift with every wind. Advice, therefore, would be but thrown away upon them, since they would scarce take the pains to read it. I shall not fatigue any of this worthless tribe with a long harangue; but will leave them with this short saying of Plato, that "labour is preferable to idleness, as brightness to rust."

The pursuits of the active part of mankind are either in the paths of religion and virtue; or, on the other hand, in the roads to wealth, honours, or pleasure. I shall, therefore, compare the pursuits of avarice, ambition, and sensual delight, with the opposite virtues; and shall consider which of these principles engages men in a course of the greatest labour, suffering, and assiduity. Most men in the cool reasonings are willing to allow that a course of virtue will in the end be rewarded the most amply, but represent the way to it as rugged and narrow. If, therefore, it can be made appear, that men struggle through as many troubles to be miserable, as they do to be happy, my readers may, perhaps, be persuaded to be good when they find they shall lose nothing by it.

First, for avarice. The miser is more industrious than the saint: the pains of getting, the fears of losing, and the inability of enjoying his wealth have been the mark of satire in all ages. Were his repentance upon his neglect of a good bargain, his sorrow for being over-reached, his hope of improvement, and his fear of falling into want, directed to their proper objects, they would make so many different Christian graces and virtues. He may apply to himself a great part of St. Paul's catalogue of sufferings. "In journeyings often; in perils of waters, in perils of robbers, in perils among false brethren. In weariness and painfulness, in watch

as often, in hunger and thirst, in fastings often," how much less expense might he "lay up to himself treasures in heaven!" Or, if I may in this case be allowed to add the saying of a great philosopher, he may "provide such possessions as neither arms, nor men, nor Jove himself."

In the second place, if we look upon the toils of ambition in the same light as we have considered one of avarice, we shall readily own that far less subtle is requisite to gain lasting glory than power and reputation of a few years; or, in other words, we may with more ease deserve honour than sustain it. The ambitious man should remember cardinal Wolsey's complaint, "Had I served God with the same application wherewith I served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age," the cardinal here softens his ambition by the specious pretence of "serving his king;" whereas his words, in the proper construction, imply, that, if instead of being acted\* by ambition, he had been acted\* by religion, he should have now felt the comforts of it, when the whole world turned its back upon him.

Thirdly, let us compare the pains of the sensual with those of the virtuous, and see which are heavier on the balance. It may seem strange, at the first view, that the men of pleasure should be advised to change their course, because they lead a painful life. Yet when we see them so active and vigilant in quest of delight; under so many disquiets, and the port of such various passions; let them answer, as they can, if the pains they undergo do not outweigh their enjoyments. The infidelities on the one part between the two sexes, and the caprices on the other, the debasement of reason, the pangs of expectation, the disappointments in possession, the stings of remorse, the vanities and vexations attending even the most refined delights that make up this unevenness of life, render it so silly and uncomfortable, that no man is thought wise until he hath got over it, or happy, but in proportion as he hath cleared himself from it.

The sum of all is this. Man is made an active being. Whether he walks in the paths of virtue or vice, he is sure to meet with many difficulties to prove his patience and excite his industry. The same if not greater labour, is required in the service of vice and folly as of virtue and wisdom; and he hath this easy choice left him, whether, with the strength he is master of, he will purchase happiness or repentance.

No. 625.] FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1714.

Amores

De tenero meditatur ungui.—HOR., 3 Od., vi. 23.

Love, from her tender years, her thoughts employ'd.

THE love-casulist hath referred to me the following  
 iter of queries, with his answers to each question,  
 or my approbation. I have accordingly considered  
 the several matters therein contained, and hereby  
 confirm and ratify his answers, and require the  
 gentle querist to conform himself thereunto.

"SIR,

"I was thirteen the 9th of November last, and now begin to think of settling myself in the world: and so I would humbly beg your advice, that I must do with Mr. Fondle, who makes his addresses to me. He is a very pretty man, and

bath the blacke  
saw. Though  
dresses like a ma  
a room like hi  
offers, and if he  
anybody else.

the house, because he is one of the eldest sister, who miss as long as they say. She fool of me, and like a confident resolved to marry her. But because prudent, I beg some questions. I get them printed doubt but you will I shall follow.

“When Mr. [redacted] hour together, and

Answer. No

"May not I

band, that has p  
money, and to k  
gain?"—No.

"Whether I, this whole year a merit, than my f him talk but at

"Whether I myself?"—No.

"Whether it  
refuse a lock of

"Should not  
did not pity a  
sake?"—No.

"Whether you  
with the poor man

“Whether you have him, he will

"What shall  
me if I will mar-

The following  
nor answer:—

"MR. SPEAC

"I wonder that you can take place

you can take pleasure  
for, in a word,  
pleasure of in-

pleasure of incre  
something new e  
entertainment of

good ear for a  
communicative tempo

of doing you great  
to make myself

to make myself  
ber, where I th  
press and catch

press, and catch  
while it is warm  
eaters and take

other times I lay  
in many a value

line from corner  
standing. I repa

standing, I repaired  
houses, where I  
have the news as

In short, Sir, I say  
goes. A piece of

been an hour in

\* Actuated.

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

may it to my  
my expense  
which you may  
away from  
at the time  
that, gentle  
of time, and  
fills. But I  
that I can  
for myself.  
Once more,  
calm news.  
But I must  
y letters to

1685, No. 7

1720-1711

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facilities; but I believe is chiefly owing to the fact, the longer we have been in possession of being it less sensible is the gust we have of it; and the more requires of adventurous amusements to relieve from the staidty and weariness it brings along with it.

And as novelty is of a very powerful, so it is of a most extensive influence. Moralists have long since observed it to be the source of admiration, which increases in proportion to our familiarity with objects, and upon the rough acquaintance is either extinguished. But I think it hath not been even remotely remarked, that all the other passions depend considerably on the same circumstance. What is it but novelty that awakens desire, enhances delight, kindles anger, provokes envy, inspires horror? To this cause we must ascribe it, that love is kindled with fruition, and friendship itself is renewed by intervals of absence; hence menstrucles are hushed without bathing, and the most enamoured beauty without rapture. That emotion, the spark in which passion consists, is usually the effect of surprise, and, as long as it continues, it regulates the agreeable or disagreeable qualities of its object; but as this emotion ceases (and it ceases with the novelty) things appear in another light, and affect us even less than might be expected from their proper energy, for having moved us too much before.

It may not be a useless inquiry, how far the love of novelty is the unavoidable growth of nature, and in what respects it is peculiarly adapted to the present state. To me it seems impossible that a reasonable creature should rest absolutely satisfied in any acquisitions whatever, without endeavouring to better for, after its highest improvements, the mind hath an idea of an infinity of things still to be kind, worth knowing, to the knowledge of which therefore it cannot be indifferent; as by climbing a hill in the midst of a wild plain a man hath his prospect enlarged, and, together with that, the bounds of his desires. Upon this account, I cannot think he detracts from the state of the blessed angels, who are to be perpetually employed in their ascensions, and, ending in to eternity advancing into the boundless depths of the divine perfections. In this thought, there is nothing but what doth answer to the angelic spirits; provided still it be remote from that insatiable desire of more proceeding from not knowing what they possess; and the pleasure of new enjoyment is not with them measured by its novelty (which is a thing merely foreign and accidental) but by its real intrinsic value. After an acquaintance of thirty thousand years with the works of God, the beauty and magnificence of the creation fills the heart with the same pleasing wonder and jubilation as when Adam felt himself seated with as the first sight of his eyes upon this glorious scene. That acquaintance with unborrowed charms, and whatever hath once given satisfaction will always do it. It is not, as we think they have manifestly the advantage of us who are so much governed by sickly and changeable appetites, that we run with the greatest address and skill in the stupendous displays of Omnipotence, as being transcripts of the puny essays of human skill; though as disquisitions of the sublimest nature are yet cramped into some obscure corner of the human mind, to make room for new notions of no consequence at all, are even tired of health because not enlivened with alternate pain; and prefer the first reading of an indifferent author to the second or third perusal of one whose merit and reputation are established.

can think of: 'Surely, vain, and the man beyond judiced, who from the v that he is designed for in

No. 627.] WEDNESDAY  
Tantum inter densas umbras  
Assidue veuebat; ibi hæret  
Montibus et sylvis studio  
He underneath the beech  
Thus to the woods and

THE following account  
some time ago, may be  
ment to such of my read-  
and nothing to do :—

“A friend of mine died he caught by walking to amongst his reapers. His greatest pleasure was in He had some humours with that good sense in His uneasiness in the c remarkable in a man of and his avoiding one p where he had used to p time, raised abundance village where he lived papers we found out th timated to his nearest f passionate lover in his c of letters he left b send you a copy of the subject, by which you true name of his mistre

"A long month's able to me, if the business not for the service of nature as to place her. I have furnished the house with fancy, or, if you please, I have learned to like nothing but a simple apartment designed for the use of that which you live in your house when I see it find it without its proper the most delicious prospect that England affords: I if the landscape that at the same time suggest the space that lies between

"The gardens are  
have dressed up every h  
bowers and arbours in  
little paradise round me  
man in his solitude, but  
ner in my happiness.  
be made for two person  
and satisfactions to me  
I already take my even  
orn a path upon the es  
I soothed myself with t  
by my side. I have hel  
with you in this retirem  
weary have sat down u  
of jessamines. The m  
rapture I use in these  
made me for some time  
a neighbouring young

ut, and made  
rhood.

ave not forgot  
made a walk  
end to sow all  
h I hope you  
you talk of by

Belight have I  
day dreams do  
x weeks be at  
promised hap-

uptly in your  
for the play?  
find no more  
my solitude,

n, in the hand  
history:

week for an an-  
where I found  
rival. I will  
our to find out  
t which I had  
l woman.  
I am," &c.

ER 3, 1714.

severum.  
or. 1 Ep. ii. 43.  
coll.

lations which  
tude and eter-  
that part of  
would give us  
ome.

greater plea-  
former, since  
that which is  
which is past

t possible for  
end; though,  
ernity which  
incomprehen-  
ernal duration  
eternal dura-  
use the philo-  
ential though

which is natu-  
verable argu-  
t; especially  
eing virtuous  
improveable  
rong employ-  
le throughout  
deed of this  
nature, but is  
f towards the  
incomprehension.  
existence, so  
s if we were  
ion or two of  
already past,  
if it be not  
may possibly  
ets; and yet,

notwithstanding the long race that we shall the  
have run, we shall still imagine ourselves just start-  
ing from the goal, and find no proportion between  
that space which we know had a beginning, and what  
we are sure will never have an end.

"But I shall leave this subject to your manage-  
ment, and question not but you will throw it just  
such lights as shall at once improve and entertain  
your reader.

"I have, enclosed, sent you a translation\* of the  
speech of Cato on this occasion, which hath acci-  
dentally fallen into my hands, and which, for cor-  
ciseness, purity, and elegance of phrase, cannot be  
sufficiently admired.

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

Cato solus, &c.

Sic, sic se habere rem necesse promus est,  
Ratione vincis, do lubens manus, Plato.  
Quid enim dedisset, quæ dedit frustra nihil,  
Æternitatis insitam cupidinem  
Natura? Quorsum hæc dulcis expectatio;  
Vitæque non explenda melioris sitis?  
Quid vult sibi aliud iste redeundi in nihil  
Horror, sub imis quemque agens præcordiis?  
Cur territa in se refugit anima, cur tremat  
Attonita, quoties, morte ne pereat, timeat?  
Particula nempe est cuique nascentis indita  
Divinior; quæ corpus incolens agit;  
Hominique succinit, tua est æternitas.  
Æternitas! O lubricum nimis aspicit,  
Mixtumque dulci gaudium formidine!

Quæ demigrabitur alia hinc in corpora?  
Quæ terra mox incognita? Quis orbis novus  
Manet incolendus? Quanta erit mutatio?  
Hæc intuenti spatia mihi quæque patent  
Immensa: sed caliginosa nox premit;  
Nec luce clara vult videri singula.  
Figendus hic pes: certa sunt hæc hæc hactenus:  
Si quod gubernet numen humanum genus,  
(At, quod gubernet, esse clamant omnia)  
Virtute non gaudere certe non potest:  
Nec esse non beata, qua gaudet, potest.  
Sed qua beata sede? Quoque in tempore?  
Hæc quanta quanta terra, tota est Cæsaris.  
Quid dubius hæret animus usque adeo? Brevis  
Hic nodum hic omnem expedit. Arma eni induat.

[Enst unum aduersus

In utramque partem facta; quæque vim inferant,  
Et quæ propulsent! Dextera intentat necem;  
Vitam sinistra: vulnus hæc dabit manus;  
Altera medellam vulneris: hic ad exitum  
Deducet, ictu simplici; hæc vetant morti.  
Secura ridet anima mucronis minas,  
Ensesque strictos, interire necia.  
Extinguet ætas sidera diuturnior;  
Ætate languens ipse sol obscurus  
Emittet orbi consenscenti jubar:  
Natura et ipsa sentiet quondam vices  
Ætatis; annis ipsa deficiat gravis:  
At tibi iuventus, at tibi immortalitas:  
Tibi parva diuum est vita. Periment mutua  
Elementa sese et interibunt ictibus.  
Tu permanebis sola semper integra,  
Tu cuncta rerum quassa, cuncta naufraga,  
Jam portu in ipso tuta, contemplabere,  
Compage rupta, corruent in se invicem,  
Orbesque fractis ingerentur orbibus;  
Illæsa tu sedebis extra fragmina.

#### ACT V.—SCENE I.

Cato alone, &c.

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well—  
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,  
This longing after immortality;  
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,  
Of falling into nought? Why shrinks the soul  
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?  
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;  
'Tis Heaven itself that points out an hereafter,  
And intimates eternity to man.  
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!

Through what variety of untried being,  
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?  
The wide, th' unbounded prospect lies before me,  
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.

\* This translation was by Mr. afterwards Dr. Hurd, now  
schoolmaster, then provost of Eton, and dean of Durham.

less will I hold. If there's a Power above us,  
And that there is all nature cries aloud  
(through all her works,) he must delight in virtue;  
and that which he delights in must be happy.  
but when, or where?—This world was made for Caesar.  
I'm weary of conjectures—This must end them.

[Laying his hand on his sword.]

Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,  
My bane and antidote, are both before me.  
This in a moment brings me to an end;  
but this informs me I shall never die.  
The soul, secur'd in her existence, smiles  
at the drawn dagger, and defies its point.  
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
grow dim with age, and Nature sink in years;  
but thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds.

o. 629.] MONDAY DECEMBER 6, 1714.

—Experiri quid concedatur in illos.  
Quorum Flaminia tegitur cinis, atque Latina.  
Jer. Sat. i. 170.

—Since none the living dare implead,  
Arraign them in the persons of the dead.—DAYDEN.

NEXT to the people who want a place, there are  
those to be pitied more than those who are solicited  
for one. A plain answer with a denial in it is looked  
on as pride, and a civil answer as a promise.

Nothing is more ridiculous than the pretensions  
people upon these occasions. Every thing a man  
has suffered, whilst his enemies were in play, was  
mainly brought about by the malice of the oppo-  
sition party. A bad cause would not have been lost,  
if such a one had not been upon the bench; nor a  
fligate youth disinherited, if he had not got drunk  
one night by toasting an ousted ministry. I re-  
member a tory, who, having been fined in a court of  
ice for a prank that deserved the pillory, de-  
clined upon the merit of it to be made a justice of  
peace when his friends came into power; and shall  
never forget a whig criminal, who, upon being in-  
dignified for a rape, told his friends, "You see what  
an suffers for sticking to his principles."

The truth of it is, the sufferings of a man in a  
party are of a very doubtful nature. When they  
such as have promoted a good cause, and fallen  
as a man undeservedly, they have a right to be  
rewarded and recompensed beyond any other preten-  
sions. But when they rise out of rashness or indis-  
cretion, and the pursuit of such measures as have  
ruined than promoted the interest they aim  
at, which hath always been the case of many great  
men, they only serve to recommend them to the  
memory of violence or folly.

I have by me a bundle of memorials presented by  
several cavaliers upon the restoration of King  
Charles II., which may serve as so many instances  
to the present purpose.

Among several persons and pretensions recorded  
by the author, he mentions one of a very great es-  
timate, who, for having roasted an ox whole, and dis-  
tended a hog's head upon King Charles's birth-day,  
was desired to be provided for as his majesty in his great  
merit shall think fit.

Another put in to be Prince Henry's governor,  
having dared to drink his health in the worst  
manner.

A third petitioned for a colonel's commission, for  
having cursed Oliver Cromwell, the day before his  
death, on a public bowling-green.

And the most whimsical petition I have met with,  
that of B. B., Esq., who desired the honour of

knighthood, for his  
torious roundhead.

There is likewise  
let his beard grow  
Charles I. until the  
desired in consider-  
councillor.

I must not omit  
memorialist had, who  
from a certain lord  
afterward appeared  
restoration, and with  
happy revolution,  
thereupon humbly  
general.

A certain gentle-  
man of great spirit,  
and "gentlemanly"  
begs that (in consi-  
deration of his great  
danger as captain of  
the guard)

I shall close my  
memorials with the  
which I recommend  
piece.

"The

"Humbly sheweth

"That your peti-  
tioner, Colonel W. H., lost  
at Edgehill fight.

"That your peti-  
tioner, in consequence  
of his fortune, has  
always kept hospital-  
ity with roundheads in  
half the year, as sev-  
eral names are under-  
written.

"That your peti-  
tioner, for having dared  
to be a roundhead, and  
thereby lost his  
year's-day.

"That your said  
petitioner, being  
times imprisoned,  
having been a ring-  
leader, which his zeal  
for the men of greater  
estate.

"That he the said  
petitioner, being  
four-and-twenty boxes  
of majesty's title; and  
upon the head at a  
time as he hath been  
to this.

"That your peti-  
tioner, in proving his  
fortune, he verily be-  
lieves, and that if he  
had been fallibly  
plundered.

"Your petitioner  
merits and sufferings  
have the place of re-  
ward, the customs, clerk  
or whatsoever else he  
And your petitioner

No. 630.] WEDNESDAY

Favete lingua  
With mute art

HAVING no spare

there, I have  
ers:—

, Nov. 22.

as to suspend  
orld most re-  
ons, by pub-  
much oblige  
to hope that  
of your cor-

men of good  
like to music,  
ruple to own  
improving in-  
to me an un-  
should have  
in them such

ir own or the  
y be led into  
h are erected  
ay venture to  
son for disaf-  
which consists

vented me in  
some divines  
uch greater,  
as claimed a  
most different  
s of the pro-  
sacred world,  
they disagreed

he who are of  
ic which is in  
cellent, as it  
wayed by my  
served in the  
inks there is  
a of a volun-  
are supposed  
those divine  
ve. We are  
ff our hearts,  
d, and there  
ace and tran-  
of praise the  
almost lost al-

ers frequently  
his particular,  
ular methods  
iety. When  
too often do  
takes care to  
es them with  
ve doubt that  
most moving  
bling or ex-  
n. Who can  
described in  
ing awed into  
kind and en-  
r, and not be

passions, the  
, is the natu-  
more particu-  
at the altar.  
on the spirits

are more deep and lasting, as the grounds from which it receives its authority are founded more upon reason. It diffuses a calmness all around us, it makes us drop all those vain or immodest thoughts which would be a hinderance to us in the performance of that great duty of thanksgiving,\* which, as we are informed by our Almighty Benefactor, is the most acceptable return which can be made for those infinite stores of blessings which he daily condescends to pour down upon his creatures. When we make use of this pathetic method of addressing ourselves to him, we can scarce contain from raptures! The heart is warmed with a sublimity of goodness! We are all piety and all love!

"How do the blessed spirits rejoice and wonder to behold unthinking man prostrating his soul to his dread Sovereign in such a warmth of piety as they themselves might not be ashamed of!

"I shall close these reflections with a passage taken out of the third book of Milton's Paradise Lost, where those harmonious beings are thus nobly described:—

Then crown'd again, their golden harps they took,  
Harps ever tun'd, that, glitt'ring by their side,  
Like quivers hung, and with preambles sweet  
Of charming symphony they introduce  
The sacred song, and waken raptures high:  
No one exempt, no voice but well could join  
Melodious part—such concord is in heaven!"

"MR. SPECTATOR,

"The town cannot be unacquainted that in divers parts of it there are vociferous sets of men who are called rattling clubs: but what shocks me most is, they have now the front to invade the church, and institute these societies there, as a clan of their have in late times done, to such a degree of insolence, as has given the partition where they reside, in a church near one of the city gates, the denomination of the rattling pew. These gay fellows, from humble lay professions, set up for critics, without any tincture of letters or reading, and have the vanity to think they can lay hold of something from the parson which may be formed into ridicule.

"It is needless to observe that the gentlemen, who every Sunday have the hard province of instructing these wretches in a way they are in no present disposition to take, have a fixed character for learning and eloquence, not to be tainted by the weak efforts of this contemptible part of their audiences. Whether the pulpit is taken by these gentlemen, or any strangers their friends, the way of the club is this: if any sentiments are delivered too sublime for their conception; if any uncommon topic is entered on, or one in use now modified with the finest judgment and dexterity; or any controverted point be never so elegantly handled; in short, whatever surpasses the narrow limits of their theology, or is not suited to their taste, they are all immediately upon the watch, fixing their eyes upon each other with as much warmth as our gladiators of Hockley-in-the-Hole, and waiting like them for a hit: if one touches, all take fire, and their nodde instantly meet in the centre of the pew: then, as by beat of drum, with exact discipline, they rear up into a full length of stature, and, with odd looks and gesticulations, confer together in so loud and clamorous a manner, continued to the close of the discourse, and during the after-psalm, as is not to be silenced but by the bells. Nor does this suffice

\* A proclamation issued the day before this paper was published for a thanksgiving for King George's accession, to be observed January 20th.



them, without aiming to propagate their noise through all the church, by signals given to the adjoining seats, where others designed for this fraternity are sometimes placed upon trial to receive them.

"The folly as well as rudeness of this practice is a nothing more conspicuous than this, that all that follows in the sermon is lost; for, whenever our parks take alarm, they blaze out and grow so tumultuous that no after-explanation can avail, it being impossible for themselves or any near them to give an account thereof. If any thing really novel is advanced, how averse soever it may be to their way of thinking, to say nothing of duty, men of less evity than these would be led by a natural curiosity to hear the whole.

"Laughter, where things sacred are transacted, is far less pardonable than whining at a conventicle; the last has at least a semblance of grace, and where the affectation is unseen may possibly imprint wholesome lessons on the sincere; but the first has no excuse, breaking through all the rules of order and decency, and manifesting a remissness of mind in those important matters which require the strictest composure and steadiness of thought: a proof of the greatest folly in the world.

"I shall not here enter upon the veneration due to the sanctity of the place, the reverence owing to the minister, or the respect that so great an assembly as a whole parish may justly claim. I shall only tell them, that, as the Spanish cobbler, to reclaim a profligate son, bid him have some regard to the dignity of his family, so they as gentlemen (for we citizens assume to be such one day in a week) are bound for the future to repent of, and abstain from, the gross abuses here mentioned, whereof they have been guilty in contempt of heaven and earth, and contrary to the laws in this case made and provided.

"I am, Sir, your very humble Servant,

"R. M."

No. 631.] FRIDAY, DEC. 10, 1714.

Simplex munditiis——Hor. 1 Od. v. 5.

Elegant by cleanliness——

I HAD occasion to go a few miles out of town, some days since, in a stage-coach, where I had for my fellow-travellers a dirty beau, and a pretty young quaker woman. Having no inclination to talk much at that time, I placed myself backward, with a design to survey them, and pick a speculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were sufficient of themselves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dressed in a suit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from some few spaces that had escaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greatest part of his coat; his periwig, which cost no small sum, was after so slovenly a manner cast over his shoulders, that it seemed not to have been combed since the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain Spanish from the chin to the lowest button; and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it sparkled amidst the rubbish of the mine where it was first discovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanliness. Not a speck was to be found upon her. A clear, clean, oval face, just edged about with little thin plaits of the purest camoric, received great advantages from the shade of her black hood; as did the whiteness of

her arms from her had clothed her very well suited all which, put me a great opinion of her innocence.

This adventure a few hints upon as one of the and shall record heads: as it is love; and as it

First, It is a agreed upon, that can go into confession. The end of this duty rises of the world a cleanliness as in any country is part of politeness of a female He satisfied of the

In the next the foster-mother commonly produced cleanliness pre person, kept in a heart from unamiable, while like a piece of bright, we look a new vessel the

I might observe us agreeable ourselves; that health; and the mind and body. But these reflect my readers, and that it bears a naturally inspiring

We find from lence of custom horror by being contrary, those who examples, fly shocking. It manner as to o inlets to all that only transmit ally surround thoughts are n those objects they are beautiful

"In the East makes cleanliness in colder countries: the Jew in some things purifications, a Though there is to be assigned tion undoubted cleanness of her read several in Deuteronomy, are but ill accounts they were only desert, which able for so many I shall conclude

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

Mahometan

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R, 13, 1714.

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Æn. vi. 545.  
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he had made  
demonstrated in  
round the earth

seven was an odd number: suggesting at the same time that, if he were provided with a sufficient stock of leading papers, he should find friends read enough to carry on the work. Having by this means got his vessel launched and set afloat, he has committed the steerage of it, from time to time, to such as he thought capable of conducting it.

The close of this volume, which the town may now expect in a little time, may possibly ascribe each sheet to its proper author.

It were no hard task to continue this paper a considerable time longer by the help of large contributions sent from unknown hands.

I cannot give the town a better opinion of the Spectator's correspondents than by publishing the following letter, with a very fine copy of verses upon a subject perfectly new:—

"MR. SPECTATOR, Dublin, Nov. 30, 1714

"You lately recommended to your female reader the good old custom of their grandmothers, who use to lay out a great part of their time in needlework. I entirely agree with you in your sentiments, as I think it would not be of less advantage to themselves and their posterity, than to the reputation of many of their good neighbours, if they passed many of those hours in this innocent entertainment which are lost at the tea-table. I would, however, humbly offer to your consideration the case of the poetical ladies; who, though they may be willing to take any advice given them by the Spectator, yet cannot so easily quit their pen and ink as you may imagine. Pray allow them, at least now and then, to indulge themselves in other amusements of fancy when they are tired with stooping to their tapestry. There is a very particular kind of work, which of late several ladies here in our kingdom are very fond of, which seems very well adapted to a poetical genius: it is the making of grottos. I know a lady who has a very beautiful one, composed by herself; nor is there one shall in it not stuck up by her own hands. I here send you a poem to the fair architect, which would not offer to herself, until I knew whether this method of a lady's passing her time were approved of by the British Spectator; which, with the poem I submit to your censure, who am,

"Your constant Reader

"and humble Servant,

"A. B."

## TO MRS. ———, ON HER GROTTO

A grotto so complete, with such design,  
What hands, Calypso, could have form'd but thine?  
Each chequer'd pebble, and each shining shell,  
So well proportion'd and dispos'd so well,  
Surprising lustre from thy thought receive,  
Assuming beauties more than Nature gave,  
To her their various shapes and glossy hue,  
Their curious symmetry they owe to you  
Not fam'd Amphion's lute, whose powerful call  
Made willing stones dance to the Theban wall,  
In more harmonious ranks could make them fall,  
Not evening cloud a brighter arch can shew,  
Nor richer colours paint the heavenly bow.

Where can unpolis'd nature boast a piece  
In all her mossy cells exact as this?  
At the gay parti-colour'd scene we start,  
For chance too regular, too rude for art.

Charm'd with the sight, my ravish'd breast is fir'd  
With hints like those which ancient bards inspir'd;  
All the feign'd tales by superstition told,  
Th' enthusiast train of fabled nymphs of old,  
Thinks the spot sacred, and its genius you:  
Lost in wild raptures would the fain disclose  
How by degrees the pleasing wonder rose:  
Industrious in a faithful verse to trace  
The various beauties of the lovely place.

while she keeps the glowing work in view,  
 In every maze thy artful hand pursue.  
 Here I equal to the bold design,  
 Had I boast such happy art as thine,  
 Could rude shells in such sweet order place,  
 Common objects such uncommon grace;  
 I am, my well chose words in every line  
 Softly temper'd should as sweetly shine.  
 A fancy should my numbers warm,  
 A gay piece should the description charm.  
 With superior strength my voice I'd raise,  
 Though grotto should approve my lays,  
 To reflect the well-sung founder's praise.

### 3.] WEDNESDAY, DEC. 15, 1714.

*ecce, cum se a coelestibus rebus referet ad humanas, magnificentiusque et dicet et sentiet.*—CICERO.  
 A contemplation of celestial things will make a man both  
 think more sublimely and magnificently when he  
 to human affairs

flowing discourse is printed, as it came to  
 , without variation:—

“Cambridge, Dec. 12.

is a very common inquiry among the an-  
 the number of excellent orators, under  
 encouragements the most flourishing states  
 e them, fell so far short of the number of  
 excelled in all other sciences. A friend  
 sed merrily to apply to this case an obser-  
 Herodotus, who says that the most useful  
 are the most fruitful in their generation;  
 the species of those beasts that are fierce  
 bievous to mankind are but scarcely con-  
 The historian instances a hare, which al-  
 er breeds or brings forth; and a lioness  
 ngs forth but once, and then loses all power  
 tion. But leaving my friend to his mirth,  
 opinion that in these latter ages we have  
 use of complaint than the ancients had.  
 s that solemn festival is approaching,\*  
 is for all the power of oratory, and which  
 noble a subject for the pulpit as any reve-  
 taught us, the design of this paper shall  
 , that our moderns have greater advan-  
 ards true and solid eloquence, than any  
 celebrated speakers of antiquity enjoyed.  
 first great and substantial difference is, that  
 mon-places, in which almost the whole  
 nplification consists, were drawn from the  
 honesty of the action, as they regarded  
 present state of duration. But Chris-  
 it exalts morality to a greater perfection,  
 gs the consideration of another life into  
 on, as it proposes rewards and punishments  
 nature and a longer continuance, is more  
 affect the minds of the audience, natu-  
 ed to pursue what it imagines its greatest  
 d concern. If Pericles, as historians re-  
 d shake the firmest resolutions of his  
 ad set the passions of all Greece in a fer-  
 en the present welfare of his country, or  
 hostile invasions, was the subject; what  
 pected from that orator who warns his  
 gainst those evils which have no remedy,  
 undergone, either from prudence or time?  
 greater as the evils in a future state are  
 at present, so much are the motives to  
 under Christianity greater than those  
 e moral considerations could supply us  
 what I now mention relates only to the

power of moving the at  
 part of eloquence which  
 I mean the marvellous  
 Christian orator has the  
 diction. Our ideas are  
 revelation, the eye of re  
 into eternity; the notion  
 and refined, and the acc  
 happiness or misery so  
 contemplation of such ob  
 a noble vigour, an invinc  
 of any human considerat  
 perfect orator some skill  
 bodies; because, says he  
 extensive and unconfine  
 to treat of human affai  
 write in a more exalted  
 For the same reason the  
 have recommended the  
 glorious mysteries which  
 to us; to which the nob  
 the world are as much in  
 excellent than its Crea  
 knowing among the heath  
 perfect notions of a futu  
 some uncertain hopes, e  
 or gathered by reason, th  
 men would not be deter  
 soul and body; but they  
 state of punishment and  
 account that Apelles pa  
 side only towards the spe  
 eye might not cast a blen  
 so these represented the  
 fairest view, and endeav  
 thought was a deformity  
 often observed, that whe  
 orator in his philosophic  
 argument to the mentio  
 like one awaked out of a  
 with the dignity of the su  
 gination to conceive so  
 with the greatness of his  
 a glory round the sente  
 settled as he was, he see  
 plation of it. And nothin  
 pect could have forced so  
 he was to declare his res  
 his persuasion of immor  
 proved to be an erroneou  
 to see all that Christianity  
 would he have lavished ou  
 in those noblest contemp  
 ture is capable of, the re  
 ment that follows it! He  
 with pleasure, when the  
 lay open and exposed to h  
 imagination have hurried  
 the mysteries of the inca  
 have entered, with the fo  
 affections of his hearers, a  
 spite of all the opposition  
 those glorious themes w  
 painted in such lively and

“This advantage Chr  
 with no small pleasure I l  
 of Longinus, which is pre  
 that critic's judgment, at  
 script of the New Testame  
 After that author has nu  
 brated orators among the  
 to these Paul of Tarsus,

\* Christmas.

he condemns partial critic, and preacher part of his opinion of St. Paul, such he untries which trines he was Sacred story ra called him speaker,' and as to the god uence. This character, con- he celebrated Demosthenes in speaking human; their arers, but still the voice of Paul above I can ascribe er of the doc- till the same ill the power, ke us break ples who met made use of: en he talked ed to us the in my judg- no one orator ps of his elo- be wondered y at Athens, hed, he con- out my reader of the best pts upon the re expressly in courts of herefore here to the laws; the Corinth- upon his own f others, are ples to those the best of discourse is, k for an ex- ge at, than to der the want himself tells ndard to suc- different per- y may learn, are, they are ; which St. e of, and the with certain

R 17, 1714.

le the gods.

then philoso- ral doctrines,

they made human nature resemble the divine. Not much mistaken soever they might be in the several means they proposed for this end, it must be owned that the design was great and glorious. The finest works of invention and imagination are of very little weight when put in the balance with what refine and exalts the rational mind. Longinus excuses Homer very handsomely, when he says the poet made his gods like men, that he might make his men appear like the gods. But it must be allowed that several of the ancient philosophers acted as Cicero wishes Homer had done: they endeavoured rather to make men like gods than gods like men.

According to this general maxim in philosophy some of them have endeavoured to place men in such a state of pleasure, or indolence at least, as they vainly imagined the happiness of the Supreme Being to consist in. On the other hand, the most virtuous sect of philosophers have created a chimerical wise man, whom they made exempt from passion and pain, and thought it enough to pronounce him all-sufficient.

This last character, when divested of the glare of human philosophy that surrounds it, signifies more than that a good and wise man should so arm himself with patience as not to yield tamely to the violence of passion and pain; that he should learn so to suppress and contract his desires as to have few wants; and that he should cherish so many virtues in his soul as to have a perpetual source of pleasure in himself.

The Christian religion requires that, after having framed the best idea we are able of the divine nature, it should be our next care to conform ourselves to it as far as our imperfections will permit. I might mention several passages in the sacred writings on this head, to which I might add many maxims and wise sayings of moral authors among the Greeks and Romans.

I shall only instance a remarkable passage, to this purpose, out of Julian's *Cæsars*. The emperor having represented all the Roman emperors, with Alexander the Great, as passing in review before the gods, and striving for the superiority, lets them all drop, excepting Alexander, Julius Cæsar, Augustus Cæsar, Trajan, Marcus Aurelius, and Constantine. Each of these great heroes of antiquity lays in his claim for the upper place; and, in order to it, sets forth his actions after the most advantageous manner. But the gods, instead of being dazzled with the lustre of their actions, inquire by Mercury into the proper motive and governing principle that influenced them throughout the whole series of their lives and exploits. Alexander tells them that his aim was to conquer; Julius Cæsar, that his was to gain the highest post in his country; Augustus, to govern well; Trajan, that his was the same as that of Alexander, namely, to conquer. The question at length, was put to Marcus Aurelius, who replied with great modesty, that it had always been his care to imitate the gods. This conduct seems to have gained him the most votes and best place in the whole assembly. Marcus Aurelius being afterwards asked to explain himself, declares that, by imitating the gods, he endeavoured to imitate them in the use of his understanding, and of all other faculties and in particular, that it was always his study to have as few wants as possible in himself, and to do all the good he could to others.

Among the many methods by which revealed religion has advanced morality, this is one, that it has given us a more just and perfect idea of that Being

whom every reasonable creature ought to imitate. The young man, in a heathen comedy, might justify his lewdness by the example of Jupiter; as, indeed, there was scarce any crime that might not be countenanced by those notions of the deity, which prevailed among the common people in the heathen world. Revealed religion sets forth a proper object for imitation in that Being who is the pattern, as well as the source, of all spiritual perfection.

While we remain in this life we are subject to innumerable temptations, which, if listened to, will make us deviate from reason and goodness, the only things wherein we can imitate the Supreme Being. In the next life we meet with nothing to excite our inclinations that doth not deserve them. I shall therefore dismiss my reader with this maxim, viz. "Our happiness in this world proceeds from the suppression of our desires, but in the next world from the gratification of them."

No. 635.] MONDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1714.

*Sentio te sedes hominum ac domum contemplari; quæ si tibi parva (ut res) ita videtur, hæc celestia semper spectato; illa humana contemnit.*—CICERO *Soma. Scip.*

I perceive you contemplate the seat and habitation of men; which if it appears as little to you as it really is, fix your eyes perpetually upon heavenly objects, and despise earthly.

THE following essay comes from the ingenious author of the letter upon novelty, printed in a late Spectator: the notions are drawn from the Platonic way of thinking; but, as they contribute to raise the mind, and may inspire noble sentiments of our own future grandeur and happiness, I think it well deserves to be presented to the public:—

"If the universe be the creature of an intelligent mind, this mind could have no immediate regard to himself in producing it. He needed not to make trial of his omnipotence to be informed what effects were within its reach: the world, as existing in his eternal idea, was then as beautiful as now it is drawn forth into being; and in the immense abyss of his essence are contained far brighter scenes than will be ever set forth to view; it being impossible that the great author of nature should bound his own power by giving existence to a system of creatures so perfect that he cannot improve upon it by any other exertions of his almighty will. Between finite and infinite there is an unmeasurable interval not to be filled up in endless ages; for which reason the most excellent of all God's works must be equally short of what his power is able to produce as the most imperfect, and may be exceeded with the same ease.

"This thought hath made some imagine (what it must be confessed is not impossible), that the unfathomed space is ever teeming with new births, the younger still inheriting a greater perfection than the elder. But, as this doth not fall within my present view, I shall content myself with taking notice that the consideration now mentioned proves undeniably, that the ideal worlds in the divine understanding yield a prospect incomparably more ample, various, and delightful, than any created world can do: and that therefore, as it is not to be supposed that God should make a world merely of inanimate matter, however diversified, or inhabited only by creatures of no higher an order than brutes, so the end for which he designed his reasonable offspring is the contemplation of his works, the enjoyment of himself, and in both to be happy; having, to this purpose, endowed them with correspondent faculties

and desire a bare review of his own ideas, well pleased with the erecting this an intimate when consistent existence of divine vision to eternal countable hath capacity knowledge unsatisfied nature and present their present necessities understanding chained, he concerning the

pass him; glorious big spaces of time and the steep a grovelling slides, and

"Think justice to the other state contemplation move from and be accounted for making veries. Heaton, from a understand another space open to his general law transport of the glorious more devout But, alas! a mind! taken in his newly escaped For my patience of it that I, who the Creator up and down long shoot trace out to be able to rapidity of chain of visit the so they are for the order, of those or regular de serve the and (if of theory) of from when In eternity I find it of for besides my soul, if my faculties

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 perfect way  
 re not spirits  
 immersed in  
 ust superior  
 privilege of

sociable beings, that of conversing with and know-  
 ing each other? What would they have done had  
 matter never been created? I suppose, not have  
 lived in eternal solitude. As incorporeal substances  
 are of a nobler order, so be sure their manner of in-  
 tercourse is answerably more expedite and intimate.  
 This method of communication we call intellectual  
 vision, as somewhat analogous to the sense of seeing,  
 which is the medium of our acquaintance with this  
 visible world. And in some such way can God make  
 himself the object of immediate intuition to the  
 blessed; and as he can, it is not improbable that he  
 will, always condescending, in the circumstances of  
 doing it, to the weakness and proportion of finite  
 minds. His works but faintly reflect the image of  
 his perfections; it is a second-hand knowledge: to  
 have a just idea of him it may be necessary that we  
 see him as he is. But what is that? It is some-  
 thing that never entered into the heart of man to  
 conceive; yet, what we can easily conceive, will be  
 a fountain of unspeakable, of everlasting rapture.  
 All created glories will fade and die away in his pre-  
 sence. Perhaps it will be my happiness to compare  
 the world with the fair exemplar of it in the Divine  
 Mind; perhaps, to view the original plan of those  
 wise designs that have been executing in a long suc-  
 cession of ages. Thus employed in finding out his  
 works, and contemplating their Author, how shall I  
 fall prostrate and adoring, my body swallowed up in  
 the immensity of matter, my mind in the infinitude  
 of his perfections!"

## THE END.

BRITISH ESSAYS

---

T H E T A T

OR THE

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

ISAAC BICKERSTEDT

BY

SIR RICHARD STEELE

ASSISTED BY

ADDISON, SWIFT, HUGHES, HARRISON, FULLER, ASPLIN, CONGREVE,  
HENLEY, GREENWOOD, HARRISON, DARTMOUTH,

STEREOTYPE EDITION

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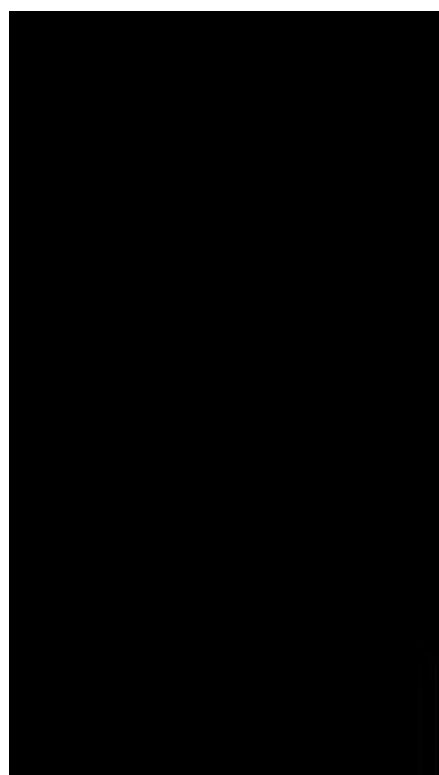
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## THE TATLER

TO MR. ARTHUR MAYNWARING.

: state of conversation and business in this  
aving been long perplexed with Pretenders in  
clings; in order to open men's eyes against  
buses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking  
lish a Paper, which should observe upon the  
ra of the pleasurable, as well as the busy part  
kind. To make this generally read, it seemed  
at proper method to form it by way of a  
of intelligence, consisting of such parts as  
gratify the curiosity of persons of all condi-  
and of each sex. But a work of this nature  
ng time to grow into the notice of the world,  
ened very luckily, that, a little before I had  
d upon this design, a gentleman had written  
ions, and two or three other pieces in my  
which rendered it famous through all parts of  
; and, by an inimitable spirit and humour,  
it to as high a pitch of reputation as it could  
to arrive at.

his good fortune, the name of Isaac Bicker-  
 sized an audience of all who had any taste of  
 and the addition of the ordinary occurrences  
 mon Journals of News brought in a multitude  
 er readers. I could not, I confess, long keep  
 opinion of the town, that these Lucubrations  
 ritten by the same hand with the first works  
 were published under my name; but, before  
 he participation of that author's fame, I had  
 found the advantage of his authority, to  
 I owe the sudden acceptance which my labours  
 in the world.

hardly a name no  
wit, beauty, valor  
scribed for the e  
This is, indeed, an  
to express a suitab  
could be an additio  
the reflection, that  
occasion I can ever  
Your most

WHEN I send you a request, make you a request, I desire, that if you moments on it, you those excellent pie conversant. The pie here, will be very Greeks and Roman panions. I must the taste of many not observed until very proud that the which I know you are sure to have one's of a man, who so of eloquence and to you; not that my writings, but I have from your men.

May you enjoy  
relish of the happy  
you! I know not  
thing to you, than  
what you are; and  
know you now do  
fortune than you w  
dient, and most hu

LORD  
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THREE

TO THE RT. HON. CHAS. LORD HALIFAX

From the Hovel at Hampton,  
April 7, 1711.

MY LORD,

WHEN I first resolv'd upon doing myself the honour, I could not but indulge a certain vanity, dating from this little covert, where I have frequent had the honour of your lordship's company, and received from you very many obligations. The elegant solitude of this place, and the greatest pleasures it, I owe to its being so near those beautiful mans wherein you sometimes reside. It is not retir'd from the world, but enjoying its most valuable blessings, when a man is permitted to share in your lordship's conversations in the country. All the bright images which the wits of past ages have left behind them in their writings, the noble plans which the greatest statesmen have laid down for administration of affairs, are equally the familiar objects of your knowledge. But what is peculiar to your lordship above all the illustrious personages that have appeared in any age, is, that wit and learning have from your example fallen into a new era. Your patron has produced those arts, which before shunn'd commerce of the world, into the service of life; and it is to you we owe, that the man of wit has turn'd himself to be a man of business. The false delicacy of men of genius, and the objections which others were apt to insinuate against their abilities for entering into affairs have equally vanished. And experience has shown, that men of letters are not only qualified with a greater capacity, but also a great integrity in the despatch of business. Your studies have been diverted from being the high ornament, to the highest use to mankind; and the capacities which would have rendered you the greatest poet of your age, have, to the advantage of Great Britain, been employed in pursuits which have made you the most able and unbiass'd patriot. Your vigorous imagination, an extensive apprehension, and a ready judgment, have distinguished you in all the illustrious parts of administration, in a reign attended with such difficulties, that the same talents, without the same quickness in the possession of them, would have been incapable of conquering. The natural success of your abilities, has advanced you to a seat in that illustrious house, where you were receiv'd by a crowd of your relations. Great as you are, in your honours and personal qualities, I know you will give an humble neighbour the vanity of pretending to a place in your friendship, and subscribing himself, my Lord,

Your Lordship's most obliged,

and most devoted servant,

RICHARD STELL

## PREFACE TO THE OCTAVO EDITION, 1711

IN the last Tatler I promised some explanation of passages and persons mentioned in this work, as well as some account of the assistances I have had in its performance. I shall do this in very few words; for when a man has no design but to speak plain truth, he may say a great deal in a very narrow compass. I have, in the dedication of the first volume, made my acknowledgments to Dr. Swift, whose pleasant writings, in the name of Bickerstaff, created an elevation in the town towards any thing that could appear in the same disguise. I must acknowledge, that, at my first entering upon this work, I entertain'd an uncommon way of thinking, and a turn

## STEELE'S PREFACE TO THE TATLER

ration peculiar to that agreeable gentleman, and his company very advantageous to one whose imagination was to be continually employed on obvious and common subjects, though, at the time, obliged to treat of them in a new and ingenious method. His verses on the 'Shower in the Morning,' and the 'Description of the Morning,' are pieces of the happiness of that genius, which could find such pleasing ideas upon occasions so barren to ordinary invention.

When I am upon the house of Bickerstaff, I must forget that genealogy of the family sent to me by post, and written, as I since understand, by Twisden, who died at the battle of Mons, and whose monument in Westminster Abbey, suitable to the respect which is due to his wit and his valour, I saw, through the course of the work, very many pieces which were written by unknown correspondents. Of this kind is the tale in the second number, and the epistle from Mr. Downes the prompter, and others which were very well received by the public.

But I have only one gentleman, who will be obliged to me, to thank for any frequent assistance to which indeed it would have been barbarous in me to have denied to one with whom he has lived in intimacy from childhood, considering the great friendship with which he is able to despatch the most engaging pieces of this nature. This good office he has performed with such force of genius, humour, wit, and learning, that I fared like a distressed prince, who calls in a powerful neighbour to his aid; I was assisted by my auxiliary; when I had once called in, I could not subsist without dependence on him.

The same hand writ the distinguishing characters of men and women under the names of 'Musical Instruments,' 'The Distress of the News-writers,' 'Inventory of the Play-house,' and, 'The description of the Thermometer,' which I cannot but reckon upon as the greatest embellishments of this work.

As far as I thought necessary to say relating to the great hands which have been concerned in these pieces, with relation to the spirit and genius of the work; and am far from pretending to modesty in making this acknowledgment. What a man is from the good opinion and friendship of his countrymen, is a much greater honour than he can

possibly reap from it. But all the credit of the gentlemen above-mentioned, is accounted, has no pretensions made against that learned and judicious church, and the like. I mentioned this only to clear the imputation of being partial in opinion; and, I think, with the utmost frankness, I say it, though joined in it, which I have declared is acknowledged to the character of the Doctor for Dr. Atterbury, to my impartiality.

I really have a great deal to say, and am concerned for wit, if a man has a useful end, is but that one should value that he had some leisure.

As for this paper, I am carried away with giants and tyrants, gamblers and duellists, those knights too, apt to fly out against me is pressed therefore leave off windmills no more say of myself, that and prejudice, in bewailed the consequences whose fortune and while his estate is through a false sense of duellists, through the first of these or more to say of them all I have more to say to their being pressed applying to the duellists somewhere of the a bravo to God.'

## THE TATLER.

[ TUESDAY, APRIL 12, 1709.

quid agunt homines—  
— nostri est farrago libelli. *Jur. Sat. i. 85, 86.*  
ate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
motley paper seizes for its theme. *P.*

ALTHOUGH the other papers, which are published for the use of the good people of England, have certainly wholesome effects, and are laudable in their several kinds, they do not seem to come up to the design of such narrations; which, I humbly think, should be principally intended for the use

of politic persons, neglect their own state. Now these being persons of state is both a charitable thing whereby such members of the common their reading, what end and purpose of from time to time what kind soever, I wish such my advice Thursday, and 5

# BRITISH ESSAYIST.

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n the morn-  
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se to play-  
never find

his bosom.

In a word, his attention to any thing but his passion was utterly gone. He has lost all the money he ever played for, and been confuted in every argument he has entered upon, since the moment he first saw her. He is of a noble family, has naturally a very good air, and is of a frank, honest temper; but the passion has so extremely mauled him, that his features are set and uninformed, and his whole visage is deadened by a long absence of thought. He now appears in any alacrity but when raised by wine; which time he is sure to come hither and throw away a great deal of wit on fellows who have no sense farther than just to observe, that our poor lover has most understanding when he is drunk, and is less in his senses when he is sober.

The reader is desired to take notice of the article from this place, from time to time, for I design to be very exact in the progress this unhappy gentleman makes, which may be of great instruction to all who actually are, or who ever shall be in love.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 8.*

On Thursday last was acted, for the benefit of Mr. Betterton, the celebrated comedy called *Love in a Ruff*. Those excellent players, Mrs. Barry, Mr. Bracegirdle, and Mr. Dogget, though not at present concerned in the house, acted on that occasion. This has not been known so great a concourse of persons of distinction as at that time; the stage itself was covered with gentlemen and ladies, and when the curtain was drawn, it discovered even there, a very splendid audience. This unusual encouragement, which was given to a play for the advantage of a great actor, gives an undeniable instance, that the true relish for manly entertainments and rational pleasures is not wholly lost. All the parts were acted to perfection: the actors were careful of the carriage, and no one was guilty of the affectation of inserting witticisms of his own; but a due respect was had to the audience for encouraging this accomplished player. It is not now doubted but plays will revive and take their usual place in the opinion of persons of wit and merit, notwithstanding their late apostasy in favour of dress and sound. This place is very much altered since Mr. Dryden frequented it; what you used to see songs, epigrams, and satires, in the hands of every man you met, you have now only a pack of cards; and instead of the cavils about the turn of the expression, the elegance of the style, and the like, the learned now dispute only about the truth of the game. But however the company altered, all have shewn a great respect for Mr. Betterton; and the very gaming part of this house has been so touched with a sense of the uncertainty of human affairs (which alter with themselves even in a moment) that in this gentleman, they pitied Mr. Anthony of Rome, Hamlet of Denmark, Mithridates of Pontus, Theodosius of Greece, and Henry the Eighth of England. It is well known, he has been the condition of each of those illustrious persons for several hours together, and behaved himself in those high stations, in all the changes of the scene with suitable dignity. For these reasons, we intend to repeat this late favour to him on a proper occasion: lest he, who can instruct us so well in personate feigned sorrows, should be lost to us by suffering under real ones. The town is at present in a great expectation of seeing a comedy now in rehearsal, which is the twenty-fifth production of the honoured friend Mr. Thomas D'Urfey; who, besides his great abilities in the dramatic, has a peculiar talent in the lyric way of writing, and that with

er wholly new and unknown to the ancient  
ks and Romans, wherein he is but faintly imi-  
in the translations of the modern Italian operas.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 11.*

tters from the Hague of the sixteenth say, that  
r-general Cadogan was gone to Brussels, with  
to disperse proper instructions for assembling  
whole force of the allies in Flanders in the begin-  
of the next month. The late offers concerning  
were made in the style of persons who think  
selves upon equal terms; but the allies have  
st a sense of their present advantages, that they  
not admit of a treaty, except France offers what  
is suitable to her present condition. At the  
time, we make preparations as if we were  
ed by a greater force than that which we are  
ing into the field. Thus this point seems now  
argued sword in hand. This was what a great  
al alluded to, when being asked the names of  
who were to be plenipotentiaries for the en-  
g peace, he answered with a serious air, "There  
bout an hundred thousand of us." Mr. Kidney,  
has the ear of the greatest politicians that come  
er, tells me, there is a mail come in to-day with  
rs, dated Hague, April the nineteenth, N. S.  
h say, a design of bringing part of our troops  
the field, at the latter end of this month, is now  
ed to a resolution of marching towards the camp  
at the twentieth of the next. Prince Eugene was  
returned thither from Amsterdam. He sets out  
Brussels on Tuesday: the greater number of  
general officers at the Hague, have orders to go  
e same time. The squadron at Dunkirk consists  
ven vessels. There happened the other day, in  
road of Scheveling, an engagement between a  
steer of Zeeland and one of Dunkirk. The Dun-  
ker, carrying thirty-three pieces of cannon, was  
n and brought into the Texel. It is said, the  
ier of Monsieur Rouille is returned to him from  
court of France. Monsieur Vendosme, being re-  
ited in the favour of the duchess of Burgundy,  
command in Flanders.

Mr. Kidney added, that there were letters of the  
nteenth from Ghent, which give an account that  
enemy had formed a design to surprise two bat-  
ons of the allies which lay at Alost; but those  
alions received advice of their march, and retired  
Lendermond. Lieutenant-general Wood appeared  
his occasion at the head of five thousand foot,  
one thousand horse; upon which, the enemy  
drew without making any farther attempt.

*From my own Apartment.*

am sorry I am obliged to trouble the public with  
uch discourse upon a matter which I at the very  
mentioned as a trifle, viz. the death of Mr. Par-  
ge, under whose name there is an almanack come  
for the year 1709; in one page of which it is  
serted by the said John Partridge, that he is still  
ag; and not only so, but that he was also living  
e time before, and even at the instant when I writ  
his death. I have in another place, and in a  
er by itself, sufficiently convinced this man that  
s dead, and, if he has any shame, I do not doubt  
by this time he owns it to all his acquaintance;  
though the legs and arms and whole body of that  
s may still appear, and perform their animal  
ctions; yet since, as I have elsewhere observed,  
art his gone, the man is gone. I am, as I said,  
cerned that this little matter should make so  
ch noise; but since I am engaged, I take myself

obliged in honour  
by the help of the  
well as my skill i  
as I see occasion,  
who pretend to b  
ally deceased. I  
to mend their m  
time, print bills  
of all such who s  
are good for not  
number of the de

No. 2.] THURSDAY

There has lain  
following poem.  
useful for familie  
sidered, and ma  
gives it, is very b  
real accident wh  
ance. A young  
perately in love  
quality, but as i  
habitual self-wil  
young spark vent  
without being ad  
saluted her unt  
woman else. Be  
possession; and  
the support of  
manners. Upon  
relief from satiet  
with that for whi  
came home, but  
would stay long  
did I leave all th  
he—"Madam, s  
In a word, this n  
ble appearances.  
purpose, applies  
bottle he preten  
the conjurer.—"  
for. The virtue  
sold it) is such,  
a scold (which  
fortune; as it v  
let her hold thre  
half hour after y  
not in humour fo  
is so ungraceful  
therefore take it

Miss Molly, a  
Had wealth and  
From morn to ni  
Which often lost  
Sir John was  
Sigh'd out the u  
Possess'd, he the  
But his dear Mo  
Excess of fondne  
Madam lov'd me  
From whence so  
As, "You're a f  
Though he an  
Her voice was s  
When she began  
Then after a fair  
Supper and friu

To beg her uncle for some fresh supplies,  
Transported does the strange effects relate,  
Her knight's conversation, and her happy state!  
"Why, niece," says he—"I pry thee apprehend,  
The water's water—he thyself thy friend:  
Such beauty would the coldest husband warm.  
But your provoking tongue undoes the charm:  
Be silent and complying.—You'll soon find,  
Sir John without a medicine will be kind."

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 13.*

Letters from Venice say, the disappointment of their expectation to see his Danish majesty has very much disquieted the court of Rome. Our latest advices from Germany inform us that the minister Hanover has urged the council at Ratisbone to exert themselves in behalf of the common cause, and take the liberty to say, that the dignity, the virtue, the prudence of his electoral highness, his master, was called to the head of their affairs in vain, if they thought fit to leave him naked of the proper means to make those excellencies useful for the honour and safety of the empire. They write from Berlin of the thirteenth, O. S. that the true design of general Flemming's visit to that court was to insinuate, that it will be for the mutual interest of the king of Prussia and king Augustus to enter into a new alliance; but that the ministers of Prussia are not inclined to his sentiments. We hear from Vienna, that his imperial majesty has expressed great satisfaction in their high mightinesses having communicated to him the whole that has passed in the affair of a peace. Though there have been practices used by the agents of France, in all the courts of Europe, to break the good understanding of the allies, they have had no other effect, but to make all the members concerned in the alliance more doubtful of their safety, from the great offers of the enemy. The emperor is roused by this alarm, and the frontiers of all the French dominions are in danger of being insulted the ensuing campaign. Advices from all parts confirm, that it is impossible for France to find a way to obtain so much credit as to gain any one potentate of the allies, or conceive any hope for safety from other prospects.

*From my own Apartment, April 13.*

I find it of very great use, now I am setting up for a writer of news, that I am an adept in astrological speculations: by which means, I avoid speaking of things which may offend great persons. But at the same time, I must not prostitute the liberal sciences so far, as not to utter the truth in case which do immediately concern the good of my native country. I must, therefore, contradict what has been so assuredly reported by the news-writers of England, that France is in the most deplorable condition, and that their people die in great multitudes. I will therefore let the world know, that my correspondent by the way of Brussels, informs me upon his honour, that the gentleman who writes the gazette of Paris, and ought to know as well as any man has told him, that ever since the king has been past his sixty-third year, or grand climacteric, there has not died one man of the French nation who was younger than his majesty, except a very few who were taken suddenly near the village of Hockstet in Germany; and some more who were straitened for lodging at a place called Ramilies, and died on the road to Ghent and Bruges. There are also other things given out by the allies, which are shifts below a conquering nation to make use of. Among others it is said there is a general murmuring among the



## THE TATLER.

nce, though at the same time, all my that there is so good an understanding that there is not one morsel carried out in the kingdom but what is delivered

ATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 14.*

g the comedy called the Country Wife, Drury-lane, for the benefit of Mrs. part which gives name to the play was herself. Through the whole action she pretty figure, and exactly entered into the part. Her husband, in the drama, to be one of those debauchees who run ces of the town, and believe when they y can marry and settle at their ease. ledge of the iniquity of the age, makes wife wholly ignorant of it, and place his want of skill to abuse him. The poet ions, where the propriety of the cha- mit of it, insinuates, that there is no st vice, but the contempt of it: and stural ideas of an untainted innocent, adual steps to ruin and destruction of condition run into, without the help ucation to form their conduct. The jealous coxcomb, which arises from his ims, and the aggravation of his pain, ords in which he sees her innocence, pleasant and instructive satire. The former, and the design of it, is a good of the age in which that comedy was hich time, love and wenching were the fe, and the gallant manner of pursuing re best recommendation at court. To to be imputed, that a gentleman of Mr. aracter and sense, condescends to re- sults done to the honour of the bed, reproof; but to have drawn a man of egard to such considerations had been d a poet had at that time discovered cknowing the manners of the court he rtuous character in his fine gentleman, how his ignorance by drawing a vicious the present audience. Mrs. Bignell ery happily, and had a certain grace in which gave us hopes of seeing her a yer, and in some parts, supply our loss ruggen. I cannot be of the same y friends and fellow-labourers, the Manners, in their severity towards ust allow, that a good play, acted before dience, must raise very proper incitements iour, and be the most quick and most thod of giving young people a turn of eeding. But as I have set up for a ian, I resolve to be a faithful one; and e this public occasion to admonish a nan, who came flustering into the box d let him know how much all his friends ntenance for him. The women sat in ing something that should shock their all the gentlemen in as much pain out to the ladies, and perhaps resentment nity which was offered in coming into in so disrespectful a manner. Wine y nothing that was rude, therefore he is n condition he never will hazard his re in this kind. As I just now hinted, f of the "Society for Reformation of

Manners." We have lower the family of Bickerstaff, and exposing the abandoned to have notices from all take upon me only indec negligences, in such as shout After this declaration, if a giggle at church, or a great play, either shall be sure to paper; for, merely as a we these enormities.

After the play, we nat house, in hopes of meeting entertainment among the where there is a dearth at derful there should be so fo become merely mechanic, selves great that way by as as you may be a joiner or a good instance of this in now offered for sale, to wit bank: A Sequel to the adv occasioned by the glorious arms under the command of the last year in Flanders. stand that the author, fin take his advice, troubles him but has met with one Va arras, and makes very good fore, in order to celebrate claps together all that ca makes hangings:

Then artist, who does na  
In silk and gold, and see  
Dost figur'd arras anima  
Spin a bright story, or a  
By mingling threads, ca  
Delineate triumphs, or d

Well, what shall this we how great an hero the poe a very good horse:

Champing his foam, and  
Arch his high neck, and

Now as to the intrepidi constant application of the take that upon yourself: y him you employ raise him if he does it not, let him an

Let fame and victory in  
Hover with balanc'd win  
Above his head, &c.

A whole poem of this an ensuing campaign, as an canvass of a piece of tapes while the under parts are the adviser copies after direct. This method sh young beginners; for the capacities, that by the help receipt for a poem. A you the jig of the thing is, as can be said in his way wh your worthy. Waller an the expedience of 'Advice has transferred the work, Poets; that is to say, to calls them. Well, that therefore he directs his ge have a new set of hang

TUESDAY, APRIL 18, 1709.

'It is usual with persons who mount the stage for the cure or information of the crowd about them, to make solemn professions of their being wholly disinterested in the pains they take for the public good. At the same time, those very men who make harangues in plush doublets, and extol their own abilities to generous inclinations, tear their lungs in venduing drug, and show no act of bounty, except it be, that they lower a demand of a crown to six, nay, to a penny. We have a contempt for such paltry benefactors, and have therefore, all along informed the public, that we intend to give them our advices for our own sakes, and are labouring to make our labours come to some price in money, for our more convenient support in the service of the public. It is certain, that many other schemes have been proposed to me; as a friend offered to show me a treatise he had writ, which he called "The whole Art of Life; or, The Introduction to great Men, illustrate in a Pack of Cards." But, being a novice at a manner of play, I declined the offer. Another advised me, for want of money, to set up my coach, and practise physic; but, having been bred a scholar, I feared I should not succeed that way neither, therefore, resolved to go on in my present project. But you are to understand that I shall not pretend to raise a credit to this work upon the weight of a politic news only, but, as my Latin sentence in the title-page informs you, *shall take any thing that offers for the subject of my discourse*. Thus, new persons as well as new things, are to come under my consideration: as, when a toast or wit is first pronounced such, you shall have the freshest advice of their performance, from me, with a description of the beauty of manners, and the wit's style: as also, in what places they are advanced. For this town is new and good-natured enough to raise one without depressing another. But it is my design to avoid saying anything of any person which ought justly to displease; but shall endeavour, by the variety of the matter and style, to give entertainment for men of pleasure without offence to those of business.'

White's Chocolate-house, April 18.

All hearts at present pant for two ladies only, who have for some time engrossed the dominion of the town. They are, indeed, both exceeding charming, but differ very much in their excellencies. The beauty of Clarissa is soft, that of Chloe piercing. When you look at Clarissa, you see the most exact harmony of feature, complexion, and shape; you find in Chloe nothing extraordinary in any one of those particulars, but the whole woman irresistible: Clarissa looks languishing; Chloe killing: Clarissa never fails of gaining admiration; Chloe of moving desire. The gazers at Clarissa are at first unconcerned, as if they were observing a fine picture. They who behold Chloe, at the first glance discover transport, as if they met their dearest friend. These different perfections are suitably represented by the last great painter Italy has sent us, Mr. Jervas. Clarissa is by that skilful hand placed in a manner that looks artless, and innocent of the torments she gives; Chloe is drawn with a liveliness that shows she is conscious of, but not affected with, her perfections. Clarissa is a shepherdess; Chloe a country girl. I must own the design of Chloe's picture shows, to me, great mastery in the painter: for nothing could be better imagined than the dress he has given her of a straw hat and a ribbon, to represent that sort of beauty

## THE TATLER.

enters the heart with a certain familiarity, and it into a belief that it has received a lover as an object of love. The force of their different is seen also in the effects it makes on their

The admirers of Chloe are eternally gay and rased; those of Clarissa, melancholy and ful. And as this passion always changes the man into a quite different creature from what before, the love of Chloe makes coxcombs; Clarissa, madmen. There were of each kind in this room. Here was one that whistles, sings, and cuts capers, for love of Chloe. He has just now writ three lines to Clarissa, taken a turn in the garden, then came back, then tore his fragment, then called for some te, then went away without it.

There is so many admirers in the house at present there is too much noise to proceed in my narrative that the progress of the loves of Clarissa and together with the bottles that are drunk each the one, and the many sighs which are uttered songs written on the other, must be our on future occasions.

### *Will's Coffee-house, April 18.*

Persons from the Haymarket inform us, that on the night last the Opera of Pyrrhus and Demetrius was performed with great applause. This intelligence is not very acceptable to us friends of the stage; for the stage being an entertainment of the mind and all our faculties, this way of being pleased is a suspension of them for three hours together, giving up to the shallow satisfaction of the ears only, seems to arise rather from the weakness of our understanding, than an improvement of our diversions. That the understanding has in the pleasure is evident, from what these persons very positively assert; to wit, that a great performance was done in Italian; and a little fell into fits in the gallery, at seeing, not the scene and place, but languages and nations confused in the most incorrigible manner. His spleen is lately moved on this occasion that he is going to publish a treatise against operas, which, he thinks, is ready inclined us to thoughts of peace, and, if denied, must infallibly dispirit us from carrying on

He has communicated his scheme to the company, and declared in what manner things of the kind were first introduced. He has, upon this subject, considered the nature of sounds in general; made a very elaborate digression upon the London theatre wherein he has shown, from reason and philosophy why oysters are cried, card-matches sung, turnips and all other vegetables neither cried, or said, but sold, with an accent and tone natural to man nor beast. This piece seems taken from the model of that excellent discourse of Manly the school-mistress, concerning sam-

Advices from the upper end of Piccadilly, say that the fair is utterly abolished; and we hear Mr. B. has removed his ingenious company of mechanics to Greenwich. But other letters from Deptford, the company is only making thither, and not yet settled; but that several heathen gods and goddesses which are to descend in machines, landed at King's-head Stairs last Saturday. Venus and Mars went on foot from thence to Greenwich; Mars took ink in the town, and broke his landlord's head, which he sat in the stocks the whole evening; but the watchman giving security that he should do no mischief this ensuing summer, he was set at liberty. The melancholy part of all was, that Diana was

taken in the act of committing by justice, put a stop to the dispute. But there goes Patient Grizzel next

It is credibly reported with Mr. Penkethman that audience as soon as days run in Drury-lane

### *St. James's*

They write from St. N. S. that the grand was so far from entering into his mind, that he had he exhorted the Parliament declaring that this was for asserting their liberty

Letters from the House of N. S. say, they have reported that his election was fixed to the imperial throne put himself at the head except more effectual vigorously against the Upon this representation to several regiments despatched express the empire to desire an

These letters added Hague on the twenty enemy having made fifteen hundred horse soldier behind him, of Alost; the allies, out a strong body engaged the enemy at them prisoners, obliging making any farther in the morning, a fleet Scotland, were attacked the entrance of the advice of the event; that a Dutch man-of-war convoy to the said eighteen of the mercantile service of the States of their respective berg and Prussia are a few days; and the a battalion of Holstein are advancing thither twenty-first instant conference near Wob but the matter which public. His grace Prince Eugene cont

### *From my own*

I have lately been and have just now received a packet from with an account that lets me understand greater prosperity, hands, since the day These letters immediately entered into a firm men of the nation, and the encouragement Those persons at the selves of such well

of the people. liberations of n for his sin- of mankind, as dissipated world are the ness, and the next member all the public all the lan- is held in the ere honesty, art unsullied ne oppressed, ined himself resolution, ; famous for d singularly ferred a man eable to his h particular most refined of life, joined ss; a man conversation, negotiations, also of this ment of Pa- tions of the This minister ustrious and erties of the abvert them. are men of es the people st of a war, secure peace

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April 20.

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lamentation, n of any de- the young e were none passion. So urses said a retenders to age, by say- e last, spoke d is not only s lost all his long a maid a with that enly voice? cies in one murder the s, and not a such is the t for honest ould hardly

have a pattern left of the ancient worthies that and indeed, he has but very little encouragement persevere; but he has a devotion, rather than for his mistress, and says,

'Only tell her that I love,  
Leave the rest to her and fate;  
Some kind planet from above  
May, perhaps, her passion move;  
Lovers on their stars must wait.'

But the stars I am so intimately acquainted that I can assure him he will never have her; for, you believe it? though Cynthia has wit, good fortune, and his very being depends upon her, termagant for whom he sighs is in love with a fellow who stares in the glass all the time he is with and lets her plainly see, she may possibly be rival, but never his mistress. Yet Cynthia, the unhappy man, whom I mentioned in my first narrative, pleases himself with a vain imagination, with the language of his eyes, now he has found she is, he shall conquer her, though her eyes are tent upon one who looks from her; which is odd with the sex. It is certainly a mistake in ancients, to draw the little gentleman LOVE as a bl boy; for his real character is, a little thief squints; for ask Mrs. Meddle, who is a confident spy upon all the passions in town, and she will you that the whole is a game of cross purposes. A lover is generally pursuing one who is in pursuit another, and running from one that desires to m him. Nay, the nature of this passion is so just represented in a squinting little thief (who is also in a double action), that do but observe Clarissa in time you see her, and you will find, when her e have made their soft tour round the company, i makes no stay on him they say she is to marry, i rests two seconds of a minute on Wildair, who n ther looks nor thinks on her or any woman el However, Cynthia had a bow from her the other d upon which he is very much come to himself; and heard him send his man of an errand yesterday, wit out any manner of hesitation; a quarter of an he after which he reckoned twenty, remembered he was sup with a friend, and went exactly to his appoi ment. I sent to know how he did this morning; a I find that he hath not forgot that he spoke to yesterday.

*Will's Coffee-house, April 20.*

This week being sacred to holy things, and public diversions allowed, there has been taken notice of, even here, a little treatise, called, 'A Project for the Advancement of Religion: dedicated to the Countess of Berkeley;' the title was so uncommon and promised so peculiar a way of thinking, that every man here has read it, and as many as have done so, have approved it. It is written with the spirit of one who has seen the world enough to undervalue it with good-breeding. The author must certainly be a man of wisdom as well as piety, and have spent much time in the exercise of both. The real causes of the decay of the interest of religion are set forth in a clear and lively manner without unseasonable passions; and the whole air of the book, as to the language, the sentiments, and the reasonings, show it was written by one whose virtue sits easy above him, and to whom vice is thoroughly contemptible. It was said by one of this company, alluding to the knowledge of the world the author seems to have: 'The man writes much like a gentleman, and goes heaven with a very good wien.'

*St. James's Coffeehouse, April 20.*

Letters from Italy say, that the Marquis de Prie, upon the receipt of an express from the court of Vienna, went immediately to the palace of cardinal Paulucci, minister of state to his holiness, and demanded, in the name of his imperial majesty, that king Charles should forthwith be acknowledged king of Spain, by a solemn act of the congregation of cardinals, appointed for that purpose: he declared, at the same time, that if the least hesitation were made in this most important article of the late treaty, he should not only be obliged to leave Rome himself, but also transmit his master's orders to the imperial troops to face about, and return into the ecclesiastical dominions. When the cardinal reported this message to the pope, his holiness was struck with so sensible an affliction, that he burst into tears; his sorrow was aggravated by letters which, immediately after, arrived from the court of Madrid, wherein his nuncio acquainted him, that, upon the news of his accommodation with the emperor, he had received a message to forbear coming to court; and the people were so highly provoked, that they could hardly be restrained from insulting his palace. These letters add, that the king of Denmark was gone from Florence to Pisa, and from Pisa to Leghorn, where the governor paid his majesty all imaginable honours. The king designed to go from thence to Lucca, where a magnificent tournament was prepared for his diversion. An English man-of-war, which came from Port Mahon to Leghorn in six days, brought advice, that the fleet, commanded by admiral Whitaker, was safely arrived at Barcelona, with the troops and ammunition which he had taken in at Naples.

General Boneval, governor of Comachio, had summoned the magistrates of all the towns near that place to appear before him, and take an oath of fidelity to his imperial majesty, commanding also the gentry to pay him homage on pain of death and confiscation of goods. Advices from Switzerland inform us, that the bankers of Geneva were utterly ruined by the failure of Mr. Bernard. They add, that the deputies of the Swiss Cantons were returned from Soleure, where they were assembled at the instance of the French ambassador, but were very much dissatisfied with the reception they had from that minister. It is true, he omitted no civilities or expressions of friendship from his master, but he took no notice of their pensions and arrears: what further provoked their indignation was, that, instead of twenty-five pistoles, formerly allowed to each member, for their charge in coming to the diet, he had presented them with six only. They write from Dresden, that king Augustus was still busy in recruiting his cavalry, and that the Danish troops that lately served in Hungary had orders to be in Saxony by the middle of May; and that his majesty of Denmark was expected at Dresden in the beginning of that month. King Augustus makes great preparations for his reception, and has appointed sixty coaches, each drawn by six horses, for that purpose: the interview of these princes affords great matter for speculation. Letters from Paris, of the twenty-second of this month say, that Marshal Harcourt and the Duke of Berwick were preparing to go into Alsace and Dauphiné, but that their troops were in want of all manner of necessities. The court of France had received advices from Madrid, that on the seventh of this month, the states of Spain, had, with much magnificence, acknowledged the prince of Asturias presumptive heir to the crown. This was performed at Buen-Retiro; the deputies

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While thus I call'd, and stray'd I knew not whith  
From whence I first drew air, and first beheld  
This happy light; when answer none return'd,  
On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,  
Pensive I sate me down, there gentle sleep  
First found me, and with soft oppression seiz'd  
My drowned sense, untroubled, though I thought  
I then was passing to my former state  
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve.

But now I cannot forgive this odious thing, th  
Dryden, who, in his 'State of Innocence,' has giv  
my great grandmother Eve the same apprehension  
annihilation on a very different occasion; as Ada  
pronounces it of himself, when he was seized with  
pleasing kind of stupor and deadness, Eve fanci  
herself falling away, and dissolving in the hurry of  
rapture. However, the verses are very good, and  
do not know but what she says may be natural;  
will read them:

When your kind eyes look'd languishing on mine,  
And wreathing arms did soft embraces join;  
A doubtful trembling seiz'd me first all o'er,  
Then wishes, and a warmth unknown before;  
What followed was all ecstasy and trance,  
Immortal pleasures round my swimming eyes did  
dance,  
And speechless joys, in whose sweet tumults tost  
I thought my breath and my new being lost.

She went on, and said a thousand good things at  
random, but so strangely mixed, that you would be  
apt to say, all her wit is mere good luck, and not the  
effect of reason and judgment. When I made my  
escape hither, I found a gentleman playing the critic  
on two other great poets, even Virgil and Homer.  
He was observing, that Virgil is more judicious than  
the other in the epithets he gives his hero. Homer's  
usual epithet, said he, is *Πόδας ὤχους*, or *Πηδῶν*;  
and his indiscretion has been often rallied by the  
critics, for mentioning the nimbleness of foot in  
Achilles, though he describes him standing, sitting,  
lying down, fighting, eating, drinking, or in any other  
circumstance, however foreign or repugnant to speed  
and activity. Virgil's common epithet to *Aeneas*, is  
*Pius* or *Pater*. I have therefore considered, said he,  
what passage there is in any of his hero's actions  
where either of these appellations would have been  
most proper, to see if I could catch him at the same  
fault with Homer: and this, I think, is his meeting  
with Dido in the cave, where *Pius Aeneas* would have  
been absurd, and *Pater Aeneas* a burlesque: the  
poet, therefore, wisely dropped them both for *Dux*  
*Trojanus*: which he has repeated twice in Juno's  
speech, and his own narration; for he very well  
knew, a loose action might be consistent enough with  
the usual manners of a soldier, though it became  
neither the chastity of a pious man, nor the gravity  
of the father of a people.

#### Grecian Coffee-house, April 22.

While other parts of the town are amused with the  
present actions, we generally spend the evening at  
this table in enquiries into antiquity, and think at  
things news which gives us new knowledge. Thus  
we are making a very pleasant entertainment to our-  
selves, in putting the actions of Homer's *Iliad* into  
an exact journal.

This poem is introduced by Chryses, king  
Chryseïs and priest of Apollo, who comes to re-  
demand his daughter, who had been carried off at the  
taking of that city, and given to Agamemnon for his

art of the booty. The refusal he received enrages Apollo, who, for nine days, showered down darts upon them, which occasioned the pestilence.

The tenth day, Achilles assembled the council, and encourages Chalcas to speak for the surrender of Chryseis, to appease Apollo. Agamemnon and Achilles storm at one another, notwithstanding which, Agamemnon will not release his prisoner, unless he has Briseis in her stead. After long consultations, wherein Agamemnon gives a glorious character of Achilles's valour, he determines to restore Chryseis to her father, and sends two heralds to fetch away Briseis from Achilles, who abandons himself to sorrow and despair. His mother Thetis comes to comfort him under his affliction, and promises to represent his sorrowful lamentation to Jupiter; but he could not attend to it; for, the evening before, he had appointed to divert himself for two days, beyond the seas, with the harmless Ethiopians. It was the twenty-first day after Chryseis's arrival at the camp, that Thetis went very early to demand an audience of Jupiter. The means he used to satisfy her were, to persuade the Greeks to attack the Trojans; that so they might perceive the consequence of contemning Achilles, and the miseries they suffer if he does not head them. The next night he orders Agamemnon, in a dream, to attack them; who is deceived with the hopes of obtaining a victory, and also taking the city, without sharing the honour with Achilles.

On the twenty-second, in the morning, he assembles the council, and having made a feint of raising a siege and retiring, he declares to them his dream; and, together with Nestor and Ulysses, resolves on engagement.

This was the twenty-third day, which is full of accidents, and which continues from almost the beginning of the second canto to the eighth.

The armies being then drawn up in view of one another, Hector brings it about, that Menelaus and Paris, the two persons concerned in the quarrel, should decide it by a single combat, which tending to the advantage of Menelaus, was interrupted by a wardice infused by Minerva: then both armies engage; where the Trojans have the disadvantage; but fighting afterwards animated by Apollo, they repulse the enemy, yet they are once again forced to give ground, and their affairs were retrieved by Hector, who has a single combat with Ajax. The gods threw themselves into the battle: Juno and Minerva took the Grecians' part, and Apollo and Mars, the Trojans': Mars and Venus are both wounded by Diomedes. The truce for burying the slain ended the twenty-third day, after which the Greeks threw up a great trenchment, to secure their navy from danger. Councils are held on both sides. On the morning of the twenty-fourth day, the battle is renewed, but in a very disadvantageous manner to the Greeks, who are beaten back to their entrenchments. Agamemnon, being in despair at this ill success, proposes to the council to quit the enterprise, and retire from Troy. But, by the advice of Nestor, he is persuaded to regain Achilles, by returning Chryseis, and sending him considerable presents. Hereupon Ulysses and Ajax are sent to that hero, who continues inexorable in his anger. Ulysses, at his return, joins himself with Diomedes, and goes in the night to gain intelligence of the enemy: they enter into their very camp, where, finding the centinels asleep, they made great slaughter. Rhesus, who was just then arrived with recruits from Thrace, for the Trojans, was killed in that action. Here ends the tenth canto.

The sequel of the next article from

St. John

We hear from the pope has received a demand of acknowledgment, yet thought fit to say that they are that city, having from a visit made. The pope has his majesty, and curiosities and seventeen volleys taken out of the of the fourteen arrived there, in count, that the surrection, by and that the of marines, and stand to their but that he be his guards, as fend him. Wh diers murmured was generally zines, as the France had all came into Legat squadron was were taking in relief of Alicante. It is said that expedition from Leghorn.

They write should enter in Zinzendorf will the Count de Konsbruch a extraordinary very urgent with forts against H to oblige her tranquillity of

We are also ginable shifts emperor, and tution of Coma majesty should what had forme acknowledge k fused.

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cuse the matter: for I find, by a calculation of my own nativity, that I cannot hold out with any tolerable wit longer than two minutes after twelve o'clock at night, between the eighteenth and nineteenth of the next month: for which space of time you may still expect to hear from me, but no longer; except you will transmit to me the occurrences you meet with relating to your amours, or any other subject within the rules by which I have proposed to work. If any gentleman or lady sends to Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. at Mr. Morphew's, near Stationers'-hall, by the penny-post, the grief or joy of their soul, what they think fit of the matter shall be related in colours as much to their advantage, as those in which Gervass has drawn the agreeable Chloe. But since, without such assistance, I frankly confess, and am sensible, that I have not a month's wit more, I think I ought, while I am in my sound health and senses, to make my will and testament; which I do in manner and form following:—

*Incipimus.* I give to the stock-jobbers about the Exchange of London, as a security for the trusts daily reposed in them, all my real estate: which I do hereby vest in the said body of worthy citizens for ever.

*Item,* Forasmuch as it is very hard to keep land in repair without ready cash, I do, out of my personal estate, bestow the bear-skin, which I have frequently lent to several societies about this town, to supply their necessities; I say, I give also the said bear-skin, as an immediate fund to the said citizens for ever.

*Item,* I do hereby appoint a certain number of the said citizens to take all the custom-house or customs oaths concerning all goods imported by the whole city, strictly directing, that some select members, and not the whole number of a body corporate, should be preferred.

*Item,* I forbid all n——s and persons of q——ty to watch bargains near and about the Exchange, to the diminution and wrong of the said stock-jobbers.

Thus far, in as brief and intelligible a manner as any will can appear, until it is explained by the learned. I have disposed of my real and personal estate; but, as I am an adept, I have by birth an equal right to give also an indefeasible title to my endowments and qualifications, which I do in the following manner.

*Item,* I give my chastity to all virgins who have withstood their market.

*Item,* I give my courage among all who are ashamed of their distressed friends, all sneakers in assemblies and men who show valour in common conversation.

*Item,* I give my wit (as rich men give to the rich) among such as think they have enough already. And in case they shall not accept of the legacy, I give it to Bentivolio to defend his works, from time to time, as he shall think fit to publish them.

*Item,* I bestow my learning upon the honourary members of the Royal Society.

Now for the disposal of this body.

As these eyes must one day cease to gaze on Teraminta, and this heart shall one day pant no more for her indignation: that is to say, since this body must be earth; I shall commit it to the dust in manner suitable to my character. Therefore, as there are those who dispute, whether there is any such person as Isaac Bickerstaff or not; I shall excuse a persons who appear what they really are, from entering to my funeral. But all those who are, in the way of life, *personæ*, as the Latins have it, person assumed, and who appear what they really are no are hereby invited to that solemnity.

he body shall be carried by six watchmen, who never seen in the day.

Then, The pall shall be held up by the six most pretenders to honesty, wealth, and power, are not possessed of any of them. The two first, a lawyer and a complete justice. The two next, a quack and a projector. The third couple, a treasurer and a small courtier.

To make my funeral (what that solemnity, when to common men, really is in itself) a very farce; since all mourners are mere actors on these occasions, I shall desire those who are professedly such to attend mine. I humbly, therefore, beseech Mrs. to act once more, and be my widow. When I am gone away at the church-porch, I appoint the Sir John Falstaff, and the gay Sir Harry Wild to support her. I desire Mr. Pinkethman to be in the habit of a cardinal, and Mr. Bullock in that of a privy-counsellor. To make up the rest of the appearance, I desire all the ladies from the balcony to weep with Mrs. Barry, as they hope to be widows themselves. I invite all, who have nothing else to do, to accept of gloves and scarves.

Thus, with the great Charles V. of Spain, I leave the glories of this transitory world: yet, at the same time, to show you my indifference, and that my desires are not too much fixed upon any thing, I leave you, I am as willing to stay as to go: therefore I leave it in the choice of my gentle readers, whether I shall hear from them, or they hear no more from me.

*White's Chocolate-house, April 25.*

Yesterday being a time when you cannot well do without any but humble adventurers; and there being such a thing as low gallantry, as well as low policy, Colonel Ramble and myself went early this morning into the fields, which were strewn with shepherds and shepherdesses, but indeed of a different kind from the simplicity of those of Arcadia. Every one was conscious of more than what the representations of enamoured swains admit of. While we were surveying the crowd around us, we saw at a distance a company coming towards Pancras Church; though there was not much disorder, we thought we saw the figure of a man stuck through with a sword, and at every step ready to fall, if a woman by his side had not supported him; the rest followed him and two. When we came nearer this appearance, we should it be but Monsieur Guardeloop, mine and my friend's French taylor, attended by others, leading with him madam Depingle's maids to the church, in obedience to their espousals. It was his sword tucked so close above his waist, and the circumflex which was of his profession take in their walking, that he seemed to appear at a distance wounded and falling. The morning being rainy, methought the march of his wedding was but too lively a picture of wedded misery. They seemed both to have a month's journey to make the best of their way single; yet both were armed in arm; and when they were in a dirty bog, he was but deeper in the mire, by endeavouring to help out his companion, and yet without helping him. The bridegroom's feathers in his hat all drooped; his shoes had lost a heel. In short, he was in the whole person and dress so extremely soused, that he did not appear one inch or single thread about him married. Pardon me, that the melancholy still dwells upon me so far, as to reduce me to this. However, we attended them to the church, where we stayed to hear the irrevocable words pronounced upon our old servant, and made the best

of our way to town. All married persons for four and twenty years, and went to visit where I knew you come from the corner of that order of merit, but without females, who of coquets. It is the mirrors of each other, the best of any man talks the best of himself, understands with you. You are to know each other daily; in town, think it will happen that they of addressing to time in the report he can convince a man of consequence accomplished lady. Thus he tells her at such a pass, with that detachment: on such a day after the week following of his men's only to answer him. They talk to each other approved. Thus he is ever distant, and never farther for ever, but

*Will's*

This evening there was acted for the first time he is a person of a peculiar talent of excellently well qualified for this play. I can say of bearing a sword, and that with such folly, that one can own hand; so rich a chastisement. Such happiness to play in parts. Therefore the merit of any good thing for Mr. Bullock for Mr. William P. excellent players in circumstances, and a different sort of delicate those grave scenes, tony and Ventidius, just, and the low part much humour and

*St. James's*

We are advised that in the twentieth instant, twenty new members have not yet taken. Thaurin is returned well re-established. He designs to set in command of the Duke of Savoy. His brother, count and a counsellor

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borough. The States are advised that the army  
So they were arrived on the frontiers of the Un  
It was said, as also, that the two regiments of W  
beholden, and four thousand troops from Willem  
Lorg, who are to serve in Flanders, are in full m  
clothing. Letters from Flanders say, that the gr  
convey of ammunition and provisions, which set  
from Ghent for Loebe, was safely arrived at Oening  
We hear from Paris, that the King has ordered th  
bilities on the coasts of Normandy and Bretagne  
be in readiness to march; and that the court was i  
comprehension of a descent to animate the people  
rise in the midst of their present hardships.

They write from Spain, that the pope's nuncio  
Madrid the tenth of April, in order to go to Ba  
yona; that the Marquis de Bay was at Badajoz  
observe the motions of the Portuguese; and that th  
count d'Estain, with a body of five thousand m  
was on the march to attack Gironne. The Duke  
Aragon has deposed the bishop of Lerida, as bein  
in violation of the interest of king Charles, and h  
summoned a convocation at Madrid, composed of th  
abbots, bishops, and states of that kingdom  
wherein he hopes they will come to a resolution  
send for no more bulls to Rome.

No. 8.] THURSDAY, APRIL 28, 1709.

*White's Club Int-house, April 26.*

The play of the London Cuckolds was acted th  
evening before a suitable audience, who were ex  
tremely well diverted with that heap of vice and  
absurdity. The indignation which Eugene, who  
is a gentleman of a just taste, has upon occasion  
such humour nature fall so low in its delights, mad  
him, I thought, exultate upon the mention of th  
they very agreeably. Of all men living, said he,  
pity players (who must be men of good understand  
ing) to be capable of being such, that they ar  
obliged to repeat and assume proper gestures fi  
representing things of which their reason must b  
ashamed, and which they must disdain their audi  
ence for enjoying. The amendment of these low gra  
tifications is only to be made by people of condit  
by encouraging the representation of the noble cha  
racters drawn by Shakspeare and others, from where  
it is impossible to return without a strong impressi  
on of honour and humanity. On these occasions, dis  
tress is laid before us with all its causes and conse  
quences, and our resentment placed according to th  
merit of the persons afflicted. Were dreams of th  
nature more acceptable to the taste of the raw  
men who have genius would bend their studies t  
excel in them. How forcible an effect this would  
have on our minds, one needs no more than to ob  
serve how strongly we are touched by mere pic  
tures. Who can see Le Brun's picture of the hu  
tor at Paris, without entering into the charac  
of that fierce gallant man, and being accordingly  
sensible to an emulation of his constancy and courage.  
When he is falling with his wound, the features ar  
at the same time very terrible and languishing; and  
there is such a stern faintness diffused through all  
his look, as is apt to move a kind of horror, as we  
as pity, in the beholder. This, I say, is an effect  
produced by mere lights and shades; consider also a  
representation made by words only, as in an accou  
nt given by a good writer. Catiline in Sallust makes  
out such a figure as Porus by Le Brun. It is said  
of him, *Catiline vero longe a suis inter hostium  
castra repertus est: paululum etiam spirans, ferro  
et de auge animi, quam virus habuerat, in cultu*

*stineus*. 'Cataline was found killed, far from his own men, among the dead bodies of the enemy: he seemed still to breathe, and still retained in his face the same fierceness he had when he was living.' You have in that one sentence a lively impression of his whole life and actions. What I would insinuate was all this is, that if the painter and historian can do thus much in colours and language, what may not be performed by an excellent poet, when the character he draws is presented by the person, the manner, the look, and the motion, of an accomplished player? If a thing painted or related can irresistibly enter our hearts, what may not be brought to pass by seeing generous things performed before our eyes? *Agensio* ended his discourse, by recommending the proper use of a theatre, as the most agreeable and easy method of making a polite and moral gentry; which would end in rendering the rest of the people regular in their behaviour, and ambitious of laudable undertakings.

*St. James's Coffee-house, April 27.*

Letters from Naples of the ninth instant, N. S. advise, that Cardinal Grimani had ordered the regiment commanded by General Pate to march towards *Trial*, in order to embark for Catalonia; whither also a thousand horse are to be transported from Sardinia, besides the troops which come from the Milanese. An English man-of-war has taken two prizes, one a vessel of Malta, the other of Genoa, both laden with goods of the enemy. They write from Florence of the thirteenth, that his Majesty of Denmark had received a courier from the Hague, with an account of some matters relating to the treaty of a peace; upon which he declared, that he thought it necessary to hasten to his own dominions.

Letters from Switzerland inform us, that the effects of the great scarcity of corn in France were felt at Geneva; the magistrates of which city had appointed deputies to treat with the cantons of Bern and Zurich, to leave to buy up such quantities of grain within their territories as should be thought necessary. The protestants of Tockenburgh are still in arms about the consent of St. John, and have declared, that they will not lay them down, until they shall have sufficient security, from the Roman Catholics, of living undisturbed in the exercise of their religion. In the mean time, the deputies of Bern and Tockenburgh have frequent conferences at Zurich with the regency of that canton, to find out methods for quieting these disorders.

Letters from the Hague, of the third of May, advise, that the president Rouille, after his last conference with the deputies of the States, had retired to Bodegrave, five miles distant from Worden, and expected the return of a courier from France on the fourth, with new instructions. It is said, if his answer from the French court shall not prove satisfactory, he will be desired to withdraw out of these parts. In the mean time it is also reported, that his equipage, as an ambassador on this great occasion, is actually on the march towards him. They write from Flanders, that the great convoy of provisions, which set out from Ghent, is safely arrived at Lisle. Those advisers add, that the enemy had assembled near Toury a considerable body of troops, drawn out of the neighbouring garrisons. Their high mightinesses have sent orders to their ministers at Hamburg and Dantzic, to engage the magistrates of those cities to forbid the sale of corn to the French, and to signify to them, that the Dutch merchants will buy as much of that commodity as they can spare, the

Hamburghers, Dutch, and on that occasion.

After the manner which town, and vicinities, which together, I call My valet de chambre, reading the gentleman, read Ovid, and of 'Bring Virgil's care of the care the most ex through it a of Elysian sincere lovers pain, compassion misspent the the seats of in my reading taken place of and lulled me awake, to mansions of wafted from waking though cast by a sudden passed with shaked its veil in a cradle. out offering all her harbor tall vessels of pieces on her have I lived in nature should myself that Oh! may that in which the interrupted my attention to the den start, in speechless aff calm, the waves turning their midst of the comely and ending under a sorrow of those article of death seemed to have kept her eyes ten thousand her tenderness greatness of gave her powerment; which looked up with being, rather back his head.

When the last instant kneeling, pressure she could able sorrow, attendants. panies the multitude while

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April 28.

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such agreeable works as these, the town has for half an age been tormented with insects called *Easy Writers*, whose abilities Mr. Wycherly one day described excellently well in one word: "That," say he, "among these fellows is called *Easy Writing*, which any one may easily write." Such jaunty scribblers are so justly laughed at for their sonnets on Phill and Chloris, and fantastical descriptions in them that an ingenious kinsman of mine, of the family of the Staffs, Mr. Humphrey Wagstaff by name, has, to avoid their strain, run into a way perfectly new, and described things actually as they happen; he never forms fields, or nymphs, or groves, where they are not; but makes the incidents just as they really appear. For an example of it: I stole out of his manuscript the following lines; they are a description of the morning, but of the morning in town, nay, of the morning at this end of the town, when my kinsman at present lodges:

Now hardly here and there an hackney coach  
Appearing, show'd the ruddy morn's approach.  
Now Betty from her master's bed had flown,  
And softly stole to discompose her own.  
The slipshod 'prentice, from his master's door,  
Had par'd the street, and sprinkled round the floor;  
Now Moll had whirl'd her mop with dextrous airs,  
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.  
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace  
The kennel-edge, where wheels had worn the place.  
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,  
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep.  
Duns at his lordship's gates began to meet:  
And brick-dust Moll had scream'd thro' half the street:

The turnkey now his flock returning sees,  
Duly let out o' nights to steal for fees.  
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands;  
And school-boys lag with satchels in their hands.

All that I apprehend is, that dear Numps will be angry I have published these lines; not that he has any reason to be ashamed of them, but for fear of those rogues, the bane to all excellent performance the imitators. Therefore, beforehand, I bar all descriptions of the evening; as a medley of verses signifying grey peas are now cried warm; that wenches now begin to amble round the passages of the playhouse: or of noon; as, that fine ladies and great beaux are just yawning out of their beds and windows in Pall-mall, and so forth. I forewarn also all persons from encouraging any draughts after my cousin; and foretell any man who shall go about to imitate him, that he will be very insipid. The family-stock is embarked in this design, and we will not admit of counterfeits. Dr. Anderson and his heirs enjoy his pills; Sir William Read has the cure of eyes, and Monsieur Rosselli only can cure the gout. We pretend to none of these things; but to examine who and who are together, to tell any mistaken man he is not what he believes he is, to distinguish merit, and expose false pretences to it, is liberty our family has by law in them, from an intermarriage with a daughter of Mr. Scoggin, the famous droll of the last century. This right I design to make use of; but will not encroach upon any of the above-mentioned adepts, or any other. At the same time, I shall take all the privileges I may, as an Englishman; and will lay hold of the late act of naturalization to introduce what I shall think fit from France. The use of that law may, I hope, be extended to people the polite world with new characters, as well as the kingdom itself with new subjects.

Therefore an author of that nation, called La Bru-

I shall make bold with on such occasions. The person I read of in that writer was Lord Timon. Timon, says my author, is the most generous of all men; but is so hurried away with that strong impulse of bestowing, that he confers benefits without reflection, and is munificent without laying obligations. For all the unworthy, who receive from him, have so little sense of this noble infirmity, that they look upon themselves rather as partners in a bounty, than partakers of a bounty. The other day, I went into Paris, I met Timon going out on horseback, attended only by one servant. It struck me with a sudden damp, to see a man of so excellent a disposition, and who understood making a figure so well, so much shortened in his retinue. But, passing his house, I saw his great coach break to pieces before his door, and, by a strange enchantment, immediately turned into many different vehicles. The first was a very pretty chariot, into which stepped his secretary's secretary. The second was hung a little lower; into that strutted the fat steward. In an instant followed a chaise, which was entered by the driver. The rest of the body and wheels were changed into go-carts, and run away with the nurses and brats of the rest of the family. It makes these misfortunes in the affairs of Timon the more astonishing is, that he has better understanding than those who cheat him; so that he knows not which more to wonder at, the indifference of the master, or the impudence of the servant.

*White's Chocolate-house, April 29.*

It is a matter of much speculation among the philosophers and oglers, what it is that can have made so great a change, as has been of late observed, in the behaviour of Pastorella, who never sat still a moment until she was eighteen, which she has now lasted by two months. Her aunt, who has the management of her, has not been always so rigid as she is at present date; but has so good a sense of the weakness of woman, and falsehood of man, that she resorted on all manner of methods to keep Pastorella, in a safe, in safety, against herself and all her admirers. At the same time, the good lady knew by experience, that a gay inclination, curbed too severely, would but run to the greater excesses for that aunt; she therefore intended to watch her, and take some opportunity of engaging her insensibly in her own interests, without the anguish of an admonition.

You are to know, then, that miss, with all her ogling and ogling, had also naturally a strong curiosity in her, and was the greatest eaves-dropper in the house. Parisatis (for so her prudent aunt is called) observed this humour, and retires one day to her closet, into which she knew Pastorella would peep, to listen to know how she was employed. It happened accordingly; and the young lady saw her governante on her knees, and, after a mental struggle, break into these words—'As for the dear creature committed to my care, let her sobriety of carriage, and severity of behaviour, be such as may make the noble Lord who is taken with her beauty, turn his designs to such as are honourable.' Here Parisatis let her niece nestle closer to the key-hole: she goes on: 'Make her the joyful mother of a numerous and wealthy offspring; and let her carriage be such, as may make this noble youth expect the blessings of a happy marriage, from the singularity of her life, in this loose and censorious age.' Miss, having heard enough, sneaks off for fear of discovery, immediately at her glass alters the sitting of her dress, then pulls up her tucker, and forms herself into

the exact manner of a sincere convert. She appears in a fine young lady, as her aunt feigns in her choice. The countess of Pastorella's compliance in the manner and good judgment. I scarce remember of the usual peevishness of the young than the young whose good-naturedness off his admonition death; and did not until he came to me will: 'All the rest of my son Edward's life be squandered as for that purpose, generous disdain, deserved from so young man, and become a fine gentleman.

*St. James's.*

Letters from London dated from Estree of Galway arrived in time to see the quantity of provisions, and subsisting the troops for twenty-five days shall bring into the and twenty-four of Portugal will be. On the day these of Galway received was preparing for troops together excellency resolved Viciosa, to ascend hood, in order to

Yesterday, in the camp to Major-general from the Duke of is come in with the May, N. S. which together a body design, as was convey on the march arrived at Menin place, the French attempt.

We hear from the first quality is a France, in order to the treaty of peace.

Letters from London Bernard has made his creditors than

These advices Monsieur Torcy (by advising the treaty of partition negotiated with the cession of the crown, bon,) are all three of peace. The two are arrived at

It is confidently honourable the grace the Duke

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me this account of himself: 'I am, madam, perfect-  
unmoved at all that passes among men, and would  
give myself the fatigue of going among them: but  
when I do, I always appear the same thing to the  
whom I converse with. My hours of existence,  
being awake, are from eleven in the morning,  
eleven at night; half of which I live to myself,  
picking my teeth, washing my hands, paring my  
nails, and looking in the glass. The insignifi-  
cance of my manners to the rest of the world, makes the  
laughers call me a *Quidnunc*, a phrase which  
neither understand, nor shall ever inquire what it  
mean by it. The last of me each night is at  
James's coffee-house, where I converse, yet never  
into a dispute on any occasion: but leave the und-  
standing I have, passive of all that goes through:  
without entering into the business of life. Al-  
thus, madam, have I arrived by laziness, to what  
others pretend to by philosophy, a perfect neglect  
the world.' Sure, if our sex had the liberty of fre-  
quenting public houses and conversations, we should  
put these rivals of our faults and follies out of coun-  
tenance. However, we shall soon have the pleasure  
of being acquainted with them one way or other: for  
my brother Isaac designs, for the use of our sex, to  
give the exact characters of all the chief politicians  
who frequent any of the coffee-houses from St.  
James's to the Exchange; but designs to begin with  
that cluster of wise-heads, as they are found sitting  
every evening from the left side of the fire, at the  
Smyrna, to the door. This will be of great service  
for us, and I have authority to promise an exact  
journal of their deliberations; the publication of  
which, I am to be allowed for pin-money. In the  
mean time, I cast my eye upon a new book, which  
gave me more pleasing entertainment, being a sixth  
part of Miscellaneous Poems published by Jacob Ton-  
son, which, I find, by my brother's notes upon it, is  
way inferior to the other volumes. There is, I  
seems, in this, a collection of the best pastorals that  
have hitherto appeared in England; but, among  
them, none superior to that dialogue between Sybil  
and Dorinda, written by one of my own sex; where  
all our little weaknesses are laid open in a manner  
more just, and with truer raillery than ever man yet  
hit upon.

Only this I now discern,  
From the things thou'dst have me learn,  
That womankind's peculiar joys  
From past or present beauties rise.

But, to resume my first design, there cannot be a  
greater instance of the command of females, than in  
the prevailing charms of the heroine in the play  
which was acted this night, called, 'All for Love; or  
The World well Lost.' The enamoured Anthony  
resigns glory and power to the force of the attractive  
Cleopatra, whose charms were the defence of her  
diadem against a people otherwise invincible. It is  
so natural for women to talk of themselves, that it is  
to be hoped, all my own sex at least will pardon me  
that I could fall into no other discourse. If we have  
their favour, we give ourselves very little anxiety for  
the rest of our readers. I believe I see a sentence of  
Latin in my brother's day-book of wit, which seems  
applicable on this occasion, and in contempt of the  
critics,

— Tristitiam et metus  
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum  
Portare ventis. *Hor. i. Od. xxvi. 2.*

No boding fears shall break my rest,  
Nor anxious cares invade my breast;



Puff them, ye wanton gales, away,  
And plunge them in the Cretan sea.

*R. Wynne.*

But I am interrupted by a packet from Mr. Kidney, at St. James's coffee-house, which I am obliged to peruse in the very style and words which Mr. Kidney uses in his letter.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 2.*

We are advised by letters from Bern, dated the first instant, N. S., that the Duke of Berwick arrived at Lyons the twenty-fifth of the last month, and commenced his journey the next day to visit the passes of the mountains and other posts in Dauphiné and Provence. These letters also informed us, that the series of the people in France are heightened to a great degree, that unless a peace be speedily concluded, half of that kingdom would perish for want of food. On the twenty-fourth, the Marshal de Thesse passed through Lyons, in his way to Versailles; and the battalions, which were marching from Alsace to reinforce the army of the Duke of Berwick, passed through that place. Those troops were to be reinforced by six battalions more.

Letters from Naples of the sixteenth of April say, that the Marquis de Prie's son was arrived there, with instructions from his father, to signify to the Emperor the necessity his imperial majesty was under, of desiring an aid from that kingdom, for carrying on the extraordinary expenses of the war. On the fourteenth of the same month they made a review of the Spanish troops in that garrison, and afterwards of the marines; one part of whom will embark with the Duke of Berwick, designed for Barcelona, and the rest are to be sent on board the galleys appointed to convoy provisions to that place.

We hear from Rome, by letters dated the twentieth of April, that the Count de Mellos, envoy from the King of Portugal, had made his public entry into that city with much state and magnificence. The pope has lately held two other consistories, wherein he made a promotion of two cardinals; but the acknowledgment of King Charles is still deferred.

Letters from other parts of Italy advise us, that the Doge of Venice continues dangerously ill; that the Prince de Carignan, having relapsed into a violent fever, died the twenty-third of April, in his eightieth year.

Advices from Vienna of the twenty-seventh of April import, that the Archbishop of Salzburg is dead, who is succeeded by Count Harrach, formerly bishop of Vienna, and for these last three years coadjutor to the said Archbishop; and that Prince Maximilian of Lichtenstein is likewise departed this world at his country seat called Cromaw in Moravia. These advices add, that the Emperor has named Count Zinzendorf, Count Goes, and Monsieur Consbruck, for his plenipotentiaries in an ensuing treaty of peace; and they hear from Hungary, that the imperialists have had several successful skirmishes with the malcontents.

Letters from Paris, dated May the sixth, say that the Marshal de Thesse arrived there on the twentieth of the last month, and that the Chevalier de Mail was sent thither by Don Pedro Ronquillo with a flag of truce, that the confederate squadron appeared before the castle on the seventeenth; and, having for some time cannonaded the city, endeavoured to land some troops for the relief of the castle; but General Stanhope, finding the passes well guarded, and the enterprise dangerous, demanded to capitulate for the relief which being granted him, the garrison, consist-

ing of six hundred men, laid down their arms and received on board the Spanish fleet. These French and Swiss troops arrived a few days; and were ready to set out for the assistance of the Duke de Bezon for the relief of the castle.

The same advices say, that the price of provisions is sixpence a pot, which is not enough, even at present, for the people, to live in despair; that the Duke of Berwick, and, having passed through St. Germain, passed through the king's guards, and the mutineers were put to death; but four battalions pronounced that they expected to answer for their comrades. All the troops were thus lost among the show of authority, and saw all their imperfections presented to the people, who had obtained the truth, that the Dauphin went to the people, who upon the general calamity of the whole people, were daily Edicts are daily published, and papers, with as publicly the words were dropped, that he wants a Ravillion, this universal demand, which, it is feared, will come from Bordeaux, and the peasants are going into that city, without redress.

We are advised, that the tenth instant, the Duke of Torcy arrived by which he called upon Monsieur Rouille, he was known. The Duke of Torcy to Monsieur He made; but the Duke said, he would not do some of their business, would enter into his grace the Duke's ministers of the peace, expected there this is said, that Monsieur Pajot, director of the three persons known; but it is an ambassador from the states have provinces, desired to receive the property of France.

In the staff has received N. B. Under the subsequent communicated, ley, Esq., or No. 11.

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May 3.

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But it is to be supposed, that from this place you may expect an account of such a thing as a new play is not to be omitted. That acted this night is the newest that ever was writ. The author is my ingenious friend Mr. Thomas Durfey. This drama, called, 'The Modern Prophets,' and is a most answerable satire against the late spirit of enthusiasm. The writer had by long experience observed that, in company, very grave discourses had been followed by bawdry; and therefore has turned the humour the way with great success, and taken from his auditors all manner of superstition, by the agitations of pretence. Mrs. Bignell, whom he has, with great subtlety, made a lay-sister, as well as a prophetess; by which means she carries on the affairs of both worlds with great success. My friend designs to go on with another work against winter, which he intends to call, 'The Modern Poets,' a people no less mistaken in their opinions of being inspired, than the other. In order to this, he has by him seven songs, besides many allusions and biginities, which cannot be mistaken for anything but what he means them. Mr. Durfey generally writes state-plays, and is wonderfully useful to the world in such representations. This method is the same that was used by the old Athenians, to laugh out of countenance, or promote, opinions among the people. My friend has therefore, against this play is acted for his own benefit, made two dances, which may be a source of an universal benefit. In the first, he has represented absolute power in the person of a tall man with a hat and feather, who gives his first minister that stands just before him, a huge kick; the minister gives the kick to the next before; and so to the end of the stage. In this moral and practical jest you are made to understand, that there is, in an absolute government, no gratification but giving the kick you receive from one above you to one below you. This is performed to a grave and melancholy air; but on a sudden the tune moves quicker, and the whole company fall into a circle, and take hands and then, at a certain sharp note, they move round and kick as kick can. This latter performance makes to be the representation of a free state; where if you all mind your steps, you may go round and round very jollily, with a motion pleasant to yourselves and those you dance with; nay, if you please yourselves out, at the worst, you only kick and are kicked, like friends and equals.

*From my own Apartment, May 4.*

Of all the vanities under the sun, I confess that of being proud of one's birth is the greatest. At the same time, since, in this unreasonable age, the force of prevailing custom, things in which we have no hand are imputed to them; and that I am used by some people, as if Isaac Bickerstaff, though I write myself *Esquire*, was nobody; to set the world right in that particular, I shall give you a genealogy, as a kinsman of ours has sent it me from the herald's office. It is certain, and observed by the wisest writers, that there are women who are not nicely chaste, and men not severely honest, in all families; therefore let those who may be apt to raise aspersions upon ours, please to give us as impartial an account of their own, and we shall be satisfied. The business of heralds is a matter of great nicety, that to avoid mistakes, I shall give you my cousin's letter *verbatim*, without altering a syllable.

DEAR COUSIN,

Since you have been pleased to make yourself so famous of late by your ingenious writings, and some

by your learned predictions; since Par-  
 immortal memory, is dead and gone, who,  
 he was, could not understand his own  
 philomathical as he was, could not read  
 tiny; since the Pope, the King of France,  
 part of his court, are either literally or  
 illy defunct; since, I say, these things  
 d by any one but yourself) have come to  
 o surprising a manner; it is with no small  
 e the original of the Staffian race so little  
 ie world as it is at this time; for which  
 ou have employed your studies in astro-  
 he occult sciences, so I, my mother being  
 man, dedicated mine to genealogy, part  
 it of our own family, which, for its an-  
 number, may challenge any in Great  
 he Staffs are originally of Staffordshire,  
 its name from them: the first that I find  
 s was one Jacobstaff, a famous and re-  
 nomer, who, by Dorothy his wife had  
 sons; viz. Bickerstaff, Longstaff, Wag-  
 erstaff, Whitestaff, Falstaff, and Tipstaff.  
 a younger brother, who was twice married,  
 sons; viz. Distaff, Pikestaff, Mopstaff,  
 and Raggedstaff. As for the branch  
 e you spring, I shall say very little of it,  
 is the chief of the Staffs, and called Bic-  
 asi, Biggerstaff; as much as to say, the  
 or Staff of Staffs; and that it has applied  
 tronomy with great success, after the  
 ur aforesaid forefather. The descendants  
 taff, the second son, were a rakish disor-  
 people, and rambled from one place to  
 il, in the time of Harry the Second, they  
 ent, and were called Long-tails, from the  
 hich were sent them as a punishment for  
 of Thomas a-Becket, as the legends say.  
 lways been sought after by the ladies;  
 it be to show their aversion to popery,  
 e to miracles, I cannot say. The Wag-  
 nerry thoughtless sort of people, who have  
 opinionated of their own wit; they have  
 nselves mostly to poetry. This is the  
 ous branch of our family, and the poorest.  
 taffs are most of them prize-fighters or  
 s; there have been so many of them  
 y, that there are very few of that branch  
 y left. The Whitestaffs are all courtiers,  
 d very considerable places. There have  
 of them of that strength and dexterity,  
 ndred of the ablest men in the kingdom  
 tugged in vain to pull a staff out of their  
 e Falstaffs are strangely given to whoring  
 g; there are abundance of them in and  
 on. One thing is very remarkable of this  
 that is, there are just as many women as  
 There was a wicked stick of wood of this  
 rry the Fourth's time, one Sir John Fal-  
 or Tipstaff, the youngest son, he was an  
 w; but his sons, and his sons' sons, have  
 been the veriest rogues living; it is this  
 nch that has stocked the nation with that  
 awyers, attorneys, serjeants, and bailiffs,  
 the nation is over-run. Tipstaff, being a  
 used to cure the king's-evil; but his  
 endants are so far from having that heal-  
 that, by a touch upon the shoulder, they  
 such an ill habit of body, that he can  
 abroad afterwards. This is all I know  
 of Jacobstaff; his younger brother Isaac-  
 old you before, had five sons, and was  
 ce; his first wife was a Staff (for they

did not stand upon false  
 whom he had one son, w  
 a schoolmaster and well  
 himself Distaff or Twice  
 so he put his children ou  
 have ever since been es  
 linen manufactures, exc  
 alogist. Pikestaff, the  
 renter, was a man of bus  
 fellow, and withal so pla  
 Most of this family are a  
 gedstaff was an unluck  
 cloaths in getting birds'  
 ing with a tame bear his  
 in love with one of his  
 help her to clean the  
 chimney-sweeper. The  
 are naturally as civil peop  
 but alas! if they once ge  
 down all before them.

his friends, and went stro  
 Pipestaff was a wine-co  
 unlawful issue of Longst

N. B. The Canes, the  
 Wands, the Devil upon  
 that goes by the name of  
 relations.

I am,  
 Dear

From the Herald's Office  
 St. James's Court

As political news is n  
 which we treat, we are so  
 for that art of cookery  
 mongers so much excel  
 cellent and inimitable m  
 time for your taste the  
 you the day before, in c  
 pickles from Holland.  
 nothing to say to you f  
 hope still to give you  
 from ourselves: the wor  
 cation, being capable of  
 according to the laudab  
 Holland; but, without fa  
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Letters from Hanover  
 month say, that the Prin  
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 Those advices add, that  
 hereditary governor of F  
 twenty-sixth of the last  
 beauteous Princess of He  
 magnificence suitable to

Letters from Paris sa  
 jesty retired to Marley o  
 our last advices from Spa  
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 in great splendour. The  
 Don Joseph Hartado de  
 Terra Firma de Veragua,  
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 by six battalions of Spa  
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*Trim.* Nay, he has *bit* you fairly enough; that is certain.

*Ac.* Pox! I do not feel it—How? where?

[*Exeunt Pip and Trimmer laughing.*]

*Ac.* Ho! Mr. Friendly, your most humble servant; you heard what passed between those fine gentlemen and me. Pip complained to me, that I had been voweled; and they tell me I am bit.

*Friend.* You are to understand, sir, that simplicity of behaviour, which is the perfection of good breeding and good sense, is utterly lost in the world; as in the room of it there are started a thousand little inventions, which men, barren of better things, take up in the place of it. Thus, for every character of conversation that used to please, there is an imposture put upon you. Him, whom we allowed, formerly for a certain pleasant subtilty, and natural way of giving you an unexpected hit, called a *droll*, is now mimicked by a *biter*, who is a dull fellow, that tells you a lie with a grave face, and laughs at you for knowing him no better than to believe him. Instead of that sort of companion who could rally you, and keep his countenance, until he made you fall into some little inconsistency of behaviour, at which you yourself could laugh with him, you have the sneerer who will keep you company from morning to night to gather your follies of the day (which, perhaps, you commit out of confidence in him) and expose you in the evening to all the scorers in town. For you man of sense and free spirit, whose set of thoughts were built upon learning, reason, and experience, you have now an impudent creature made up of vice only, who supports his ignorance by his courage, and want of learning by contempt of it.

*Ac.* Dear Sir, hold: what you have told me already of this change in conversation is too miserable to be heard with any delight; but, methinks, as these new creatures appear in the world, it might give an excellent field to writers for the stage, to divert us with the representation of them there.

*Friend.* No, no; as you say, there might be some hopes of redress of these grievances, if there were proper care taken of the theatre; but the history is that is yet more lamentable than that of the decay of conversation I gave you.

*Ac.* Pray, Sir, a little: I have not been in town these six years, until within this fortnight.

*Friend.* It is now some time since several revolutions in the gay world had made the empire of the stage subject to very fatal convulsions, which were too dangerous to be cured by the skill of little king Oberon who then sat in the throne of it. The lastness of this Prince threw him upon the choice of a person who was fit to spend his life in contentions, as able and profound attorney, to whom he mortgaged his whole empire. This Divito is the most skilful of all politicians; he has a perfect art in being unintelligible in discourse, and uncomeatable in business. But he, having no understanding in this polite way, brought in upon us, to get in his money, ladder danciers, jugglers, and mountebanks, to strut in the place of Shakspeare's heroes, and Jonson's humorists. When the seat of wit was thus mortgaged without equity of redemption, an architect arose, who has built the muse a new palace, but secured her no revenue; so that, instead of action there, we have been put off by song and dance. This latter help of sound has also begun to fail for want of voices; therefore the palace has since been put into the hands of a surgeon, who cuts any foreign fellow into a eunuch, and passes him upon us for a singer of Italy.

*Ac.* I will go out of town to-morrow.

*Friend.* Things are come to this pass; and yet the world will not understand, that the theatre has much the same effect on the manners of the age, as the bank on the credit of the nation. Wit and spirit, humour and good sense, can never be revived, but under the government of those who are judges of such talents; who know, that whatever is put in their stead, is but a short and trifling expedient, to support the appearance of them for a season. It is possible, a peace will give leisure to put these matters under new regulations, but, at present, all the assistance we can see towards our recovery is as far from giving us help, as a poultice is from performing what can be done only by the grand elixir.

*Will's Coffee-house, May 6.*

According to our late design in the applauded verses on the morning, which you lately had from hence, we proceed to improve that just intention, and present you with other labours, made proper to the place in which they were written. The following poem comes from Copenhagen, and is as fine a winter-piece as we have ever had from any of the schools of the most learned painters. Such images as these give us a new pleasure in our sight, and fix upon our minds traces of reflection which accompany us whenever the like objects occur. In short, excellent poetry and description dwell upon us so agreeably, that all the readers of them are made to think, if not write, like men of wit. But it would be injury to detain you longer from this excellent performance, which is addressed to the Earl of Dorset, by Mr. Philips, the author of several choice poems in Mr. Tonson's new Miscellany.

*Copenhagen, March 9, 1709.*

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,  
From streams that northern winds forbid to flow,  
What present shall the muse to Dorset bring,  
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?  
The hoary winter here conceals from sight  
All pleasing objects that to verse invite.  
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,  
The flow'ry plains, and silver-streaming floods,  
By snow disguis'd, in bright confusion lie,  
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.

No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,  
No birds within the desert region sing:  
The ships unmov'd, the boisterous winds defy,  
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.  
The vast leviathan wants room to play,  
And spout his waters in the face of day,  
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,  
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.  
For many a shiny league the level main  
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:  
There solid billows of enormous size,  
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.

And yet but lately I have seen, ev'n here,  
The winter in a lovely dress appear.  
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasur'd snow,  
Or winds began thro' hazy skies to blow,  
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose;  
And the descending rain unsully'd froze.  
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,  
The ruddy morn disclos'd at once to view  
The face of nature in a rich disguise,  
And brighten'd ev'ry object to my eyes:  
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,  
And every pointed thorn, seem'd wrought in glass,  
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorn's show,  
While thro' the ice the crimson berries glow.

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No. 13.]

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of her conduct in her behaviour, and such a people  
as this!—Pastorale had with him the assurance  
of being a foolproof, but what was that towards  
his society? To me only in present, is not to  
be surprised. He afterwards spoke so much against  
Mrs. Dimes for her, Mrs. Prim's mouth, Mrs.  
Dimes's teeth, and Mrs. Ed's cheeks, that she  
was vexed that she was in; for, it is always the  
middle class that a lady takes all you detract from  
the rest of her sex to be right to her. In a word, they  
were so far, that I was dismissed, and she was  
meaner for that evening nine months, from the sixth of  
April, by a very remarkable token. The next as I  
said I went to see a common sweeper; never was a  
sweeper so glorified as my self, when I came five feet  
down, his being half of it was worn out, and  
with more expletives, that had nothing to do with  
any other parts of the texture; therefore, when he  
stood for his cloths in a morning, he would  
say, "John does not answer." "What a piece  
of work is there! What the devil, and not me, John  
be a very dog as you are!" I know no way to  
beget it by writing down all he said one morning  
he was dressing, and having it before him on the  
table when he came to pick his teeth. The last  
replied I was like of what he said for half an hour  
before, "What, a pox rot me! where is the wax  
and the little armmen, damn them, I warrant the  
meat at the house already! sounds, and confound  
them!" When he came to the glass, he takes up  
his eye. "It is this fellow is worse than I—what, do  
he was with pen and ink!" But, receding on, be-  
trayed them to be his own words. The strange  
fact is, and an effect upon him, that he grew im-  
patient, and was, and is leaning to speak with  
a tone, which makes him extremely short in  
his answers. As I observed before, a common sweeper  
has a keen wit that any idea on the sweeper side  
can give my word has yet mighty little to say, and  
to be substituted to me other vehicle of names  
to make up the defect of his usual expletives. When  
I began, he made use of "Odish dikings! Oh me, an  
more straggling!" and so forth; which gave me an  
idea of a wry. So I went to the next I find you  
the most. When we first take our place about  
the table, the prices of the *potteries* are in  
the market. In his, I found in one place  
to be of thinking, but strong passion, violent  
and a continual series of different changes, had  
to process. There appeared no middle condition  
between the pines, or the misery of a  
man's condition states. I was with him no  
less than a day, which was yesterday. In the  
evening, we were worth four thousand pounds  
more; we were arrived at six thousand; half an hour  
more we were reduced to one thousand; and for  
the week, we were down to two hundred; at five  
thousand at six, at ten, at seven, to one guinea, at  
eight, to nothing. This morning he became  
the owner of the mud who cleans his shoes; it  
is now pawning in Linch's Inn-Yield, and  
begs for nothing and ounces until he has made  
this money, and then he returns to Wlin's in  
the next morning in town.

This is ended our first discourse; and it is hoped  
 I shall forgive me that I have picked so little out  
 of my companion at our first interview. In the next  
 discourse, he may tell me more pleasing incidents.  
 For, though he is a familiar, he is not an evil spirit.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 9.*

We hear from the Hague, of the fourteenth in-

stant, N. S. that Monsieur de Torcy hath had frequent conferences with the grand pensioner, and the other ministers who were heretofore commissioned to treat with Monsieur Rouille. The preliminaries of a peace are almost settled, and the proceedings wait only for the arrival of the Duke of Marlborough; after whose approbation of the articles proposed, it is not doubted but the methods of the treaty will be public known. In the mean time, the States have declared an abhorrence of taking any step in this great affair, but in concert with the court of Great Britain, and other princes of the alliance. The posture of affairs in France does necessarily oblige that nation to be very much in earnest in their offers; and Monsieur de Torcy hath professed to the grand pensioner, that he will avoid all occasions of giving him the least jealousy of his using any address in private conversation for accomplishing the ends of his embassy. It is said, that as soon as the preliminaries are adjusted, that minister is to return to the French court. The states of Holland have resolved to make it an instruction to all their men-of-war and privateers, to bring into their ports whatever neutral ships they shall meet with, laden with corn, and bound for France; and, to avoid all cause of complaint from the potentates to whom these ships shall belong, their full demand for their freight shall be paid them there. The French Protestants residing in that country have applied themselves to their respective magistrates, desiring that there may be an article in the treaty of peace, which may give liberty of conscience to the Protestants in France. Monsieur Bosnage, minister of the Walloon church at Rotterdam, has been at the Hague, and hath had some conferences with the deputies of the States on that subject. It is reported there, that all the French refugees in those dominions are to be naturalized, that they may enjoy the same good effects of the treaty with the Hollanders themselves, in respect of France.

Letters from Paris say, the people conceive great hopes of a sudden peace, from Monsieur de Torcy's being employed in the negotiation; he being a minister of too great weight in that court, to be sent on any employment in which his master would not act in a manner wherein he might justly promise himself success. The French advices add, that there is an insurrection in Poitou, three thousand men having taken up arms, and beaten the troops which were appointed to disperse them; three of the mutineers, being taken, were immediately executed; and as many of the king's party were used in the same manner.

Our late act of naturalization hath had so great an effect in foreign parts, that some princes have prohibited the French refugees in their dominions to sell or transfer their estates to any other of their subjects; and, at the same time, have granted them greater immunities than they hitherto enjoyed. It has been also thought necessary to restrain their own subjects from leaving their country on pain of death.

No. 14.] THURSDAY, MAY 12, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, May 10.*

HAD it not been that my familiar had appeared to me, as I told you in my last, in person, I had certainly been unable to have found even words without meaning, to keep up my intelligence with the town; but he has checked me severely for my despondence, and ordered me to go on in my design of observing upon things, and forbearing persons; for, said he, the age you live in is such, that a good picture of any vice

or virtue will none will much to yet all will of fear of be obliged. I took his mised him to the Pos aimed at vince him, themselves racters. I and nothing lowed I an preface, all for, if I ca and will fo former, I so

It would fore them trate, who of, vice: when it ca see throug have no pr verity to th past, chief licia. He laws of his in his own nal virtue, he was jud sel. The stood before The prison with guilt, all would b to his safe to destroy In this tin who happe thod for be sions: thes men, so li so base, th grew a ph tices? The old trial w called Tri learned ju all men at spared a p Tear-shift quality, b rogue wan for a thie petticoat, loose in h of Verus, leased eac them as c they stood whether t

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violet has helped on and adjusted his elsthis, and  
his glass, sets his wig awry, tumbles his cravat, and  
in short, undresses himself to go into company.  
Will Nice is so little satisfied with his dress, that  
the time he is at a visit, he is still mending it, and  
for that reason the more insufferable; for he w  
studies carelessness has, at least, his work the same  
done of the two. The widow is distracted when t  
take for her first move; for Nice is every way  
careful, that she tears his length of days; and Pa  
is so close, that she has apprehensions for her o  
be at with him. I am puzzled how to give  
idea of them; but, in a word, Careless is a  
and Nice a fool; both, you will say, very hopef  
debates for a gay young woman, just set at  
But there is a whisper, her mind will give her to  
Forer the gamester. This fellow has undone several  
women, that he will certainly succeed if he is  
duced; for nothing so much prevails with the  
part of that sex, as the glory of deceiving them as  
have deceived others.

*Desunt multa.*

*No. James's Coffee-house, May 11.*

Letters from Berlin, bearing date May the eleventh  
N.S. inform us, that the birth-day of her Prussia  
Majesty has been celebrated there with all possi-  
magnificence; and the King made her, on that oc-  
tion, a present of jewels to the value of thirty three  
and crowns. The Marquis de Quesno, who has dis-  
tinguished himself by his great zeal for the Protestan  
interest, was, at the time of the despatch of two  
letters, at that court, soliciting the King to take  
care, that an article in behalf of the refugees, admit-  
ting their return to France, should be inserted in the  
treaty of peace. They write from Hanover, of the  
fourteenth, that his electoral Highness had received  
an express from Count Merck, representing how  
necessary it was to the common cause, that he would  
please to hasten to the Rhine; for that nothing but  
his presence could quicken the measures towards  
driving the imperial army into the field. There are  
very many speculations upon the intended inter-  
vention of the King of Denmark and King Augustus. The  
latter has made such preparations for the reception  
of the other, that it is said, his Danish Majesty will  
be entertained in Saxony with much more elegance  
than he met with in Italy itself.

Letters from the Hague, of the eighteenth instant  
N.S. say, that his Grace the Duke of Marlborough  
arrived the night before at the Brill, after having been  
detained at sea, by adverse winds, two days longer  
than is usual in that passage. His Excellency the  
Lord Powis, and her Majesty's ambassador extraor-  
dinary and plenipotentiary to the states-general, so  
directed into the Veer in Zealand on Thursday last  
from whence he came to the Hague within a few  
hours after the arrival of his Grace. The Duke, soon  
after his coming to the Hague, had a visit from the  
governor of Holland. All things relative to the  
peace were in suspense until this interview; and a  
great variety of resolutions will be taken on that  
subject, for the troops of the allies have been or-  
dered to be despatched to them, to move from their respec-  
tive quarters, and march with all expedition to the  
frontiers, where the enemy are making their utmost  
efforts for the defence of their country. These ad-  
vices further inform us, that the Marquis de Torv  
had received an answer from the court of France, to  
his letters which he had sent thither by an express on  
the Friday before.

\*Mr. Bickerstaff has received letters from Mr.

## THE TATLER.

Whipstaff, and Mrs. Rebecca Wagstaff; the chiefly to their being left out in the the family lately published; but my wit that draught, being a clerk in the e, and being at present under the dis-e chapter; it is feared, if that matter ched upon at this time, the young gen- lose his place for treason against the s.

's complaint is come to hand.'

SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1709.

*in my own Apartment, May 12.*

ten a resolution hereafter, on any want e, to carry my familiar abroad with me, nised to give me very proper and just sons and things, to make up the history g day. He is wonderfully skilful in the men and manners, which has made me dinary curious to know how he came to on, and I communicated to him that . Pacolet, said I, 'I am mightily sur- you so good a judge of our nature and e, since you are a mere spirit, and have e of the bodily part of us.' He answered, e are mistaken; I have been one of you, month amongst you; which gives me an of your condition. You are to know, enter into human life have a certain m given to their being, which they only ge may be said to have arrived at; but e sometimes by fate, that such as die after death, to attend mankind to the astamen of being in themselves, which off by sickness or any other disaster. per guardians to men, as being sensible ity of their state. You are philosopher ow, that the difference of men's under- ceeds only from the various dispositions s; so that he who dies at a month old, e life as knowing, though more innocent, live to fifty; and after death, they have memory and judgment of all that passed ime, as I have of all the revolutions in turbulent condition of yours; and you had enough of it in a month, were I to my misfortunes.' 'A life of a month, one would think, much variety. But 'let us have your story.'

proceeds in the following manner:

se of the most wealthy families in Great which I was born, and it was a very ous to me that it so happened, other- till, in all probability, been living; but nt to you all the occurrences of my short e existence, just as, by examining into ide in my brain, they appeared to me at The first thing that ever struck my senses over my head of one shrieking; after ough, I took a full jump, and found e hands of a sorceress, who seemed as if n long waking, and employed in some I was thoroughly frightened, and cried e immediately seemed to go on in some ration, and anointed me from head to they meant, I could not imagine; for d a great crowd about me, crying, 'An r!' upon which I grew a little still, and was a ceremony to be used only to great e such as made them what they call

heirs. I lay very quiet; b of reason or provocation and binds my head as h then ties up both my leg down an horrid mixture trance into life, to begin was forced to it, or else great instrument in which was thus dressed, I was a fine young lady (my e have hugged me to dea me about, and there was look from the rest of th talked about my nose. pleased to see me; but longed to another family born is one of the most therefore crowds of relat gratulate my arrival; a Betty, the greatest romp such a height over her he of falling. She pinched chit, and threw me into a in to tend me. The g womanly employment of a strip and dress me a-new to see what ailed me: sh every joint about me. I lays me on my face in he a-nailing in all the pins, and screaming a lullaby exalt my voice above h nurse, the witch I first The girl is turned down as well to find what a granma's further curiosi visit was the cause of a understand, that I was any body that stood next open my lips; insomuch, ning, as to pretend myse prevent my being crann began a loud lecture upo of this age, who, for fe suckling their own offp immediately sent for; on wanton eye, and would s was in a consumption; t would frighten me inst Such exceptions were mad milch-wench, to whom to the breast. This care ing with the footman, e insomuch that I daily pi have been relieved had it tieth day of my life, a F who had writ upon Col and solemnly protested, of that method: upon w ears into a pail of water, tune to be drowned; a into a linguist until six until twenty-five, and be wife until sixty: which had not the enchantment broke by this philosoph should have otherwise li the steps of men; and, if you in your present wal from the aërial lacquey, the thoughts and purpos for.'

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genius, are such as show persons distinguished from the common level of mankind; such as placed happiness in the contempt of low fears and mean gratifications: fears which we are subject to with the vulgar; and pleasures which we have in common with beasts. With these illustrious personages, the wisest man was the greatest wit; and none was thought worthy of that character, unless he answered this excellent description of the poet:—

Qui ——— metus omnes et inexorabile fatum  
Subiecit pedibus strepitumque Acherontis avari.  
*Virg. Georg. ii. 492*

Happy the man, ———  
His mind possessing in a quiet state,  
Fearless of fortune, and resigned to fate.—*Dryden*

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 13.*

We had this morning advice, that some English merchant-ships, convoyed by the Bristol of fifty-four guns, were met with by a part of Monsieur du Ga Trouin's squadron, who engaged the convoy. The ship defended itself until the English merchants got clear of the enemy; but, being disabled, was herself taken. Within a few hours after, my Lord Dunsie came up with part of his squadron, and engaging the French, retook the Bristol (which, being much shattered, sunk;) and took the Glorieux, a ship of forty-four guns, as also a privateer of fourteen. Before this action, his lordship had taken two French merchant-men, and had, at the despatch of these advices, brought the whole safe into Plymouth.

No. 16.] TUESDAY, MAY 17, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 15.*

Sir Thomas, of this house, has showed me some letters from Bath, which give accounts of what passes among the good company of that place; and allowed me to transcribe one of them, that seems to be writ by some of Sir Thomas's particular acquaintance, and is as follows:—

DEAR KNIGHT, May 9, 1709.

I desire, you will give my humble service to all our friends, which I speak of to you (out of method) in the very beginning of my epistle, lest the present disorders, by which this seat of gallantry and pleasure is torn to pieces, should make me forget it. You keep so good company, that you know Bath is stocked with such as come hither to be relieved from luxuriant health, or imaginary sickness; and consequently is always as well stowed with gallants, as invalids, who live together, in a very good understanding. But the season is so early, that our fine company is not yet arrived; and the warm bath which in heathen times was dedicated to Venus, is now used only by such as really want it for health's sake. There are, however, a good many strangers among whom are two ambitious ladies, who being both in the autumn of their life, take the opportunity of placing themselves at the head of such as we are, before the Chloes, Clarissa's, and Pastorella's come down. One of these two is excessively in pain that the ugly being called Time, will make wrinkle in spite of the lead forehead cloth; and therefore hides with the gaiety of her air, the volubility of her tongue, and quickness of her motion, the injuries which it has done her. The other lady is but two years behind her in life, and dreads as much being laid aside as the former; and consequently has her

nary precautions to prevent her reign over he is very discreet, and wonderfully turned ion; being never apparently transported h affection or malice. Thus, while Florimel g in public, and spreading her graces in s to gain a popular dominion over our s, Prudentia visits very cunningly all the lame, aetic, and the superannuated, who have inct classes of followers and friends. Among has found, that somebody has sent down ertificates of Florimel's age, which she has distributed to this unjoyful set of people, always enemies to those in possession of the ion of the company. This unprovoked in- by Prudentia, was the first occasion of our sions here, and a declaration of war between ls. Florimel has abundance of wit, which lavished in decrying Prudentia, and giving to her little arts. For an instance of her power, she bespoke the play of Alexander t, to be acted by the company of strollers, red us all to be there on Thursday last. e spoke to me to come, 'As you are,' said lover, you will not fail the death of Alex- ie passion of love is wonderfully hit—Sta- that happy woman—to have a conqueror at —But you will be sure to be there.' I, and thers, resolved to be of her party. But see stible strength of that unsuspected creature, woman.' Prudentia had counterplotted us, bespoken on the same evening the puppet- 'The creation of the world.' She had en- ery body to be there; and to turn our leader hile, had secretly let them know, that the lve was made the most like Florimel that seen. On Thursday morning the puppet- t, Adam and Eve, and several others who ore the flood, passed through the streets on k, to invite us all to the pastime, and the ation of such things as we all knew to be d Mr. Mayor was so wise, as to prefer these people the puppets, who, he said, were to t Christians; before the wicked players, who shew Alexander, an heathen philosopher. ort, this Prudentia had so laid it, that at ten ock footmen were sent to take places at the how, and all we of Florimel's party were to be shion, or desert her. We chose the latter. world crowded to Prudentia's house, because given out nobody could get in. When we Noah's flood in the show, Punch and his e introduced dancing in the ark. An honest ind of Florimel's, but a critic withal, rose up idst of the representation, and made many d exceptions to the drama itself, and told us, as against all morality, as well as rules of the at Punch should be in jest in the deluge, or hat he should appear at all. This was a just remark, and I thought to second him; as hissed by Prudentia's party: upon which, r Thomas, we, who were his friends, hissed . Old Mrs. Petulant desired both her s to mind the moral; then whispered Mrs. . 'This is very proper for young people to mch, at the end of the play, made Prudentia ment, and was very civil to the whole com- king bows until his buttons touched the . All was carried triumphantly against our (n the mean time, Florimel went to the dressed as fine as hands could make her, in see Prudentia pine away with envy. Instead he sat a full hour alone, and at last was en-

tertained with this wh wiped her eyes with h and lamented the igno was stung with this, spoke the puppet-sh power, bespoke Ale came then to Alexand her daughters to mi man's fair words: 'F she, 'these soldiers a they are sometimes h you see, daughter l neighbour in the cou court'sy, good child, l mel was now mortified and Prudentia exalte served; Florimel invi Prudentia to the sh human affairs! the be prudes, the coquettes lants, all now wait up of things at this pres any new commotions, vice from,'

'Your aff

T

'MADAM,

'I have the hono yours, relating to an opera, by one of you eye-witness of the ac though she pressed b that design; for she reason, but her endeav herself. But, indee matter, than just th was taking your plac precedence, yet it is a the very life of femal the last consequences are from your beauti which are the bane o My writings are sacr always have the good tection; therefore t signify to all the worl thing that may in the your interest, reputat fore forgive me, that step made by any wh ticoats, and shall at a to make all mankind If they would consi needs not much argu their fate to be ob greatest rebels do onl Madam,

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St. James's

Letters from the F first instant; N. S. ad Marlborough, immed secretary to the pres quaint them therewit visited the duke, and name of the States-Ge into a conference vis affairs; and gave h-

the same of peace of acting it. After sident re- Monsieur er's house h, prince iend. The pt secret; good un- 'e are apt ects from otiation, icular way f France; ted rather delivering appeared t; but in are better ent of the that this farquis is as sent a ns of his le to des-

d by ad- hich say, nmanding Saxon and t Mercy's d in the stores of place and my. f Bavaria 'ortugueze rn, olives, they have

May 18. is evening which was ry of con- r. There ces of it. Bacon, in reat com- a full de- me of the r said, he the com- red a god, e emperor ed of him lication to answered, ters that ned by no ething of 'Bucking- ' says the rtainly be with some is no help of whom

all men speak well.' This is taking a man by un- prise, and being welcome when you have so surpris- him. The person flattered receives you into hi closet at once; and the sudden change of his hear- from the expectation of an ill-wisher, to find you hi friend, makes you in his full favour in a momen- The spirits that were raised so suddenly against you are as suddenly for you. There was another instance given of this kind at the table: a gentleman, wh- had a very great favour done him, and an empty- ment bestowed upon him, without so much as bein- personally known to his benefactor, waited upon th- great man who was so generous, and was beginnin- to say, he was infinitely obliged. 'Not at all,' say the patron, turning from him to another, 'had- known a more deserving man in England he shou- not have had it.'

We should certainly have had more examples ha- not a gentleman produced a book which he thought an instance of this kind: it was a pamphlet, call- 'The Naked Truth.' The idea any one would ha- of that work from the title was, that there wou- much plain dealing with people in power, and th- we should see things in their proper light, stripped- the ornaments which are usually given to the acti- of the great: but the skill of this author is such, th- he has, under that rugged appearance approved him- self the finest gentleman and courtier that ever wr- The language is extremely sublime, and not at all- be understood by the vulgar: the sentiments are me- as would make no figure in ordinary words; but me- is the art of the expression, and the thoughts a- elevated to so high a degree, that I question whether th- discourse will sell much. There was an ill-natur- fellow present, who hates all panegyric mortally 'P—— take him,' said he 'what the devil means th- Naked Truth, in speaking nothing but to the ad- tage of all whom he mentions? This is just such- great action as that of the champion's on a com- tion-day, who challenges all mankind to dispute wi- him the right of the sovereign, surrounded with li- guards.' The gentleman who produced the treat- desired him to be cautious, and said it was writ by a- excellent soldier, which made the company observ- more narrowly; and (as critics are the greatest con- jurors at finding out a known truth) one said, he w- sure it was writ by the hand of his sword-arm. I cou- not perceive much wit in that expression; but I- raised a laugh, and, I suppose, was meant as a hint upon valiant men. The same man pretended to be in the style, that it was an horse-officer; but not that is being too nice; for though you may know officers of the cavalry by the turn of their feet, I cou- imagine how you should discern their hands fr- those of other men. But it is always thus wit- pedants; they will ever be carping; if a gentleman a- a man of honour puts pen to paper. I do not doub- but this author will find this assertion too true, an- that obloquy is not repulsed by the force of arms. I will therefore set this excellent piece in a light to- glaring for weak eyes, and, in imitation of the crit- Longinus, shall, as well as I can, make my observa- tions in a style like the author's of whom I treat which perhaps I am as capable of as another, having 'an unbounded force of thinking, as well as a most exquisite address, extensively and wisely indulged to me by the supreme powers.' My author, I will da- to assert, shows the most universal knowledge of an- writer who has appeared this century: he is a po- and merchant, which is seen in two master-words 'credit blossoms,' he is a grammarian and a politi- cian; for he says, 'The uniting of the two kingdoms

## THE TATLER.

emphasis of the security of the Protestant succession. Some would be apt to say, he is a conjurer; has found, that a republic is not made up of body of animals, but is composed of men only, and of horses. 'Liberty and property have chosen their seat within the emulating circle of an human wealthe.' He is a physician; for he says, 'I see a constant equality in its pulse, and a justness of its vigorous circulation.' And again, 'I see strength of our constitution plainly appear in the ruddy and ruddy complexion of a well-conducted.' He is a divine: for he says, 'I cannot bless myself.' And indeed this excellent treatise had that good effect upon me, who am far from superstitious, that I also 'cannot but bless myself.'

### *St. James's Coffee-house, May 18.*

Today arrived a mail from Lisbon, with letters of the thirteenth instant, N.S. containing a particular account of the late action in Portugal. On the seven-  
instant, the army of Portugal under the command of the Marquis de Fronteira, lay on the side of the river, and the army of the Duke of Anjou, commanded by the Marquis de Bay, on the other. The commander having an ambition to ravage the country, in a manner, in sight of the Portuguese, made a motion with the whole body of his horse, to pass the river, near the town of Badajos. The Portuguese, disdaining that such a motion should be offered to their arms, took a resolution to pass the river, and oppose the designs of the enemy. The Earl of Galway represented to the present posture of affairs was such on the part of the allies, that there needed no more to be at present in that country, but to carry on a more active part. But his argument could not avail in the council of war. Upon which a great detachment of the whole of the horse of the King of Portugal passed the river, and with some pieces of artillery did good execution on the enemy. Upon this, the Marquis de Bay advanced with his cavalry, and attacked the right wing of the Portuguese, who faced about, and fled, without waiting for the first encounter. But their foot repulsed the body of horse, in three successive charges, with great order and resolution. While this was going on, the British General commanded the brigade of Lord Pearce, to keep the enemy in diversion by a flank attack. This was so well executed, that the Portuguese infantry had time to retire in good order, across the river. But that brigade, which rescued the Marquis de Bay, was itself surrounded by the enemy, and Major Sarkey, Brigadier Pearce, together with several regiments, and that of the Lord Galway, were taken prisoners.

During the engagement, the Earl of Barrimore, advanced too far to give some necessary order, and was surrounded by a squadron of the enemy; but he managed to gallop up to the brigade of Pearce, and he remains also a prisoner. My Lord had his horse shot under him in this action; the Comte de Saint Juan, a Portuguese General, was taken prisoner. The same night the army encamped at Aronches, and on the ninth moved to a place where they lay when these despatches came.

Colonel Stanwix's regiment is also taken. The whole of this affair has given the Portuguese a new idea of the capacity and courage of my Lord, against whose advice they entered upon this important affair, and by whose conduct they were

lution of that great who under the oppression of reflection of repeated unspeakable alacrity in the cause. He has a posture after the necessary disposition for any further attempt. camp they were in.

Letters from Brabant, advise, that of a peace seem confidently reported. be actually agreed. preparations for opening of the empire, the Palatinate, the motion towards the already arrived in. These advices add, Holland, having moved in Flanders, set out from that place.

### No. 18.] SATURDAY

From  
It is observed that much employ their time in that things useful to and they are busy in encyclics in a Great that every man is looked. It would be real capacities for works of general utility. body's business it want of public spirit only a student, and only remark things them to higher positions. thousand times less remedied; which is so frequent as in many gross errors of things wherein a of life. This is no letters when they are they are usually cut on sign-posts. I as well as any body Merchant Taylor's after the signs I observe same time, I must first gave me an which I have since. Many a man has a general want of skill that the painters cannot know the alive that day, how be wrong spelled, cousin now in town at Queen's College staff (he is a-kin to man, going to see a whole day by the written, 'this is the Bear.' He was set house of a fellow place mechanical

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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his credentials on that day to the States-General.  
Pompey sentary from the Queen of Great Britain,  
did also Count Zinzendorf, who bears the ar  
character from the Emperor.  
Prince Eugene intended to set out the next day  
Brussels, and His Grace the Duke of Marlborough  
the Tuesday following. The Marquis de Tilly is  
day of going, but still continues there. There  
of the allies is to assemble on the seventh of  
month at Helldin; though it is generally believ  
that the preliminaries to a treaty are fully adjuste  
The approach of the peace strikes a pang thro  
out, andes, though that of a battle could never d  
and they almost repent of their bravery, that in  
such haste to humble themselves, and the Fe  
K 12. The Duke of Marlborough, though other  
the greatest general of the age, has plaind st  
himself unacquainted with the arts of husband  
a war. He might have grown as old as the Duke  
Ava, or Prince Waldeck in the Low Countries,  
yet have got reputation enough every year for  
reus noble man; for the command of general  
Flanders hath been ever looked upon as a post  
for life. For my part I cannot see how his Grace  
answer it to the world, for the great eagerness he  
shown to send a hundred thousand of the best  
flows in Europe a-begging. But the pri  
gentleman of the infantry will be able to shift  
themselves; a brave man can never starve in  
country stocked with hen-roosts. 'There is no  
ward of linen,' says my honoured progenitor Sir J  
Falstaff, 'in my whole company: but, as for it  
saves the worthy knight, 'I am in no great pain:  
shall find shirts on every hedge.' There is not  
sort of gentlemen whom I am much more concern  
for, and that is the ingenious fraternity of who  
have the honour to be an unworthy member; I me  
the news-writers of Great Britain, whether patri  
or post-boys, or by what other name or titles  
dignified or distinguished. The case of these gen  
men is, I think, more hard than that of the soldiers  
considering that they have taken more towns,  
fought more battles. They have been upon great  
and skirmishes, when our armies have lain still;  
given the general assault to many a place, when  
besiegers were quiet in their trenches. They ha  
made us masters of several strong towns even we  
before our generals could do it; and completed v  
tories, when our greatest captains have been del  
come off with a drawn battle. Where Prince Eug  
has slain his thousands, Boyer has slain his  
thousands. This gentleman can indeed be be  
enough commended for his courage and intrep  
during this whole war: he has had about him w  
an inexpressible fury; and, like the offended Me  
of ancient Rome, made such havoc among his co  
trians, as must be the work of two or three a  
to report. It must be confessed, the redoubt  
Buckley has shed as much blood as the former;  
I cannot forbear saying (and I hope it will not  
like envy) that we regard our brother Buckley  
kind of *Demi-cuir*, who spares neither friend  
foe; but generally kills as many of his own as  
the enemy's. It is impossible for this ingenious  
of men to subsist after a peace: every one rememb  
the shifts that they were driven to in the reign of K  
Charles the Second, when they could not furnish  
a single paper of news without lighting up a fire  
in Germany, or a fire in Moscow. There co  
appeared a letter without a paragraph on an e  
quake. Prodiges were grown so familiar, that  
had lost their name, as a great poet of that age



## THE TATLER.

umber Mr. Dyer, who is justly looked upon as the fox-hunter in the nation as the best man our country has produced, was famous for dealing in whales; inasmuch, in the last month's time (for I had the curiosity to see him on that occasion) he brought three whales up the river Thames, besides two of a sturgeon. The judicious and wary Mr. Dyer hath all along been the rival of Mr. Dyer, and got himself a reputation from his dealing in famines; by which, in those days, he was more popular than the great multitudes as he has lately done. In every dearth of news, Grand Cairo is unpeopled.

It is therefore visible, that our society will be improved by the peace than the soldiery itself, and that the Daily Courant is in danger of being reformed, my friend Dyer of being reduced to the best of the whole band of being reduced to nothing. I presume to offer any thing in my distressed brethren, I would humbly recommend an appendix of proper apartments, furs, pen, ink, and paper, and other necessaries should be added to the hospital of Chelsea, of such decayed news-writers as have been in the wars; and that, for their encouragement, they should compile the annals of their wars, who have been engaged in the same, and are still obliged to do duty after the same

be thought to speak this out of an eye to interest; for as my chief scenes of action are in houses, play-houses, and my own apartments, I need no need of camps, fortifications, and fields to support me; I do not call for heroes and my assistance. Though the officers are the armies disbanded I shall still be safe, here are men, or women, or politicians, or poets, or nymphs, or swains, or cits, or being.

TUESDAY, MAY 24, 1709.

*on my own Apartment, May 23.*

nothing can give a man of any consideration, than to see order and distinction amongst men, especially when the rank of himself is member) is intruded upon, and have no pretence to that honour. The rank of Esquire is the most notoriously abused, of any class amongst men; inasmuch, it has almost the subject of derision: but I would say, this behaviour towards it promotes the ignorance of the people in its true nature, shall therefore as briefly as possible, do all true Esquires the justice to look into on this subject.

In the first ages of the world, before the invention of arms and settlements, when the noble passion of valour possessed the hearts of men, and they were not yet cultivated into the merciful civility which they have showed in latter centuries, natural for great and heroic spirits to retire to the woods, and caves, to lament their fate, and the cruelty of the fair persons who are the cause of their lamentations. The hero in this distress is in armour, and in a readiness to fight with any man, especially if distinguished by military qualifications: it being the nature of him to hate all merit, lest it should come to his observation of the cruel one by whom its possessor is neglected. A lover of this kind

had always about him a number of men, and subordinate to him, to attend on his tions, carry an enchanted helmet when he was eating, and in his absence, when he was in any king's palace, perhaps his daughter, the tures of his valiant master was styled his Esquire, and attended his offices about him; was a man-usher, quick and accurate, and eloquent as the man himself, and thus qualified was to affirm, who was called a man of quality, these accomplishments, but, to the utter disgrace of the heralds, every pretender to nobility, even persons of the lowest institution. I have taken notice of this city, and looked over the office, for my better information, in the middle Temple, including the lists of the bar, the Inner, four thousand.

The whole buildings are in the adjacent street of the house, and the turning cannot meet one who is taking water. Every house in the streets is also governed by Soho-square, Bloomsbury, where the floors rise above the universities, where you find of our order. However, evil, it were to be supposed, that men of some figure, no pretence they have to rise from chivalry.

The countries of Great Britain are upon by innovation. Vain is the field: but shall they be mad after foxes; that they venture their necks immediately to commence a temperate, cleanly, and sober rural Esquires commit to wear shirts half a week. These men are also, to their food: an Esquire of dumplin every meal, in order: an Esquire of H devoured hogs' flesh: mercy on calves. But I protest against them; that it is not the quantity of eating, that shows I am most offended at the scribbling clerks, who are no reason that I know flourish at the end of the that, if you read the offices in the kingdom, directed to any but Esquire of clerks, and the rogues messages upon each other Gregory Goosequill, Esquire replies by a note, 'To Mr. with respect;' in a word, *gerorum*, a people of Es but, by the late act of assume that title, as the Englishmen. All these

gentleman, as they are inwardly, and as they are outwardly, is not so much spotted as a weak shine, and could know that they are spotted, and in a position to take and no man not to be a sabbate, or every address, perfectly, to be should be before has

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I received yours, and am sensible of the address and capacity with which you have hitherto transacted the great affairs under your management. You will observe, that our wants here are not to be consisted; and that it is vanity to use artifices with the knowing men with whom you are to deal. Let me beg you, therefore, in this representation of our circumstances, to lay aside art, which ceases to be such when it is seen, and make use of all your skill to gain us the advantages you can from the enemy's jealousy of our other's greatness; which is the place where only you have room for any dexterity. If you have any pains for your unhappy country, or any affection for your distressed master, come home with peace. Oh heaven! do I live to talk of Lewis the Great, as the object of pity! The king shows a great uneasiness to be informed of all that passes; but, at the same time, is mortal at every one who appears in his presence, so he should rise an account of some new calamity. I know not in what terms to represent my thoughts; you, when I speak of the king, with relation to his day to death. Picture to yourself that immortal who stood in our public places represented us trophies, armour, and terrors, on his pedestal; and then, the invincible, the great, the good, the pious, the holy, which were the usual epithets we ascribed, both in our language and thoughts. I now consider him whom you knew the greatest and most glorious of monarchs, and now think you see the same man an unhappy Lazar, in the lowest circumstance of human nature itself, without regard to the state in which he is fallen. I write from his bedside; he is present in my chamber. I have many, many things to say, but my tears flow too fast, and my sorrow too big for utterance.

'I am, &c.'

There is such a veneration due from all men to the persons of princes, that it were a sort of dishonour to represent further the condition which the king is in; but it is certain, that, soon after the receipt of these verses, Monsieur Torcy waited upon his grace the Duke of Marlborough and the Lord Townshend, and that conference gave up many points, which had before said were such as he must return to France, where he could answer.

No. 29.] THURSDAY, MAY 26, 1709.

*White's Chesham-house, May 21.*

It is not to be imagined how far prepossession will run away with people's understandings, in cases when they are made, present uneasiness. The following narration is a sallicient testimony of the truth of this observation.

I had the honour on the other day of a visit from a gentle woman (a stranger to me) who seemed to be about thirty. Her complexion is brown; but the colour of her face has an agreeableness, which surpasses to be met with the fairest women. There appeared in her countenance a sprightly health; and her eyes shone with vivacity to become the language of complacency, which she brought into her face. She seemed sensible of the disadvantage, with which she was favoured, and she said, 'Madam, if you see before you the unhappiest woman, and therefore, as you are esteemed by the world both a great civilian, as well as an astrologer, I must desire your advice and assistance, in putting me in a method of obtaining a divorce from a marriage, which I know the law will pronounce void.' 'Madam,' said I, 'your grievance is of the

nature, that you must be very ingenious in representing the causes of your complaint, or I cannot give you the satisfaction you desire. 'Sir,' she answers, 'I believe there would be no need of half our skill in the art of divination, to guess why a woman would part from her husband.' 'It is true,' said I; 'but suspicious, or guesses at what you mean, nay certainty of it, except you plainly speak it, are no foundation for a formal suit.' She clapped her hand before her face; 'My husband,' said she, 'is no more a husband' (here she burst into tears) 'than one of the Italian singers.'

'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you complain of is to be redressed by law; but, at the same time, consider what mortifications you are to go through, in bringing it into open court; how will you be able to bear the impertinent whispers of the people present at the trial, the licentious reflections of the pleaders, and the interpretations that will in general be put upon your conduct by all the world? "How little will they say" could that lady command her passions!" Besides, consider, that curbing our desire is the greatest glory that we can arrive at in this world, and will be most rewarded in the next.' She answered, like a prudent matron: 'Sir, if you please to remember the office of matrimony, the first cause of its institution is that of having posterity. Therefore, as to the curbing desires, I am willing to undergo any abstinence from food as you please to enjoin me; but cannot, with any quiet of mind, live in the neglect of a necessary duty, and an express commandment, *increase and multiply*.' Observing she was learned, and knew so well the duties of life, I turned my arguments rather to dehort her from this public procedure by examples than precepts. 'Do but consider, madam, what crowds of beauteous women live in unneries, secluded for ever from the sight and conversation of men, with all the alacrity of spirit imaginable; they spend their time in heavenly raptures, in constant and frequent devotions, and at proper hours agreeable conversations.' 'Sir,' said she hastily, 'tell not me of Papists, or any of their idolatries.' Well then, madam, consider how many fine ladies are innocently in the eye of the world, and this gay town, in the midst of temptation: there is the witty Mrs. W—— is a virgin of forty-four, Mrs. T—— is thirty-nine, Mrs. L—— is thirty-three; yet you see they laugh, and are gay, at the park, at the playhouse, at balls, and at visits; and so much at ease, that all this seems hardly a self-denial.' 'Mr. Bickerstaff,' said she, with some emotion, 'you are an excellent quist; but the last word destroyed your whole argument; if it is not self-denial, it is no virtue. I presented you with an half-guinea, in hopes not only to have my conscience eased, but my fortune told. et—' Well, madam,' said I, 'pray of what age is your husband?' 'He is,' replied my injured client, 'fifty; and I have been his wife fifteen years.' 'How happened it you never communicated your distress, all this time, to your friends and relations?' She answered, 'He has been thus but a fortnight.' I am the most serious man in the world to look at, and yet could not forbear laughing out. 'Why, madam, in case of infirmity which proceeds only from age, the law gives no remedy.' 'Sir,' said she, 'I find you have no more learning than Dr. Case; and I am told of a young man, not five-and-twenty, just come from Oxford, to whom I will communicate this whole matter, I doubt not but he will appear to have seven times as useful and satisfactory knowledge than you and your boasted family.' Thus I have entirely lost my client; but if this tedious narrative preserves

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

places shall be delivered up to the allies before the 1<sup>st</sup> of June. The trade between Holland and France shall be on the same foot as in 1664. The cities of Strasburg, Biscac, and Alsacia, shall be returned to the Emperor and empire; and the King of France pursuant to the treaty of Westphalia, 1648, shall only retain the protection of ten imperial cities, viz. Colmar, Schlestat, Haguenau, Molsheim, Ferkeln, Keisembach, Obrenheim, Rosheim, Weisenberg, and Landau.

Homburg, Fort-Louis, Fort-Khiel, and Nord-Balk shall be demolished, and all the fortifications on the Rhine to Philippsburg. The King of Prussia shall remain in the peaceable possession of New-Batavia. The affairs of Orange, as also the pretensions of his Prussian Majesty in the Franche-Comté, shall be determined at this general negotiation of peace. The Duke of Savoy shall have a restitution made of what has been taken from him by the French, viz. the town of Exilles, Chamont, Fenestrelles, and the valley of Pragelas.

No. 21 ] SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 26.*

A gentleman has writ to me out of the country a very full letter, and said things which I suppose with great violence to my vanity. There are many terms in my narratives which he complains want a pléning; and has therefore desired that, for the benefit of my country readers, I would let him know what I mean by a Gentleman, a Pretty Fellow, a Toast, a Coquet, a Critic, a Wit, and all other appellations of those now in the gayer world, who are in possession of those several characters; together with an account of those who unfortunately pretend to them. I shall begin with him we usually call a Gentleman, or man of conversation.

It is generally thought, that warmth of imagination, quick relish of pleasure, and a manner of becoming it, are the most essential qualities for forming this sort of man. But any one that is much in company will observe, that the height of good breeding is shown rather in never giving offence, than in doing obliging things. Thus he that never shocks you, though he is seldom entertaining; is more likely to keep your favour, than he who often entertains, and sometimes displeases you. The most necessary talent therefore in a man of conversation, which is what we ordinarily intend by a fine gentleman, is a good judgment. He that has this in perfection, is master of his companion, without letting him see it; and has the same advantage over men of any other qualifications whatsoever, as one that can see would have over a blind man of ten times his strength.

This is what makes Sophronius the darling of all who converse with him, and the most powerful with his acquaintance of any man in town. By the use of this faculty he acts with great ease and freedom among the men of pleasure, and acquits himself with skill and despatch among the men of business. As which he performs with such success, that, with a much discretion in life as any man ever had, he neither is, nor appears cunning. But as he does a good office, if ever he does it, with readiness and alacrity, so he denies what he does not care to engage in, in a manner that convinces you that you ought not to have asked it. His judgment is good and unerring, and accompanied with so cheerful a spirit, that his conversation is a continual feast, at which he helps some, and is helped by others, as

such a manner, that the equality of society is perfectly kept up, and every man obliges as much as he is obliged: for it is the greatest and justest skill in a man of superior understanding, to know how to be on a level with his companions. This sweet disposition runs through all the actions of Sophronius, and makes his company desired by women, without being envied by men. Sophronius would be as just as he is, if there were no law; and would be as discreet as he is, if there were no such thing as calumny.

In imitation of this agreeable being, is made that animal we call a Pretty Fellow; who, being just able to find out, that what makes Sophronius acceptable is a natural behaviour, in order to the same reputation, makes his own an artificial one. Jack Dimple is his perfect mimic, whereby he is, of course, the most unlike him of all men living. Sophronius just now passed into the inner room directly forward; Jack comes as fast after as he can for the right and left looking-glass, in which he had just approved himself by a nod at each, and marched on. He will meditate within for half an hour, until he thinks he is not careless enough in his air, and come back to the mirror to recollect his forgetfulness.

*Will's Coffeehouse, May 27.*

This night was acted the comedy called 'The Fox'; but I wonder the modern writers do not use their interest in the house to suppress such representations. A man that has been at this will hardly like any other play during the season: therefore I humbly move, that the writings, as well as dresses, of the last age should give way to the present fashion. We are come into a good method enough (if we were not interrupted in our mirth by such an apparition as a play of Jonson's) to be entertained at more ease, both to the spectator and the writer, than in the days of old. It is no difficulty to get hats and swords, and wigs and shoes, and every thing else, from the shops in town; and make a man show himself by his habit, without more ado, to be a counsellor, a fop, a courtier, or a citizen, and not be obliged to make those characters talk in different dialects to be distinguished from each other. This is certainly the surest and best way of writing: but such a play as this makes a man for a month after over-run with criticism, and enquire, 'What every man on the stage said? what had such a one to do to meddle with such a thing? how came the other, who was bred after this or that manner, to speak so like a man conversant among a different people?' These questions rob us of all our pleasure; for, at this rate, no sentence in a play should be spoken by any one character which could possibly enter into the head of any other man represented in it; but every sentiment should be peculiar to him only who utters it. Laborious Ben's works will bear this sort of inquisition; but if the present writers were thus examined, and the offences against this rule cut out, few plays would be long enough for the whole evening's entertainment.

But I do not know how they did in those old times: this same Ben Jonson has made every one's passion in this play be towards money; and yet not one of them expresses that desire, or endeavours to obtain it, any way but what is peculiar to him only: one sacrifices his wife, another his profession, another his posterity, from the same motive; but their characters are kept so skilfully apart, that it seems prodigious their discourses should rise from the invention of the same author.

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twenty-fifth at Dresden, under a triple discharge of the artillery of that place ; but his majesty refused the ceremonies of a public entry.

Our letters from the Upper Rhine say, that the imperial army began to form itself at Ellingen ; where the respective deputies of the elector Palatine, the Prince of Baden Durlach, the bishoprick of Spire, &c. were assembled, and had taken the necessary measures for the provision of forage, the security of the country against the incursions of the enemy, and laying a bridge over the Rhine. Several vessels laden with corn are daily passing before Frankfort for the Lower Rhine.

Letters from Poland inform us, that a detachment of Muscovite cavalry, under the command of General Instand, had joined the confederate army ; and the infantry, commanded by General Goltz, was expected to come up within a few days. These succours will amount to twenty thousand men.

Our last advices from the Hague, dated June the fourth, N.S. say, that they expected a courier from the French Court, with a ratification of the preliminaries that night or the day following. His Grace the Duke of Marlborough will set out for Brussels on Wednesday or Thursday next, if the despatches which are expected from Paris do not alter his resolution. Letters from Majorca confirm the honourable capitulation of the Castle of Alicant, and also the death of the Governor, Major-General Richards, Colonel Sibourg, and Major Vignolles, who were all buried in the ruins of that place by the springing of a great mine, which did, it seems, more execution than was reported. Monsieur Torcy passed through Mer in his return, and had there a long conference with the Elector of Bavaria ; after which, the Prince spoke publicly of the treatment he had received from France, with the utmost indignation.

' Any person that shall come publicly abroad in fantastical habit, contrary to the present mode of fashion, except Don Diego Dismallo, or any other out of poverty, shall have his name and dress inserted in our next.'

' N. B. Mr. How'd'yecall is desired to leave those buttons.'

No. 22.] TUESDAY, MAY 31, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, May 28.*

I CAME hither this evening to see fashions ; and who should I first encounter but my old friend Cynthia (encompassed by a crowd of young fellows dictating on the passion of love with the gayest and imaginable ! ' Well,' says he, ' as to what I know of the matter, there is nothing but ogling with skin carries a woman ; but indeed it is not every fool that is capable of this art ; you will find twenty can speak eloquently, fifty that can fight manfully, and a thousand that can dress genteelly at a mistress, where there is one that can gaze skilfully. This requires an exquisite judgment, to take the language of his eyes to yours exactly, and not let yours talk too fast for hers ; as at a play between the acts, when beauty Frisk stands upon a bench full in Lindamira's face and her dear eyes are searching round to avoid the glaring open fool ; she meets the watchful glance of her true lover, and sees his heart attentive on her charms, and waiting for a second twinkle of her eye for its next motion.' Here the good company sneered ; but he goes on. ' Nor is this attending a slavery, when a man meets with encouragement and her eye comes often in his way : for after an evening so spent, and the repetition of four or five

significant looks at him, the happy man goes home to his lodgings full of ten thousand pleasing images ; his brain is dilated, and gives him all the ideas and prospects which it ever lets into its seat of pleasure. Thus a kind look from Lindamira revives in his imagination all the beauteous lawns, green fields, woods, forests, rivers, and solitudes, which he had ever before seen in picture, description, or real life : and all with this addition, that he now sees them with the eyes of a happy lover, as before only with those of a common man. You laugh, gentlemen, but consider yourselves (ye common people that were never in love) and compare yourselves in good humour with yourselves out of humour, and ye will then acknowledge, that all external objects affect you according to the dispositions ye are in to receive their impressions, and not as those objects are in their own nature. How much more shall all that passes within his view and observation touch with delight a man who is prepossessed with successful love, which is an assemblage of soft affection, gay desires, and hopeful resolutions ?

Poor Cynthia went on at this rate to the crowd about him, without any purpose in his talk, but to vent a heart overflowing with sense of success. I wondered what could exalt him from the distress in which he had long appeared, to so much alacrity : but my familiar has given me the state of his affairs. It seems, then, that lately coming out of the play-house, his mistress, who knows he is in her livery, as the manner of insolent beauties is, is resolved to keep him still so, and gave him so much wages as to complain to him of the crowd she was to pass through. He had his wits and resolution enough about him to take her hand, and say, he would attend her to the coach. All the way thither my good young man stammered at every word, and stumbled at every step. His mistress, wonderfully pleased with her triumph, put to him a thousand questions, to make a man of his natural wit speak with hesitation ; and let drop her fan to see him recover it awkwardly. This is the whole foundation of Cynthia's recovery to the sprightly air he appears with at present.

I grew mighty curious to know something more of that lady's affairs, as being amazed how she could dally with an offer of one of his merit and fortune. I sent Paolet to her lodgings, who immediately brought me back the following letter to her friend and confidant, Amanda, in the country, wherein she has opened her heart and all its folds.

DEAR AMANDA,

The town grows so empty, that you must expect my letter so too, except you will allow me to talk of myself instead of others : you cannot imagine what pain it is, after a whole day spent in public, to want your company, and the ease which friendship allows in being vain to each other, and speaking all our minds. An account of the slaughter which these unhappy eyes have made within ten days last past, would make me appear too great a tyrant to be allowed in a Christian country. I shall therefore confine myself to my principal conquests, which are the hearts of beau Frisk and Jack Freeland, besides Cynthia, who you know, wore my fetters before you went out of town. Shall I tell you my weakness ? I begin to love Frisk : it is the best humoured impertinent thing in the world : he is always too in waiting, and will certainly carry me off one time or other. Freeland's father and mine have been upon a treaty without consulting me ; and Cynthia has been eter-

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much tenderness of soul to have any authority with his wife; and she too little sense to give him any authority, for that reason. His kind wife observed this temper in him, and made proper use of it. But, knowing it was below a gentlewoman to wrangle, she resolved upon an expedient to save decorum, and wear her dear to her point at the same time. She therefore took upon her to govern him, by falling into fits whenever she was repulsed in a request, or contradicted in a discourse. It was a fish-day, when, in the midst of her husband's good-humour at table, she bethought herself to try her project. She made signs that she had swallowed a bone. The man grew pale as ashes, and ran to her assistance, calling for drink. 'No, my dear,' said she, recovering, 'it is down; do not be frightened.' This accident betrayed his softness enough. The next day she complained, a lady's chariot, whose husband had not hal his estate, had a craneneck, and hung with twice th air that hers did. He answered, 'Madam, you know my income; you know I have lost two coach-horses this spring:—down she fell.—'Hart- horn! Betty, Susan, Alice, throw water in her face.' With much care and pains, she was at last brought to herself, and the vehicle in which she visited wa amended in the nicest manner, to prevent relapses but they frequently happened during that husband whole life, which he had the good fortune to end in few years after. The disconsolate soon pitched upo a very agreeable successor, whom she very prudentl designed to govern by the same method. This ma knew her little arts, and resolved to break throug all tenderness, and be absolute master as soon as o casion offered. One day it happened, that a discour arose about furniture; he was very glad of the o casion, and fell into an invective against china, p testing he would never let five pounds more of l money be laid out that way as long as he breathe. She immediately fainted.—He starts up as amaze and calls for help.—The maid runs to the closet. He chafes her face, bends her forward, and beats ti palms of her hands: her convulsions increase, an down she tumbles on the floor, where she lies qui dead, in spite of what the whole family, from t nursery to the kitchen, could do for her relief.

While every servant was thus helping or lamec ing their mistress, he, fixing his cheek to be seemed to be following in a trance of sorrow; b secretly whispers her, 'My dear, this will never d what is within my power and fortune, you m command; but none of your artifices: you are qui in other hands than those you have passed yo pretty passions upon.' This made her almost in t condition she pretended; her convulsions now ca thicker, nor was she to be held down. The ki man doubles his care, helps the servants to thi water in her face by full quarts; and when t sinking part of the fit came again, 'Well, my dea said he, 'I applaud your action; but I must tal my leave of you until you are more sincere with m farewell for ever: you shall always know where hear of me, and want for nothing.' With that l ordered the maids to keep plying her with hartshe while he went for a physician: he was scarce at t stair-head when she followed, and, pulling him int closet, thanked him for her cure; which was so ab late, that she gave me this relation herself, to communicated for the benefit of all the volunt invalids of her sex.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 1.*

*Advices from Brussels of the sixth instant, N.*

## THE TATLER.

say his Highness Prince Eugene had received a letter from Monsieur Torcy, wherein that minister, after many expressions of great respect, acquaints him, that his master had absolutely refused to sign the preliminaries to the treaty which he had, in his Majesty's behalf, consented to at the Hague. Upon the receipt of this intelligence, the face of things at that place was immediately altered, and the necessary orders were transmitted to the troops (which lay most remote from thence) to move toward the place of rendezvous with all expedition. The enemy seems also to prepare for the field, and have at present drawn together twenty-five thousand men in the plains of Lentz. Marshal Villars is at the head of those troops; and has given the generals under his command all possible assurances, that he will turn the fate of the war to the advantage of his master.

They write from the Hague of the seventh, that Monsieur Rouille had received orders from the court of France, to signify to the States General, and the ministers of the high allies, that the King could not consent to the preliminaries of a treaty of peace, as it was offered to him by Monsieur Torcy. The great difficulty is the business of Spain, on which particular, his ministers seemed only to say, during the treaty, that it was not so immediately under their master's direction, as that he could engage for its being relinquished by the Duke of Anjou: but now he positively answers, that he cannot comply with what his minister has promised in his behalf, even in such points as are wholly in himself to act in, or not. This has had no other effect than to give the alliance fresh arguments for being diffident of engagements entered into by France. The pensioner made a report of all which this minister had declared to the deputies of the States General, and all things turn towards a vigorous war. The Duke of Marlborough designed to leave the Hague within two days, in order to put himself at the head of the army, which is to assemble on the seventeenth instant between the Scheld and the Lis. A fleet of eighty sail, laden with corn from the Baltic, is arrived in the Texel. The states have sent circular letters to all the provinces, to notify this change of affairs, and animate their subjects to new resolutions in defence of their country.

*From my own Apartment, May 31.*

The public is not so little my concern, though I am but a student, as that I should not interest myself in the present great things in agitation. I am still of opinion the French King will sign the preliminaries. With that view, I have sent him, by my familiar, the following epistle, and admonished him, on pain of what I shall say of him to future generations, to act with sincerity on this occasion.

*London, May 31.*

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN,  
TO LOUIS XIV. OF FRANCE.

'The surprising news which arrived this day, of your Majesty's having refused to sign the treaty your ministers have in a manner sued for, is what gives ground to this application to your Majesty, from one, whose name perhaps is too obscure to have ever reached your territories; but one, who, with all the European World, is affected with your determinations. Therefore, as it is mine and the common cause of mankind, I presume to expostulate with you on this occasion. It will, I doubt not, appear to the vulgar extravagant, that the actions of

a mighty Prince of a private person, equally contented with the thrones shown, through great a value true fame like whom it is of honour of human life which attend it is that our it; and extend existence, in actions, after have this passion, which to honest at peace, eloquence have been p faculties, that have been of of prostitute upon such a contempt and misled your and made the imitable, the the great a Majesty is n your Majesty the most cruel which are u that it avails that you are successful w action passed have searched word, that y with every p to unjust an of the world ever if your your own s weaknesses convinced, t nary method it impossible on as to have many thousa formed by F hazard of th and glory of very little re such cannot what horror the vast dev your fellow the flattery success and illusion of n you proceed but when personal dis men forget heavens! is can the wret torments? c

'Your Ma you a railing fessor of reli

they will be, which would offend in another, are passed over. The  
 least of his faults and speeches which please, find  
 favour, as if they came from him; nor can one wonder at  
 this, because when he is wrong, he is not taken notice  
 of; when he is in the right—By the way, it is felt  
 enough, that the care people of better sense than  
 this, will be endeavour at this character; but they are  
 not contented with that, with some industry, to  
 get the characters of fools, they cannot arrive at  
 being called in to be merely 'Pretty Fellows.' Be-  
 lieve me, I have formed a person for this sta-  
 tion, who, I think, will be gifted with a probable good  
 nature, and he's very pretty wares and absurd  
 contrivance to it; this felicity attending him to  
 be so useful, and being in a manner necessary that  
 he should be so; and in consequence, he is as well, good  
 for nothing, as I and know a man, whose son has be-  
 come a 'Pretty Fellow,' who is himself at all  
 things, a very 'Pretty Fellow.'

One must not linger in this place, for we were told that halibuts, and speaking of such things, are supported by their influence and favour, and when there is not, neither ought there to be, any dispute or observation. But when we are in

June 2. — On Monday, one may talk a bit be more at large. — Our men have then to mention three, when I begin with the first, "that we go," so a decision should be made as to whether to go or not, as our men Butler, then perhaps others, I think, have shouted into this order. They are concerned in the business, they landed from H. B. as yet. They are not yet, but they made their public entry, but the Party had, and so at Wapping. They have made their way, especially on the water-side, particularly today, the day of the first of the H. B. school; the second, Calverton, on the 10th, the third, Massicot. This fraternity is preparing to go, and also the town, by their ability in the case of the first, the second, and measure their time and meet to be at the new, and a power of drinking. H. B. school, the first, the second, the third, Calverton, by two quarts and a half, the third, Massicot, by a full pint. It is felt that the first of H. B. is so soon to talk, and Calverton, the second, the third, Massicot will be the only talk, and the first, the second, the third, Massicot will be the only talk.

A flock out of this denomination is such as, by considering all streams in life, have purchased the blessing of power and new life, as in the *Carry*, to the great increase of strength and vigor. For Deacons are called to possess less of earth and health and more of the *Carry* meritorious to them, as,

But even if these materializing spirits are proposed to be the cause of the French spirits, would crime at periods of national distress be limited to the 18th and 19th centuries? If these spirits are well intentioned, it is not doubtful that they would do good, as they already do in arms.

N. B. The man who stole Betty Pagan made a confession that he is allowed to be a very Pagan man. He was.

But we may proceed to the explanation of the

There is a great deal of property in the country, as I have said, and the property is so well distributed, that in twenty years it will be all sold off, and much upon the credit of the Government. The word, and the acceptance of it, among the people is, "Hurry, it is all a great deal to buy."

[illegible]

who use it immoderately to speak Latin, to the admiration rather than information of an audience. This application of a toast makes it very obvious that the word may, without a metaphor, be understood as an apt name for a thing which raises us in the most sovereign degree. But many of the wits of the last age will assert that the word in its present sense, was known among them in their youth, and had its rise from an accident at the town of Bath, in the reign of King Charles the Second.

It happened that, on a public day, a celebrated beauty of those times was in the Cross-Bath, and one of the crowd of her admirers took a glass of the water in which the fair one stood, and drank her health to the company. There was in the place a gay fellow half-fuddled, who offered to jump in, and swore, though he liked not the liquor, he would have the toast. He was opposed in his resolution; yet this whim gave foundation to the present honour which is done to the lady we mention in our liquors, who has ever since been called a Toast.

Though this institution had so trivial a beginning, it is now elevated into a formal order; and that happy virgin, who is received and drunk to at their meeting, has no more to do in this life but to judge and accept of the first good offer. The manner of her inauguration is much like that of the choice of a Doge in Venice; it is performed by balloting; and when she is so chosen, she reigns indisputably for that ensuing year; but must be elected a-new to prolong her empire a moment beyond it. When she is regularly chosen, her name is written with a diamond on a drinking-glass. The hieroglyphic of the diamond is to show her, that her value is imaginary; and that of the glass to acquaint her, that her condition is frail, and depends on the hand which holds her. This wise design admonishes her, neither to over-rate or depreciate her charms; as well considering and applying, that it is perfectly according to the humour and taste of the company, whether the toast is eaten, or left as an offal.

The foremost of the whole rank of toasts, and the most indisputed in their present empire, are Mrs. Gatty and Mrs. Frontlet; the first an agreeable, the second an awful beauty. These ladies are perfect friends, out of a knowledge, that their perfections are too different to stand in competition. He that likes Gatty can have no relish for so solemn a creature as Frontlet; and an admirer of Frontlet will call Gatty a maypole girl. Gatty for ever smiles upon you; and Frontlet disdains to see you smile. Gatty's love is a shining quick flame; Frontlet's, a slow wasting fire. Gatty likes the man that diverts her; Frontlet, him who adores her. Gatty always improves the soil in which she travels; Frontlet lays waste the country. Gatty does not only smile, but laughs at her lover; Frontlet not only looks serious, but frowns at him. All the men of wit (and coxcombs their followers) are professed servants of Gatty: the politicians and pretenders give solemn worship to Frontlet. Their reign will be best judged of by its duration. Frontlet will never be chosen more; and Gatty is a toast for life.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 3.*

Letters from Hamburgh of the seventh instant, N. S. inform us, that no art or cost is omitted to make the stay of his Danish majesty at Dresden agreeable; but there are various speculations upon the interview between king Augustus and that prince, many putting politic constructions upon his Danish

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executioner escapes the clutches of the hangman for doing it. I shall therefore hereafter consider, how the bravest men in other ages and nations have behaved themselves upon such incidents as we decide by combat; and show, from their practice, that the resentment neither has its foundation from true reason or solid fame; but is an imposture, made of cowardice, falsehood, and want of understanding. For this work, a good history of quarrels would be very edifying to the public, and I apply myself to the town for particulars and circumstances within their knowledge, which may serve to embellish the dissertation with proper cuts. Most of the quarrels I have ever known, have proceeded from some vain coxcomb's persisting in the wrong, to defend some prevailing folly, and preserve himself from the ignominy of owning a mistake.

By this means it is called 'giving a man satisfaction,' to urge your offence against him with your sword; which puts me in mind of Peter's order to the keeper, in 'The Tale of a Tub: if you neglect to do all this, damn you and your generation forever: and so we bid you heartily farewell.' If the contradictions in the very terms of one of our challenges were as well explained and turned into downright English, would it not run after this manner?

'Sir—Your extraordinary behaviour last night and the liberty you were pleased to take with me makes me this morning give you this, to tell you because you are an ill-bred puppy, I will meet you in Hyde-park an hour hence; and because you want both breeding and humanity, I desire you would come with a pistol in your hand, on horseback, an endeavour to shoot me through the head, to teach you more manners. If you fail of doing me this pleasure, I shall say you are a rascal, on every point in town; and so, sir, if you will not injure me more I shall never forgive what you have done already. Pray, sir, do not fail of getting every thing ready and you will infinitely oblige, sir, your most obedient humble servant, &c.'

*From my own Apartment, June 6.*

Among the many employments I am necessarily put upon by my friends, that of giving advice is the most unwelcome to me; and, indeed, I am forced to use a little art in the manner; for some people will ask counsel of you, when they have already acted what they tell you is still under deliberation. I have almost lost a very good friend the other day, who came to know 'how I liked his design to marry such a lady?' I answered, 'By no means; and I must be positive against it, for very solid reasons, which are not proper to be communicated.' 'Not proper to be communicated!' said he, with a grave air, 'I will know the bottom of this.' I saw him moved, and knew from thence he was already determined; therefore evaded it by saying, 'To tell you the truth, dear Frank, of all women living I would have her myself.' 'Isaac,' said he, 'thou art too late, for we have been both one these two months.'

I learned this caution by a gentleman's consulting me formerly about his son. He railed at his daughter's extravagance, and told me, 'in a very little time he would beggar him by the exorbitant bills which came from Oxford every quarter.' 'Make the rogue hit upon the bridle,' said I; 'pay none of his bills, I will but encourage him to further trespasses.' He looked plaguy sour at me. His son soon after sent up a paper of verses, forsooth, in print on the last public occasion; upon which, he is convinced that boy has parts, and a lad of spirit is not to be to

ch cramped in his maintenance, lest he take ill  
rises. Neither father nor son can ever since en-  
re the sight of me.

These sort of people ask opinions only out of the  
ness of their heart on the subject of their per-  
sity, and not from a desire of information.

There is nothing so easy as to find out which opi-  
nion the man in doubt has a mind to; therefore the  
re way is, to tell him that is certainly to be chosen.  
Then you are to be very clear and positive; leave no  
middle for scruple. 'Bless me! sir, there is no  
doubt for a question!' This rivets you into his  
heart; for you at once applaud his wisdom, and  
ratify his inclination. However, I had too much  
civels to be insincere to a man who came yesterday  
to know of me, with which of two eminent men in  
the city he should place his son? their names are  
Paulo and Avaro. This gave me much debate with  
myself, because not only the fortune of the youth,  
but his virtue also dependeth upon this choice. The  
men are equally wealthy; but they differ in the use  
and application of their riches, which you immediately  
see upon entering their doors.

The habitation of Paulo has at once the air of a  
nobleman and a merchant. You see the servants act  
with affection to their master, and satisfaction in  
themselves: the master meets you with an open  
countenance, full of benevolence and integrity: your  
business is despatched with that confidence and  
welcome which always accompany honest minds:  
his table is the image of plenty and generosity, sup-  
ported by justice and frugality. After we had dined  
here, our affair was to visit Avaro: out comes an  
awkward fellow, with a careful countenance; 'Sir,  
would you speak with my master? may I crave your  
name?' After the first preamble, he leads us into a  
noble solitude, a great house that seemed uninhab-  
ited; but from the end of the spacious hall moves  
towards us Avaro, with a suspicious aspect, as if he  
had believed us thieves; and, as for my part, I  
approached him as if I knew him a cutpurse. We  
fell into discourse of his noble dwelling, and the great  
estate all the world knew he had to enjoy in it: and  
I, to plague him, began to commend Paulo's way of  
living. 'Paulo,' answered Avaro, 'is a very good  
man; but we, who have smaller estates, must cut  
our coat according to our cloth.' 'Nay,' says I,  
'every man knows his own circumstances best; you  
are in the right, if you have not wherewithal.' He  
looked very sour; for it is, you must know, the  
utmost vanity of a mean-spirited rich man to be  
contradicted when he calls himself poor. But I  
resolved to vex him, by consenting to all he said;  
the main design of which was, that he would have  
us find out, he was one of the wealthiest men in  
London, and lived like a beggar. We left him, and  
took a turn on the Exchange. My friend was  
ravisht with Avaro: 'this,' said he, 'is certainly a  
sure man.' I contradicted him with much warmth,  
and summed up their different characters as well as  
I could. 'This Paulo,' said I, 'grows wealthy by  
being a common good; Avaro by being a general  
evil: Paulo has the art, Avaro the craft of trade.  
When Paulo gains, all men he deals with are the  
better: whenever Avaro profits, another certainly  
loses. In a word, Paulo is a citizen, and Avaro a  
cit.' I convinced my friend, and carried the young  
gentleman the next day to Paulo, where he will  
learn the way both to gain and enjoy a good  
fortune. And though I cannot say I have, by keep-  
ing him from Avaro, saved him from the gallows, I  
have prevented his deserving it every day he lives:

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SIR—'Y  
me a noble





away with me a spirit which had lost its body in a duel. We were both examined. Me the whole assembly looked at with kindness and pity, but, at the same time, with an air of welcome and consolation: they pronounced me very happy, who had died in innocence; and told me, "a quite different place was allotted for my companion; there being a great distance from the mansions of fools and innocents: though, at the same time, said one of the ghosts, there is a great affinity between an idiot who has been so for a long life, and a child who departs before maturity. But this gentleman who has arrived with you is a fool of his own making, is ignorant out of choice, and will fare accordingly." The assembly began to flock about him, and one said to him, "Sir, I observed you came in through the gate of persons murdered, and I desire to know what brought you to your untimely end?" He said, "he had been a second." Socrates (who may be said to have been murdered by the commonwealth of Athens) stood by and began to draw near him, in order, after his manner, to lead him into a sense of his error by concessions in his own discourse. "Sir," said that divine and amicable spirit, "what was the quarrel?" He answered, "We shall know very suddenly when the principal in the business comes, for he was desperately wounded before I fell." "Sir," said the sage, "had you an estate?" "Yes, sir," the new guest answered, "I have left it in a very good condition, and made my will the night before this occasion." "Did you read it before you signed it?" "Yes, sure, sir," said the new comer. Socrates replies, "Could a man, that would not give his estate without reading the instrument, dispose of his life without asking a question?" That illustrious shade turned from him, and a crowd of impertinent goblins, who had been drolls and parasites in their life-time, and were knocked on the head for their sauciness, came about my fellow-traveller, and made themselves very merry with questions about the words *Carte* and *Tierce*, and other terms of fencers. But his thoughts began to settle into reflection upon the adventure which had robbed him of his late being; and, with a wretched sigh, said he, "How terrible are conviction and guilt, when they come too late for penitence!"

Pacolet was going on in his strain, but he recovered from it, and told me, 'It was too soon to give my discourse on this subject so serious a turn; you have chiefly to do with that part of mankind which must be led into reflection by degrees, and you must treat this custom with humour and raillery to get an audience, before you come to pronounce sentence upon it. There is foundation enough for raising such entertainments, from the practice on this occasion. Do not you know that often a man is called out of bed to follow implicitly a coxcomb (with whom he would not keep company on any other occasion) to ruin and death?—Then a good list of such as are qualified by the laws of these uncourteous men of chivalry to enter into combat (who are often persons of honour without common honesty;) these, I say, ranged and drawn up in their proper order, would give an aversion to doing any thing in common with such as men laugh at and condemn. But to go through this work, you must not let your thoughts vary, or make excursions from your theme: consider, at the same time, that the matter has been often treated by the ablest and greatest writers; yet that must not discourage you: for the properest person to handle it, is one who has roved into mixed conversations, and must have opportunities (which I shall give you) of seeing

these sort of men in their pleasures and gratifications,

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and had been so high a theme as heart. For  
that, which then, so, world, by like nothing, a  
poor man's first attempt. Among the few  
to the family, he found her parent not to be  
to the house, he saw Paul and her, when the  
young girl, to write against him, had  
trial and loss, therefore he resolved to clamor  
his interest in the fall wine prison;

TO A LADY, ON HER PARTOT.

When men's hearts were gay, and love could not be vain;  
The gods descend'd were sold in known to fair;  
Some in a cloister, but yet a feather'd Jove  
Sung out the tale, and taught her how to live,  
There's no costal but his heart on would quit,  
For joy to him which might to these admit,  
Some saw the woman bind at every glance,  
Some with glad climes, and took an amorous trace,  
Some saw of beauty has forsok the dove;  
Henceforth the world be the land of love.

“I should have put on something to do it, but I did not; the paper from the old shop was all I had. I was in the store of my own, and I had no money to buy the dress off. I was sure that if I went to the change of Vienne, had I been there, I should have seen something a third of the size of the dress, with a slight variation, that to be a perfect success, by any way to succeed, and to be a advantage, to be a success. In the same would go on, and I would be the best of the bird to wives up, and I would be loved by women, must never be in the favour, or on his, and after it.”

From my own Apartment, June 19.

I take so many messages from young gentlemen who expect prominence and distinction, that I have a guess in what manner to acquaint you. The letter of the following letter tells me in a very plain manner, that you cannot get out of town until I have taken notice of him, and is very urgent to be embodied in, because he returns to his country in a few days. But take it in himself—

ISAAC BUCKERSTADT, ESQ. MONITOR-GENERAL  
OF GREAT BRITAIN.

SIR, St. Louis, June 5

"I had been at least six miles from the university when these two men met me, and so long in travel was recommended to one Charles Baddeley, a friend of Temple's who has supplied me with all the furniture I now ought to have. I don't like the time of it from what he said we had enjoyed, but I must consider it, and when I went visited him at his house, he told me, upon due consideration, that I must sell some few odd things in my room, to the value of about five or six pounds, to make me easy. I have complied therewith, in the favor of your cause, when I am equipped, in what part of the continent this town you will please me. Buy some good wine what I can, and I you shall find me."

I am, your most humble servant,

**JIFFRY NICKNICK**

I am very willing to encourage young beginners, but am extremely in the dark how to dispose of this fellow. I must see either his personal file in this matter; but I will read at Charles's, and know more of his smut-box, by which I can settle the matter. Though indeed, I know his full catalogue, I ought to be informed whether he takes Spanish Musty.

# THE TATLER.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 10.*

ers from the Low Countries of the seventeenth say: that the Duke of Marlborough and the of Savoy intend to leave Ghent on that day, n the army which lies between Pont d'Espiere urtray, their head-quarters being at Helchin. me day the Palatine foot were expected at ls. Lieutenant-general Dompere, with a body t thousand men, is posted at Alost, in order to Ghent and Brussels. The Marshal de Villars ill on the plain of Lenz; and it is said the of Vendosme is appointed to command in con- n with that General. Advices from Paris say, ur Voisin is made secretary of state, upon ur Chamillard's resignation of that employ- The want of money in that kingdom is so hat the court has thought fit to command all e of private families to be brought into the They write from the Hague of the eighteenth, e states of Holland continue their session; at they have approved the resolution of the general, to publish a second edict to prohibit e of corn to the enemy. Many eminent persons assembly have declared that they are of , that all commerce whatsoever with France be wholly forbidden: which point is under deliberation; but it is feared it will meet werful opposition.

] TUESDAY, JUNE 14, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 13.*

o suspended the business of duelling to a time, but that I am called upon to declare on a point proposed in the following letter.

SIR,

*June 9, at night.*

sire the favor of you to decide this question, calling a gentleman a Smart fellow is an r not? A youth entering a certain coffee- rith his cane tied to his button, wearing red- hoës, I thought of your description, and could bear telling a friend of mine next to me, enters a Smart Fellow." The gentleman it had immediately a mind to pick a quarrel , and desired satisfaction; at which I was zed than at the other, remembering what your familiar makes of those that had lost es on such occasions. The thing is referred judgements; and I expect you to be my since you have been the cause of our quarrel; r, your friend and humble servant.' lutely pronounce, that there is no occasion ce given in this expression; for a 'Smart is always an appellation of praise, and is a man e capacity. The true cast or mould in which e be sure to know him is, when his livelihood ation is in the civil list, and you see him a vivacity or mettle above the way he is in, le jerk in his motion, short trip in his steps, ed lining of his coat, or any other indica- ich may be given in a vigorous dress. Now, ssible insinuation can there be that it is a quarrel for a man to say, he allows a gentle- lly to be what his tailor, his hosier, and his e have conspired to make him? I confess, erson who appeals to me had said, he was not 'Fellow,' there had been cause for resentment; e stands to it that he is one, he leaves no man- e for misunderstanding. Indeed it is a entable thing, that there should be a dispute

raised upon a man's takes pains to be t

But this point enquiring what are and communities of thence conclude wh so frequently or no of Italy has preserv letting one of their instrument; always mankind as unders little, as to make a and scars.

But what need w Our own ancient as spicuous examples of military achieve the noble Italians, their stead; and y perate fortune, for through all the d Artillery-Ground, c of the touch-hole of with as little concern see, to what scorn o out of a mere love o should take off the s favor of bold action motives men aspire common practice in bodies, our militia a corps of soldiers, per whether there is one any two of these ill institution, which w ber indeed to have which had like to b very field before all of them were justice of Birching-lane, ha Major General Mag street. Crabtree dr got and company. A and not understanding drawing bills on me Mr. Jeffrey Stitch of major-general's comp seen march by the d mission. The Lieut of the company, si repayment being as absolutely refuses. of nothing less than takes for his second and sends him with ment, wherein was w all the fury vanished neral gives satisfactio Hence it is, that kept in such subject where would our libe were suffered to exer force? If such officer bands above-mention swords, these dange an army as well as l the state. But the to that of gain; and richest is the bravest rise to a colonel in tv a major, my good frie to that honour by



of gallantry. It is to avoid being sneered at for his singularity, and from a desire to appear more agreeable to his mistress, that a wise, experienced, and polite man complies with the dress commonly received; and is prevailed upon to violate his reason and principles, in hazarding his life and estate by a tilt, as well as suffering his pleasures to be constrained and soured by the constant apprehension of a quarrel. This is the more surprising, because men of the most delicate sense and principles have naturally in other cases a particular repugnance in accommodating themselves to the maxims of the world; but one may easily distinguish the man that is affected with beauty, and the reputation of a tilt, from him who complies with both, merely as they are imposed upon him by custom; for, in the former, you will remark an air of vanity and triumph; whereas, when the latter appears in a long *facillier* full of powder, or has decided a quarrel by the sword, you may perceive in his face, that he appeals to custom for an excuse. I think it may not be improper to inquire into the genealogy of this chimerical monster called a Duel, which I take to be an illegitimate species of the ancient knight-errantry. By the laws of this whim, the heroic person, or man of gallantry, was indispensably obliged to starve in armour a certain number of years in the chase of monsters, encountering them at the peril of his life, and suffer great hardships, in order to gain the affection of the fair lady, and qualify himself for assuming the *belle air*; that is, of a Pretty Fellow, or man of honour, according to the fashion; but, since the publishing of Don Quixote, and extinction of the race of dragons, which Suetonius says happened in that of Wantley, the gallant and heroic spirits of these latter times have been under the necessity of creating new chimerical monsters to entertain themselves with, by way of single combat, as the only proofs they are able to give their own sex, and the ladies, that they are in all points men of nice honour. But, to do justice to the ancient and real monsters, I must observe, that they never molested those who were not of a humour to hunt for them in woods and deserts; whereas, on the contrary, our modern monsters are so familiarly admitted and entertained in all the courts and cities of Europe (except France), that one can scarce be in the most humanized society without risking one's life; the people of the best sort, and the fine gentlemen of the age, being so fond of them, that they seldom appear in any public place without one. I have some further considerations upon this subject, which, as you encourage me, shall be communicated to you by, Sir, a cousin but one remove from the best family of the Staffs, namely, Sir, your humble servant, kinsman, and friend,

'TIM SWITCH.'

It is certain that Mr. Switch has hit upon the true source of this evil; and that it proceeds only from the force of custom, that we contradict ourselves in half the particulars and occurrences of life. But such a tyranny in love, which the fair impose upon us, is a little too severe; that we must demonstrate our affection for them by no certain proof but hatred to one another, or come at them (only as one does at an estate) by survivorship. This way of application to gain a lady's heart is taking her as we do towns and castles, by distressing the place, and letting none come near them without our pass. Were such a lover once to write the truth of his heart, and let her know his whole thoughts, he would appear indeed to have a passion for her; but it would hardly be called love. The billet-doux would run to this purpose:—

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noted and doubt not but your Majesty's au-  
thorities will require the ratification of the state  
of your kingdom. So we bid you heartily farewell  
and we have the honour to meet you assembled in  
parliament. This happy expectation makes us wish  
to see at the event of another campaign, from which  
we hope to be raised from the misery of slaves to the  
condition of subjects. We are your Majesty's truly  
loved and loyal subjects, &c.

No. 20. SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1709.

*From my own Apartment June 18.*

THE violence, the anxiety, the tenderness, which  
I find in the mind of people in England, I am persuaded,  
will be time to much commended; but I doubt  
whether they will be ever rewarded. However, I  
will be on this fully in my work of reformation  
that bears my great design, I am studious to pro-  
my labours increasing upon me, therefore am par-  
ticularly observant of the temper and inclinations of  
children and youth, that we may not give vice  
and folly supplies from the growing generation. It is  
hardly to be imagined how useful this study is, and  
what great evils or benefits arise from putting us in  
our tender years to what we are fit or unfit; therefore,  
on Tuesday last (with a design to sound their inclina-  
tions) I took three lads, who are under my guard-  
ship, assembling in a hackney-coach, to show them  
the town: as the lions, the tombs, Bedlam, and the  
other places which are entertainments to raw minds,  
because they strike forcibly on the fancy. The boys  
are brothers, one of sixteen, the other of fourteen, the  
other of twelve. The first was his father's darling,  
the second his mother's, and the third mine, who am  
their uncle. Mr. William is a lad of true genius;  
but, being at the upper end of a great School, and  
having all the boys below him, his arrogance is incor-  
porable. If I begin to show a little of my Latin, he  
immediately interrupts: 'Uncle, under favor, that  
which you say, is not understood in that manner.'  
'Brother,' says my boy Jack, 'you do not shew your  
manners much in contradicting my uncle Isaac.'  
'You queer cur,' says Mr. William, 'do you think  
my uncle takes any notice of such a dull rogue as you  
are?' Mr. William goes on, 'He is the most stupid  
of all my mother's children: he knows nothing of his  
book: when he should mind that, he is hiding or  
looming, his laws and marbles, or laying up farthings.  
His way of thinking is, four-and-twenty farthings  
make sixpence, and two sixpences a shilling; two  
shillings and sixpence half-a-crown, and two half-  
crowns five shillings. So within these two months  
the close hanks has scraped up twenty shillings, and  
we will make him spend it all before he comes home.'  
Jack immediately claps his hands into both pockets,  
and turns as pale as ashes. There is nothing touches  
a parent (and such I am to Jack) so nearly as a  
provident conduct. This lad has in him the true  
temper for a good husband, a kind father, and an  
honest executor. All the great people you see make  
considerable figures on the exchange, in court, and  
sometimes in senates, are such as in reality have no  
greater faculty than what may be called human  
instinct, which is a natural tendency to their own  
preservation, and that of their friends, without being  
capable of striking out of the road for adventurers.  
There is Sir William Scrip was of this sort of capacity  
from his childhood; he has bought the country round  
him, and makes a bargain better than Sir Harry  
Wildfire, with all his wit and humour. Sir Harry

never wants money but he comes to Scrip, laughs at him half an hour, and then gives bond for the other thousand. The close men are incapable of placing merit any where but in their pence, and therefore gain it; while others, who have larger capacities, are diverted from the pursuit by enjoyments which can be supported only by that cash which they despise; and, therefore, are in the end slaves to their inferiors both in fortune and understanding. I once heard a man of excellent sense observe, that more affairs in the world failed by being in the hands of men of too large capacities for their business, than by being in the conduct of such as wanted abilities to execute them. Jack, therefore, being of a plodding make, shall be a citizen: and I design him to be the refuge of the family in their distress, as well as their jest in prosperity. His brother Will shall go to Oxford with all speed, where, if he does not arrive at being a man of sense, he will soon be informed wherein he is a coxcomb. There is in that place such a true spirit of raillery and humour, that if they cannot make you a wise man, they will certainly let you know you are a fool; which is all my cousin wants, to cease to be so. Thus, having taken these two out of the way, I have leisure to look at my third lad. I observe in the young rogue a natural subtilty of mind, which discovers itself rather in forbearing to declare his thoughts on any occasion, than in any visible way of exerting himself in discourse. For which reason I will place him, where, if he commits no faults, he may go farther than those in other stations, though they excel in virtues. The boy is well-fashioned, and will easily fall into a graceful manner; wherefore, I have a design to make him a page to a great lady of my acquaintance; by which means he will be well skilled in the common modes of life, and make a greater progress in the world by that knowledge, than with the greatest qualities without it. A good mien in a court, will carry a man greater lengths than a good understanding in any other place. We see a world of pains taken, and the best years of life spent in collecting a set of thoughts in a college for the conduct of life, and, after all, the man so qualified shall hesitate in his speech to a good suit of cloaths, and want common sense before an agreeable woman. Hence it is, that wisdom, valour, justice, and learning, cannot keep a man in countenance that is possessed with these excellencies, if he wants that inferior art of life and behaviour, called good-breeding. A man endowed with great perfections, without this, is like one who has his pockets full of gold, but always wants change for his ordinary occasions.

Will Courtly is a living instance of this truth, and has had the same education which I am giving my nephew. He never spoke a thing but what was said before, and yet can converse with the wittiest men without being ridiculous. Among the learned, he does not appear ignorant; nor with the wise indiscreet. Living in conversation from his infancy, makes him no where at a loss; and a long familiarity with the persons of men, is, in a manner, of the same service to him, as if he knew their arts. As ceremony is the invention of wise men to keep fools at a distance, so good-breeding is an expedient to make fools and wise men equals.

*Will's Coffee-house, June 17.*

The suspension of the play-house has made me have nothing to send you from hence; but calling here this evening, I found the party I usually sit with, upon the business of writing, and examining

what was to be done for the women, and the opinion of this subject for I know it is an inexpressible pleasure there was a letter, but I face to face that I am more than any for, when I solid and I of her, join your mind language seldom such as he pleases more under and women. He that support this is much to see the whole possible, to sigh for her own sake to hope for I produced writ by two were both battle of gay-humour but a great this is his it is so nee peeping in no exactness

'MADAM am in, the company we shall go upon a fair left you to have ended drive you are more to permit you downright as his grave man of to Therefore shall come with quite say, I rest obedient, I

Now for folded and

'MADAM this evening day of bat that I shall hear I have love of h woman of going to a I meet it in your es is prefera I say, ma



He had on account that he had read "Temperance Guard Abolitionist," and had told that data as a very good part of the law; for when a man's name is put into his hand, the person that put it on is not to be put off or defendant, may put it on in any the day. Further, he said, and under fact that the court, that when the issue is joined by the defendant, or other capital crimes, the parties would not fight in their own people, but in the hands of the king, or any where else. The court in the law we had from the Saxons; and he said it, as the trial by ordeal, from the English. It is, I had agreed, said he, the southern and western nations never know any thing of it; for the ancient Romans would send and call names in, or the other is not an example of a challenge that is passed among them.

It is among the eastern nations, but another gentleman in mind of an account he had from a business of an East Indian; which was, that a Chinese had tricked and bubbled him, and that then he came to demand satisfaction the next morning, and like a true man of honour called him a son of a whore, a dog, and other rough appellatives used by persons conversant with winds and waves; the Chinese, with great tranquillity, desired him not to come near his festive, nor put himself into a passion, nor would he produce his wealth. Thus the east is more than the west in tranquillity.

There is a lot of the table a person of a considerable aspect, who asserted, that 'half the negroes, which are put upon those ages have been translated by writers who have given too great pains and magnificence to the exploits of their noble bear-garden, and made their gladiators, by fatal mistakes, greater than Gomer and others of Great Britain.' He informed the company, that he had consulted authorities for what he said, and that a learned antiquary, Humphrey Scarcecrow, esquire, of Hockley in the Hole, resorted to the Bear-garden, was then writing a discourse on the subject. He says by the following words, 'says this gentleman, that the lion names, which are used among us with great veneration, were no other than stage-fighters and writhes of the ancient bear-garden. The renowned Hercules himself earned a quarter-staff, as was then termed Clavizer. A learned chronicler is now proving what wood this staff was made of, whether oak, ash, or crab-tree. The first trial which he ever performed was with one Cacus, a deer of the forest, whose name was Typhonus, a giant of four or five hundred inches. Indeed it was unappropiately recorded, that once, that last with a sailor's wife, she made him stronger, or worse, for her own use, and dwindle away to nothing, she chopped him on an old rat-jacketed wooden bed, his that this great hero dropped like a dead sheep. Then his contemporary Theseus succeeded in the bear-garden, which he nour he told for many years. This candid duelist went to hell, and was the only one of that sect that ever came to a good end. As for Achilles and Hector (as the ballads are so frequently mentioned) they were pretty smart fellows, but they got at sword and buckler; but the true strength of the matter of it. His mother, who was a very strong woman, I have not a Blacksmith of Leno's strength, but she was a good weapons. There is a pair of trusty pikes in a song of Virgil that were famous for their strength and goodly appearance, they fought no sham prize,

The Roman back-garden was abundantly more important than any thing Greece could boast of.

it flourished most under those delights of mankind, Nero and Domitian. At one time it is recorded, four hundred senators entered the list, and thought it an honour to be cudgelled and quarterstaffed. I observe the Lanistæ were the people chiefly employed, which makes me imagine our bear-garden copied much after this, the butchers being the greatest men in it.

Thus far the glory and honour of the bear-garden stood secure, until fate, that irresistible ruler of sub-lunary things, in that universal ruin of arts, and politer learning, by those savage people the Goths and Vandals, destroyed and levelled it to the ground. Then fell the grandeur and bravery of the Roman State, until at last the warlike genius (but accompanied with more courtesy) revived in the Christian world under the puissant champions, Saint George, Saint Dennis, and other dignified heroes: one killed his dragon, another his lion, and were all afterwards canonized for it, having red letters before them to illustrate their martial temper. The Spanish nation, it must be owned, were devoted to gallantry and chivalry above the rest of the world. What a great figure does that great name, Don Quixote, make in history! How shines this glorious star in the western world! O renowned hero! O mirror of knighthood!

Thy brandish'd whinyard all the world defies,  
And kills as sure as del Tobosa's eyes.

I am forced to break off abruptly, being sent for in haste with my rule, to measure the degree of an affront, before the two gentlemen (who are now in their breeches and pumps ready to engage behind Montague-house) have made a pass.

*From my own Apartment, June 18.*

It is an unreasonable objection, I find, against my labours, that my stock is not all my own; and, therefore, the kind reception I have met with, is not so deserved as it ought to be. But I hope, though it be never so true, that I am obliged to my friends for laying their cash in my hands, since I give it them again when they please, and leave them at their liberty to call it home, it will not hurt me with my gentle readers. Ask all the merchants who act upon consignments, where is the necessity (if they answer readily what their correspondents draw) of their being wealthy themselves? Ask the greatest bankers, if all the men they deal with were to draw at once, what would be the consequence? But, indeed, a country friend has writ me a letter which gives me great mortification; wherein I find I am so far from expecting a supply from thence, that some have not heard of me, and the rest do not understand me: his epistle is as follows:—

'DEAR COUSIN—I thought, when I left the town, to have raised your fame here, and helped you to support it by intelligence from hence; but, alas! they had never heard of the Tatler until I brought down a set. I lent them from house to house, but they asked me what they meant. I began to enlighten them, by telling who and who were supposed to be intended by the characters drawn. I said, for instance, Chloe and Clarissa are two eminent toasts. A gentleman, who keeps his greyhound and gun, and one would think might know better, told me, he supposed they were *Papishes*, for their names were not English. 'Then,' said he, 'why do you call live people toasts?' I answered, 'That was a new name found out by the wits, to make a lady have the same effect as burridge in the glass when a man is drinking. But, says I, Sir, I perceive this is to you all

bamboozled. Diego'd to good laugh though he the town, be content and fame describe it, lest, like their own not know excuse me and only I conversatic

This even one of them yet really talked a go standing. panion am brisk air, the other, enough. but the se style, and pens to d 'Madam,' office.' U and sits in for my hea see how sh We sat do 'Two han Slim, 'Ay fewer the was as wit

and so help have you f manners t greatest ta eats up all would thin how he tal roguish an Slim, who cries, 'Ye versation.'

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A mail the 12th, f at Torra A of the arm camp of J with a de According towards B de Bay de Olivenza, a large de visions tow and march from the S necessarily \* \* \* Wh who fell u printers c

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because, if she should recant, she may then hate me perhaps, in the other extreme, for my tenuity. I am (with impatience) your most humble servant,

CHARLES STURDY.

My patient has put his case with very much warmth, and represented it in so lively a manner, that I see both his torment and tormentor with great perspicuity. This order of Platonic ladies are to do it with in a manner peculiar from all the rest of the sex. Flattery is the general way, and the way in this case; but it is not to be done grossly. Every man that has wit, and humour, and railery, can make a good flatterer for women in general; but a Platonic is not to be touched with panegyric; she will tell you, it is a sensuality in the soul to be delighted that way. You are not therefore to commend, but silently consent to all she does and says. You are to consider, in her the scorn of you is no honour, but opinion.

There were, some years since, a set of these ladies who were of quality, and gave out, that virginity was to be their state of life during this mortal condition, and therefore resolved to join their fortunes and erect a nunnery. The place of residence was pitched upon; and a pretty situation, full of natural beauties and risings of waters, with shady covert, and flowery arbores, was approved by seven of the founders. There were as many of our sex who took the liberty to visit their mansions of intemperance; among others, a favourite rake of the time, who had the grave way to an excellence. He came in first; but on seeing a servant coming towards him with a design to tell him this was a place for him or his companions, up goes my grave respect to the maid; 'Young woman,' said he, 'one of the ladies are in the way on this side of the house, pray carry us on the other side toward the gardens; we are, you must know, gentlemen that are travelling England; after which we shall go into foreign parts, where some of us have already been. How he bows in the most humble manner, and kisses the girl, who know not how to behave to such a set of carriage. He goes on; 'Now you must know, we have an ambition to have it to say, that we have a protestant nunnery in England; but pray Mr. Betty—' 'Sir,' she replied, 'my name is Susan, at your service.' 'Then I heartily beg your pardon—' 'No offence in the least,' said she, 'for I have a coachman, whose name is Betty.' 'Indeed,' said he, 'I protest to you, that was more than I knew.' 'I spoke at random; but since it happens that I was wrong in the right, give me leave to present this gentleman to the favour of a civil salute.' His friend arose, and so on, until they had all saluted her. Betty means the poor girl was in the middle of the crowd of these fellows, at a loss what to do, without courage to pass through them; and the Platonic, a several peep-holes, pale, trembling, and fretful. Rake perceived they were observed, and therefore took care to keep Sukey in chat with questions concerning their way of life; when appeared at last Madamella, a lady who had writ a fine book concerning the reclus life, and was the projectrix of the foundation. She approaches into the hall; and Rake, knowing the dignity of his own mien and asper, and deputy from his company. She begins, 'Sir, am directed to follow the servant, who was sent out to know what affair could make strangers press upon sanctuary which we, who are to inhabit this place have devoted to heaven and our own thoughts.' 'Madam,' replies Rake, with an air of great distance.

with a certain indifference, by which he could enable dissimulation, your great intention has made noise in the world than you design it should; the travellers, who have seen many foreign institutions of this kind, have a curiosity to see, in its first efforts, the seat of primitive piety; for such it will be called by future ages, to the eternal honour of its founders: I have read Madonella's excellent graphic discourse on this subject.' The lady immediately answered, 'If what I have said could contribute to raise any thoughts in you that are for the advancement of intellectual and moral conversation, I should think myself extremely obliged.' He immediately fell back with the protest of veneration; then advancing, 'Are you then an admired lady? If I may approach lips which utter things so sacred'—He salutes her. His lady followed his example. The devoted within her amazement where this would end, to see Madonella receive their address and their company. Rake goes on—'We would not transgress rules; we may take the liberty to see the place you thought fit to choose for ever, we would go into parts of the gardens, as is consistent with the ties you have imposed on yourselves.' In short, Madonella permitted Rake to lead her to the assembly of nuns, followed by his friends, each took his fair-one by the hand, after due permission, to walk round the gardens. The conclusion turned upon the lilies, the flowers, the trees, and the growing vegetables; and Rake had lemn impudence, when the whole company stood before him, to say, that 'he sincerely wished men to rise out of the earth like plants; and that our women were not of necessity to be sullied with carnal appetites for the generation, as well as for that of our species.' This was spoken with so much fixed an assurance, that Madonella answered, under the notion of a pious thought, you deceive yourself in wishing an institution foreign to that of piety. These desires were implanted in us for other purposes, in preserving the race of men, and in affording opportunities for making our chastity more perfect. The conference was continued in this celestial strain, and carried on so well by the managers on either side, that it created a second and a third intermission, and without entering into further particulars, was hardly one of them but was a mother or daughter that day twelvemonth.

My unnatural part is long taking up and as long taking down; therefore Mr. Sturdy may assure himself, that he will fly for ever from a forward behaviour; when he approaches her according to this model, she will be all in with the necessities of mortal life, and descend to look with pity upon an unhappy man, who is so much in need of such body, and urged by such desires.

*From my own Apartment, June 22.*

The evils of this town increase upon me to so great a degree, that I am half afraid I shall not leave the place much better than I found it. Several worthy men and critics have applied to me, to give my opinion of an enormity which has been revived, after long suppression, and is called punning. I have had arguments ready to prove, that he cannot be a person of honour, who is guilty of this abuse of human nature. But the way to expose it is, like the expedient of curing drunkenness, showing a man in that condition; therefore I must give my reader warning, to expect a collection of these offences; without preparation, I thought it too adventurous to

introduce the very same, and I hope, I shall not mention oaths at all. I shall deduce my very good friends, and whom, by his example, he is of the last age of this.

*St. James's.*

Last night arrived bring letters from the instant, N. S. with camped behind a series of Romiers on the far as Bethune: In their rear, and the line from Lens to caused an exact ground, and the which appeared so proper to attack the ever the Duke the designed it: his garrison at Looze, and advanced with an enemy. To favour assault, the ways in such manner, the thoughts of anything break of day next the night of the towards Tournay, the morning of the Villars was so convinced him, that he had the place, which is which reason, it is a small time, while by coming out of a general engagement garrison of Mons command of Marshal Walloons, and the grand army of the

No. 33.] SATURDAY

By MRS. JENNINGS

M

*From my*

My brother has and the work again very glad I have have for some time right idea of thing very odd light, and of my own sex. is necessary to make to keep the horrible rules of common

I gladly embrace with the resentment liberties of speech honoured names of my part: I had like to but the senseless sentiments of pleasure human life is becoming. My brother

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truly impertinent, as to admonish me she w  
lord's argument with. However, it struck me, sp  
city of a girl, that it may possibly be, has been  
might have been as favourable or more as now  
things of him; and as unlikely things as that he  
be period, if he should make me his wife. She ge  
mentioned this more to me; but I still in each  
places of he looks at this man, who easily over-  
are passion for him. It is so hard a thing to be  
the return of agreeable thoughts, that he cannot  
doubt my vision, my feel, my wish, my to meet.  
That mistress of darkness, the holy Silence  
perceived how well the temper I was in, and how  
one day after evening, serious, needs take more  
back. When we were there, my lord passes on  
flushed me a flame. Mrs. Distaff says she, by  
not very well remember the concern I was in  
the first notice I took of your regard to the child  
and I have me, who had a tender friendship for  
another (even for grave) that I am vigilant in  
and a. She went on with much severity, and his  
of citation, prevailed on me to go with him to  
the country, and there spend the ensuing summer  
of the way of a man she saw I loved, and one who  
perceived a cloud of my ruin, by frequently declar-  
her to introduce him to me; which she also, by  
perused, except he would give his honour that he  
no other design but to marry me. To her ever  
noise, a week or two after, we went: there was  
the further end of her garden, a kind of wilderness  
in the middle of which ran a sort rivulet by an arti-  
ficial stream. In this place I usually passed a  
retired hours, and read some romantic or poetical  
ment to close of evening. It was near that time  
the heat of summer, when gentle winds, soft in  
of water, and notes of nightingales, had given  
me an indolence, which added to that repose of  
twilight and the end of a warm day naturally thro  
upon the spirits. It was at such an hour, and i  
such a state of tranquillity I sat, when, to my  
prosecution amazement, I saw my lord walking toward  
me, whom I knew not until that moment to ha  
been in the country. I could observe in his ap-  
the perplexity which attends a man long with design  
and I felt, while he was coming forward, too  
reflect that I was betrayed; the sense of which  
me a resentment suitable to such a baseness, in  
when he entered into the bower where I was, he  
heart flew towards him, and, I confess, a certain  
once into my mind, with a hope that he might be  
make a declaration of honour and passion. Th  
threw my eye upon him with such tenderness as ga  
him power with a broken accent, to begin. "Ma  
—you will wonder—for it is certain, you must ha  
observed—that I fear you will misinterpret th  
selves—but by heaven, and all that is sacred, if y  
I could!—Here he made a full stand, and I was  
power to say. The consternation I am, even now  
not, I suppose, believe—a help, despicable man!—has  
that, the phoe!—He saw me in as great confusion  
him out, which attributing to the same causes, he ha  
the consciousness to throw himself at my feet, in  
of the stiffness of the evening, and then ran at  
declarations of my person, pure flames, constant  
eternal raptures, and a thousand other phrases draw  
from the images we have of heaven, which I must  
as a thousand of hell, when run over with me, and  
as a thousand. After which, he seized me in his arms, as  
doubt was too evident. In my utmost distress, I  
down on my knees—My lord, pity me, on my knees—  
the cause of virtue, as you were lately in that of wick-  
edness. Can you think of destroying the labour of

sole life, the purpose of a long education, for the service of a sudden appetite; to throw one at loves you, that doats on you, out of the company of the road of all that is virtuous and praiseworthy? Have I taken in all the instructions of piety, religion, and reason, for no other end, but to be the sacrifice of lust, and abandoned to scorn? Assume yourself, my lord; and do not attempt to vitiate a temple consecrated to innocence, honour, and religion. If I have injured you, stab this bosom, and let me die, but not be ruined by the hand I love.' The ardency of my passion made me incapable of uttering more; and I saw my lover astonished, and reformed by my behaviour: when rushed in Sempronia. 'Ha! faithless base man, could you then steal out of town, and work like a robber about my house for such brutish purposes?'

My lord was by this time recovered, and fell into a violent laughter at the turn which Sempronia designed to give her villainy. He bowed to me with the utmost respect: 'Mrs. Distaff,' said he, 'be careful hereafter of your company;' and so retired. The fiend Sempronia congratulated my deliverance with a flood of tears.

This nobleman has since very frequently made his addresses to me with honour; but I have as often refused them; as well as knowing that familiarity and marriage will make him, on some ill-natured occasion, call all I said in the harbour a theatrical fiction. Besides that, I glory in condemning a man, who had thoughts to my dishonour. If this method were the imitation of the whole sex, innocence would be the only dress of beauty; and all affectation by any other arts to please the eyes of men, would be banished to the stews for ever. The conquest of passion gives ten times more happiness than we can reap from the gratification of it; and she that has got over such a one as mine, will stand among Beaux and Pretty Fellows, with as much safety as in a summer's day among grass-hoppers and butterflies.

P.S. I have ten millions of things more against men, if ever I get the pen again.

*St. James's Coffee-house, June 24.*

Our last advices from the Hague dated the twentieth instant, N. S. say, that on the twenty-fifth, a squadron of Dutch men-of-war sailed out of the Texel to join Admiral Baker at Spithead. The twenty-sixth was observed as a day of fasting and humiliation, to implore a blessing on the arms of the allies this ensuing campaign. Letters from Dresden are very particular in the account of the gallantry and magnificence, in which that court has appeared since the arrival of the King of Denmark. No day has passed in which public shows have not been exhibited for his entertainment and diversion; the last of that kind which is mentioned is a carousal, wherein many of the youth of the first quality dressed in the most splendid manner, ran for the prize. His Danish Majesty condescended to the same; but having observed that there was a design laid to throw it in his way, passed by without attempting to gain it. The court of Dresden was preparing to accompany his Danish Majesty to Potsdam, where the expectation of an interview of three kings, had drawn together such multitudes of people, that many persons of distinction will be obliged to lie in tents, as long as those courts continue in that place.

No. 34.] TUESDAY, JUNE 28, 1709.

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 25.*

HAVING taken upon me to cure all the distempers

which proceed from a cold, I have laboured, since I began, all the good that I could at my own loss, by the method of my operations in the most just to my patient, under their hands, and the good of the benefit of the of private advice.

I have cured in her eyes, from one cold languishing at my own power, of my ink, I have attentively looked into the true sense, not mislead, which I call looks right for half a-day will have a peculiar true cosmetic nature of it, a design to a it into down to look with it immediately new grace to great deal of whom it is a patient is in her first month knighted, or obtained any be prepared effect upon of taken in due it cured her whole neighbourhood.

The same old fellow, my sex. You will there is not myself. The going to Madam, namely, Dan of distinction their way to humour (as if they would not of Pretti if I thought among those was the more.

To put the must not raise importance; the kit.' The end of the road enough to me world so equal name-sake in a condition their charms half that air, for, by the far, when a I think, has dishd torch





My method is, to dive to the bottom of a sore before I pretend to apply a remedy. For this reason, I sat by an eminent story-teller and politician, who takes half an ounce in five seconds, and has mortgaged a pretty tenement near the town, merely to improve and dung his brains with this prolific disorder. I observed this gentleman, the other day, in the midst of a story, diverted from it by looking at something at a distance, and I softly hid his box, as he returns to his tale, and, looking for his box, cries, 'And so, sir—' then, when he should have taken a pinch, 'as I was saying—' says he, 'has nobody seen my box?' His friend beseeches him to finish his narration; then he proceeds: 'And so, sir—where can my box be?' Then turning to me, 'Pray, sir, did you see my box?' 'Yes, sir,' said I, 'I took it to see how long you could live without it.' He resumes his tale, and I took notice that his utterance was much more regular and fluent than before. A pinch supplied the place of 'As I was saying,' and 'So, sir,' and he went on currently enough in that style which the learned call the aspid. This observation easily led me into a philosophic reason for taking snuff, which is done only to supply with sensations the want of reflection. This I take to be an *ὀφθαλμία*, a nostrum; upon which I hope to receive the thanks of this board: for as it is natural to lift a man's hand to a sore, when you fear any thing coming at you; so when a person feels his thoughts are run out, and he has no more to say, it is as natural to supply his weak brain with powder at the nearest place of access, viz. the nostrils. This is so evident, that nature suggests the use according to the indigence of the persons who take this medicine, without being prepossessed with the force of fashion or custom. For example; the native Hibernians, who are reckoned not much unlike the ancient Boeotians, take this specific for emptiness in the head, in greater abundance than any other nation under the sun. The learned Sotus, as sparing as he is in his words, would be still more silent if it were not for this powder.

However low and poor the taking of snuff argues a man to be in his own stock of thoughts, or means to employ his brains and his fingers; yet there is a poorer creature in the world than he, and this is a borrower of snuff; a fellow that keeps no box of his own, but is always asking others for a pinch. Such poor rogues put me always in mind of a common phrase among school-boys when they are composing their exercise, who run to an upper scholar, and cry, 'Pray give me a little sense.' But, of all things I commend me to the ladies who are got into this pretty help to discourse. I have been these three years persuading Sagissa to leave it off; but she talks so much, and is so learned, that she is above contradiction. However, an accident the other day brought that about, which my elquence could never accomplish. She had a very pretty fellow in her closet, who ran thither to avoid some company that came to visit her: she made an excuse to go in to him for some implement they were talking of. Her taster gallant snatched a kiss; but, being unused to snuff, some grains from off her upper lip made him sneeze aloud, which alarmed the visitants, and has made a discovery, that profound reading, very much intelligence, and a general knowledge of who and who are together, cannot fill her vacant hours so much, but she is sometimes obliged to descend to entertainments less intellectual.

*White's Chocolate-house, June 29.*

I know no manner of news from this place, but

that Cynthia, inexorable C with the good pitched upon will undoubtedly strain of fan deference that choose for his truth spoken letter.

'MADAM—Lucy, and give request I made admitted to was desiring this, severe rules above the little of giving up therefore hope generous past opportunity pretend to you with my be received; of sex should from the ord plainness and much as ot Instead of s should be gl beautiful, as as any woma I regard all direct them madam, the of its becom Lucy send n mise you I things; thou shall approo seeing you, most obedie

Having ta next winter observations the actors, I the laws of a part of the s so refined at sentation of are admirab the actors w by which w their behavi course as fol

'Speak th to you, tripp it, as many crier spoke much with y in the very whirlwind o beget a temp it offends perrwig-pat very rags, to for the most plicable dur a fellow wh herods Here

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BATRIX.

7.

July, N.S.  
nce Eugene,  
Villars had  
garrison of  
owards that

place, and came before it early on the morning of  
twenty-seventh. As soon as they came into the  
ground, the prince of Nassau was sent with a strong  
detachment to take post at St. Amand; and, at the  
same time, my Lord Orkney received orders to  
himself himself of Montagne: both which were suc-  
cessfully executed; whereby we were masters of the  
Scheld and Scarpe. Eight men were drawn out of  
each troop of dragoons and company of foot in the  
garrison of Tournay, to make up the reinforcement  
which was ordered to join Marshal Villars. On the  
advice, that the allies were marching towards Tour-  
nay, they endeavoured to return into the town, but  
were intercepted by the Earl of Orkney, by whom the  
whole body was killed or taken. These letters shew  
that twelve hundred dragoons (each horseman carry-  
ing a foot-soldier behind him) were detached from  
Mons to throw themselves into Tournay, but, on the  
appearance of a great body of horse of the allies,  
retired towards Comle. We hear that the garrison  
does not consist of more than three thousand five  
hundred men. Of the sixty battalions designed to  
be employed in this siege, seven are English, five  
two of guards, and the regiments of Argyle, Trapp  
Evans, and Meredith.

No. 36.] SATURDAY, JULY 2, 1709.

BY MRS. JENNY DISTAFF, HALF-SISTER TO  
MR. BICKERSTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, June 30.*

MANY affairs calling my brother into the country  
the care of our intelligence with the town is left  
me for some time; therefore you must expect to  
advices you meet with in this paper, to be such  
more immediately and naturally fall under the con-  
sideration of our sex. History, therefore, written  
by a woman, you will easily imagine to consist  
love in all its forms, both in the abuse of, and obe-  
dience to that passion. As to the faculty of writing  
itself, it will not, it is hoped, be demanded that strength  
and ornament shall be so much consulted, as truth  
and simplicity; which latter qualities we may not  
justly pretend to beyond the other sex. While  
therefore, the administration of our affairs is in  
hands, you shall from time to time have an ac-  
count of all false lovers, and their shallow pretences  
for breaking off; of all tergiversant wives who have  
wedlock a yoke; of men who affect the entertain-  
ments and manners suitable only to our sex, and  
women who pretend to the conduct of such affairs  
are only within the province of men. It is necessary  
further to advertise the reader, that the usual place  
of resort being utterly out of my province or obser-  
vation, I shall be obliged frequently to change the dis-  
tance of places as occurrences come into my way. The  
following letter I lately received from Epnom.

*Epnom, June 28.*

'It is now almost three weeks since what you  
wrote about happened in this place: The quarrel between  
my friends did not run so high as I find your  
accounts have made it. The truth of the fact you shall  
have very faithfully. You are to understand, that the  
persons concerned in this scene were Lady Autumn  
and Lady Springly: Autumn is a person of great  
breeding, formality, and a singular way practised  
the last age; and Lady Springly a modern imperi-  
ment of our sex, who affects as improper a familiarity  
as the other does distance. Lady Autumn knows  
a hair's breadth where her place is in all assemblies

and conversations; but Springly neither gives nor takes place of any body, but understands the place to signify no more, than to have room enough to be at ease wherever she comes. Thus, while Autumn takes the whole of this life to consist in understanding punctilio and decorum, Springly takes every thing to be becoming, which contributes to her ease and satisfaction. These heroines have married two brothers, both knights. Springly is the spouse of the elder, who is a baronet; and Autumn, being a rich widow, has taken the younger, and her purse endowed him with an equal fortune, and knighthood of the same order. This jumble of titles, you need not doubt, has been an aching torment to Autumn, who took place of the other on no pretence, but her carelessness and disregard of distinction. The secret occasion of envy broiled long in the breast of Autumn; but no opportunity of contention on that subject happening, kept all things quiet until the accident of which you demand an account.

'It was given out among all the gay people of this place, that on the ninth instant several damsels, swift of foot, were to run for a suit of head-cloaths at the Old Wells. Lady Autumn on this occasion invited Springly to go with her in her coach to see the race. When they came to the place, where the governor of Epsom and all his court of citizens were assembled, as well as a crowd of people of all orders, a brisk young fellow addresses himself to the younger of the ladies, viz. Springly, and offers her his service to conduct her into the music-room. Springly accepts the compliment, and is led triumphantly through a bowing crowd, while Autumn is left among the rabble, and has much ado to get back into her coach; but she did it last; and as it is usual to see by the horses my lady's present disposition, she orders John to whip furiously home to her husband; where, when she enters, down she sits, began to unpin her hood, and lament her foolish fond heart, to marry into a family where she was so little regarded; she that might —. Here she stops; then rises up, and stamps and sits down again. Her gentle knight made his approach with a supple beseeching gesture. "My dear!" said he—"Tell me no dears;" replied Autumn, in the presence of the governor and all the merchants—"What will the world say of a woman that has thrown herself away at this rate?" Sir Thomas withdrew, and knew it would not be long a secret to him; as well as that experience told him, he that marries a fortune is of course guilty of all faults against his wife, let them be committed by whom they will. But Springly, an hour or two after, returns from the Wells, and finds the whole company together. Down she sat, and a profound silence ensued. You know a premeditated quarrel usually begins, and works up with the words *some people*. The silence was broken by Lady Autumn, who began to say, "There are some people who fancy, that if some people"—Springly immediately takes her up, "There are some people who fancy, if other people"—Autumn repartees, "People may give themselves airs; but other people, perhaps, who may make less ado, may be, perhaps, as agreeable as people who set themselves out more." All the other people at the table sat mute, while these two people, who were quarrelling, went on with the use of the word *people*, instancing the very accidents between them, as if they kept only in distant hints. Therefore, says Autumn, reddening, "There are some people will go abroad in other people's coaches, and leave those with whom they went to shift for themselves; and if, perhaps, those people have mar-

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ary, sure, she that disturbs but a room or a  
is more to be tolerated, than one who draws  
er whole parishes and counties, and sometimes  
an estate that might make him the blessing  
nament of the world around him) has no other  
nd ambition, but to be an animal above dogs  
orses, without the relish of any one enjoyment  
is peculiar to the faculties of human nature. I  
it will be here said, that talking of mere country  
s at this rate, is, as it were, to write against  
ine and Orson. To prove any thing against the  
men, you must take them as they are adorned  
education; as they live in courts, or have re-  
instructions in colleges.

I am so full of my late entertainment by Mr.  
y, that I must defer pursuing this subject to  
r day; and waive the proper observations upon  
ferent offenders in this kind, some by profound  
nce on small occasions, others by degrading  
upon great circumstances. Expect, therefore,  
of the whisperer without business, the laughter  
at wit, the complainer without receiving in-  
and a very large crowd, which I shall not  
ll, who are common (though not commonly  
ed) impertinents, whose tongues are too vo-  
for their brains, and are the general despisers  
omen, though we have their superiors, men  
se for our servants.

*Will's Coffee-house, July 3.*

ery ingenious gentleman was complaining this  
g, that the players are grown so severe critics,  
ey would not take in his play, though it has as  
fine things in it as any play that has been writ  
he days of Dryden. He began his discourse  
his play with a preface.

ere is,' said he, ' somewhat (however we pal-  
) in the very frame and make of us, that sub-  
ur minds to chagrin and irresolution on any  
ncy of time or place. The difficulty grows on  
ckened imagination, under all the killing  
stances of danger and disappointment. This  
not only in the men of retirement and fancy,  
the characters of the men of action; with this  
fference, the coward sees the danger, and  
under it; the hero, warmed by the difficulty,  
and rises in proportion to that, and in some  
akes use of his very fears to disarm it. A re-  
instance of this we have in the great Cæsar,  
he came to the Rubicon, and was entering  
part, perhaps the most hazardous he ever  
certainly the most ungrateful) a war with his  
men. When his mind brooded over personal  
, perhaps his anger burned with a desire of  
But when more serious reflections laid  
him the hazard of the enterprize with the  
consequences which were likely to attend it,  
ted by a special circumstance, "What figure  
d bear in the world, or how be excused to  
y! What shall he do?"—His honour,  
as his religion, bids him arm; and he sounds  
inations of his party, by this set speech:

*Cæsar to his Party at the Rubicon.*

at Jove, attend, and thou my native soil,  
in my triumphs, glutted in my spoil;  
ess with what reluctance I oppose  
rms to thine, secure of other foes.  
passive breast can bear disgrace like mine?  
or!—For this I conquer'd on the Rhine,  
r'd their ten years' drudgery in Gaul,  
ur'd their fate, and sav'd the Capitol.

I grew by every  
The crowd, when  
Impatient of the  
Brave actions d  
Like birds obs  
Giddy with rul  
They throw the  
And Gods! to  
Assume the pat  
Farewell, my fr  
To your bare pi  
Must lay that h  
To serve the va  
Expos'd to all i  
Deserve of those  
To rods and ax  
Play with my g  
This, shall the  
Or do me justic

*St. James*

There has arriv  
we have no manne  
to give you for suc  
on foot concerning  
advices. There ar  
seventeen squadro  
of Tournay; the g  
but eleven battalio  
the twenty-ninth c  
brought advice, to  
Prussia, and his m  
days, to come to  
letters mention, th  
of Sapieha and L  
Paris, confirm the  
want of provisions,  
it; which is, tha  
returned to court,  
crowds about the  
and bread, bread a

Mrs. Distaff has  
this paper, to turn  
of her own sex, an  
greatest vexations  
this end written  
Second Word, wit  
Reply, very proper  
persons either ill-b  
this tract a digressi  
ing the words I W

A gentlewoman v  
a maid who can wh  
ment of her family.  
starch, lisp, and tr  
encouragement in l

No. 38.] THURS

BY MRS. JENNY

MR

*From my*

I FIND among m  
letter verbatim, wh  
press so long as he  
no other end, but to  
have already had up

'SIR,

'The end of all  
benefit and instruct  
readers: to which



courteous Umbra. He is a fine man indeed, but the soft creature bows below my apron-string, before he takes it: yet, after the first ceremonies, he is as familiar as my physician, and his insignificance makes me half ready to complain to him of all I would to my doctor. He is so courteous, that he carries half the messages of ladies' ails in town to their midwives and nurses. He understands too the art of medicine as far as to the cure of a pimple, or a rash. On occasions of the like importance, he is the most assiduous of all men living, in consulting and searching precedents from family to family; then he speaks of his obsequiousness and diligence in the style of real services. If you sneer at him, and thank him for his great friendship he bows, and says, 'Madam, all the good offices in my power, while I have any knowledge or credit, shall be at your service.' The consideration of so shallow a being, and the intent application with which he pursues trifles has made me carefully reflect upon that sort of men we usually call an *impertinent*: and I am, upon mature deliberation, so far from being offended with him, that I am really obliged to him; for though he will take you aside, and talk half an hour to you upon matters, wholly insignificant, with the most solemn air, yet I consider, that these things are of weight in his imagination, and he thinks he is communicating what is for my service. If, therefore, it be a just rule, to judge of a man by his intention, according to the equity of good breeding, he that is impertinently kind or wise to do you a service, ought in return to have a proportionable place both in your affection and esteem; so that the courteous Umbra deserves the favour of all his acquaintance; for though he never served them, he is ever willing to do it, and believes he does it.

As impotent kindness is to be returned with all our abilities to oblige; so impotent malice is to be treated with all our force to depress it. For this reason Flyblow (who is received in all the families in town, through the degeneracy and iniquity of their manners) is to be treated like a knave, though he is one of the weakest of fools: he has by rote, and at second-hand, all that can be said of any man of figure, wit, and virtue, in town. Name a man of worth, and this creature tells you the worst passage of his life. Speak of a beautiful woman, and this puppy will whisper the next man to him, though he has nothing to say of her. He is a fly that feeds on the sore part, and would have nothing to live on if the whole body were in health. You may know him by the frequency of pronouncing the particle *but*; for which reason I never heard him spoke of with common charity, without using my *but* against him: for a friend of mine saying the other day, 'Mrs. Distaff has wit, good-humour, virtue, and friendship;' this oaf added, 'But she is not handsome.' 'Coxcomb! the gentleman was saying what I was, not what I was not.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 6.*

The approaches before Tournay have been carried on with great success; and our advices from the camp before that place of the eleventh instant say that they had already made a lodgment on the glacis. Two hundred boats were come up the Scheld with the heavy artillery and ammunition, which would be employed in dismounting the enemy's defences, and raised on the batteries the fifteenth.

A great body of miners are summoned to the camp, to countermine the defences of the enemy.

We are convinced of the weakness of the garrison by

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the citadel  
are assured  
advancing  
General de  
letter, giv  
concluded  
to break, a  
of battle.  
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action; an  
the Marsha  
Mrs. Di  
Monday ev  
Bickerstaff  
gives her se  
It is to be  
appears du

No. 39.]

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in their hig  
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where in fact I take to be a better guide than a  
of  
opinions, which are usually biased. I  
judge in this case, as King Charles the  
Second vic-talled his navy with the bread which  
it has dogs close of several pieces thrown be-  
com, rather than trust to the assertions of the  
victuallers. Mr. Cowper, and other learned crimi-  
nals, already urged the authority of this aimark  
behalf of their clients. We shall, therefore go  
with all speed in our cause; and doubt not but en-  
joy what we at the end what we lost in the be-  
ginning, by protecting the term for us, until We have  
enjoyed our right. And the University Oration  
may be a prey, &c.

*From my own Apartment, July 7.*

The subject of duels has, I find, been started with  
so good success, that it has been the frequent sub-  
ject of conversation among gentlemen; and a dialogue  
of that kind has been transmitted to me verbally  
yesterday. The points concerned in it are more  
common and experience in the manners of men, as  
have taken upon the truest foundation, as well  
as the most of this city.

*Mr. Sage.*—It were in my power every man, if  
he has sword, unless in the service, or punct  
defend his life, person, or goods from violence;  
nor is abstracted from all punctures or whims of  
honour, should ride the wooden horse in the Tilt-  
yard, such first offence; for the second, stand in the  
penalty; and for the third, be prisoner in Boleyn  
life.

*Col. Plume.*—I remember that a rencounter or du-  
el was common among the officers in the  
service in the parliament-army, that, on the contrary,  
it was disgraceful, and as great an impediment to  
advance in the service, as being bashful in the  
company.

*Mr. Work.*—Yet I have been informed by some  
of the officers, that their reputation for brave and gallant  
men, that they were much more in mode among the  
peers than they have been during this last war.

*Col. Plume.*—That is true too, Sir.

*Mr. Sage.*—By what you say, gentlemen, one should  
think that our present military officers are compa-  
ratively of a more temperate and both those tempers, and  
the more the more discontented, nor much more so.

*Mr. Work.*—That difference of temper in regard to  
duels, which appears to have been, between the civil  
and military gentlemen of the sword, was not I can  
say, very great. For in the latter, nor of a civil  
gentleman, unless there were some of the best of the  
civilian had engaged in that party. But gallantry  
and military, which is agreeable to the honour of  
the country, and by the court, as promoting its policy  
and it was as natural that the military party  
should be more ready to recommend themselves to the public  
than the civil, and sold parties should devote  
themselves to the civil.

*Mr. Sage.*—I have never read of a duel among the  
Romans, and yet their morality used moral liberty  
than the Romans than any one may do now without being  
reproached.

*Mr. Work.*—Perhaps the Romans were of a more  
temperate and brutal manners reflected on to  
them, but were only of them; and that a man's  
reputation was not at all cleared by cutting the person's  
head off who had reflected upon it; but the custom  
of the Romans had fixed the scandal in the action,  
whereas now it lies in the reproach.

*Mr. Sage.*—And yet the only sort of duel that one

## THE TATLER.

ive to have been fought upon motives truly  
e and allowable, was that between the  
ad Curiatii.

*Mrk.*—Colonel Plume, pray what was the  
f single combat in your time among the

I suppose, that as the use of clothes con-  
ough the fashion of them has been mutable;  
though still in use, have had in all times  
icular modes of performance.

*Plume.*—We had no constant rule, but ge-  
ducted our dispute and tilt according to  
that had happened between persons of  
among the very top fellows for bravery  
try.

*Mrk.*—If the fashion of quarrelling and tilting  
ten changed in your time, Colonel Plume, a  
t fight, yet lose his credit for want of un-  
ing the fashion.

*Plume.*—Why, Sir Mark, in the beginning of  
an would have been censured for want of  
or been thought indigent of the true notions  
, if he had put up with words, which, in the  
ptember following, one cou d not resent with-  
ing for a brutal and quarrelsome fellow.

*Mrk.*—But, Colonel, were duels and rencontres  
fashion in those days?

*Plume.*—Your men of nice honour, Sir, were  
ing all censure of advantage which they  
might be taken in a rencontre; therefore  
l seconds, who were to see that all was upon  
e, and make a faithful report of the whole  
but in a little time it became a fashion for  
ads to fight; and I will tell you how it  
l.

*ge.*—Pray do, Colonel Plume, and the method  
at that time, and give us some notion of the  
upon which your nice men quarrelled in those

*Plume.*—I was going to tell you, Mr. Sage,  
ornet Modish had desired his friend Captain  
opinion in some affair, but did not follow it;  
ich captain Smart sent major Adroit (a very  
fellow of those times) to the person that had  
his advice. The major never enquired into  
rel, because it was not the manner then among  
topping fellows; but got two swords of an  
gth, and then waited upon Cornet Modish,  
him to choose his sword, and meet his friend  
Smart. Cornet Modish came with his friend  
ace of combat; there the principals put on  
ops, and stripped to their shirts, to show that  
nothing but what men of honour carry about  
d then engaged.

*Mrk.*—And did the seconds stand by, sir?

*Plume.*—It was a received custom until that  
at the swords of those days being pretty long,  
principals acting on both sides upon the de-  
and the morning being frosty, Major Adroit  
hat the other second who was also a very  
fellow, would try a thrust or two, only to  
em warm, until the principals had decided  
er, which was agreed to by Modish's second,  
sently whipt Adroit through the body, dis-  
in, and then parted the principals, who had  
no harm at all.

*ge.*—But was not Adroit laughed at?

*Plume.*—On the contrary, the very topping  
ere ever after of opinion, that no man, who  
that character, could serve as a second,  
fighting; and the Smarts and Modishes  
heir account in it, the humour took without

*Mr. Sage.*—Pray, C  
continue?

*Col. Plume.*—Not  
soon as it became a fa-  
thought their honour  
proffer themselves a  
friends had a quarrel,  
a dozen of a side.

*Sir Mark.*—Bless  
nued, we should have  
pretty fellows; for th  
to officer, animate, an  
sir, how did that soci  
of mode?

*Col. Plume.*—Why  
law among the comba  
pened to have the first  
yield as vanquished  
might encourage the  
relling to the destru  
fellows; and as soon  
the very topping fello  
upon their honour to  
that time, the Modish  
Europe, have extolled

*Sir Mark.*—Our v  
to be the successors  
a quarrel so little fa-  
exposed to it by any  
sense.

*Mr. Sage.*—But, C  
account of duels, tha  
avoiding all advantag  
the combatants.

*Col. Plume.*—Tha  
were equal.

*Mr. Sage.*—Yes, s  
strong man had insul  
an unpractised sword

*Col. Plume.*—The

*Mr. Sage.*—But, s  
vantage that way; fo  
to hit his man at two  
whose hand shakes  
debauch in pleasures  
the holsters) will not  
the person he shoots  
that one can get no h  
has it all *rug*, as the  
a trick to make the g  
play upon the square

*Sir Mark.*—In tru  
must be murder in a  
whatever it may app

*Col. Plume.*—I ha  
they would not fight

*Mr. Sage.*—I bel  
would outdo the gra

*Sir Mark.*—And  
long swords. But  
fellow can stay to ch  
sulted by a bully wi  
at the same time  
which will certainly  
are in mode. Pray,  
hectors of your time

*Col. Plume.*—Sir,  
nerally worn in thos

*Mr. Sage.*—In an  
Sir Mark, give me  
knights-errant (who  
those ancient times)



suitably, to that character; and though he is out in supposing he has principalities, while he drinks gruel and lies in straw, yet you shall see him keep the port of a distressed monarch in all his words and actions. These two persons are equally taken into custody: but what must be done to half this good company, who every hour of their life are knowingly and wittingly both fools and madmen, and yet have capacities both of forming principles and drawing conclusions, with the full use of reason?

*From my own Apartment, July 11.*

This evening some ladies came to visit my sister Jenny; and the discourse after very many frivolous and public matters, turned upon the main point among the women, the passion of love. Sappho, who always leads on this occasion, began to show her reading, and told us, that Sir John Suckling and Milton had, upon a parallel occasion, said the tenderest things she ever read. 'The circumstance,' said she, 'is such as gives us a notion of that protecting part, which is the duty of men in their honourable designs upon, or possession of women. In Suckling's tragedy of Brennoralt he makes the lover steal into his mistress's bed-chamber and draw the curtains; then, when his heart is full of her charms, as she lies sleeping, instead of being carried away by the violence of his desires into thoughts of a warmer nature, sleep, which is the image of death, gives this generous lover reflections of a different kind, which regard rather her safety than his own passion. For, beholding her as she lies sleeping, he utters these words:—

"So misers look upon their gold,  
Which, while they joy to see, they fear to lose:  
The pleasure of the sight scarce equalling  
The jealousy of being dispossest by others.  
Her face is like the milky way i' th' sky,  
A meeting of gentle lights without name!"

"Heav'n! shall this fresh ornament of the world,  
These precious love-lines, pass with other common things

Amongst the wastes of time? what pity 'twere!"

"When Milton makes Adam, leaning on his arm, beholding Eve, and lying in the contemplation of her beauty, he describes the utmost tenderness and guardian affection in one word:

"Adam with looks of cordial love,  
Hung over her enamour'd."

"This is that sort of passion which truly deserves the name of love, and has something more generous than friendship itself; for it has a constant care of the object beloved, abstracted from its own interests in the possession of it."

Sappho was proceeding on the subject, when my sister produced a letter sent to her in the time of my absence, in celebration of the marriage state, which is the condition wherein only this sort of passion reigns in full authority. The epistle is as follows:

"DEAR MADAM,

"Your brother being absent, I dare take the liberty of writing to you my thoughts of that state, which our whole sex either is, or desires to be in. You will easily guess I mean matrimony, which I hear so much decried, that it was with no small labour I maintained my ground against two opponents; but as your brother observed of Socrates, I drew them into my conclusion, from their own concessions; thus:

"In marriage are two happy things allow'd,  
A wife in wedding-sheets, and in a shroud.  
How can a marriage state then be accus'd,  
Since the last day's as happy as the first?"

THE TATLER, No. 10.

"If you  
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talking aga

"I observ  
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No. 41.]

T

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else how is  
the last mo  
in our very  
of the town  
it my busin  
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been sent  
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company;  
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arms."

"An Exere  
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pith, 1  
Woolfe,  
Hopson,  
general;  
John Sh  
William  
Robert O

"The be  
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fire, and s  
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ing's-head-  
to divisions  
that pass,  
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*Dryden.*

way of

conversation in this place, which usually turned upon the examination of nature, and an inquiry into the manners of men. There is one in the room so very judicious, that he manages impertinents with the utmost dexterity. It was diverting this evening to hear a discourse between him and one of these gentlemen. He told me, before that person joined us that he was a questioner, who, according to his description, is one who asks questions, not with a design to receive information, but an affectation to show his uneasiness for want of it. He went on in asserting that there are crowds of that modest ambition, as to aim no farther than to demonstrate that they are in doubt. By this time Will Whynot was sat down by us. 'So, gentlemen,' says he, 'in how many days, think you, shall we be masters of Tournay? Is the account of the action of the Vivarois to be depended upon? Could you have imagined England had so much money in it as you see it has produced? Pray, sirs, what do you think? Will the Duke of Savoy make an irruption into France? But,' says he, 'time will clear all these mysteries.' His answer to himself gave me the altitude of his head, and to all his questions, I thus answered very satisfactorily. '—Sir, have you heard that this Slaughterford never owned the fact for which he died? Have the newspapers mentioned that matter? But, pray, can you tell me what method will be taken to provide for these Palatines? But this, as you say, time will clear.' 'Ay, ay,' says he, and whispers me, 'they will never let us into these things beforehand.' I whispered him again. We shall know it as soon as there is a proclamation.—He tells me in the other ear, 'You are in the right of it.' Then he whispered my friend to know what my name was; then made an obliging bow, and went to examine another table. This led my friend and me to weigh this wandering manner in many other incidents, and he took out of his pocket, several notes or tickets to solicit for votes to employments: as, Mr. John Taplash having served all offices, and being reduced to great poverty, desires your vote for singing-clerk of this parish.' Another has had ten children, all whom his wife has suckled herself; therefore humbly desires to be a schoolmaster.

There is nothing so frequent as this way of application for offices. It is not that you are fit for the place, but because the place would be convenient for you, that you claim a merit to it. But commend me to the great Kirleus, who has lately set up for midwifery, and to help child-birth, for no other reason, but that he is himself the 'Unborn Doctor.' The way is, to hit upon something that puts the vulgar upon the stare, or touches their compassion, which is often the weakest part about us. I know a good lady who has taken her daughters from their old dancing-master to place them with another, for no other reason but because the new man has broke his leg, which is so ill set, that he can never dance more.

*From my own Apartment, July 13.*

As it is a frequent mortification to me to receive letters wherein people tell me, without a name, they know I meant them in such and such a passage; so that very accusation is an argument, that there are such beings in human life, as fall under our description, and that our discourse is not altogether fantastical and groundless. But in this case I am treated as I saw a boy was the other day, who gave out pocky bills: every plain fellow took it that passed by, and went on his way without further notice: and at last came one with his nose a little abridged; who knocks the lad down, with a 'Way, you son of a w—e,

## THE TATLER.

think, 'I am p—d?' But Shakspeare has the best apo'ogy for this way of talking the public errors: he makes Jacques, in the old, 'As you like it,' express himself thus:

who cries out on pride,  
an therein tax any private party?  
woman in the city do I name,  
that I say, the city woman bears  
st of princes on unworthy shoulders?  
in come in and say that I mean her,  
such a one as she, such is her neighbour?  
at is he of basest function,  
tys his bravery is not on my cost?  
ng that I mean him, but therein suits  
ly to the mettle of my speech.  
then! How then? Then let me see wherein  
guine hath wrong'd him: If it do him right,  
he hath wrong'd himself: if he be free,  
then my taxing like a wild goose flies,  
n'd of any man.'

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1709,

*From my own Apartment, July 15.*

NO over some old papers, I found a little written by my great-grandfather, concerning and thought his manner of treating that not unworthy any remark. He there has a concerning a possibility, that in some cases a man may receive an injury, and yet be to himself that he deserves it. There are of fine things said on the subject; but wrapped up in so much jingle and pun, as the wit of those times, that it is scarce e; but I thought the design was well the following sketch of an old gentleman's or in this case, where two are rivals for the g, and propose to obtain it by presents, he up the judge's honesty, by making him reward, ought not to complain when he cause by a better bidder. The good old ins thus:

for man once a judge besought,  
judge aright his cause,  
with a pot of oil salutes  
his judger of the laws.

friend," quoth he, "thy cause is good."  
e glad away did trudge:  
his wealthy foe did come  
fore this partial judge.

g well fed this churl presents,  
ad craves a strain of law:—  
hog received—the poor man's right  
as judged not worth a straw.

ewith he cry'd, "O! partial judge,  
y doom has me undone;  
n oil I gave, my cause was good,  
t now to ruin run."

man," quoth he, "I thee forgot,  
d see thy cause of foil;  
g came since into my house,  
d broke thy pot of oil."

*Will's Coffee-house, July 15.*

course happened this evening to fall upon drawn in plays; and a gentleman remarked, was no method in the world of knowing

the taste of an age, or the observations of the comedies. There was as Ben Jonson's brittle piece of a foppery; entertained us on the where so observable characters of women in this. It is not to be of genius in Shakspeare small a figure in his that he drew women that sex had not in the versation; and their ch mothers, sisters, daughters not then among the virtuosæ, free-thinkers was then hardly such but vanity had quite conspicuous woman of best housewife. Were an assembly of matrons the learned Lady Wood would not believe the creature so unlike any

'But these ancients to see in the same age who love things praised Methinks I now see her our first parent, with her had spectators, and be in her aspect. Her conduct of her mind, which is passion, knowledge, and

"There dwells the

'In the midst of the reputation of all that beholds least affectation, she contemplation of her own labours which bestowed it. Her knowledge of a long time on in a steady course of virtue, and adds to the last age, all the freedom of language and mien of the highest degree; her thoughts of a cottage and her pleasures. Aspasia is not only live up to the lives of the ancient sages and plans which the inimitable. This lady without appearing but without tasting the pleasure with as much industry character is so particularly fixed on her only, by say, she will be the last

'But, alas! if we have many dozens are there who is acquainted with who has the appearance of one virtue: she has the absence of vice, but the history of it; and it is a criminal gratification only a restraint, which is so perfectly opposite that as vice is terrible of reproach, so virtue attended with applause

Aurengezebe's scymitar, made by Will Brown in Piccadilly.

A plume of feathers, never used but by Oedipus and the earl of Essex.

There are also sword, halberts, sheep-hooks, cardinals' hats, turbans, drums, gallipots, a gibbet, a cradle, a rack, a cart-wheel, an altar, a helmet, a back-piece, a breast-plate, a bell, a tub, and a jointed-baby.

These are the hard shifts we intelligencers are forced to; therefore our readers ought to excuse us, if a westerly wind blowing for a fortnight together, generally fills every paper with an order of battle; when we show our martial skill in every line, and according to the space we have to fill, we range our men in squadrons and battalions, ordraw out company by company, and troop by troop; ever observing that no muster is to be made but when the wind is in a cross-point, which often happens at the end of a campaign, when half the men are deserted or killed. The Courant is sometimes ten deep, his ranks close: the Postboy is generally in files, for greater exactness; and the Postman comes down upon you rather after the Turkish way, sword in hand, pell-mell, without form or discipline; but sure to bring men enough into the field; and wherever they are raised, never to lose a battle for want of numbers.

No. 43.] TUESDAY, JULY 19, 1709.

— Bene nummatum decorat suadela, Venusque. *Hor.*  
The goddess of persuasion forms his train,  
And Venus decks the well-bemoneyed swain. *Francis.*

*White's Chocolate-house, July 18.*

I WRITE from hence at present to complain; that wit and merit are so little encouraged by people of rank and quality, that the wits of the age are obliged to run within Temple-bar for patronage. There is a deplorable instance of this kind in the case of Mr. D'Urfey, who has dedicated his inimitable comedy, called 'The Modern Prophets,' to a worthy knight, to whom, it seems, he had before communicated his plan, which was, 'To ridicule the ridiculers of our established doctrine.' I have elsewhere celebrated the contrivance of this excellent drama; but was not, until I read the dedication, wholly let into the religious design of it. I am afraid it has suffered discontinuance at this gay end of the town, for no other reason but the piety of the purpose. There is, however, in this epistle, the true life of panegyrics: performance; and I do not doubt but if the patron would part with it, I can help him to others with good pretensions to it; viz. of 'uncommon understanding,' who will give him as much as he gave for it. I know perfectly well a noble person, whom these words (which are the body of the panegyric) would fit to a hair.

'Your easiness of humour, or rather your harmonious disposition, is so admirably mixed with your composure that the rugged cares and disturbance that public affairs bring with it, which does so vexatiously affect the heads of other great men of business, &c. does scarce ever ruffle your unclouded brow so much as with a frown. And what above all is praiseworthy, you are so far from thinking yourself better than others, that a flourishing and opulent fortune, which, by a certain natural corruption in its quality, seldom fails to infect other possessors with pride, seems in this case as if only providentially disposed to enlarge your humility.'



'But I find, Sir, I am now got into a very large field, where, though I could with great ease raise a number of plants in relation to your merit of this plauditory nature; yet for fear of an author's general vice, and that the plain justice I have done you should, by my proceeding, and others' mistaken judgment, be imagined flattery, a thing the bluntness of my nature does not care to be concerned with, and which I also know you abominate.'

It is wonderful to see how many judges of these fine things spring up every day by the rise of stocks and other elegant methods of abridging the way to learning and criticism. But I do hereby forbid all dedications to any persons within the City of London; except Sir Francis, Sir Stephen, and the Bank, will take epigrams and epistles at value received for their notes; and the East India Company accept of heroic poems for their sealed bonds. Upon which bottom our publishers have full power to treat with the City in behalf of us authors, to enable traders to become patrons and fellows of the Royal Society, as well as to receive certain degrees of skill in the Latin and Greek tongues, according to the quantity of the commodities which they take off our hands.

*Grecian Coffee-house, July 18.*

The learned have so long laboured under the imputation of dryness and dulness in their accounts of the phenomena, that an ingenious gentleman of our society has resolved to write a system of philosophy in a more lively method, both as to the matter and language, than has been hitherto attempted. He read to us the plan upon which he intends to proceed. I thought his account, by way of fable of the worlds about us, had so much vivacity in it, that I could not forbear transcribing his hypothesis, to give the reader a taste of my friend's treatise, which is now in the press.

The inferior deities having designed on a day to play a game at foot-ball, kneaded together a numberless collection of dancing atoms into the form of seven rolling globes: and, that Nature might be kept from a dull inactivity, each separate particle is endued with a principle of motion, or a power of attraction, whereby all the several parcels of matter draw each other proportionably to their magnitudes and distances into such a remarkable variety of different forms, as to produce all the wonderful appearances we now observe in empire, philosophy, and religion. But to proceed:—

\* At the beginning of the game, each of the globes, being struck forward with a vast violence, ran out of sight, and wandered in a straight line through the finite spaces. The nimble deities pursue, breathless most, and spent in the eager chase; each of them might hold of one, and stamped it with his name;

Saturn, Jupiter, Mars, and so of the rest. To prevent this inconvenience for the future, the seven are condemned to a precipitation, which in our ferrier style we call gravity. Thus the tangential and centripetal forces, by their counter-struggle, make the celestial bodies describe an exact ellipse.

\* There will be added to this an appendix, in defence of the first day of the term according to the Oxford manack, by a learned knight of this realm, with an eulogy for the said knight's manner of dress; owing that his habit, according to this hypothesis, the true modern and fashionable; and that buckles are not to be worn, by this system, until the tenth March in the year 1714, which, according to the imputation of some of our greatest divines, is to be the first year of the millenium; in which blessed

age all habits and who ever constancy of profane and a never-fading points in attested by satisfaction

We were the question very good which a ge writing on though he from the an an occasion animates a with regard and the time in a modern so forced a meet with weight of what he is what he him act: but for a poet, is spectator mind is w ideas hurry nothing so himself from uttering his highest act with tranqu thoughts so perplexity.

sedate cour amidst the r stupid and credit to the them wonder may give in tion, but is is applied: of on the s beauty; but rather than Hercules, h similes in th impression on that of a that I am great as even the poem c of a minister the most ac nature, a con vengeance. the General have all the that was still

"'Twas then That, in th Amidst co Examn'd In peacefu To fainting Inspir'd re And tang

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unwieldy stores, and providing, in the midst of incapacity for enjoyment of what he had, for a supply of more wants than he had, calls for in youth its But these low considerations are now no more, as love has taken place of avarice, or rather is become avarice of another kind, which still urges him pursue what he does not want. But, behold! metamorphosis; the anxious mean cares of a usurer are turned into the languishments and complaints of a lover. "Behold," says the aged Æsculapius, submit; I own, great love, thy empire; pity, Hel the top which you have made. What have I to with gilding but on pills? Yet, O fair! for thee I amidst a crowd of painted deities on my chariot, bi-toned in gold, clasped in gold, without having a value for that beloved metal, but as it adorns I person, and laces the hat of thy dying lover. I am not to live, O Hebe! give me but gentle death *Εὐθανασία, Εὐθανασία*, that is all I implore."

When Æsculapius had finished his complaint Pacolet went on in deep morals on the uncertainty of riches, with this remarkable exclamation: O wealth how impotent art thou! and how little dost thou supply us with real happiness, when the usurer himself can forget thee for the love of what is as foreign to his felicity as thou art!

#### *Will's Coffee-house, July 19.*

The company here, who have all a delicate taste for theatrical representations, had made a gathering to purchase the moveables of the neighbouring playhouse, for the encouragement of one which is settling up in the Haymarket. But the proceedings at auction, by which method the goods have been sold this evening, have been so unfair, that this general design has been frustrated; for the imperial man made for Cyrus was missing, as also the chariot and two dragons; but, upon examination, it was found that a gentleman of Hampshire had clandestinely bought them both, and is gone down to his country seat; and that on Saturday last he passed through Staines, attired in that robe, and drawn by the two dragons, assisted by two only of his own horses. This theatrical traveller has also left orders with the Hall to send the faded rainbow to the scourer's, when it comes home, to despatch it after him. At the same time, Christopher Rich, Esq. is invited to bring down his setting sun himself, and be box-keeper to a theatre erected by this gentleman near Southampton. Thus, there has been nothing but artifice in the management of this affair; for which reason, beg pardon of the town, that I inserted the invention in my paper; and solemnly protest, I knew nothing of this artful design of vending these rarities: but meant only the good of the world, in that, and in other things which I divulge.

And now I am upon this subject, I must do myself justice in relation to an article in a former paper wherein I made mention of a person who keeps a pug-pet-show in the town of Bath: I was tender in naming names, and only just hinted, that he makes larger promises when he invites people to his dramatic representations, than he is able to perform; but I am credibly informed, that he makes a profane, low jester, whom he calls Punch, speak to the dishonour of Isaac Bickerstaff with great familiarity; and, before all my learned friends in that place, takes upon him to dispute my title to the appellation of *esquire*. I think I need not say much to convince all the world that this Mr. Powel, for that is his name, is a pragmatical and vain person, to pretend to argue with me on any subject. *Mecum certasse feretur; that is to say*

I be an honour to him to have it said he con-  
d with me; but I would have him to know, that  
look beyond his wires, and know very well the  
trick of his art; and that it is only by these  
that the eye of the spectator is cheated, and  
red from seeing that there is a thread on one of  
s's chops, which draws it up, and lets it fall at  
discretion of the said Powel, who stands behind  
days him, and makes him speak saucily of his  
s. He! to pretend to make prologues against  
-But a man never behaves himself with decency  
own case; therefore, I shall command myself,  
never trouble me further with this little fellow,  
s himself but a tall puppet, and has not brains  
gh to make even wood speak as it ought to  
and I that have heard the *groaning board*, can  
se all that his puppets shall be able to speak as  
as they live. But, *Ex quovis ligno non fit*  
*virius*. 'Every log of wood will not make a  
ary.' He has pretended to write to me also  
the Bath, and says, he thought to have deferred  
me an answer until he came to his books; but  
my writings might do well with the waters: I  
are pert expressions, that become a school-boy  
than one that is to teach others; and when I  
said a civil thing to him, he cries, 'Oh! I thank  
or that—I am your humble servant for that.'  
Mr. Powel, these smart civilities will never run  
men of learning: I know well enough your des-  
s to have all men *automata*, like your puppets;  
se world is grown too wise, and can look through  
thin devices. I know your design to make a  
to this; but be sure you stick close to my words;  
you bring me into discourses concerning the  
ment of your puppets, I must tell you, 'I  
am, nor have been, nor will be, at leisure to  
er you.' It is really a burning shame this man  
be tolerated in abusing the world with such  
entations of things: but his parts decay, and he  
much more alive than Partridge.

*From my own Apartment, July 14.*

ust beg pardon of my readers, that for this time,  
s, I fear, huddled up my discourse, having been  
usy in helping an old friend of mine out of  
He has a very good estate, and is a man of  
but he has been three years absent from town,  
cannot bear a jest; for which reason, I have, with  
pains, convinced him that he can no more live  
han if he were a downright bankrupt. He was  
ad of dear London, that he began to fret, only  
lly; but being unable to laugh and be laughed  
took a place in the northern coach for him and  
nily; and hope he is got to-night safe from all  
rs, in his own parlour.

*St. James's Coffee-house, July 20.*

a morning we received by express the agreeable  
of the surrender of the town of Tournay on the  
eighth instant, N. S. The place was assaulted  
attacks of general Schuylenberg, and that of  
Lottum, at the same time. The action at  
those parts of the town was very obstinate, and  
ies lost a considerable number in the beginning  
dispute; but the fight was continued with so  
bravery, that the enemy, observing our men to  
sters of all the posts which were necessary for a  
attack, beat the *chamade*, and hostages were  
ed from the town, and others sent from the be-  
in order to come to a formal capitulation for  
rrender of the place. We have also this day  
advice, that Sir John Leake, who lies off

Dunkirk, had in-  
corn from the Ba-  
had fallen in with  
land. The French  
to the Duke of A

No. 45.] SATURDAY

Credo pudicitiam  
In terris—  
In Saturn's re-  
There was that

*White's*

THE other day  
town, and strolling  
insensibly carried  
very agreeable q  
which surrounded  
From one angle o  
'Sir, sir!'—This  
same voice cry, b  
come forward!' I  
called me by my  
and I should be  
in distress. The  
obey the summon  
in at the backg  
servant, who car  
came into a gallo  
fine lady dressed  
she were going to  
and disconsolate  
As I came near,  
do not you know  
recollected her wh  
the simplicity of  
at your good fath  
countenance with  
unlike the fashio  
did not easily re  
habit was then de  
and beautiful: wh  
Nothing can spea  
aspect; yet your  
ling!'—'It is,' sa  
meet with one I k  
that is not an utt

'When your fr  
wide world with  
fortune; but rath  
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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

hither, or thither, or yonder, demanding satisfaction. In such a case, he must be owned a Smart Fellow. Yet, he is not to be so towards the ladies, but to be of a kind character, distinct from any you have been led upon. A young gentleman would not be caught in a laced gown, red stockings, and long wig; he must be tantamount to red hair, and a dirty, raggedy was engaged when Pamenon entered a suit, dressed in his ruffish. A young man would be thus mightily by living down some of the extravagance of the play, and by writing a treatise on the dramatic poetry, so much favoured, and so little understood, by the learned world.

From its being conveyed in a cart, after the Persian manner, all the parts being rented by a person, as the custom was before Eschylus, and the behaviour of Pucelle, as if he had won the prize, may possibly detract its antiquity, and settle its chronology, as well as some of our modern critics. Its actual transitions from mournful to merriment, from the hanging of a lover to dancing upon the roof, from the stalking of a ghost to a lady's presence, with a play, you may discover such a decorum, as not to be found elsewhere than in our tragicomedy. But I forget myself; it is not for me to dictate thought fit, dear cousin, to give you these hints, show you that the Beadstuffs do not walk between letters to no purpose; and that though we had told up the train of arts and sciences, yet, in other pages, we are now and then let into our little secrets. Then you will hate kindness.

— BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

*From my own Apartment, Jan. 22.*

I am not lathered safe, but never spent time with little satisfaction as this evening; for, you must know, I was five hours with three merry, and two bore me woe. The former sang catches; and the latter ended with laughing at the woe they read. We, says Tom Belling, 'you scholars, Mr. Beadstuffs, are the worst company in the world.'—A says he, 'opposite you are dull to night, prythee be merry.' With that I hozaed, and took a grand leap the table, then came clover upon my legs, and took laughter. 'Let Mr. Bickerstaff alone,' says one of the honest fellows; 'when he is in a good humor, he is as good company as any man in England.' If he had no sooner spoke, but I snatched his hat off his head, and I clapped it upon my own, and thrust out a laughing wind upon which we fell laughing; and, in an hour. One of the honest fellows got his nose in the interim, and let me a sound slap on the back, upon which he got the laughter of my nose, and it was such a twing on my nose, that, as he was much merrier than I, I was to be merrier; but resolved to keep up the good nature of the company, and after following as loud as I could possibly, I drank off a bumper of claret, that made me stare again. 'Now,' says one of the honest fellows, 'Mr. Iscariot is in the right, there is no good to be got out of what signifies jumping, or anything else, after one has drunk; let us drink at once.' We did so for a several drink, until eleven, and then I retired to bed, and, after the manner of the good Persian, began to reflect upon the past day of my life. I remember nothing but that I am a fool, and that it is my way to write deep and foolish things I have heard in the last conversation furnish my paper, I can from this only tell you of sufferings and my hangs.

I named Pythagoras just now; and I protest to you, as he believed men after death entered into other species, I am now and then tempted to think other animals enter into men, and could name several on two legs, that never discover any sentiments above what is common with the species of a lower kind; as we see in these bodily wits with whom I was to-night, whose parts consist in strength and activity; but their boisterous mirth gives me great impatience for the return of such happiness as I enjoyed in a conversation last week. Among others in that company we had Florio, who never interrupted any man living when he was speaking; or ever ceased to speak, but others lamented that he had done. His discourse ever arises from the fulness of the matter before him, and not from ostentation or triumph of his understanding; for though he seldom delivers what he need fear being repeated, he speaks without having that end in view; and his forbearance of calumny or bitterness is owing rather to his good-nature than his discretion; for which reason he is esteemed a gentleman perfectly qualified for conversation, in whom a general good-will to mankind takes off the necessity of caution and circumspection.

We had at the same time that evening the best sort of companion that can be, a good-natured old man. This person, in the company of young men, meets with veneration for his benevolence; and is not only valued for the good qualities of which he is master, but reaps an acceptance from the pardon he gives to other men's faults: and the ingenious sort of men with whom he converses, have so just a regard for him, that he is rather an example, than a check to their behaviour. For this reason, as Senecio never pretends to be a man of pleasure before youth, so young men never set up for wisdom before Senecio; so that you never meet where he is, those monsters of conversation, who are grave or gay above their years. He never converses but with followers of nature and good sense, where all that is uttered is only the effect of a communicable temper, and not of emulation to excel their companions; all desire of superiority being a contradiction to that spirit which makes a just conversation, the very essence of which is mutual good-will. Hence it is, that I take it for a rule, that the natural, and not the acquired man, is the companion. Learning, wit, gallantry, and good breeding, are all but subordinate qualities in society, and are of no value, but as they are subservient to benevolence, and tend to a certain manner of being or appearing equal to the rest of the company; for conversation is composed of an assembly of men, as they are men, and not as they are distinguished by fortune: therefore, he who brings his quality with him into conversation, should always pay the reckoning; for he came to receive homage, and not to meet his friends. But the din about my ears from the clamour of the people I was with this evening, has carried me beyond my intended purpose, which was to explain upon the order of merry fellows; but I think I may pronounce of them, as I heard good Senecio, with a spice of the wit of the last age, say, viz. 'That a merry fellow is the saddest fellow in the world.'

No. 46.] TUESDAY, JULY 26, 1709.

Non bene conveniunt, nec in una sede morantur,  
Majestas et amor. ———— *Ovid. Met. ii, 88.*

— Love but ill agrees with kingly pride.

*White's Chocolate-house, July 25.*

We see every day volumes written against that tyrant of human life called Love; and yet there is no

THE TATLER, No. 11.

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whole assembly ; and Aurengezebe, certifying that he keeps them for state rather than use, tells them they are permitted to receive all men into their apartments ; then proceeds through the crowd, among whom he throws medals shaped like half-crowns, and returns to his chariot.

This being all that passed the last day in which Aurengezebe visited the women's apartments, I consulted Pacolet concerning the foundation of such strange amusements in old age : to which he answered, ' You may remember, when I gave you an account of my good fortune in being drowned on the thirtieth day of my human life, I told you of the disasters I should otherwise have met with before I arrived at the end of my stamen, which was sixty years. I may now add an observation to you, that all who exceed that period, except the latter part as it is spent in the exercise of virtue and contemplation of futurity, must necessarily fall into an indecent old age ; because, with regard to all the enjoyment of the years of vigour and manhood, childhood returns upon them : and as infants ride on sticks build houses in dirt, and make ships in gutters, by a faint idea of things they are to act hereafter ; so old men play the lovers, potentates, and emperors for the decaying image of the more perfect performances of their stronger years : therefore, be sure to insert Æsculapius and Aurengezebe in your next bill of mortality of the metaphorically defunct.'

*Will's Coffee-house, July 24.*

As soon as I came hither this evening, no less than ten people produced the following poem, which they all reported was sent to each of them by the penny-post from an unknown hand. All the battle writers in the room were in debate, who could be the author of a piece so martially written ; and every body applauded the address and skill of the author in calling it a postscript : it being the nature of a postscript to contain something very material which was forgotten, or not clearly expressed in the letter itself. Thus the verses being occasioned by a march without beat of drum, and that circumstance being nowise taken notice of in any of the stanzas, the author calls it a postscript, not that it is a postscript, but figuratively because it wants a postscript. Common writers, when what they mean is not expressed in the book itself, supply it by a preface ; but a postscript seems to me the more just way of apology ; because, otherwise, a man makes an excuse before the offence is committed. All the heroic poets were guessed at for its author ; but though we could not find out his name, yet one repeated a couplet in Hudibras, which spoke his qualifications :

' I th' midst of all this warlike rabble,  
Crowdero march'd, expert and able.'

The poem is admirably suited to the occasion : for to write without discovering your meaning, bears a just resemblance to marching without beat of drum.

**ON THE MARCH TO TOURNAY WITHOUT  
BEAT OF DRUM.**

*' The Brussels Postscript.*

' Could I with plainest words express  
That great man's wonderful address,  
His penetration, and his tow'ring thought ;  
It would the gazing world surprise,  
To see one man at all times wise,  
To view the wonders he with ease has wrought,

# THE TATLER.

g schemes approach his mind,  
eezes of a southern wind,  
rate a sultry glorious day;  
fannings with a useful pride,  
hty heat do softly guide,  
ing clear'd the air, glide silently away.

is immensity of thought  
ly form'd, and gently wrought,  
er always softening life's disease;  
rtune, when she does intend  
ely frown, she turns his friend,  
his judgment, and applauds his ease.

at address in this design  
ow, and will for ever shine,  
ts a Waller but to do him right;  
hole amusement was so strong,  
te he doom'd them to be wrong,  
may's took by a peculiar slight.

Madam, all mankind behold  
ast ascendant, not by gold,  
our wisdom and your pious life;  
im no more than to destroy  
which does Europe's ease annoy,  
ersed a reign of shame and strife.'

*James's Coffee-house, July 24.*

n of the quill, the ingenious society of  
having with great spirit and elegance  
ed the world, that the town of Tournay  
the twenty-eighth instant; there is  
for me to say, but to congratulate the  
here, that we have reason to hope for  
y of thanking Mr. Withers next winter  
for the service he has done his country.  
ves better of his friends than that gen-  
distinguishing character it is, that he  
ers with the familiarity, and enjoys his  
he generosity, of a fellow-soldier. His  
ke of Argyle had also an eminent part  
on of this important place. That illus-  
discovers the peculiar turn of spirit and  
oul, which only make men of high birth  
useful to their country; and considers  
imaginary distinction, unless accom-  
the practice of those generous virtues  
ought to be obtained. But, that our  
y is arrived at its present height, and  
ll ranks so passionately affect their share  
inly owing to the merit and conduct of  
General; for, as the great secret in  
ough not in nature, has occasioned many  
ries; and the fantastic notion of being  
rested in friendship has made men do a  
erous actions above themselves; so,  
resent grandeur and fame of the Duke  
gh is a station of glory to which no one  
re, yet all carry their actions to a higher  
ing that great example laid before them.

**THURSDAY, JULY 28, 1709.**

ugunt homines—

est farrago libelli. Jur. Sat. i. 85, 86.

en do, or say, or think, or dream,  
they paper seizes for its theme. P.

*Mit's Chocolate-house, July 18.*

Sir Thomas has communicated to me  
on Epsom of the twenty-fifth instant,  
n general, a very good account of the  
re of affairs in that place; but that the

tranquillity and correspo  
begins to be interrupted b  
Trippet, a fortune-hunter,  
to give diversion; and wh  
let him be sensible that  
people will indulge a splen  
sible to be at ease, when  
scandal of our species set  
ventures. It will be muc  
laugh Sir Taffety into reas  
his foppery by any serio  
gentleman that made it a  
and ever run into the way  
insolence. The rule will b  
they are never mortified,  
receive and despise them  
sured, that it is your igno  
your good graces; or, tha  
tance prevents their being  
shunned and avoided. Be  
sanguine a complexion, t  
hard for the fair one he at  
of the chace, without being  
ease, to fall into the mout  
from. But the history of  
as his character.

It happened that, when  
tune-hunter, he chose T  
action, where were at the  
same design. The knig  
elder must be the better  
makes all his sail that way  
do always in an egregio  
which made our hero triu  
as public as was possible.  
less vain of his public add  
one cause is not half so re  
lover. Wherever they me  
aloud, chose each other pe  
the most conspicuous p  
church, and practised, in  
the remarkable particula  
persons who admire one  
tible to the rest of the  
seemed as much made fo  
Eve, and all pronounced b  
making; but the night b  
versally approved, the yo  
good fortune even of her e  
at most of their interview  
for the charms of a fop, a  
made for that order of  
unable to see so rich a pe  
to Sir Tafferty, that a co  
three suits, was all the pe  
love vanished that mome  
the next morning. It is  
has been ever since eng  
has not appeared in his  
love and fortune until he  
there is at present a yo  
and fortune, who has at  
impertinent to infest the  
this assembly, Sir Taffe  
manner, with all the acc  
ensnare the heart of a w  
merit, which often is o  
laughed at for her sake.  
are in much pain for the  
from the perseverance of  
much more so from the  
toward which they give



fantastical  
es of the  
imperfec-  
of derision  
equent, as  
an in her  
o violently

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or diurnal.  
a never-  
erience in  
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Martyrs,'  
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ne French  
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reat proba-  
peace. I  
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Postscript;  
my own,  
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t all other  
e hope, we  
em.  
ave found  
physician  
or having

it himself. Therefore, I am at hand for all maladi arising from poetical vapours, beyond which I never pretend. For being called the other day to one love, I took indeed their three guineas, and gave them my advice, which was to send for Æsculapit Æsculapius, as soon as he saw the patient, cries out 'It is love! it is love! Oh! the unequal pulse! the are the symptoms a lover feels; such sighs, such pangs, attend the uneasy mind; nor can our art, all our boasted skill, avail.—Yet, O fair! for the —Thus the sage ran on, and owned the passion which he pitied, as well as that he felt a greater pain than ever he cured: after which he concluded, 'And I can advise is marriage: charms and beauty will give new life and vigour, and turn the course of nature to its better prospect.' This is the new way and thus Æsculapius has left his beloved powder and writes a receipt for a wife at sixty. In short my friend followed the prescription, and married youth and beauty in its perfect bloom.

'Supine in Silvia's snowy arms he lies,  
And all the busy cares of life defies:  
Each happy hour is fill'd with fresh delight,  
While peace the day, and pleasure crowns the night

*From my own Apartment, July 27.*

Tragical passion was the subject of the discourse where I last visited this evening, and a gentleman who knows that I am at present writing a very de tragedy, directed his discourse in a particular manner to me. 'It is the common fault,' said he, 'of your gentlemen who write in the buskin style, that you give us rather the sentiments of such who behold tragical events, than of such who bear a part in the themselves. I would advise all who pretend to the way to read Shakspeare with care and they will so be deterred from putting forth what is usually called tragedy. The way of common writers in this kind rather the description than the expression of terror. There is no medium in these attempts, and you must go to the very bottom of the heart, or it is all mere language; and the writer of such lines is no more poet, than a man is a physician for knowing the names of distempers, without the causes of them. Men of sense are professed enemies to all such empty labours: for he who pretends to be sorrowful, and is not, is a wretch yet more contemptible than he who pretends to be merry, and is not. Such a tragedian is only maudlin drunk.' The gentleman went on with much warmth; but all he could say had little effect upon me: but when I came hither, I so far observed his counsel, that I looked into Shakspeare. The tragedy I dipped into was 'Henry the Fourth. In the scene where Morton is preparing to tell Northumberland of his son's death, the old man does not give him time to speak, but says,

'The whiteness of thy cheeks  
Is apter than thy tongue to tell thy errand;  
Even such a man, so faint, so spiritless,  
So dull, so dead in look, so woe-begone,  
Drew Priam's curtain at the dead of night,  
And would have told him half his Troy was burnt;  
But Priam found the fire, ere he his tongue,  
And I my Piercy's death, ere thou report'st it.'

The image in this place is wonderfully noble and great, yet this man in all this is but rising towards his great affliction, and is still enough himself as you see, to make a simile. But when he is certain of his son's death, he is lost to all patience, and gives up all the regards of this life; and since the last of

on him, he calls for it upon all the

let not nature's hand  
 flood confin'd; let order die.  
 world no longer be a stage,  
 ention in a ling'ring act;  
 spirit of the first-born Cain  
 bosoms, that each heart being set  
 curses, the wide scene may end,  
 is be the burier of the dead.'

this one scene has convinced me, that  
 d the concern of great men, must  
 noble, and as susceptible of high  
 y whom he represents: I shall there-  
 drama for some time, and turn my  
 s and griefs somewhat below that of  
 less moving. A misfortune, proper  
 otice of, has too lately happened: the  
 ria has three days kept her chamber  
 the beauteous Fidelia, her lap-dog-  
 id not shed more tears for her sparrow.  
 r the more concerned is, that we know  
 elia was killed or stolen; but she was  
 rous-window when the train-bands  
 ver since. Whoever gives notice of  
 ve, shall be rewarded with a kiss of

URDAY, JULY 30, 1709.

tutem verba putant, ut  
 gna ————— *Hor. Ep. vi. 31.*  
 k on virtue as an empty name.

*my own Apartment, July 29.*

bliged Pacolet to entertain me with  
 egarded persons of his own character  
 . We chose to take our walk on  
 as we were coming from hence, in  
 s far as Garraway's, I observed two  
 ut just landed coming from the water-  
 t there was something uncommon in  
 aspect; but though they seemed by  
 se related, yet was there a warmth in  
 s if they differed very much in their  
 e subject on which they were talking.  
 emed to have a natural confidence  
 ingenuous freedom, in his gesture;  
 plain, but very graceful and becoming;  
 e midst of an overbearing carriage,  
 equently looking round him, a sus-  
 ras not enough regarded by those he  
 feared they would make some attack  
 is person was much taller than his  
 l added to that height the advantage  
 his hat, and heels to his shoes so  
 gh, that he had three or four times  
 i he not been supported by his friend.  
 il stop as they came within a few  
 ce where we stood. The plain gen-  
 to Pacolet; the other looked upon  
 displeasure; upon which I asked him  
 were? when he thus informed me of  
 id circumstances:

member, Isaac, that I have often told  
 eings of a superior rank to mankind;  
 visit the habitations of men, in order  
 m some wrong pursuits in which they  
 aged, or divert them from methods  
 them into errors for the future. He  
 ly reflect upon the occurrences of his

life, will find he has been so  
 difficulties, and received favo-  
 have expected such benefit  
 cross events from some unse-  
 appointed his best laid desig-  
 rive from the interventions o-  
 are benevolent or hurtful to  
 attend his steps in the trac-  
 ness, and of pleasure. Before  
 in the manner I do now, I  
 you in your evening walk  
 throwing some accident in y-  
 by of a funeral, or the ap-  
 solemn object, given your  
 and changed a night you had  
 jollity, into an exercise of s-  
 I was the old soldier who n-  
 Chelsea-fields, and pretend-  
 wooden leg, and could not g-  
 it short off, on purpose that  
 reflections you did on that s-  
 your hack. If you remem-  
 very merry on that fracture  
 I thought I should next w-  
 of that leg? as is usually o-  
 lose limbs are sensible of pa-  
 even after those limbs are  
 keeping you then in the st-  
 Boyne prevented an assigna-  
 led you into more disasters.

'To be short: those two  
 yonder are such as I am; th-  
 are mere shades and figures,  
 the other Verisimilis. The  
 dians and representatives of  
 They are now going to visit  
 town, to see how their int-  
 or flourish, and to purge the  
 false imputations they daily  
 me: ce and conversation of t-  
 similis frowned when he fir-  
 provoked at is, that I told  
 strutted and dressed with s-  
 kept himself within his ov-  
 lacquey, and wore only that  
 he is now with. This frets  
 you must know, he has pre-  
 up for himself, and gets an  
 unthinking part of mankind  
 son of the first quality: tho-  
 the world was wholly owing  
 nion.'

This encounter was very  
 was resolved to dog them, a  
 company me. I soon perce-  
 the gesture of the persons;  
 each other in discourse, the w-  
 cast down his eyes, and d-  
 had a painful superiority ov-  
 ther discourse they took leav-  
 went down towards Thame-  
 present, at least, at the oad-  
 house; and the other made  
 the city. It is incredible  
 immediately appeared in the  
 got rid of his uneasy comp-  
 cock of his hat a-new, set  
 had an appearance that at-  
 tion for him and his interest  
 'For my part,' said I to Pac-  
 you are mistaken in calling  
 quality; for he looks much

are upon very little business, but to make up quarrels; and he is only a general referee, to whom every man pretends to appeal, but is satisfied with his determination, so far as it promotes his own interest. Here it is, that the soldier and the courtier make their exchanges, according to Verisimilis's manner, and the more so, but according to that of Umbra. Among these men, honour and credit are not valuable possessions in themselves, or pursued out of a principle of justice, but merely as they are serviceable to ambition and to commerce. But the world will never be in any manner of order or tranquillity, until men firmly can mediate conscience, honour, and credit, as in their own interest; and that, without the concurrence of the former, the latter are but impostures upon ourselves and others. The force these delusions have, is not seen in the transactions of the busy world only, but they have also their tragedy over the fair sex. Were you to ask the unhappy lady, what pains of reflection, preferring the consideration of her honour to her conscience, has given her? she could tell you, that it has forced her to drink up, in a gallon, this winter, of Tom Dassagap's 'straws,' that she still pines away for fear of being a mother; and knows not the moment she is such, she shall be a madwoman; but if conscience had as strong a rule upon the mind as honour, the first step to her unhappiness and ruin had never been made; she had still continued as she is, beautiful. Were men so self-denial and studious of their own good, as to let the dictates of their reason and reflection, and not the passions of others, conscience would be the soul ruler of his mind; and the words truth, liberty, reason, equity, and religion, would be but synonymous terms for that only guide which makes us pass our days in our own favour and approbation."

No. 49.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 2, 1709.

Quodquid vult hemine—  
—nostris est farraze litelli.

*Jur. Sat. l. 8. v.*

Whether men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motion paper seizes for its theme. P.

*What's Chel-sto-house, August 1.*

The ingratiation of honest names and works upon improper subjects, has made so regular a confession, that we are apt to sit down with our eyes, well or ill satisfied with the methods we are favoured with, without attempting to deliver ourselves from the tyranny under which we are reduced by such innovations. Of all the laudable motives of human life we have suffered so much in this kind, as love, under which revered name a brutal desire called forth, is frequently concealed and admitted; though they differ as much as a nation from a prostitute, or a companion from a buffoon. Poland, the other day, has been pining this misfortune with much indignation, and explained us for having, some time since, quoted those excellent lines of the satirist:

"To love and reflect, if they have brought  
The nation love, the passion is forgot."

"How could you," said he, "leave such a hint as that? How could Aspasia and Sempronia enter into your imagination at the same time, and you never declare to us the different receptions you gave them?"

The figures which the ancient mythologists and

ets put upon Love and Lust in their writings are very instructive. Love is a beauteous blind child, adorned with a quiver and a bow, which he plays with, and shoots around him, without design or direction; he intimates to us that the person beloved has no intention to give us the anxieties we meet with, but that the beauties of a worthy object are like the charms of a lovely infant; they cannot but attract our concern and fondness, though the child so guarded is as insensible of the value you put upon it as it is that it deserves your benevolence. On the other side, the sages, figured Lust in the form of a satyr; of shape, part human, part bestial; to signify that the followers of it prostitute the reason of a man to pursue the appetites of a beast. This satyr is made to haunt the paths and coverts of the wood-nymphs and shepherdesses, to lurk on the banks of rivulets, and watch the purling streams, as the sorts of retired virgins; to show, that lawless sire tends chiefly to prey upon innocence, and has something so unnatural in it, that it hates its own sake, and shuns the object it loved, as soon as it has made it like itself. Love, therefore is a child that complains and bewails its inability to help itself, and begs, for assistance, without an immediate reflection on knowledge of the food it wants: Lust, a watchful thief, which seizes its prey, and lays snares for its own relief; and its principal object being innocence, never robs, but it murders at the same time.

From this idea of a Cupid and a Satyr, we may settle our notions of these different desires, and accordingly rank their followers. Aspasia must, therefore, be allowed to be the first of the beauteous orders.

Love, whose unaffected freedom, and conscious innocence, give her the attendance of the graces in her actions. That awful distance which we bear toward her in all our thoughts of her, and that careful familiarity with which we approach her, are plain instances of her being the truest object of love of any of her sex. In this accomplished lady, love is the constant effect, because it is never the sign. Yet, though her mien carries much more citation than command, to behold her is an immediate check to loose behaviour; and to love her is a liberal education; for, it being the nature of all love to create an imitation of the beloved person in the lover, a regard for Aspasia naturally produces decency of manners, and good conduct of life in her mirrors. If, therefore, the giggling Leucippe could but see her train of fops assembled, and Aspasia move by them, she would be mortified at the veneration with which she is beheld, even by Leucippe's unthinking equipage, whose passions have long been leave of their understandings.

As charity is esteemed a conjunction of the good qualities necessary to a virtuous man, so love is the happy composition of all the accomplishments that make a fine gentleman. The motive of a man's life is seen in all his actions; and such as have the beauteous boy for their inspirer, have a simplicity of behaviour, and a certain evenness of desire, which runs like the lamp of life in their bosoms; while they who are instigated by the satyr, are ever tormented by jealousies of the object of their wishes; and desire what they scorn, and as often consciously and knowingly embrace where they are mutually different.

Florio the generous husband, and Limberham, the bad keeper, are noted examples of the different effects which these desires produce in the mind. Miranda, who is the wife of Florio, lives in the continual enjoyment of new instances of her hus-

band's friendship; ambition to no satisfaction; and life is all that he behaves himself with a certain apathy above rapture and absence with friendship: the sorrows lessen.

On the other Limberham, he is an old woman, an antiquated ham's father; wench by fits, her jealous guard, and in the furniture of dress, make in the town; part of Limberham capable of being moveable. But his spies that since his last magnificently is worth a pi smile is a cut between Corin this great eco Limberham p lousy, the fav opportunity of is hated and d common evils wench but of to know what Messalina reig

Messalina she has left the offspring, to gress of desire keeper! How and skuttles necessary affairs return to the scene of wanton does he, while his imagination the spruce nigance of his but admits, and the gallantry, for this they p that bugbear, either vice or without the re being, with sn regulation of of enjoyment. wood's, a speed this point with man in the pla at his spouse the following

Oh marriage Let debauchee Who, in their Both thee and How can the

Chloris, for Chloe, for Betty, nor my lady, nor for the ready chamber-maid, nor distant baroness; woma was his mistress, and the whole sex his seraglio. His form was always irresistible: and if we consider that not one of five hundred can bear the least favour from a lady without being exalted above himself; if also we must allow, that a smile from a side-box has made Jack Spruce half mad; we cannot think it wonderful that Orlando's repeated conquests touched his brain: so it certainly did, and Orlando became an enthusiast in love; and in all his address contracted something out of the ordinary course of breeding and civility. However, powerful as he was, he would still add to the advantages of his person that of a profession which the ladies always favour, and immediately commenced soldier. Thus equipped for love and honour, our hero seeks distant climes and adventures, and leaves the despairing nymphs of Great Britain, to the courtship of beaux and witlings till his return. His exploits in foreign nations at courts have not been regularly enough communicated unto us, to report them with that veracity which we profess in our narrations: but after many feats of arms (which those who were witnesses to them have suppressed out of envy, but which we have faithfully related from his own mouth in our public streets) Orlando returns home full, but not loaded with years. Beaux born in his absence made it the business to decry his furniture, his dress, his manner, but all such rivalry he suppressed (as the philosopher did the sceptic, who argued there was no such thing as motion) by only moving. The beauteous Villars, who only was formed for his paramour, became the object of his affection. His first speech to her was as follows:

'MADAM,

'It is not only that nature has made us two the most accomplished of each sex, and pointed to us to obey her dictates in becoming one; but there is also an ambition in following the mighty persons you have favoured. Where kings and heroes, as great as Alexander, or such as could personate Alexander, have bowed, permit your general to lay his laurels. According to Milton;

The fair with conscious majesty approv'd  
His pleaded reason.

Fortune having now supplied Orlando with necessaries for his high taste of gallantry and pleasure, his equipage and economy had something in them more sumptuous and gallant than could be received in our degenerate age; therefore his figure, though highly graceful, appeared so exotic, that it assembled all the Britons under the age of sixteen, who saw his grandeur, to follow his chariot with shouts and acclamations: which he regarded with the contempt which great minds affect in the midst of applauses. I remember I had the honour to see him one day stop, and call the youths about him to whom he spake as follows:

'Good bastards—Go to school and do not lose your time in following my wheels: I am loth to hurt you, because I know not but you are all my own offspring: hark ye, you sirrah with the white hair, I am sure you are mine: there is half-a-crown. Tell your mother, this, with the half-crown I gave her when I got you, comes to five shillings. Thou hast cost me all that, and yet thou art good for nothing. Why, you young dogs, did you never see a man before?' 'Never such a one as you, noble general,' replied a truant from Westminster. Sirrah, I

'believe thee: there is a crown for thee. Drive on, coachman.'

This vehicle though sacred to love, was not adorned with doves: such a hieroglyphic denoted too languishing a passion. Orland, therefore, gave the eagle, as being of a constitution which inclined him rather to seize his prey with talons, than pine for it with murmurs.

*From my own Apartment, August 2.*

I have received the following letter from Mr. Powell of Bath, who, I think, runs from the point between us; which I leave the whole world to judge.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

'SIR,

*Bath, July 28.*

'Having a great deal of more advantageous business at present on my hands, I thought to have deferred answering your Tatler of the twenty-first instant until the company was gone and season over; but, having resolved not to regard any impertinencies of your paper, except what relate particularly to me, I am the more easily induced to answer you, as I shall find time to do it. First, partly lest you should think yourself neglected, which I have reason to believe you would take heinously ill. Secondly, partly because it will increase my fame, and consequently my audience, when all the quality shall see with how much wit and raillery I show you—I do not care a farthing for you. Thirdly, partly because being without books, if I do not show much learning, it will not be imputed to my having none.

'I have travelled Italy, France, and Spain, and fully comprehended whatever any German artist in the world can do; yet cannot I imagine why you should endeavour to disturb the repose and plenty which, though unworthy, I enjoy at this place. It cannot be, that you take offence at my prologues and epilogues, which you are pleased to miscall foolish and abusive. No, no, until you give a better, I shall not forbear thinking that the true reason of your picking a quarrel with me was, because it is more agreeable to your principles, as well as more to the honour of your assured victory, to attack a governor. Mr. Isaac, Mr. Isaac, I can see into a mill-stone as far as another, as the saying is; you are for sowing the seeds of seditions and disobedience among my puppets, and your zeal for the good old cause would make you persuade Punch to pull the string from his chops, and not move his jaw when I have a mind he should harangue. Now, I appeal to all men, if this be not contrary to that unaccountable and uncontrollable dominion, which by the laws of nature I exercise over them; for all sorts of wood and wire were made for the use and benefit of man: I have, therefore, an unquestionable right to frame, fashion, and put them together as I please; and having made them what they are, my puppets are my property, and therefore my slaves; nor is there in nature any thing more just, than the homage which is paid by a less to a more excellent being: so that by the right, therefore, of a superior genius, I am their supreme moderator, although you would insinuate, agreeably to your levelling principles, that I am myself but a great puppet, and therefore have but a co-ordinate jurisdiction with them. I suppose, I have now sufficiently made it appear, that I have a paternal right to keep a puppet-show, and this right I will maintain in my prologues on all occasions.

'And, therefore, if you write a defence of yourself against this my self-defence, I admonish you to keep within bounds; for every day will not be so propi-

tious to you as perhaps my restlessness, and it is not my duty to take heed but cannot easily passion.

'I order to which of whether I please, to let warm my fire whether the by word or sure? and for it, give

'But if puppet-shows that I do not care solemnly to approve. O the mayor for the private word about to be mumbled author of a to be said a fling the cause wins the game with a duce-ace made

'And so country, and true, unless Mr. you are not farewell; and

Proper can now almost from Paris, London and

No. 51.] S. W.

CONTINUAT

FORTUNE he dressed, supposed to equal value usual for the to fly from with a great appeared in it alighted mien sure always distaste. Yet the ornaments dresses, as wear. Orland with other things became For this reason his economy vince the p measures w

[illegible][illegible]

*From my Apartment, August 5.*

Letters from Country and other places have been sent me in answer to what I have said in respect to my criticism on Mr. Powell; and advice is warmly given me to keep to subjects more proper than those on which I have written. But the writers of these letters mistake the use and service I propose to do with my pen. I will be such observations for years to come. I base on that title of this paper gives me leave to say all that I please, and in inserting it, I shall not omit to look out here and in every other place, for purpose intended, or proposed by the writer, so that, suppose two great divines should argue, and fight each other with warmth and levity, unbecoming their subject or character, all that they say ought to be printed, that phrase very proper to be inserted here. The acknowledged truth is, that in all writings which are intended to be published, you shall have from me a selection of all that shall be proper to the purpose, and to the benefit of the gentle reader. I will show a warm and ever powerful, and what to pursue. First, I shall have a national slave preparing, in which I shall insert every page and paragraph, and as that time shall make hold with for my own use. The same time will be as benefited in speech; for all the expressions in talk fall to me. I shall write a number of the hard divisions to be extracted, and I shall be troubled, and cross, I shall be in the court—with submission, no less. I shall offer—and, I think I have well considered this matter; for I would be very far from



trifling with your lordship's time, or trespassing upon your patience—however, thus I will venture to say—and so forth. Or else, when a sufficient self-conceited coxcomb is bringing out something in his own praise, and begins, 'Without vanity, I must take this upon me to assert.' There is also a trick which the fair sex have, that will greatly contribute to swell my volumes: as, when a woman is going to abuse her best friend, 'Pray, says she, 'have you heard what is said of Mrs. such-a-one? I am heartily sorry to hear any thing of that kind of one I have so great a value for; but they make no scruple of telling it; and it was not spoken of to me as a secret, for now all the town rings of it.' All such flowers in rhetoric, and little refuges for malice, are to be noted, and naturally belong only to Tatlers. By this method, you will immediately find folios contract themselves into octavos, and the labours of a fortnight got over in half a day.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 5.*

Last night arrived a mail from Lisbon, which gives a very pleasing account of the posture of affairs in that part of the world, the enemy having been necessitated wholly to abandon the blockade of Olivenza. These advices say, that Sir John Jennings is arrived at Lisbon. When that gentleman left Barcelona, his Catholic Majesty was taking all possible methods for carrying on an offensive war. It is observed with great satisfaction in the court of Spain, that there is a very good intelligence between the general officers: Count Staremberg and Mr. Stanhope acting in all things with such unanimity, that the public affairs receive great advantages from their personal friendship and esteem to each other, and mutual assistance in promoting the service of the common cause.

This is to give notice, that if any able-bodied Palatine will enter into the bonds of matrimony with Betty Pepin, the said Palatine shall be settled in a freehold of forty shillings per annum in the county of Middlesex.

No. 52.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 9, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 7.*

DELAMIRA RESIGNS HER FAN.

LONG had the crowd of the gay and young stood in suspense, as to their fate, in their passion to the beauteous Delamira; but all their hopes are lately vanished, by the declaration that she has made of her choice, to take the happy Archibald for her companion for life. Upon her making this known, the expence of sweet powder and jessamine are considerably abated; and the mercers and milliners complain of her want of public spirit in not continuing longer a secret which was so much the benefit of trade. But so it has happened; and no one was in confidence with her in carrying on this treaty, but the matchless Virginita, whose despair of ever entering the matrimonial state made her, some nights before Delamira's resolution was published to the world, address herself to her in the following manner:

'Delamira! you are now going into that state of life wherein the use of your charms is wholly to be applied to the pleasing only one man. That swimming air of your body, that janty bearing of your head over one shoulder, and that inexpressible beauty in your manner of playing your fan, must be lowered into a more confined behaviour; to show that you would rather shun than receive addresses for the

excellences manner of friendship statue, not think myself acquainted unasked, a

Delamira that dexter 'all she has rare beauty left her by family) with skill beholders; more to d umphs, I mable rare highest g her, and peculiar rendered i tress of Cupid is t skill in pla it, to let h able lovers your Cupid never be s tinued she seem to se each other fan, which use in our the waving appear in motion of comes into as a fly do elder siste is, is as g consequen play for a looked and success in you think you a shor with it.

'Cymon a wonderf seems to t other sent leader in as I passe impertine Sampler is Cymon is without n full three nation to and hope of your t that it w enchantr bestows a not overlo despair th that prop and your an account meeting

figure. Therefore, dear Delamira, give me those



tions; a modest fellow never has a doubt  
adable to his grave.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 11, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 10.*

THE CIVIL HUSBAND.

and character of the inconstant Osmyn  
excuse for the little notice taken by his  
his departure out of this life, which was  
blesome to Elmira, his faithful spouse,  
self. That life passed between them after  
r, is the reason the town has just now  
lady with all that gaiety, after having  
et but three months, which other women  
me under fifteen, after such a disaster.  
he daughter of a rich and worthy citizen,  
er to Osmyn with a portion which might  
ed her an alliance with our noblest houses,  
er in the eye of the world, where her  
ot been now to be related: for her good  
d made her the object of universal esteem  
polite part of mankind, from whom she  
anished and immured until the death of

It is now full fifteen years since that  
ady was given into the hands of the happy  
o, in the sense of all the world, received  
me a present more valuable than the  
f both the Indies. She was then in her  
e, with an understanding and discretion  
nferior to the most experienced matrons.  
t beholden to the charms of her sex, that  
y was preferable to any Osmyn could meet  
l; for, were all she said considered with-  
to her being a woman, it might stand the  
a of the severest judges. She had all the  
her own sex, with all the conversation-  
ments of ours. But Osmyn very soon  
ted with the charms of her person by  
and of her mind by want of taste; for he  
that loose sort of men, who have but one  
setting any value upon the fair sex; who  
en brides but as new women, and conse-  
lect them when they cease to be such.  
erit of Elmira could not prevent her  
mere wife within a few months after her  
nd Osmyn had so little relish for her  
n, that he complained of the advantages of  
pouse,' said he to one of his companions,  
discreet, so good, so virtuous, and I know  
bat I think her person is rather the object  
han of love: and there is such a thing as  
ch causes rather distance than passion.'  
eing no medium in the state of matrimony,  
gan to take the usual gradations to become  
ksome of all beings. They grew in the  
ery complaisant; and having at heart a  
wledge that they were indifferent to each  
gies were made for every little circumstance  
thought betrayed their mutual coldness.  
but a few months, when they showed a  
f opinion in every trifle; and, as a sign of  
y of affection, the word 'perhaps,' was  
in all their discourse. 'I have a mind to  
rk,' says she; 'but perhaps, my dear,  
ant the coach on some other occasion.'  
very willingly carry her to the play; but  
had rather go to lady Centaur's and play  
They were both persons of good dis-  
soon found that they mortally hated each  
eir manner of hiding it. Certain it is,

that there are some g  
pure affection, and a m  
as much as for poetry o

Osmyn began too la  
his own heart, and use  
to correct it, and argue  
and passion for his wif  
excellent qualities, his  
the high value he saw  
did put upon her. I  
condition, that though  
a prevailing power over  
the strength of the hes  
the weakness of the  
struggled in vain to re  
that reason resolved to  
the country, and pass  
the noble diversions of  
a disappointed lover, n  
stag, fox, or hare living  
Besides that country-sp  
he hoped also that his  
the very sense of seein  
would think her life end  
communicated his desig  
as now she did all thing  
to be relieved or afflic  
place. This unexpect  
resolve to be as obligin  
he could not prevail u  
took a resolution at leas  
municate frankly to her  
to excuse the indiffer  
disposed his household  
he and his lady travelle  
convenience of discours  
miles out of town, w  
purpose:

'My dear, I believe I  
going to tell you I do  
told you I did. We ar  
together, with only one  
agreeable, survivorship  
mine is all gone for you  
it with decency to the  
with discretion?'

The lady answered, w  
on the extravagance of h

'My dear, you have  
court, and I have not be  
that sort of life. In  
spoken with great warm  
civility. Men are long  
hate, and short in expre  
they love. Therefore, r  
still; and it is no matte  
we love or hate; and t  
are beholden to me fo  
hated and despised you  
yet neither in languag  
visible but that I loved  
I know you go out of to  
beasts, and conversatio  
so, my life, 'from this  
learned cooks who ha  
plasters, and conserves  
become a notable woma  
a note or two lower,  
jealousy or anger. The  
keen passions, by employ  
and lessening the easi  
my dear, with much ale

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old fear:

When the hero has spoken this sentiment, you are  
telling that is great which cannot be expected to be  
one, who so first position is the contempt of death  
so high a degree, as to make his exit a thing which  
in itself, and not a part of his case, but that of  
heaven and fate.

#### *St. James's Coffee-house, August 10.*

Letters from Brussels of the fifteenth instant, N. say that Marshal-general Ravignan returned on the  
eighteenth with the French king's answer to the intended  
contribution for the citadel of Tournay, which is, that  
he does not think fit, to sign that capitulation, even if  
the allies will grant a cessation of arms in general.  
During the time in which all acts of hostility were to  
have ceased between the citadel and the besiegers.  
Soon after the receipt of this news, the enemy's  
cannonade began to play. There are two attacks against  
the citadel, commanded by General Lottin and  
General Schuylenberg, which are both carried on with  
great success; and it is not doubted but the citadel  
will be in the hands of the allies to-day the last day  
of this month. Letters from Ipses say, that only  
a small part of the garrison of that place was  
made up of two bodies, each consisting of 1000  
ranked, who being dispersed the same day, and  
after that time appeared in the market-place at  
the middle following, and seized all manner of pro-  
visions, but were with much difficulty quelled. The  
garrison has not punished any of the offenders, the  
assault being universal in that place, and  
to that the officers found those disorders, that  
the amnesty may be continued of the necessity of  
paying those troops, and supplying them with provisions.  
These advices add, that on the fourteenth  
the Marquis d'Este passed express through Brussels  
from the Duke of Savoy, with advice that the king  
of his royal highness had forced the retrenchments  
of the enemy in Savoy, and defeated that body of  
men, who guarded those passes under the command  
of the Marquis de Thoury.

No. 54. SATURDAY, AUGUST 13, 1769.

#### *White's Chocolate-house, August 12.*

#### OF THE GOVERNMENT OF AFFECTION.

WHEN labour was pronounced to be the portion of  
man, that doom reached the affections of his body,  
as well as his person, the matter on which he was to  
feed, and all the animal and vegetable world about  
him. There is, therefore, an assiduous care and sol-  
licitation to be bestowed upon our passionate and  
affectionate; for they, as they are the exercises of  
our souls, like our hair and bounds, look horrible  
becoming, as we cut or let them grow. All this  
grave pretence is meant to assign a reason in nature  
for the unaccountable behaviour of Dumvir, the  
husband and keeper. Ten thousand ladies had the  
unhappy man escaped, had he made a compact with  
himself to be upon his guard, and not permitted his  
various eye to be in so many different quarters  
upon him, as in his days he has been perplexed with.  
But indeed, at present, he has brought himself to be  
convinced only to one prevailing mistress: between  
him and his wife, Dumvir passes his hours in all  
the vicissitudes which attend passion and affection,  
without the intervention of reason. Laura his wife,  
and Laura's his mistress, are all with whom he has  
had, for some months, the least amorous commerce.  
Dumvir has passed the noon of life; but cannot

aw from those entertainments which are par-  
e only before that stage of our being, and  
after that season, are rather punishments than  
ctions: for palled appetite is humorous, and  
e gratified with sauces rather than food. For  
end Duumvir is provided with a haughty,  
ous, expensive, and fantastic mistress, to  
he retires from the conversation of an affable,  
e, discreet, and affectionate wife. Laura  
s him after absence, with an easy and unaf-  
complacency; but that he calls insipid:  
rates him for his absence, and bids him  
from whence he came; this he calls spirit  
re; Laura's gentleness is thought mean;  
s insolence, sprightly. Were you to see him  
own house, and his mistress's lodgings; to  
he appears an obsequious lover, to Laura an  
pus master. Nay, so unjust is the taste of  
ir, that he owns Laura has no ill quality, but  
e is his wife; Phillis no good one, but that she is  
stress. And he has himself often said, were he  
d to any one else, he would rather keep Laura  
ny woman living; yet allows, at the same  
that Phillis, were she a woman of honour,  
have been the most insipid animal breathing.  
her day Laura, who has a voice like an angel,  
to sing to him. 'Fie, madam,' he cried, 'we  
se past all these gaieties.' Phillis has a note  
e and as loud as that of a milk-maid: when  
gins to warble, 'Well,' says he, 'there is such  
ing simplicity in all that wench does.' In a  
the affectionate part of his heart being cor-  
y, and his true taste that way wholly lost, he  
ntracted a prejudice to all the behaviour of  
and a general partiality in favour of Phillis.  
ot in the power of the wife to do a pleasing  
nor in the mistress to commit one that is  
seable. There is something too melancholy in  
lection on this circumstance, to be the subject  
ery. He said a sour thing to Laura at dinner  
her day; upon which she burst into tears.  
the devil, madam,' says he, 'cannot I speak  
own house?' He answered Phillis a little  
ly at supper the same evening, upon which  
rew his periwig into the fire. 'Well,' said he,  
art a brave termagant jade: do you know,  
that fair wig cost forty guineas?' Oh Laura!  
or this the faithful Cromius sighed for you in  
How is thy condition altered, since crowds of  
hung on thy eye, and watched its glances? It  
many months since Laura was the wonder and  
of her own sex, as well as the desire and  
of ours. At plays and at balls, the just turn of  
haviour, the decency of her virgin charms,  
ed, yet added to diversions. At public devo-  
er winning modesty, her resigned carriage,  
irtue and religion appear with new ornaments,  
the natural apparel of simplicity and beauty.  
inary conversations, a sweet conformity of  
rs, and a humility which heightened all the  
encies of good breeding and education, gave  
re slaves than all the pride of her sex ever  
woman wish for. Laura's hours are now  
in the sad reflection on her choice, and that  
al vanity, almost inseparable from the sex, of  
ag she could reclaim one that had so often  
ed others; as it now is, it is not even in the  
of Duumvir himself to do her justice: for though  
and merit are things real and independent on  
nd opinion, yet agreeableness is arbitrary, and  
stress has much the advantage of the wife.  
enever fate is so kind to her and her spouse

as to end her days  
and indifference for  
view, who may a  
predecessor. Agla  
lived in assemblie  
entertainment, and  
of love, but the too  
Aglaura comes to  
will endear the me  
the mean time, it i  
virtue of a wife is  
justly valued until

*From my own*

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*St. J.*

*'Mr. Bick*

*'It being mine  
others, that your p  
reform any irregul  
the following as on  
Myself, and a grea  
the divine service a  
scandalized by the  
that cathedral. T  
always very exact a  
I believe nobody b  
to roar and bellow  
that he frightens d  
are daily used to h  
a punning Camb  
worship a Bull-offe  
is no more fit than  
of a choir: yet, n  
friend, I suppose, t  
when present, to d  
and anthem, by an  
of the bridge at the  
ing lions in the an  
grievance, which, t  
worthy people des  
inserting this epist  
the matter your ow  
that discord in a ch  
in the church in  
obligation upon us  
certain of your para  
approved by us.*

*'You*

It is wonderful t  
lamentation, and th  
the offender never  
received the follow  
Heralds-office, near

*'DEAR COUSIN.  
share in the impar  
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etween us,  
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ould be

cured, to keep silence; and let the patient make his own observations, without the direction of any thing he had received by his other senses, or the advantage of discovering his friends by their voices. Among several others, the mother, brethren, sisters, and young gentlewoman, for whom he had a passion, were present. The work was performed with great skill and dexterity. When the patient first received the dawn of light, there appeared such an ecstasy in his action, that he seemed ready to swoon away in the surprise of joy and wonder. The surgeon stood before him with his instruments in his hands. The young man observed him from head to foot; all which he surveyed himself as carefully, and began to compare him to himself; and, observing both his hands, seemed to think they were exactly all except the instruments, which he took for parts of his hands. When he had continued in this amusement some time, his mother could no longer bear the agitations of so many passions as thronged upon him; but fell upon his neck, crying out, 'My son! my son!' The youth knew her voice, and could speak no more than 'Oh me! are you my mother?' and faints. The whole room, you will easily conceive, were very affectionately employed in recovering him; but, above all, the young gentlewoman who loved him, and whom he loved, shrieked in the loudest manner. That voice seemed to have a sudden effect upon him as he recovered, and he showed a double curiosity in observing her as she spoke and called to him, until at last he broke out, 'What has been done to me? Whither am I carried? Is all this about me the thing I have heard so often of? Is this the light? Is this seeing? Were you always thus happy, when you said you were glad to see each other? Where is Tom, who used to lead me? But I could not now methinks, go any where without him.' He offered to move, but seemed afraid of every thing around him. When they saw his difficulty, they told him until he became better acquainted with his new being he must let the servant still lead him. The boy was called for and presented to him. Mr. Caswell asked him, 'what sort of thing he took Tom to be before he had seen him?' He answered, 'he believed there was not so much of him as himself; but he fancied him the same sort of creature.' The result of this sudden change made all the neighbourhood throng to the place where he was. As he saw the crowd thickening, he desired Mr. Caswell to tell him how many there were in all to be seen. The gentleman, smiling, answered him, that 'it would be very proper for him to return to his late condition, and suffer his eyes to be covered, until they had recovered strength: for he might remember well enough, that by degrees he had from little and little come to this strength he had at present in his ability of walking and moving; and that it was the same thing with his eyes, which,' he said, 'would lose the power of continuing to him that wonderful transport he was now in, except he would be contented to lay aside the use of them, until they were strong enough to bear the light without so much feeling as he knew he underwent at present.' With much reluctance he was prevailed upon to have his eyes bound in which condition they kept him in a dark room, until it was proper to let the organ receive its sight without further precaution. During the time of this darkness, he bewailed himself in the most distressed manner; and accused all his friends, complaining that 'some intantation had been wrought upon him, and some strange magic used to deceive him into an opinion that he had enjoyed what they call sight.'

## THE TATLER.

He added, 'that the impressions then let in upon his soul would certainly distract him if he were not so at that present.' At another time, he would strive to name the persons he had seen among the crowd after he was couched, and would pretend to speak, in perplexed terms of his own making, of what he in that short time observed. But on the sixth instant, it was thought fit to unbind his head, and the young woman whom he loved was instructed to open his eyes accordingly; as well to endear herself to him by such a circumstance, as to moderate his ecstasies by the persuasion of a voice which had so much power over him as hers ever had. When this beloved young woman began to take off the binding of his eyes, she talked to him as follows.

'Mr. William, I am now taking the binding off, though when I consider what I am doing, I tremble with the apprehension, that though I have from my very childhood loved you, dark as you were, and though you had conceived so strong a love for me, you will find there is such a thing as beauty, which may ensnare you into a thousand passions of which you are now innocent, and take you from me for ever. But, before I put myself to that hazard, tell me in what manner that love, you always professed to me, entered into your heart; for its usual admission is at the eyes.'

The young man answered, 'Dear Lydia, if I am to lose by sight the soft pantings which I have always felt when I heard your voice; if I am no more to distinguish the step of her I love when she approaches me, but to change that sweet, and frequent pleasure for such an amazement as I knew the little time I lately saw; or if I am to have any thing besides, which may take from me the sense I have of what appeared most pleasing to me at that time, which apparition it seems was you; pull out these eyes, before they lead me to be ungrateful to you, or undo myself. I wished for them but to see you; pull them out, if they are to make me forget you.'

Lydia was extremely satisfied with these assurances; and pleased herself with playing with his perplexities. In all his talk to her, he showed but very faint ideas of any thing which had not been received at the ears; and closed his protestation to her, by saying, that if he were to see Valentia and Barcelona, whom he supposed the most esteemed of all women, by the quarrel there was about them, he would never like any but Lydia.

### *St. James's Coffee-house, August 15.*

We have repeated advices of the entire defeat of the Swedish army near Pultowa, on the twenty-seventh of June, O. S.; and letters from Berlin give the following account of the remains of the Swedish army since the battle: Prince Menzikoff, being ordered to pursue the victory, came up with the Swedish army, which was left to the command of general Lewenhaupt, on the thirtieth of June, O. S. on the banks of the Boristhenes; whereupon he sent general Lewenhaupt a summons to submit himself to his present fortune; Lewenhaupt immediately despatched three general officers to that prince, to treat about a capitulation; but the Swedes, though they consisted of fifteen thousand men, were in so great want of provision and ammunition, that they were obliged to surrender themselves at discretion. His czarish majesty despatched an express to General Goltz, with an account of these particulars, and also with instructions to send out detachments of his cavalry, to prevent the king of Sweden's joining his army in Poland. That prince made his escape with a small

party by sea, thought he of Volhynia instant say body held deputies of termine the application new diffic Letters from of Savoy's. also two in royal high manner; the Thaur are D'Albigni. from thepe communica Some forced castle of L General R with ten R horse; his Genevre, s phin on duke of B prevent su quarters a army in sev with the M visions for Dauphiné ries. He l who suffere where they the spot, for among who from the D the ninete non being a account the ratify the c of Tournay great vigou several of the others, whi security of the caution confederate loss. Mar and applie new lines b Marlboroug general rev

No. 56.]

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ply himself  
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the ridicu-  
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thought fit  
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bring in within seven years: besides which, he proposes to marry, to set all right. He was, therefore, indolent enough to speak of this matter with great impartiality. 'When I look around me,' said this easy gentleman, 'and consider in a just balance us bubbles, elder brothers whose support our dull fathers contrived to depend upon certain acres, with the rooks, whose ancestors left them the wide world I cannot but admire their fraternity, and condemn my own. Is not Jack Heyday much to be preferred to the knight he has bubbled? Jack has his equipage his wenches, and his followers: the knight, so far from a retinue, that he is almost one of Jack's. However, he is gay, you see, still; a florid outside—His habit speaks the man—And since he must unbutton, he would not be reduced outwardly, but stripped to his upper coat. But though I have great temptation to it, I will not at this time give the history of the losing side; but speak the effects of my thoughts, since the loss of my money, upon the gaming people. This ill fortune makes most me contemplative and given to reading; at least it has happened so to me; and the rise and fall of Sharper in all ages has been my contemplation.'

I find, all times have had of this people: Homer in his excellent heroic poem, calls them Myrmidons who were a body that kept among themselves, so had nothing to lose; and therefore never spare either Greek or Trojan, when they fell in their way upon a party. But there is a memorable verse, which gives us an account of what broke that whole body and made both Greeks and Trojans masters of the secret of their warfare and plunder. There is nothing so pedantic as many quotations; therefore, I shall inform you only, that in this battalion there were two officers called Thersites and Pandarus: they were both less renowned for their beauty than their wit but each had this particular happiness, that they were plunged over head and ears in the same water which made Achilles invulnerable; and had ever after, certain gifts which the rest of the world were never to enjoy. Among others, they were never to know the were the most dreadful to the sight of all mortals never to be diffident of their own abilities, never to blush, or ever to be wounded but by each other. Though some historians say, gaming began among the Lydians, to divert hunger, I could cite many authorities to prove it had its rise at the siege of Troy; and that Ulysses won the sevenfold shield at hazard. But be that as it may, the ruin of the corps of the Myrmidons proceeded from a breach between Thersites and Pandarus. The first of these was leader of a squadron, wherein the latter was but a private man but having all the good qualities necessary for a partisan, he was the favourite of his officer. But the whole history of the several changes in the order of sharpers, from those Myrmidons to our modern method of address and plunder, will require that we consult some ancient manuscripts. As we make the enquiries, we shall diurnally communicate them to the public, that the Knights of the Industry may be better understood by the good people of England. These sort of men, in some ages, were sycophants or flatterers only, and were endued with arts of life to capacitate them for the conversation of the rich and great; but now the bubble courts the impostor, and pretends at the utmost to be but his equal. To clear up the reasons and causes in such revolutions, and the different conduct between fools and cheats, shall be one of our labours for the good of this kingdom. How, therefore, pimps, footmen, fiddlers, and lackeys are elevated into companions in this present age, shall

## THE TATLER.

ed for from the influence of the planet  
n this island; the ascendancy of which  
er Sol, who is a patron of the muses and  
rofessions, has been noted by the learned  
ry, to be the cause, that 'cunning and  
ore esteemed than art and science.' It  
owed also, to the memory of Mr. Partridge,  
l-street in the Strand, that in his answer  
y question, At what hour of the night to  
trap in June 1705? he has largely dis-  
der the character of Reynard, the manner  
g all Sharpers as well as him. But of  
points, after more mature deliberation.

*James's Coffee-house, August 17.*

*'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.*

I have nothing at present new, but that  
and by some Owlars, old people die in  
letters from Paris of the 10th instant, N. S.  
Monsieur d'Andre, Marquis d'Oraison, died  
ive; Monsieur Brumars, at one hundred  
ears, died for love of his wife, who was  
at her death, after seventy years cohabi-  
cholas de Boutheiller, parish-preacher at  
being a bachelor, held out to one hundred  
n. Dame Claude de Massy, relict of  
Peter de Monceaux, grand audienccr of  
ed on the seventeenth, aged one hundred  
Letters of the seventeenth say, Monsieur  
le Lamoignon died on the seventh instant,  
great piety and virtue; but having died  
age is concealed for reasons of state. On  
h, his most Christian Majesty, attended  
pphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Duke  
ss of Berry, assisted at the procession  
early performs in memory of a vow made  
he Thirteenth, in 1638. For which act of  
Majesty received absolution of his confessor  
sch of all inconvenient vows made by him-  
s, sir, your most humble servant,

*' HUMPHREY KIDNEY.'*

*from my own Apartment, August 17.*

I acknowledge several letters which I have  
ved; among others, one subscribed Philan-  
other Emilia, both which shall be honoured.  
ird from an officer in the army, wherein  
I would do justice to the many gallant  
ich have been done by men of private  
or officers of lower stations, during this  
that their families may have the pleasure  
we lived in an age, wherein men of all  
their proper share in fame and glory.  
othing I should undertake with greater  
an matters of this kind; if, therefore, they  
quainted with such facts would please to  
te them by letters, directed to me at  
ew's, no pains should be spared to put  
proper and distinguishing light.  
o admonish Stentor, that it was not admi-  
s voice, but my publication of it, which  
creased the number of his hearers.

**SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1709.**

*Will's Coffee-house, August 19.*

is evening representing a complaint sent  
the country from Emilia. She says, her  
there have so little sense of what a refined  
town is, that she, who was a celebrated  
low, is, in that dull part of the world, in

so little esteem, that th  
a Tongue-Pad. Old T  
to keep her wit until s  
admonish her, that bot  
for a fine court-lady is  
house-wives, as one of  
ing-room. It is therefo  
one can attain at, to un  
men we make the best  
where the beauteous and  
ceptable, it is certainly  
pleasing in all conversat  
is so thirsty after the re  
his company is for any  
and for want of knowin  
is never chosen by othe  
tity of behaviour which  
which if he transgresse  
fate with Delia's bea  
because all know it is  
course Emilia can take  
if she could have as g  
having every quality, a  
of themselves with one,  
with a sense of her m  
which is now the subj  
object of their imitation  
value of herself, she m  
of that uncommon crea

*White's Choccol*

Since my last, I hav  
Trump, to desire that  
gamesters the justice to  
Sharpers, who are not  
he presented me with  
smith, in little, who,  
half a plumb, by mean  
false dice. I must c  
reason in what he asse  
and accosted me in t  
wonderful to me, M  
pretend to be a man of  
Knights of the Industr  
when there are so ma  
practice of baser metho  
though you know the  
Briton, but allow I am  
Copperamith, for all  
Lombards. I get my n  
gets his by their distre  
communicates his grie  
them by extortion. If,  
to the merit of the p  
more blameable, he tha  
or he that cheats a foc  
indifferently liable to ad  
he who adds to them, v  
certainly a worse subje  
man whose prosperity  
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of choice.'

I allowed Trump the  
which is the height o  
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[illegible]

before their natural: with this they weave a mantle over their heads, which descends down their sides, hides, hides their features, and hides y from knowing men by their faces. This nation has besides this, their God and their king. The granite is every day at a certain hour, to a temple they call the temple of the upper end of that temple there are some men consecrated to their God, where the people attend some mysteries which they call holy men and removed us. The great men make a visit on at the foot of the altar, standing with their backs to the priest and the holy mysteries, and the people directed towards their king, who is seen on his knees before them, and to whom they seem to direct the views of their hearts, and all their devotion. Besides in this custom, there is to be remarked a great subordination; for the people appear adoring the prince, and their prince adoring God. The Indians of this region call it —, It is from four to five degrees of latitude, and more than one hundred leagues by sea from the Iraguá at Havana.

Letter, from Hampstead says, there is a country  
graveyard there, of a kind which is utterly new. It  
has his courage, which he takes himself to  
be able to give proofs of every hour he lives. He  
is fighting with the men, and contradicting the  
women. A lady, who sent to me, supercalculated  
this description out of Suckling:

'I am a man of war and might,  
 And know thus much, that I can fight  
 Whether I am rith' wrong or right,  
Devoutly

No woman under heaven I fear,  
 Now oaths I can exactly swear;  
 And forty heaths my brain will bear.  
 Most steady!

No. 58. TUESDAY, AUGUST 23, 1799.

Wet's Channel-house, August 22

"Poor Cynthia, who does me the honor to take me now and then very freely of his most secret passions, and tells me his most private thoughts, engaged to me, that though he is in his very power, he is not ruled all his desires, and he was to be entrusted with a fine lady as he is called." "That one passion for Carless has taken up," said he, "my whole soul; and all my affection is stretched, as you may observe ordinary from my return by the sunshining."

This was a declaration not to be made but upon the best opinion of man's singularity; yet as man is subject of matter as such a speech would be, I think, that elasticity is an inferior quality, and some advanced in men is in women. The mighty Sir, who is Blinde says in the comedy, "I was a trifle out of his time" was of that mind, and I celebrate it as an outburst of good sense. When he is with the company, and merrily, and public success is high in pitch at Rome, as at present in England, yet, I believe, there was no man in the day to whom that General of all ridiculous in Italy, even in the following account of him.

Spent at four-and-twenty years of age, had  
the greatest victory; and a multitude of persons  
of each sex and all conditions, fell into his power.  
Among others, an agreeable virgin in her early blo-  
om and beauty. He had too sensible a spirit to see the  
most lovely of all objects without being moved by

passion: besides which, there was no obligation of honour or virtue to restrain his desires towards one who was his by the fortune of war. But a noble indignation, and a sudden sorrow which appeared in her countenance, when the conqueror cast his eyes upon her, raised his curiosity to know her story. He was informed, that she was a lady of the highest condition in that country, and contracted to Indibilis, a man of merit and quality. The generous Roman soon placed himself in the condition of that unhappy man, who was to lose so charming a bride; and, though a youth, a bachelor, a lover, and a conqueror, immediately resolved to resign all the invitations of his passion, and the rights of his power, to restore her to her destined husband. With this purpose he commanded her parents and relations, as well as her husband, to attend him at an appointed time. When they met, and were waiting for the general, my author frames to himself the different concern of an unhappy father, a despairing lover, and a tender mother, in the several persons who were so related to the captive. But, for fear of injuring the delicate circumstances with an old translation, I shall proceed to tell you, that Scipio appears to them, and leads in his prisoner into their presence. The Romans, as noble as they were, seemed to allow themselves a little too much triumph over the conquered; therefore, as Scipio approached, they all threw themselves on their knees, except the lover of the lady: but Scipio observing in him a manly sullenness, was the more inclined to favour him, and spoke to him in these words:

'It is not the manner of the Romans to use all the power they justly may: we fight not to ravage countries, or break through the ties of humanity. I am acquainted with your worth, and your interest in this lady: fortune has made me your master; but I desire to be your friend. This is your wife; take her, and may the gods bless you with her! But far be it from Scipio to purchase a loose and momentary pleasure at the rate of making an honest man unhappy.'

Indibilis's heart was too full to make him any answer; but he threw himself at the feet of the general, and wept aloud. The captive lady fell into the same posture, and they both remained so, until the father burst into the following words: 'O divine Scipio! the gods have given you more than human virtue. O glorious leader! O wondrous youth! does not that obliged virgin give you, while she prays to the gods for your prosperity, and thinks you sent down from them, raptures, above all the transports which you could have reaped from the possession of her injured person?' The temperate Scipio answered him without much emotion, and saying, 'Father, be a friend to Rome,' retired. An immense sum was offered as her ransom; but he sent it to her husband, and smiling, said, 'This is a trifle after what I have given him already; but let Indibilis know, that chastity at my age is a much more difficult virtue to practise than generosity.'

I observed Cynthia was very much taken with my narrative; but told me, 'this was a virtue that would bear but a very inconsiderable figure in our days.' However, I took the liberty to say, that 'we ought not to lose our idea of things, though we had debauched our true relish in our practice; for, after we have done laughing, solid virtue will keep its place in men's opinions; and though custom made it not so scandalous as it ought to be, to ensnare innocent women, and triumph in the falsehood; such actions, as we have here related, must be accounted true gal-

lantry, and they are re-

A man in town, that speaking he that had e were a sta see very m and more not thus, man in Eng he talks me

Will Da grammarians and myself room; and enough for particle Fo well know for he had the day, w the first m therefore, t it, he shou the pleasur 'Faith, ge humble; a conversati enlarge yo though I t the partic As simila selves, to always se the liberty error and in your im the knowl with all me For. You ference, v There is of quant Much. B to be incor creet use o controversi gage you v point, Wh or forced it standing t like famili the Irishm a lodging, house. If of a quite could not for what t

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has kept the pack for many successions of hunting seasons. Actæon has long tracts of rich soil; but had the misfortune in his youth to fall under the power of sorcery, and has been ever since, some part of the year, a deer, and in some parts a man. While he is a man, such is the force of magic, he no soon grows to such a bulk and fatness, but he is again turned into a deer, and hunted until he is lean; upon which he returns to his human shape. Many attempts have been tried, and many resolutions taken by Actæon himself, to follow such methods as would break the enchantment; but all have hitherto proved ineffectual. I have therefore, by midnight watching and much care found out, that there is no way to save him from the jaws of his hounds, but to destroy the pack, which, by astrological prescience, I find am destined to perform. For which end, I have set out my familiar, to bring me a list of all the places where they are harboured, that I may know where to sound my horn, and bring them together, and take an account of their haunts and their marks, again another opportunity.

*Will's Coffee-house, August 24.*

The author of the ensuing letter, by his name, and the quotations he makes from the ancients, seems a sort of spy from the old world, whom we moderns ought to be careful of offending; therefore, I must be free, and own it a fair hit where he takes me, rather than disoblige him.

• SIR,

‘Having a peculiar humour of desiring to be somewhat the better or wiser for what I read, I am always uneasy when, in any profound writer, for I read in others, I happen to meet with what I cannot understand. When this falls out it is a great grievance to me that I am not able to consult the author himself about his meaning, for commentators are a sect that has little share in my esteem: your elaborate writings have, among many others, this advantage, that their author is still alive, and ready, as his extensive charity makes us expect, to explain whatever may be found in them too sublime for vulgar understandings. This, sir, makes me presume to ask you, how the Hampstead hero's character could be perfectly new when the last letters came away and yet Sir John Suckling so well acquainted with it sixty years ago? I hope, sir, you will not take this amiss: I can assure you, I have a profound respect for you, which makes me write this with the same disposition with which Longinus bids us read Homer and Plato. When in reading, says he, any of those celebrated authors, we meet with a passage to which we cannot well reconcile our reasons, we ought firmly to believe, that were those great wits present to answer for themselves, we should, to our wonder be convinced, that we only are guilty of the mistake that we before attributed to them. If you think fit to remove the scruple that now torments me, it will be an encouragement to me to settle a frequent correspondence with you; several things falling in my way, which would not, perhaps, be altogether foreign to your purpose, and whereon your thought would be very acceptable to your most humble servant.

‘OBADIAH GREENHAT.’

I own this is clean, and Mr. Greenhat has convinced me that I have writ nonsense, yet I am not at all offended at him.

Scimus, et hanc veniam petimusque damusque vicissim.  
*Hor. Ars. Poet. ver. xi.*

I own th' indulgence—Such I give and take. *Francis.*

This is the true art of raillery, when a man turns another into ridicule, and shows, at the same time, he is in good humour, and not urged on by malice against the person he rallies. Obadiah Greenhat has hit this very well: for, to make an apology to Isaac Bickerstaff, an unknown student and horary historian, as well as astrologer, and with a grave face to say, he speaks of him by the same rules with which he would treat Homer or Plato, is to place him in company where he cannot expect to make a figure; and make him flatter himself, that it is only being named with them which renders him most ridiculous.

I have not known, and I am now past my grand climacteric, being sixty-four years of age, according to my way of life; or, rather, if you will allow punning in an old gentleman, according to my way of *pastime*; I say, as old as I am, I have not been acquainted with many of the Greenhats. There is indeed one Zedekiah Greenhat, who is lucky also in his way. He has a very agreeable manner; for when he has a mind thoroughly to correct a man, he never takes from him any thing, but he allows him something for it; or else he blames him for things wherein he is not defective, as well as for matters wherein he is. This makes a weak man believe he is in jest in the whole. The other day he told Beau Prim, who is thought impotent, 'that his mistress had declared she would not have him, because he was a sloven, and had committed a rape.' The beau bit at the banter, and said very gravely, 'he thought to be clean was as much as was necessary; and that as to the rape, he wondered by what witchcraft that should come to her ears; but it had indeed cost him a hundred pounds to hush the affair.'

The Greenhats are a family with small voices and short arms, therefore they have power with none but their friends: they never call after those who run away from them, or pretend to take hold of you if you resist. But it has been remarkable, that all who have shunned their company, or not listened to them, have fallen into the hands of such as have knocked out their brains, or broken their bones. I have looked over our pedigree upon the receipt of this epistle, and find the Greenhats are a-kin to the Staffs. They descend from Maudlin, the left-handed wife of Nehemiah Bickerstaff, in the reign of Harry the Second. And it is remarkable, that they are all left-handed, and have always been very expert at single rapier. A man must be very much used to their play to know how to defend himself; for their posture is so different from that of the right-handed, that you run upon their swords if you push forward: and they are in with you, if you offer to fall back without keeping your guard.

There have been, also, letters lately sent to me, which relate to other people: among the rest, some whom I have heretofore declared to be so, are deceased. I must not, therefore, break through rules so far as to speak ill of the dead. This maxim extends to all but the late Partridge, who still denies his death. I am informed, indeed, by several, that he walks; but I shall with all convenient speed lay him.

*St. James's Coffee-house, August 24.*

We hear from Tournay, that on the night between the twenty-second and twenty-third, they went on with their works in the enemy's mines, and levelled

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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at the writing the name, there was a certain sto- n one letter, which the father, and he agreed sho- ce to such directions as he desired might be no- carnately honoured, he forthwith gave the man. The possession of four thousand pounds gave young gentlemen a new train of thoughts; he be- to reflect upon his birth, the great expectations was born to, and the unsuitable ways he had to pursued. Instead of that unthinking creature was before, he is now provident, generous, and disre- The father and son have an exact and regular re- spondence, with mutual and unreserved confi- on each other. The son looks upon his father as the best tenant he could have in the country, and the father finds the son the most safe banker he c- have in the city.

## Will's Coffee-house, August 26.

There is not any thing in nature so extravagant but that you will find one man or other that has practised or maintained it; otherwise Harry Spode could not have made so long an harangue as he did here this evening, concerning the force and efficacy of well-applied nonsense. Among ladies, he positively averred, it was the most prevailing part of eloquence, and had so little complaisance as to say, 'a woman is never taken by her reason, but always by her passion.' He proceeded to assert, 'the way to say that, was only to astonish her.' I know,' continued he, 'a very late instance of this; for being at accident in the room next to Strephon, I could not help over-hearing him, as he made love to a certain great lady's woman. The true method in your application to one of this second rank of understanding is not to elevate and surprise, but rather to coax and amaze. Strephon is a perfect master in this kind of persuasion: his way is, to run over with soft air a multitude of words, without meaning or connexion; but such as do each of them apart give pleasing ideas, though they have nothing to do with each other as he assembles them. After the common phrases of salutation, and making his entry into the room, I perceived he had taken the fair nymph's hand and kissing it said, "Witness to my happiness, y groves! be still, ye rivulets; Oh! woods, caves, fountains, trees, dales, mountains, hills, and streams! oh fairest! could you love me?" To which I overheard her answer, with a very pretty lisp, "Oh! Strephon you are a dainty creature: why do you talk these tender things to me? but you men of wit—" "Is then possible," said the enamoured Strephon, "that she regards my sorrows! Oh! pity, thou belovest me to a heart over-loaded! If rapture, solicitation, desire, and pleasing anxiety—But still I live, in the most afflicting of all circumstances, doubt—Can any charmer name the place and moment?"

"There all those joys insatiably to prove,

With which rich beauty feeds the glutton live."

"Forgive me, madam: it is not that my heart is weary—its chain, but—" This incoherent stuff was answered by a tender sigh, "Why do you put your wit to a weak woman?" Strephon saw he had made some progress in her heart, and pursued it, by saying that "He would certainly wait upon her at such a hour in Rosamond's pond; and then—the sun, the dews, and rural powers of the place, sacred and available to love; love, the mover of all noble hearts should hear his vows repeated by the streams and echoes." The assignation was accordingly made. The style he calls the unintelligible method of speaking to



## THE TATLER.

I will engage, had this gallant spoken as, she had never understood him half so well as we may take it for granted, that he will be as a very cold lover, who discovers to that he is in his senses.'

*At my own Apartment, August 26.*

A wing letter came to my hand, with a view to have the subject recommended to our particularly the Smart Fellows; who are to repair to Major Touch-hole, who can help to lock those that are only fit for exercise.

*Just ready for the press,*

*Triumphant; or London's Glory:*

The whole art of encampment, with the method of marching armies, marching them off, posting the lining hollow squares, and the various ways of saluting with the half-pike; as it was by the trained-bands of London this year, and seven hundred and nine, in that nursery the Artillery Ground. Wherein you have not how to form a strong line of foot, with salutes between each platoon, very useful to breaking in of horse. A civil way of the military ceremony; wherein the salute from his horse, and, at the head of his salutes the lieutenant-colonel; and the colonel, to return the compliment, courtesies, and after the same manner salutes exactly as it was performed, with applause, on the 5th of July last. Likewise of a new invention, made use of in the red to quell mutineering captains; with several others alike useful for the public. To which is an appendix by Major Touch-hole; proving that of discipline now used in our armies to be defective: with an essay towards an amendment: dedicated to the lieutenant-colonel of the regiment.

Mr. Kerstaff has now in the press, 'A defence of the Smart Fellows against the class of the Smarts: a dissertation upon the gravity which becomes persons. Illustrated by way of fable, and a comparison of the nature of the elephant, the cow, the horse, and the dromedary, which have motions of gravity and grace. To this is added a treatise on the elephant, according to Pliny, against the bringing of foreigners into the forest. Adapted to some circumstances. Together with allusions to the same as declare against the poor Palatines.'

TUESDAY, AUGUST 30, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, August 29.*

Many phrases which have crept into conversation, especially of such company as frequent there is not one which misleads me more, than of a 'Fellow of a great deal of fire.' This is a new term, Fire, has done much good in the world, it has made them troublesome to every body.

You see in the very air of a 'Fellow of a great deal of fire' something so expressive of what he would be, that it were not for self-preservation a man to be out.

Last night the fate to drink a bottle with two firemen, who are indeed dispersed, like the stars, in all quarters, and to be met with one of the most different education. One of my companions was a scholar with Fire; and the

other a soldier of the same name. The man would fall into dispute in a manner of provocation or decision without words, and would swear an oath to express his opinion. He was a mere scholar, and my companion was a person of no note. The particularity of the second terrible. The which in some measure reconciles towards each other. The person of no note brought to be convinced of anything, any otherwise than by the other to me, and make them alternately enjoyed conversant with books, which makes them both. The which makes them both books is necessary to company, and the knowledge of true relish of books: but makes one pass for a fine gentleman. I pass my time with the to do justice to his passion, and let me alone. let it rest there; I must within his shallow observation: to all which he contempt of those of his content for delighting in their duty. Thus it is much animal life, and repair to our armies, and reasonable men, under

The word has not been used by lovers, to supply them than it has been to support them in being every fool of their order is Colonel Truncheon, ready on all occasions; his life, but is ever positive out of obstinate opinion.

It is very unhappy for it is possible for such a and a set of common with no other accompaniment freedom, for men of these ought to pretend to carry it so far, as to offend or not; for the differs from true spirit of a mettlesome horse. A to all the waiters who affronted at the company makes the drawers and footman at home, known without danger.

This is not the Fire of a young man of good fortune. He commands him in its orb: he is the victor of the machine. His offices of life with reason in the manner of doing laudable pursuits, is that a man of merit; who every gay coxcomb of wrong, and dare to pe-

*Will's Coffee-house*

It is a common of

her reputation and possessions. She is a more sensible person, and her restrictions are such, that she is not so much in the way of the world as the other. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other.

5, that the steel excludes her from the society of the world. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other.

and in the eyes of the world. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other.

26. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other. She is not so much in the way of the world as the other.

from it; for it is very just that she who values herself only on her beauty, should be regarded by others on no other consideration.

There is certainly a liberal and a pedantic school among women, as well as men; and the male lists accordingly. She, therefore, that is bred in freedom, and in good company, considers men according to their respective characters and distinctions, while she that is looked up from such observation will consider her father's butler, not as a butler, but as a man. In like manner, when men converse with women, the well-bred and intelligent are best pleased with an observation suitable to their different talents and accomplishments, without respect to the sex; while a mere woman can be observed under consideration but that of a woman; and there can be no reason for placing any value upon her, for losing time in her company. Wherefore, I am of opinion, that the rule for pleasing long is, to obtain such qualifications as would make them so worthy to be not women.

Let theauteous Cleomira then show us her face, and know that every stage of life has its peculiar charms, and that there is no necessity for fifty-three. That childish colouring of her cheeks is not so ungraceful, as that slupe would have been with her face were its real countenance. She has count and ought to know, that if she will not follow nature will follow her. Time, then, has made the person which had, when I visited her grandfather a beautiful bloom, sprightly air, and soft utterance, now no less graceful in a lovely aspect, an awful manner, and maternal wisdom. But her heart was so set upon her first character, that she neglects to repent at her present; not that she is against more stayed conduct in others, for she recommends gravity, circumspection, and severity of countenance to her daughter. Thus, against all odds, she is the sagacious mother the fine lady.

But these great evils proceed from an unaccountable wild method in the education of the latter part of the world, the women. We have no such thing as a standard for good breeding. I was the other day at my Lady Wealthy's, and asked one of her daughters how she did? She answered, 'She never conversed with men.' The same day I visited my Lady Pleasant's, and asked her daughter the same question. She answers, 'What is that to you, you old thing?' and gives me a slap on the shoulder.

I defy any man in England, except he knows the family before he enters, to be able to judge whether he shall be agreeable or not when he comes in. You find either some odd old woman, who is permitted to rule as long as she lives, in hopes of her death, not to interrupt all things; or some important young woman who will talk steadily upon the standard of looking beautifully. I will not answer for it, but it may be, that I take all other old fellows, for a needless for the fashions and manners which prevailed when I was young and in fashion myself. But certain it is, that the taste of grace and beauty is much lowered. The fine women they show me now-a-days are at best but pretty girls to me. I have seen Sacharissa, when all the world repeated the poems she inspired; and Villaria, when a youth and king was her subject. The *Things* you follow and make songs on now, should be sent to turn or be down to bobbing or bone-lace: they are indeed neat and so are the sempstresses; they are pretty, and so are their hand-maids. But that graceful notion that awful mien, and that winning attraction, which grew upon them from the thoughts and conversation

# THE TATLER.

not with in my time, are now no more seen. Tell me I am old : I am glad I am so ; for I do see your present young ladies.

These among us who set up for any thing of decorum, do so mistake the matter, that they offend on their side. Five young ladies, who are of no name for their great severity of manners, and lary behaviour, would lately go no where with others but to an organ-loft in a church ; where had a cold treat, and some few opera songs, to great refreshment and edification. Whether prudent persons had not been as much so if it had been done at a tavern, is not very hard to find. It is such silly starts and incoherences as, which undervalue the beautiful sex, and thus in our choice of sweetness of temper and civility of manners, which are the only lasting qualities of woman. But I must leave this important matter, at present, for some matters which press for attention ; as you will observe in the following

‘ London, August 26, Artillery Ground.

DEAR SIR,

It is natural for distant relations to claim kindred in a rising family ; though at this time zeal to my country, not interest, calls me out. The city forces are shortly to take the field, all good protestants will be pleased that their arms and valour should be with equal lustre. A council of war was lately held by the Honourable Colonel Mortar being president. In many debates, it was unanimously resolved, that Major Blunder, a most expert officer, should be ordered for Birmingham, to buy arms, and to prove the locks on the spot, as well to prevent any disappointment in the day of battle. The Duke being a person of consummate experience, and invested with a discretionary power. He knew an ancient story, that securing the rear, and getting a glorious retreat, was the most celebrated rule of conduct. Accordingly such measures were taken to prevent surprise in the rear of his arms. When Pallas herself, in the shape of rust, could not find them. They were drawn into close order, embodied, and arrived securely without touch. Great and national actions deserve popular applause ; and as praise is no expense to the public, my dearest kinsman, I communicate this to you, well to oblige this nursery of heroes, as to do to my native country.

‘ I am,

‘ Your most affectionate kinsman,

‘ OFFSPRING TWIG.’

My war-horse, belonging to one of the colonels of Artillery, to be let or sold. He may be seen adorned with ribbands, and set forth to the best advantage, the next training day.’

[ ] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1709.

*White’s Chocolate-house, August 31.*

A place being frequented by persons of consequence, I am desired to recommend a dog-kennel to those who shall want a pack. It lies not far from the street, and is kept by two who were formerly in the French service ; but left plundering for a more orderly life of keeping dogs : besides according to their expectation, they find it more profitable, as well as more conducing to the safety of the kin, to follow this trade, than the beat of

drum. Their resident dogs to whelp in, and the scent. The blood-hounds, which

A L

Jowler, of a right Rockwood, of the courtesy of England Pompey, a tall hound from France, and known

These two last hounds Ringwood, a French breed, a fine open hound, always in the house, a good nose, French

There is also another hound, and knows perfectly

Ten setting-dogs

Four mongrels of

And twenty who

These curs are so

too keen at the spot

the keepers can come

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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*From my own Apartment, August 31.*

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I have been just now reading the introduction to the history of Cutiline by Sallust, an author who is very much in my favour: but when I reflect upon his professing himself wholly disinterested, and, at the same time, see how industriously he has availed himself of saying any thing to the praise of Cato, to what virtue the commonwealth owed its safety, my esteem lessens my esteem for that writer: and is it argument, among others, for laughing at all who pretend to be out of the interests of the world, to profess purely to act for the service of mankind without the least regard to themselves. I do not deny that the rewards are different: some find riches, others at honour, by their public service. However, they are all pursuing some end to their selves, though indeed those ends differ as much as right and wrong. The most grateful way, then, should think, would be to acknowledge, that we aim at serving ourselves: but at the same time make it appear it is for the service of others that we have the opportunities.

Of all the disinterested professors I have ever heard of, I take the boatswain of Daupner's ship to be the most rapid, but the most excellent. You are to know that, in the wild searches that navigators making, they happened to be out at sea, far distant from any shore, in want of all the necessaries of life, inasmuch that they began to look, as well at hunger, on each other. The boatswain, a fat, healthy, fresh fellow, and attracted the eyes of the whole crew. In such an extreme necessity, all forms of superiority were hid aside: the captain and lieutenant were safe only by being carried, and the unhappy boatswain in danger only by being worsted. To be short, the company were unanimous and the boatswain must be cut up. He saw the intention, and desired he might speak a few words before they proceeded; which being permitted, he delivered himself as follows:

### GENTLEMEN SAILORS,

"Can be it that I should speak it for any private interest of my own; but I take it that I should not do with a good conscience, if I did not care for you, that I am not second. I say, gentlemen, justice and the testimony of a good conscience, as well as I love of my country, to which I hope you will all seem, oblige me to own, that Black Kate at Deptford has made me very unsafe to eat; and, I speak with shame, I am afraid, gentlemen, I should persue you."

This speech had a good effect in the boatmen's favour; but the surgeon of the ship protested he had cured him very well, and offered to eat the first steak of him himself.

The boatswain replied, like an orator, with a remembrance of the people, and in hopes to gain them, that this was hearty, and if he could be for their service, and thank'd the surgeon for his information. "However," said he, "I must inform you for your good, that I have ever since my cure, been very thirsty and dispassionate; therefore, I presume, it would be much better to tip me, and drink me off, than sit me at once, and have no men in the ship fit to drink." As he was going on with his harangue, the fresh mate arose, and gave the crew hopes of a better report at the nearest shore, to which they sail next morning.

Most of the self-denials we meet with are of this sort; therefore, I think he acts fairest who owns, he

## THE TATLER.

least to have brother's fare, without that he gives himself up with pleasure to it for the preservation of his fellows.

*James's Coffee-house, August 31.*

From the Hague of the sixth of September, that the governor of the citadel of Tournay ordered their highnesses the Duke of Marlborough and the Prince of Savoy to surrender that the thirty-first of the last month, on terms not allowed them by those princes, hostilities thereupon renewed; but that on the place was surrendered, with a seeming granted to the besieged, above that of terms of war: for they were forthwith to be to Conde, but were to be exchanged for of the allies, and particularly those of were mentioned in the demand. Both being stretched towards Mons with the diligence, that of the allies, though they took a much more difficult road, arrived first at that town, which they have now actually and the quarter-master-general was, at the despatching these letters, marking the the encampment of the covering army.

*Sellers, or others whom this advertisement may concern.*

Mr. Aaron, the unborn poet, gives notice, that all treatises, as well in verse as prose, with son, and translates out of all languages, turning or study. A bookseller will treat for his pastoral on the surrender of the citadel of Tournay, he is in his proposals before the news of a victory for any other town. A undertaker for either play-house, may have written by him; or, if it shall suit their satire upon operas; both ready for next

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1709.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 2.*

ENJOYMENT OF LIFE WITH REGARD TO OTHERS.

Never thought it the greatest diminution to glory imaginable, that in their institution triumphs, they led their enemies in chains were prisoners. It is to be allowed that honour to the superiority of heroes above the kind, must needs conduce to the glory and of a nation; but what shocks the imagination upon is, that an unhappy man, who was no more to the victor but by the chance of war, led like a slave at the wheels of his chariot. These other circumstances of a triumph, that allowed in a civil war, lest one part should triumph while the other was making acclamations; could not be granted, except such a number in battle; that the general should be who made a false muster of his dead; that, had great and politic ends in their being, and tended to the apparent benefit of the realm. But this behaviour to the contrary, no foundation in nature or policy, only the insolence of a haughty people, who over barbarous nations, by acting what they say for those very barbarians to practise.

It seems wonderful, that a man should take care, that to compensate a victorious officer, no power should be in him in the empire on which he sits, that the consults them at his table that ever thought to make the prisoners one of the improved the gladness he had made a much greater appeared unhappy on his man appeared great.

But we will wave at accidents, and turn our the part of human life, and business we contend for. Romans did on more. Over our fellow-creatures to be found, who would happy, than be really happy. This men attempt by such houses, numerous serious pursuits of an ambitious

Bromeo and Tabio. Each other, and rivals in nature so good to please as to give him little more wherein the other is useful of doing this, and never Bromeo has been many be making, but he adds thought, when Tabio says yet he never would hear are in this posture. Well, to be sincere, they make an agreeable seat appurtenances what he them to the same ground of all things under at second-hand is the very strange madness, that these occasions can tell himself. As for my part, I hate all ostentation. In adapting our affairs to Upon which, the next whatever he hears his him in; but their manner their time of life, in understandings, equal continue to the last day now, Tabio has heard, chased two hundred a last settled the account he thought himself to seem a very fantastical but there is nothing so favouring rather to go far towards an easy fortune standard that would not

*Will's Coffee*

Mr. Dactyle has been his eloquence upon the ridicule: and seemed to was generally in it some society of liberal men, the circumstances of his talent, continued he, his sword, not to be drawn or to bring pretenders to true light. But we have



sart on the right, which he executed so fully, that he pierced through it, and won a noble post. The Prince of Orange had the good fortune in a wood on the left; after which the whole body of the confederates, joined by the French, marched up and engaged the English, who were drawn up at some distance from the woods. The dispute was very warm for some time; but towards noon, the French began to give ground on one wing to the other; which advantage was observed by our general, the whole army was then with fresh vigour, and in a few hours the day terminated in the entire defeat of the enemy.

TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1709.

caret ora cuore nostro? *Hor.* 1 Od. ii. 36.

coast, encircled by the briny flood,  
Is not the glorious tribute of our blood.

From my own Apartment, September 5.

N I lately spoke of triumphs, and the be-  
of the Romans on those occasions, I knew, by  
l in astrology, that there was a great event  
hing to our advantage; but, not having ven-  
pon me to tell fortunes, I thought fit to defer  
tion of the battle near Mons until it hap-  
which moderation was no small pain to me :  
ould wrong my art, if I concealed that some of  
all intelligencers had signified to me the news  
n from Paris, before the arrival of Lieutenant-  
Graham in England. All nations, as well as  
, have their good and evil genius attending  
out the kingdom of France has three, the last of  
is neither for it nor against it in reality ; but  
some months past acted an ambiguous part,  
tempted to save its ward from the incursions  
powerful enemies, by little subterfuges and  
which a nation is more than undone when it  
eeds to practise. Thus, instead of giving  
counts and representations of things, they at  
is indeed true, but at the same time a  
al, when all the circumstances come to be

Pacolet was at the court of France on night last, when this genius of that kingdom either in the shape of a post-boy, and cried at Mons was relieved, and the Duke of rough marched. Pacolet was much astonished account, and immediately changed his form, e to the neighbourhood of Mons, from whence the allies had really marched; and began aire into the reasons of this sudden change, feared he had heard a truth of the posture French affairs, even in their own country. pon diligent enquiry among the aerials who d those regions, and consultation with the uring peasants, he was able to bring me the g account of the motions of the armies since fired from about that place, and the action allowed thereupon.

On Saturday the seventh of September, N. S. the  
rate army was alarmed in their camp at  
by intelligence, that the enemy were marching  
k the Prince of Hesse. Upon this advice,  
ke of Marlborough commanded that the troops  
immediately move; which was accordingly  
ed, and they were all joined on Sunday the  
at noon. On that day, in the morning, it  
d that, instead of being attacked, the ad-  
vanguard of the detachment, commanded by the  
of Hesse, had dispersed and taken prisoners

a party of the ene  
observe the march  
moved from Quiv  
and inclined to the  
The ninth, the M  
their march, until  
sessed themselves o  
As soon as they ca  
up intrenchments  
arrived within few  
but the Duke of M  
for the arrival of  
pected from the sie  
these troops were s  
on for an action th  
resolved to engage

It will be necessary of the action, and time of the engagement an idea of the place. instant, were both Dour, Blaugies, Sar Prince of Savoy on the forces of Great those of the high as a large interval of left of the whole. The paths of the woods, trenchments over-against of the Duke of M there were also two over-against the ar posture of the French the signal was given the charge.

The Dutch army Hesse, attacked with and, after a very obstinate trenchment of the Duke of Marlborough the left, had with through Sart, and with trenchments they as the Duke had made the main body of the in the front of his army in the ordinary course advantage hardly to appear impracticable to just overcome great commanded the troops until further order. left of our line, which been engaged. The very great, and the further progress, enforced. The right after their coming back the enemy with began to incline to treat of the French were immediately be this advantage on the Orkney to march with talions, to force the on the plain between which being performed into the plains, covered themselves in good attempted no more



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[illegible]

A 657 THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1993

Q. What is the date of the above-mentioned \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ to the Bureau of the \_\_\_\_\_, *Int. Soc. 1878*

But I am not a doctor, and I am not a nurse—  
But I am a knight, shall this robe be mine, all?

Wolfe &amp; Cooper, 1995, No. 4, p. 7.

I have better this country, and especially its  
constitutional institutions, in these days of  
the victory, but found our room, which  
was to have been to be so full of guests,  
and a party upon a celebration an occasion for  
a more elegant into the action, in addition to  
the deep and fearful of the success of the  
country. It is natural to believe easy and  
well thought of, and a certain role, that they are  
trials to a great occasion who speak all the  
against the truth of it, who and then argu-  
ing at our happiness, that they wish it other.  
When I came into the room, a gentleman  
said to me: "It says here we have so great an  
occasion, but why have we not the names of  
the great? Why is not an exact relation of the  
character of our general? I'd like to see the world." Why  
do we not know where and when to apply it? I  
must confess, why do we not give an account of  
the progress and gain? But we are to be glad  
with some notices we are competitors, and first  
of all, since this is depriving the despotism  
of the world, which we prefer to fight, and  
to sit down satisfied with such a contribution,  
comes, which have the words of triumph, but do  
not the spirit of it. I whispered Mr. Green:  
"Pray, who can that dissatisfied man be?" He  
assumed his character you have not yet con-  
sidered. You are a friend of both parties, he  
mentioned a battlespace, but this is a battle-  
line. He is a fellow that lives in a government, and  
that, though he is an enemy, suffers less  
because they know his impotence. He is to earn  
the weight of an advantage before the company  
of Mr. Green. It was going on his opponent's  
side. So George I. don't think it fit to take up  
this case in the following manner:

Contention. The action you are in regard to  
the proof, is greater than ever I have perform-  
ed in my age, and the value of it I observe in my  
disposition for little critics are like all other  
you are not concerned, the more you ought to  
be convinced you ought to be pleased. If  
this action is happened in the time of the  
Romans, and such things been acted in the first  
place would not be a foot of the world which  
passed but had been consecrated to a new duty,  
may be meritable by the death of him who ex-  
posed it for the sake of his country. It had been such  
some argument at the entrance; Here the Pe-  
ter of Arto drew his sword, and said "March!" Be-  
Weber, after having accomplished fame for a long  
excited himself like a common soldier. He re-  
turned who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and  
carried off as dead, returned to the field, and

Contentment. The action you are in, regarded as a whole, proved to be greater than ever before performed in any age, and the value of it I observe in many indications; for little crises are like all other important ones, resolved, the more you fight, and are convinced you ought to be pleased. If this crisis had happened in the time of the Romans, and such things been acted in the past, it alone would not be a foot of the wall which passed but had been consecrated to some deity, and be memorable by the death of him who even died for the sake of his country. It had been said, some monument at the entrance; Here the Duke of Argyll drew his sword, and said 'March!' He Worth, after having accomplished fame for 25 years, expired himself like a common soldier. He-Roch, who was wounded at the beginning of the day, and carried off as dead, returned to the field, and

received his death. Medals had been struck for our general's behaviour when he first came into the plain. Here was the fury of the action, and here the hero stood as fearless as if invulnerable. Such certainly had been the cares of that state for their own honour, and in gratitude to their heroic subjects. But the wood intrenched, the plain made more impassable than the wood, and all the difficulties opposed to the most gallant army and the most intrepid leaders that ever the sun shone upon, are treated by the talk of some in this room as objections to the merit of our general and our army; 'but,' continued he, 'I leave all the examination of this matter, and a proper discourse on our sense of public actions, to my friend Mr. Bickerstaff; who may let beaux and gamblers rest, until he has examined into the reasons of men's being malecontents, in the only nation that suffers professed enemies to breathe in open air.'

*From my own Apartment, September 7.*

The following letters are sent to me from relations; and though I do not know who and who are intended, I publish them. I have only writ nonsense, if there is nothing in them; and done a good action, if they alarm any heedless men against the fraternity of the Knights, whom the Greeks call Πάγκαλις.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, Bath, August 30.

'It is taken very ill by several gentlemen here, that you are so little vigilant, as to let the dogs run from their kennels to this place. Had you done your duty, we should have had notice of their arrival; but the sharpers are now become so formidable here, that they have divided themselves into nobles and commons; beau Bogg, beau Pert, Rake, and Tallboy, are of their upper house; broken captains, ignorant attorneys, and such other bankrupts from industrious professions, compose their lower order. Among these two sets of men there happened here lately some unhappy differences. Esquire Humphry came down among us with four hundred guineas; his raw appearance, and certain signals in the good-natured muscles of Humphry's countenance, alarmed the societies; for sharpers are as skilful as beggars in physiognomy, and know as well where to hope for plunder, as the others to ask for alms. Pert was the man exactly fitted for taking with Humphrey, as a fine gentleman; for a raw fool is ever enamoured with his contrary, a coxcomb; and a coxcomb is what the booby, who wants experience, and is unused to company, regards as the first of men. He ever looks at him with envy, and would certainly be such, if he were not oppressed by his rusticity or bashfulness. There arose an entire friendship by this sympathy between Pert and Humphrey, which ended in stripping the latter. We now could see this forlorn youth for some days moneyless, without sword, and one day without his hat, and with secret melancholy pining for his snuff-box; the jest of the whole town, but most of those who robbed him.

'At last fresh bills came down, when immediately their countenances cleared up, ancient kindness and familiarity renewed, and to dinner he was invited by the fraternity. You are to know, that while he was in his days of solitude, a commoner, who was excluded from his share of the prey, had whispered the esquire, that he was bit, and cautioned him of venturing again. However, hopes of recovering his snuff-box, which was given him by his aunt, made him fall to play after dinner; yet, mindful of what

he was told, tell them, presently Tallboy's fifty-cuffs, followed, and the esquire resolutely challenged. His friends interposed, but he was persuaded to beat him, and then, in the house, consulting information, he was conscious of the watchful the friends were found, or declaring how take care of candour, but and some of the esquire's gained a great the company, and the members, and the

'I cannot behold the that of providing a remedy, to enjoy estates, pounds, with nations, and the nation hunger or and, in the Could you all this, the morality, the war, and a good natural public or private would I could you some of the fraternity to you in session; the terity, and vice, may laws. In

'MR. B.

'I heartily against the nations against opportunity your labour the hottest soft smile, without say, so happy account I recurs: a woman escaped you concern you pursue you not flatter desire you whole secret Swiss at the his sweeten the favour.

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of Longinus, an action which would have been approved by Demosthenes. He has a peculiar force in his way, and has many of his audience who could not be intelligent hearers of his discourse, were there not explanation as well as grace in his action. The art of his is used with the most exact and honest skill: he never attempts your passions until he has convinced your reason. All the objections which I can form, are laid open and dispersed before he uses the least vehemence in his sermon; but when he thinks he has your head, he very soon wins your heart; and never pretends to show the beauty of holiness, until he hath convinced you of the truth of it.

Would every one of our clergymen be thus careful to recommend truth and virtue in their proper figure and show so much concern for them as to give them all the additional force they were able, it is not possible that nonsense should have so many hearers: you find it has in dissenting congregations, for a reason in the world, but because it is spoken extempore: for ordinary minds are wholly governed by their eyes and ears, and there is no way to come to their hearts, but by the power over their imaginations.

There is my friend and merry companion Daniel. He knows a great deal better than he speaks, and can form a proper discourse as well as any orthodox neighbour. But he knows very well, that to bar out 'My beloved!' and the words 'grace!' 'regeneration!' 'sanctification!' 'a new light!' 'the day! the day, my beloved, the day! or rather the night, the night is coming!' and 'judgment will come when we least think of it!' and so forth.—He knows, to be vehement, is the only way to come at his audience. Daniel, when he sees my friend Greenhat come in, can give a good hint and cry out, 'This is only for the saints! the regenerated!' By this force of action, though mixed with all the incoherence and ribaldry imaginable, Daniel can laugh at his diocesan, and grow fat by voluntary subscription, while the parson of the parish goes to law for half his dues. Daniel will tell you, 'it is not the shepherd, but the sheep with the bell, which the flock follows.'

Another thing, very wonderful this learned body should omit, is, learning to read; which is a most necessary part of eloquence in one who is to serve at the altar: for there is no man but must be sensible, that the lazy tone, and inarticulate sound of our common readers, depreciates the most proper form of words that were ever extant, in any nation or language, to speak our own wants, or his power from whom we ask relief.

There cannot be a greater instance of the power of action, than in little parson Dapper, who is the common relief to all the lazy pulpits in town. This smart youth has a very good memory, a quick eye, and a clean handkerchief. Thus equipped, he opens his text, shuts his book fairly, shows he has no notes in his bible, opens both palms, and shows all is fair there too. Thus, with a decisive air, my young man goes on without hesitation; and though from the beginning to the end of his pretty discourse, he has not used one proper gesture; yet, at the conclusion, the churchwarden pulls his gloves from off his hands; 'Pray, who is this extraordinary young man?' Thus, the force of action is such, that it is more prevalent, even when improper, than all the reason and argument in the world without it. This gentleman concluded his discourse by saying, 'I do not doubt but if our preachers would learn to speak, and our readers to read, within six months

should not have a dissenter within a mile of a Great Britain.'

*From my own Apartment, September 9.*

A letter from a young fellow, who complains at 'he was bred a mercer, and is now just his time; but, unfortunately (for he has no education suitable to his present estate) has left him one thousand pounds per annum. The young man is sensible, that he is so that he fears he shall never be genteel as long as; but applies himself to me, to know what to take, to help his air, and be a fine gen-

ys, 'that several of those ladies who were his customers, visit his mother on purpose in his way, and fears he shall be obliged to gainst his will; for,' says he, 'if any of them ask me, I shall not be able to deny her. I am,' further, 'utterly at a loss how to deal with or though I was the most pert creature in the when I was foreman, and could hand a woman first quality to her coach as well as her own man-usher, I am now quite out of my way and as in their company. They commend my to my face. No one scruples to say, I should make the best husband in the world, a man of education. Mrs. Would-be watches all cities to be alone with me: therefore, good kerstaff, here are my writings inclosed; if find any flaw in my title, so as it may go to their, who goes to St. James's coffee-house, site's, and could enjoy it, I should be extremely well pleased with two thousand pounds to my trade, and live in a way I know I should rather than be laughed at all my life among company. If you could send for my cousin, made him to take the estate on these terms, nobody know it, you would extremely oblige

first sight, I thought this a very whimsical; however, upon more mature consideration, not but admire the young gentleman's prudent good sense; for there is nothing so as living in a way a man knows he does not

I consulted Mr. Obadiah Greenhat on this and he is so well pleased with the man, that half a mind to take the estate himself; but, second thoughts, he proposed this expedient: 'I'd be very willing,' said he, 'to keep the here it is, if we could make the young man easy; therefore, I humbly propose, he should drinking for one half-year, and make a sloven and from thence begin his education a-new: 'a maxim, that one who is ill-taught is in a condition than he who is wholly ignorant; a spruce mercer is farther off the air of a fine man, than a downright clown. To make our any thing better, we must unmake him what indeed proposed to flux him; but Greenhat said, 'that if he recovered, he would be as prime as ever he was.' Therefore he would have it and our friend is to drink until he is car-and tun-bellied; after which, we will send him to smoke and be buried with his ancestors where, I am, indeed, desirous he should have the estate, because he has such a just sense of his abilities, as to know that it is an access to him to be a man of fortune.

He seems to understand, that a gentleman's part of all others the hardest to pass through propriety of behaviour; for though he has a

support without art, enjoying that circumstance and you see, among common appellations dictions to that chance fortune to bear it: change the circumstance Harry Lacker is so shall give his estate him a dancing-master and values him so much of making him happy giving his land to so

Now I am upon enjoy, I forbid all quality, or, who do that requires so much Park with six horses highest insolence. do it merely because pretension. But, as well, it shall be the chief distinction horses only, and a of their coach. This who designs very so course upon the subject give us rules on the duties and qualifications well as that of husband of economy without appearing in the world all who are sudden poor.

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And, like a charm  
If thrice read o'er,

I have notice of a sort than hitherto account of their way giving only a bare n

'Sir,

There are another who kennel about C at the corner of Bue den: two of them are now in ruins; but as pernicious as if broken down. The curs by the name of all biters, when their estates are one good bite to succeed ever after come to smelling of a crust. these as soon as you crease; and your cat knowledged by, Sir

*St. James's C*

We have received borough's camp, where the great and glorious on the eleventh ins wounded and prisoner expected from our first

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No person who has not been dead a hundred years must be offered to a place at any of these tables; and because this is altogether a lay-society, and that sacred persons move upon greater motives than that of fame, no person celebrated in holy writ or any ecclesiastical men whatsoever, are to be introduced here.

At the lower end of the room is to be a side-table for persons of great fame, but dubious existence such as Hercules, Theseus, Æneas, Achilles, Hector and others. But because it is apprehended, that there may be great contention about precedence the proposer humbly desires the opinion of the learned, towards his assistance in placing every person according to his rank, that none may have just occasion of offence.

The merits of the cause shall be judged by plurality of voices.

For the more impartial execution of this important affair, it is desired, that no man will offer his favour to his friend, scholar, or poet; and that the learned will be pleased to send to Mr. Bickerstaff, at Mr. Maypole's, near Stationers'-hall, their several lists for the first table only, and in the order they would have them placed; after which, the proposer will compare the several lists, and make another for the public, wherein every name shall be ranked according to the votes it has had. Under this chamber is to be a dark vault for the same number of persons of evil fame.

It is humbly submitted to consideration, whether the project would not be better if the persons of true fame meet in a middle room, those of dubious existence in an upper room, and those of evil fame in a lower dark room.

It is to be noted, that no historians are to be admitted at any of these tables; because they are appointed to conduct the several persons to their seats, and are to be made use of as ushers to the assemblies.

I call upon the learned world to send me their assistance towards this design, it being a matter of too great moment for any one person to determine. But I do assure them, their lists shall be examined with great fidelity, and those that are exposed to the public, made with all the caution imaginable.

In the mean time, while I wait for these lists, I am employed in keeping people in a right way to avoid the contrary to fame and applause; to wit—blame and denision. For this end, I work upon that useful project of the penny-post, by the benefit of which it is proposed, that a charitable society be established; from which society there shall go every day, circular letters to all parts within the bills of mortality, to tell people of their faults in a friendly and private manner, whereby they may know what the world thinks of them, before it is declared to the world that they are thus faulty. This method cannot fail of universal good consequences: for, it is further a idea, that they who will not be reformed by it, must be contented to see the several letters printed, which were not regarded by them, that when they will not take private reprehension, they may be tried further by a public one. I am very sorry I am obliged to print the following epistles of that kind, to some persons, and the more because they are of the fair sex.

This went on Friday last to a very fine lady:—

‘MADAM,

‘I am highly sensible that there is nothing of a tender a nature as the reputation and conduct of ladies; and that when there is the least stain on

into their fame, it is hardly ever to be washed out. When I have said this, you will believe I am extremely concerned to hear, at every visit I make, that your manner of wearing your hair is a mere affectation of beauty, as well as that your neglect of powder has been a common evil to your sex. It is to you an advantage to show that abundance of fine tresses: but I beseech you to consider, that the force of your beauty, and the imitation of you, costs Eleonora great sums of money to her tire-woman for false locks, besides what is allowed to her maid for keeping the secret, that she is gray. I must take leave to add to this admonition, that you are not to reign above four months and odd days longer. Therefore, I must desire you to raise and friz your hair a little, for it is downright insolence to be thus handsome without art; and you will forgive me for entreating you to do now out of compassion, what you must soon do out of necessity.

I am, Madam,

'Your most obedient,

'and most humble servant.'

This person dresses just as she did before I writ; as does also the lady to whom I addressed the following billet the same day:

'MADAM,

'Let me beg of you to take off the patches at the lower end of your left cheek, and I will allow two more under your left eye, which will contribute more to the symmetry of your face; except you would please to remove the ten black atoms on your ladyship's chin and wear one large patch instead of them. If so, you may properly enough retain the three patches above-mentioned. I am, &c.

This, I thought, had all the civility and reason in the world in it; but whether my letters are intercepted, or whatever it is, the lady patches as she used to do. It is to be observed by all the charitable society, as an instruction in their epistles, that they tell people of nothing but what is in their power to mend. I shall give another instance of this way of writing: two sisters in Essex-street are eternally gaping out of the window, as if they knew not the value of time, or would call in companions. Upon which I writ the following line:

'DEAR CREATURES,

'On the receipt of this, shut your casements.'

But I went by yesterday, and found them still at the window. What can a man do in this case, but go on, and wrap himself up in his own integrity, with satisfaction only in this melancholy truth, that virtue is its own reward; and that if no one is the better for his admonitions, yet he is himself, the more virtuous in that he gave those advices?

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 12.*

Letters of the thirteenth instant from the Duke of Marlborough's camp at Havre, advise, that the necessary dispositions were made for opening the trenches before Mons. The direction of the siege is to be committed to the Prince of Orange, who designed to take his post accordingly, with thirty battalions and thirty squadrons on the day following. On the seventeenth Lieutenant-General Cadogan set out for Brussels, to hasten the ammunition and artillery which is to be employed in this enterprise; and the confederate army was extended from the Haine to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of

the confederate army was extended from the Haine to the Trouille, in order to cover the siege. The loss of

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Of all the excel, there mended to of transition not whether certain, that the Mercure other learned things present pulpits, and learned; are attempt this was discour the Boristh and puts me The Danube that unhappy the banks by our last strong a fort places which thinks, less tent, but li princes are of men of le of all small clude my pr advertise in the subu

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such practices, and that they shall not from hence-  
forward suffer the society of such as they know to be  
the common enemies of order, discipline, and virtue.  
If it appear that they go on in encouraging them,  
they must be proceeded against according to the  
severest rules of history, where all is to be laid before  
the world with impartiality, and without respect to  
persons.

'So let the stricken deer go weep.'

*Will's Coffee-house, September 14.*

I find left here for me the following epistle:

SIR,

'Having lately read your discourse about the family  
of Tribles, wherein you observed that there are  
some who fall into laughter out of a certain benevo-  
lence in their temper, and not out of the ordinary  
motive, viz. contempt, and triumph over the imper-  
fections of others; I have conceived a good idea of  
your knowledge of mankind. And, as you have  
fraternal genius, I beg the favour of you to give  
your thoughts of a quite different effect, which are  
caused by other motives than what are commonly  
taken notice of. What I would have you treat of is  
the case of shedding tears. I desire you would dis-  
cuss it a little, with observations upon the various  
occasions which provoke us to that expression of re-  
gret, concern, &c.'

To obey this complaisant gentleman, I know no way  
so short as examining the various touches of my own  
bosom, on several occurrences in a long life, to the  
evening of which I am arrived, after as many various  
incidents as any body has met with. I have often  
reflected, that there is a great similitude in the motion  
of the heart in mirth and in sorrow; and I think the  
usual occasion of the latter, as well as the former, is  
something which is sudden and unexpected. The  
mind has not a sufficient time to recollect its force, and  
immediately gushes into tears before we can utter our-  
selves by speech or complaint. The most common  
causes of these drops from our eyes are pity, sorrow,  
joy, and reconciliation.

The fair sex, who are made of man, and not of  
earth, have a more delicate humanity than we have,  
and pity is the most common cause of their tears; for  
as we are inwardly composed of an aptitude to every  
circumstance of life, and every thing that befalls any  
one person might have happened to any other of hu-  
man race; self-love, and a sense of the pain we our-  
selves should suffer in the circumstances of any who  
we pity, is the cause of that compassion. Such a re-  
flection in the breast of a woman, immediately inclines  
her to tears; but in a man, it makes him think less  
such a one ought to act on that occasion suitably to  
the dignity of his nature. Thus a woman is easily  
moved for those whom she hears lament, and a man  
for those whom he observes to suffer in silence. If in  
a man's own behaviour in the circumstances he is  
under, which procures him the esteem of others, and  
not merely the affliction itself which demands our  
pity, for we never give a man that passion which he  
falls into for himself. He that commends himself  
never purchases our applause; nor he who brags  
himself, our pity.

Going through an alley the other day, I observed  
a bold, impudent beggar bawl out, 'that he was  
wounded in a merchant-man; that he had lost his  
leg and his eye; and shewed a leg clouted up. All the  
passers by made what haste they could out of his  
sight and hearing; but a poor fellow at the end of the  
passage, with a rusty coat, a melancholy air, and a



oice, desired them 'to look upon a man not used to  
eg.' The latter received the charity of almost every  
ne that went by. The strings of the heart, which  
re to be touched to give us compassion, are not so  
layed on but by the finest hand. We see in tragical  
representations, it is not the pomp of language, nor  
the magnificence of dress, in which the passion is  
rought that touches sensible spirits; but something  
of a plain and simple nature, which breaks in upon  
our souls by that sympathy which is given us for our  
mutual good-will and service.

In the tragedy of 'Macbeth,' where Wilks acts the  
art of a man whose family has been murdered in his  
presence, the wildness of his passion, which is run  
ner in a torrent of calamitous circumstances, does  
at raise my spirits, and give me the alarm; but when  
he skilfully seems to be out of breath, and is brought  
so low to say more; and upon a second reflection  
ies only, wiping his eyes, 'What, both children!  
th, both my children gone!' there is no resisting a  
erow which seems to have cast about for all the  
asons possible for its consolation, but has no re-  
source, 'There is not one left; but both, both are  
ordered!' such sudden starts from the thread of  
discourse and a plain sentiment expressed in an  
less way, are the irresistible strokes of eloquence  
and poetry. The same great master, Shakspeare, can  
ord us instances of all the places where our souls  
are accessible, and ever commands our tears. But it  
to be observed, that he draws them from some un-  
expected source, which seems not wholly of a piece  
th the discourse. Thus, when Brutus and Cassius  
d a debate in the tragedy of 'Cæsar,' and rose to  
rn language against each other, insomuch that it  
d almost come to something that might be fatal,  
til they recollected themselves; Brutus does more  
to make an apology for the heat he had been in by  
ring, 'Portia is dead.' Here Cassius is all tender-  
ss, and ready to dissolve, when he considers that  
s mind of his friend had been employed on the  
satest affliction imaginable, when he had been add-  
ing to it by a debate on trifles; which makes him, in  
anguish of his heart, cry out, 'How 'scaped I  
ing, when I thus provoked you?' This is an in-  
cident which moves the soul in all its sentiments;  
d Cassius's heart was at once touched with all the  
ft pangs of pity, remorse, and reconciliation. It is  
ld, indeed, by Horace, 'If you would have me weep,  
o must first weep yourself.' This is not literally  
se; for it would have been as rightly said, if we  
serve nature, That I shall certainly weep if you do  
t; but what is intended by that expression is, that  
is not possible to give passion, except you show that  
o suffer yourself. Therefore, the true art seems to  
t, that when you would have the person you repre-  
nt pitied, you must show him at once in the highest  
ief, and struggling to bear it with decency and pa-  
ience. In this case we sigh for him, and give him  
ery groan he suppresses.

I remember, when I was young enough to follow  
e sports of the field, I have more than once rode off  
the death of a deer, when I have seen the animal,  
an affliction which appeared human, without the  
ast noise, let fall tears when he was reduced to ex-  
emity; and I have thought of the sorrow I saw him  
, when his haunch came to the table. But our  
ars are not given only to objects of pity, but the  
ind has recourse to that relief in all occasions which  
ve us great emotion. Thus, to be apt to shed tears  
a sign of a great as well as a little spirit. I have  
ard say, the present pope never passes through the  
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16.

despatch,

'Sir, Sep. 13, Equal day and night.  
'There are two ladies, who, having a good opinion of your taste and judgment, desire you to make us of them in the following particular, which perhaps you may allow very extraordinary. The two ladies before-mentioned have, a considerable time since contracted a more sincere and constant friendship than their adversaries, the men, will allow consistent with the frailty of female nature; and being, from that acquaintance, convinced of the perfect agreement of their tempers, have thought upon an expedient to prevent their separation, and cannot think any effectual (since it is common for love to destroy friendship) as to give up both their liberties to the same person in marriage. The gentleman they have pitched upon is neither well bred nor agreeable, his understanding moderate, and his person not designed to charm women; but having so much self-interest in his nature, as to be satisfied with making double contracts, upon condition of receiving double fortunes; and most men being so far sensible of the uneasiness that one woman occasions; they think him, for these reasons, the most likely person of the acquaintance to receive these proposals. Upon other accounts, he is the last man either of them would choose, yet for this, preferable to all the rest. They desire to know your opinion the next post, resolving to defer farther proceeding, until they have received

'I am, Sir,  
'Your unknown, unthought of, humble servant,  
'BRIDGET EITHERSIDE.'

This is very extraordinary; and much might be objected by me, who am something of a civilian, in the case of two marrying the same man: but the ladies, are, I perceive, free-thinkers; and therefore shall speak only to the prudential part of this design merely as a philosopher, without entering into the merit of it in the ecclesiastical or civil law. The constant friends, Piladea and Oresteia, are at a loss to preserve their friendship from the encroachments of love: for which end they have resolved upon a fellow who cannot be the object of affection or esteem to either, and consequently cannot rob one of the pleasures each has in her friend's heart. But in all my reading (and I have read all that the sages of love have written) I have found the greatest danger in jealousy. The ladies, indeed, to avoid this passion, choose a safe fellow; but if they would be advised by me, they had better have each her worthless man; otherwise he that was despicable, while he was indifferent to them, will become valuable when he seems to prefer one to the other.

I remember in the history of Don Quixote of La Mancha, there is a memorable passage, which opens to us the weakness of our nature in such particular. The Don falls into discourse with a gentleman, whom he calls 'the Knight of the Green Cassock,' and is invited to his house. When he comes there, he runs into discourse and panegyric upon the economy, the government and order of his family, the education of his children and, lastly, on the singular wisdom of him who disposed things with that exactness. The gentleman makes a soliloquy to himself: 'O irresistible power of flattery! Though I know this is a mad man, I cannot help being taken with his applause.' The lady will find this much more true in the case of the lover; and the woman he most likes will certainly be more pleased, she whom he slights more offends than she can imagine before she has tried. Now, humbly propose, that they both marry coxcombs whom they are sure they cannot like, and then the

ty secure against the change of affection, fear; and, by that means, preserving the under which they now write, enjoy, 'Equal day and night.'

*James's Coffee-house, September 16.*

no manner of news; but people now time in coffee-houses in reflections upon the late glorious day, and collecting parts of the action, as they are produced from private hands, or notices given to us in public papers. A pleasant gentleman, the great fences through which we pierced, evening, 'the French thought themselves side of the hedge, but it proved otherwise. Kidney, who has long conversed with tea for, the most consummate politicians, to give me an account of this piece of and desired me, on that occasion, to write per on the subject of valour, and explain quality, which must be possessed by whole so highly preferable in one man rather mer; and how the same actions are but of duty in some, and instances of the most in others. He advises me not to fail, course, to mention the gallantry of the assau in this last engagement; who, when made a halt in the face of the enemy, he colours out of the hands of the ensign, them just before the line of the enemy, hat battalion to take care of their colours, if no regard to him. Mr. Kidney has my obey him in this particular on the first at offers.

kerstaff is now compiling exact accounts of the militia, and the commission-officers respective lieutenancies of Great Britain; place those of London and Westminster; and that there are no common soldiers, but keepers, or representatives of house-keepers, dies, the sums raised by the officers shall into; and their fellow soldiers, or rather ellers, from one part of the town to the defrauded of the ten pounds allowed for ance of the troops.

not very long since, at a tavern between ge and Charing-cross, some certain polite thought fit to perform the bacchanalian f devotion, by dancing without clothes on, manner of the Pre-Adamites: this is to cer- persons, that there is no manner of wit or the said practice; and that the beadles of are to be at their next meeting, where it is ined, whether they are arrived at a want of well as want of shame?

a chapel clerk was lately taken in a garret bed, with two of the fair sex, who are ployed in sifting cinders: this is to let that if he persists in being a scandal both id clergy, as being, as it were, both and e names of the nymphs who were with be printed; therefore he is desired, as he reputation of his ladies, to repent.

Bickerstaff has received information, that and noble preacher in the chief congrega- tion Britain, for fear of being thought guilty erian fervency and extemporary prayer, his, before sermon; but the same advices ging that he made the congregation large of the shortness of his discourse, it is to make no further observation upon it.

No. 70.] TUESDAY,

Quicquid agunt ho  
—nostris est sarraga

Whatever good is  
By human kind, sh

*From my own Ap*

THE following letter, lately asserted, has urged than I had, that I inse testimonials are custom sometimes are suspected but I fear no one will so

'SIR,

'Having read your instant, I cannot but e notion of the scarcity of speak. For my part, I in the world, and yet who could do either in which few, you must n self. How far eloque ornaments of voice and passions, and how co- ration in the world w are two remarkable ins and that of Milo. C He came indeed to h thinking himself his o- biased by any thing C but in this he was n began to speak, the he and at length the cri observed, that this fam for his courage than h came, at another time, one of the best orations yet, being seized with armed men surrounding speech, and became un force and beauty of ad his client, and for want to banishment. As the orations met with app and graceful manner w some there are who t transport), so the latter for no other reason, but in a condition to set it must be confessed, the crowd, prevail even mo are masters of both, w all their hearers; and account to be given of of the head and hear parts by the outward of therefore, which is co and passions by only affect us so much as the both. I cannot but th a great part of the lea who deliver the most coldness and indifferen the unintelligent man asleep. Thus it happ with a quite contrary you mentioned; for a and force by being re Rhodes without the

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eloquence in it. Excuse another scrap of Latin; is from one of the fathers: I think it will appear just observation to all, and it may have authority with some: *Qui autem docent tantum, nec facit ipsi præceptis suis detrahunt pondus: quis enim temperet, cum ipsi præceptores doceam non obtinemus rare?* Those who teach, but do not act agree to the instructions they give to others, take away weight from their doctrine: for who will obey precepts they inculcate, if they themselves teach by their practice to disobey them?

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble Servant,

'JONATHAN ROSEHAT.

'P. S. You were complaining in that paper, that the clergy of Great Britain had not yet learned to speak; a very great defect indeed: and therefore, I shall think myself a well-deserver of the church, by recommending all the dumb clergy to the famous speaking doctor at Kensington. This ingenious gentleman, out of compassion to those of a less utterance, has placed his whole study in the new modelling the organs of voice; which art he has far advanced, as to be able even to make a good oration of a pair of bellows. He lately exhibited a specimen of his skill in this way, of which I was informed by the worthy gentlemen then present; who were once delighted and amazed to hear an instrument so simple an organization use an exact articulation of words, a just cadency in its sentences, and a wonderful pathos in its pronunciation: not that he designs to expatiate in this practice; because he cannot, as he says, apprehend what use it may be to mankind, whose benefit he aims at in a more particular manner: and, for the same reason, he will never more instruct the feathered kind, the parrot having been his last scholar in that way. He has a wonderful faculty in making and mending echoes, and this he will perform at any time for the use of the solitary in the country; being a man born for universal good, and for that reason recommended to your patronage by, Sir,

'Yours, &c.'

Another learned gentleman gives me also this encomium;

'SIR,

September 16.

'You are now got into a useful and noble subject: take care to handle it with judgment and delicacy. I wish every young divine would give you on Saturday last a serious perusal; and now you are entered upon the action of an orator, if you would proceed to favour the world with some remarks on the mystical enchantments of pronunciation, what a secret force there is in the accents of a tunable voice, and wherefore the works of two very great men of the profession could never please so well when read as heard, I shall trouble you with no more scribble. You are now in the method of being truly profitable and delightful. If you can keep up such great and sublime subjects, and pursue them with a suitable genius, go on and prosper. Farewell.'

White's Chocolate-house, September 19.

This was left for me here, for the use of the company of the house:

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

'SIR,

September, 15.

'The account you gave lately of a certain dog-

kennel in or near Suffolk-street, was not so punctual, as to the list of the dogs, as might have been expected from a person of Mr. Bickerstaff's intelligence; for, if you will despatch Pacolet thither some evening, it is ten to one but he finds, besides those you mentioned,

'Towzer, a large French mongrel, that was not long ago in a tattered condition, but has now got new hair; is not fleet, but, when he grapples, bites even to the marrow.

'Spring, a little French greyhound, that lately made a false trip to Tunbridge.

'Sly, an old battered fox-hound, that began the game in France.

'Lightfoot, a fine skinned Flanders dog, that belonged to a pack at Ghent; but, having lost flesh, is gone to Paris, for the benefit of the air.

'With several others, that in time may be worth notice.

'Your familiar will see also, how anxious the keepers are about the prey, and, indeed, not without very good reason, for they have their share of every thing; nay, not so much as a poor rabbit can be run down, but these carnivorous curs swallow a quarter of it. Some mechanics in the neighbourhood, that have entered into this civil society, and who furnish part of the carrion and oatmeal for the dogs, have the kin; and the bones are picked clean by a little French hock that belongs to the family, &c.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble servant, &c.

'I had almost forgot to tell you, that Ringwood bites at Hampstead with false teeth.

No. 71.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, September 21.*

I HAVE long been, against my inclination, employed in satire, and that in persecution of such persons, who are below the dignity of the true spirit of it; such who, I fear, are not to be reclaimed by making them only ridiculous. The sharpeners shall, therefore, have a month's time to themselves, free from the observation of this paper; but I must not make a truce without letting them know, that, at the same time, I am preparing for a more vigorous war: for a friend of mine has promised me he will employ his time in compiling such a tract, before the session of the ensuing parliament, as shall lay gaming home to the osoms of all who love their country or their families; and he doubts not but it will create an act, that shall make these rogues as scandalous as those less mischievous ones on the high road.

I have received private intimations to take care of my walks, and remember there are such things as tabs and blows: but as there never was any thing in this design which ought to displease a man of honour, or which was not designed to offend the rascals, I shall give myself very little concern for finding what I expected, that they would be highly provoked at these lucubrations. But, though I utterly despise the pack, I must confess I am at a stand at the receipt of the following letter, which seems to be written by a man of sense and worth, who has mistaken some passage that I am sure was not levelled at him. This gentleman's complaints give me communion, when I neglect the threats of the rascals. I cannot be content with the rogues any longer, since they pretend to threaten. I do not know whether I

shall allow them the favour of transportation.

MR.

Observing many vices of particular and more contrivance, such, than a Tatler of this is so tender: got in their This you go to trifle. If the reputation perhaps entirely wound, which fatal and in through per this purpose afterwards be on; as by the have sent in would be glad ought to be. you stood for that a generous mind in all your part affect often keep any man who should. The application lately glanced were he considered the world able in it to admitting such perhaps you than you desire.

'A man of have more in satire; but and will only remember to

The proved but it would if a man covetion, and the All I can say method when me an instance or pointed at of raillery, in a manner as paper for every

There is something men in fortune; but themselves visible to prevent and ge happen in who have lately published a gentleman of go who is, in every pretenders the modesty others, what tion? How tended, to

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' TO MY HONOURED KINSMAN, ISAAC BICKERSTAFF  
ESQUIRE.

' DEAR COUSIN, Oxford, Sept. 18.

' I am sorry, though not surprised, to find if you have rallied the men of dress in vain; that your amber-headed cane still maintains its unstable position; that pockets are but few inches shortened; and that a beau is still a beau, from the crown of his night-cap to the heels of his shoes. For your comfort, I assure you, that your endeavours succeed better than this famous seat of learning. By them the manners of our young gentlemen are in a fair way of amendment, and their very language is mightily refined. To them it is owing, that not a servitor will sing a catch, nor a senior-fellow make a pun, nor a determining bachelor drink a bumper; and I believe a gentleman-commoner would as soon have the heel of his shoes red, as his stockings. When a wit stands at a coffee-house door, and sneers at the who pass by, to the great improvement of his hope of audience, he is no longer surnamed 'a slicer,' but 'a man of fire' is the word. A beauty, who has health is drunk from Heddington to Hinksey; who has been the theme of the muses, her cheeks painted with roses, and her bosom planted with orange boughs: has no more the title of 'lady,' but reigns an undisputed 'toast.' When to the plain garb of gown and band a spark adds an inconsistent low wig, we do not say now 'he boshes,' but 'the fellow goes a smart fellow.' If a virgin blushes, we no longer cry, 'she blushes.' He that drinks until he stares is no more 'tow-row,' but 'honest.' A youngster in a scrape, is a word out of date; as what bright man says, 'I was joabed by the devil.' 'Bambouzing' is exploded; 'a shat' is 'a tatter' and if the muscular motion of a man's face be violent no mortal says, 'he raises a horse,' but 'he is a merry fellow.'

' I congratulate you, my dear kinsman, upon these conquests; such as Roman emperors lamented they could not gain; and in which you rival your correspondent Louis le Grand, and his dictating academy.

' Be yours the glory to perform, mine to record, as Mr. Dryden has said before me to his kinsman; and while you enter triumphant into the temple of the muses, I, as my office requires, will, with my staff on my shoulder, attend and conduct you.

' I am, dear cousin,

' Your most affectionate kinsman,

' BENJAMIN BEADLESTAFF.

\* \* \* Upon the humble application of certain persons who have made heroic figures in Mr. Bickerstaff's narrations, notice is hereby given, that no such shall ever be mentioned for the future, except those who have sent menaces, and not submitted to admonition.

No. 72.] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostrum est farrago libelli. *Jur. Sat. i. 85, 86*

Whate'er men do, or say, or think, or dream,  
Our motley paper seizes for its theme. P.

*White's Chocolate-house, September 23.*

I HAVE taken upon me no very easy task in turning all my thoughts on panegyric, when most of the advices I receive tend to the quite contrary purpose; and I have few notices but such as regard follies and vices. But the properest way for me to treat is, to

general upon the passions and affections of which as little regard to the particulars as the of the thing will admit. However, I think something so passionate in the circumstances overers mentioned in the following letter, that I ing to go out of my way to obey what is com- in it.

in,

'London, Sept. 17.

ur design of entertaining the town with the ers of the ancient heroes, as persons shall send out to Mr. Morphew's, encourages me and to beg of you, that, in the mean time, if it is trary to the method you have proposed, you give us one paper upon the subject of the f Pætus and his wife, when Nero sent him an o kill himself: his wife, setting him the ex- died with these words: "Pætus, it is not " You must know the story; and your ob- ons upon it will oblige, Sir,

'Your most humble servant.'

n the worst man that ever lived in the world e highest station in it, human life was the of his diversion; and he sent orders frequently, mere wantonness, to take off such and such, so much as being angry with them. Nay, tly, his tyranny was so humorous, that he a to death because he could not but approve i. It came one day to his ear, that a certain couple, Pætus and Arria, lived in a more tranquillity and mutual love than any other who were then in being. He listened with ttention to the account of their manner of e their time together, of the constant pleasure e to each other in all their words and actions; nd, by exact information, that they were so ble as to be much more happy than his im- agesty himself. Upon which he writ Pætus wing billet:

us, you are hereby desired to dispatch your- have heard a very good character of you: efore leave it to yourself, whether you will dagger, sword, or poison. If you outlive this ove an hour, I have given directions to put death by torture.

'NERO.'

familiar epistle was delivered to his wife who opened it.

must have a soul very well turned for love, nd indignation, to comprehend the tumult this y lady was thrown into upon this occasion. asion of love is no more to be understood by empers, than a problem in a science by an it man: but he that knows what affection is, ve, upon considering the condition of Arria, usand thoughts flowing upon him, which the was not formed to express; but the charming is now before my eyes, and Arria in her ble sorrow has more beauty than ever ap- in youth, in mirth, or in triumph. These are at and noble incidents which speak the dignity nature, in our sufferings and distresses. Ber- er tender affection for her husband sinks her s into a countenance which appears more s than that of an infant: but again, her indig- shows in her visage and her bosom a resent- is strong as that of the bravest man. Long ed in this agony of alternate rage and love; last composed herself for her dissolution than survive her beloved Pætus. When he

came into her prese- letter in one hand, his approach to her the same time sta- 'it is not painful; followed her exam- rable lovers was su- their fortune, and neither felt, becaus the other. The wor- the more heroic, an- epigrams transmitt-

*From my own*

The boy says, on- letter:

'FRIEND,

'Being of that Quakers, and being persuaded yesterday teachers; the matt- well living ground attentive; but the He read his discours so heavily, and with himself, that I th- observed many of unedified, and tro- Lamentations, and fourth chapter of "Woe be to the s- themselves! should Ye eat the fat, and kill them that are diseased have ye n- healed that which up that which was again that which w- sought that which, cruelty have ye rul- friend, as thou art me who is meant broken, the driven the prophesy in thi- to come to pass? though unknown."

This matter is cannot see what in- to have it in his ey- from him by his wa- of him. I dare say losses. Favonius, tinent assailants o- turbed defender of care, by the clear- example of his life- of a man who hop- enforces in others- expectation of the- are the lively image- zeal. None can l- uttered by the or- but such who can- eloquence, and arg- a judge of manki- so superior a comm- gregation must be- as well as to those

But I must pro- the questions of et-



apt. 19.

Nov. 69.

applied to

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and have treated you accordingly; for which you have stamped your florid violence against your sudden friend and school-fellow. You know in your own conscience you gave me leave to touch upon your pet subject speaking, provided I hid your other talents; which I believed you sincere, because like the spider. So now you have become now surprised yourself to be defamed to carry on a plot. Besides, is it not an insult to a person of your present station? If so, I am truly ashamed for you, and shall no longer depend upon your intelligence. Keep your temper and your friends, and go to bed.

'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF'

For a while I know, this fellow may have confused the description of the pack, on purpose to ensnare me, while I have all along believed he was doing for them as well as myself; but because they prefer to look more than ordinary, I shall let them see that I will not throw away the whip, until they know how to behave themselves. But I must at the same time, omit the praises of their conduct exposed in the following advice.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Sept. 17.

Though your thoughts are at present employed in the titles of time, and marshalling your dates, and it is hoped the living may not be neglected, nor defrauded of their just remuneration, since you have begun to publish to the world it is your duty and vigilance of the Knights of Industry, it will be expected you shall proceed to do justice to all the societies of them you can be informed of, especially since their own great industry over the nations as much as possible from that public notice which is then due.

*Patrum sepulchra distat inertia;*

*Capta virtus.*

*Hor. 4. Od. ix 29.*

'Hidden vice and concealed virtue are much alike.'

Be pleased, therefore, to let the following memoir have a place in their history.

In a certain part of the town, famous for the freshest oysters, and the plainest English, there is a house, rather a college, sacred to hospitality and to illustrious arts. At the entrance is hieroglyphically drawn a cavalier contending with a monster, with jaws expanded just ready to devour him.

Here the brethren of the Industry resort, but to avoid ostentation, they wear no hat or distinction, and perform their exercises with as little noise and show as possible. Here are no number of colleges, but each is a master of his art. They are distinguished according to their various talents, and divided abroad in parties, to divide the labours of the day. They have dogs as well-muzzed and as fleet as arrows; and no sportsmen show greater activity. Some hunt for the grime, some hunt for, others come in at the death, and my honest landlord smiles to see and views in silence, and eats his share of the booty.

I should fair pursue my metaphors; but a venerable person who stands by me, and wants to bring you this letter, and whom, by a certain benevolence in his look, I suspect to be Puerlet, reproves me, and wishes me to write in plainer terms, that the society had fixed their eye on a gay young gentleman, who has lately succeeded to a title and an estate; the latter of which they judged would be very convenient for them. Therefore, after several attempts to get into his acquaintance, my landlord finds an opportunity to make his court to a friend of the young spark, in the following manner:

## THE TATLER.

'Sir, as I take you to be a lover of ingenuity and plain dealing, I shall speak very freely to you. In few words, then, you are acquainted with Sir Liberal Brisk. Providence has, for our emolument, sent him a fair estate; for men are not born for themselves. Therefore, if you will bring him to my house, we will take care of him, and you shall have half the profits. There is Ace and Cutter will do his business to a hair. You will tell me, perhaps, he is your friend: I grant it, and it is for that I propose it, to prevent his falling into ill hands.

"We'll carve him like a dish fit for the gods,  
Not hew him like a carcass fit for hounds."

'In short, there are to my certain knowledge, a hundred mouths open for him. Now, if we can secure him to ourselves, we shall disappoint all those rascals that do not deserve him. Nay, you need not start at it, Sir; it is for your own advantage. Besides, Partridge has cast me his nativity, and I find by certain destiny, *his oaks must be felled*.'

The gentleman, to whom this honest proposal was made, made little answer; but said he would consider of it, and immediately took coach to find out the young baronet, and told him all that had passed, together with the new salvo to satisfy a man's conscience in sacrificing his friend. Sir Brisk was fired, swore a dozen oaths, drew his sword, put it up again, killed for his man, beat him, and bid him fetch a coach. His friend asked him, what he designed, and whither he was going? He answered to find out the villains and fight them. To which his friend agreed, and promised to be his second, on condition he would first divide his estate to them, and reserve only a proportion to himself, so that he might have the justice of fighting his equals. His next resolution was to play with them, and let them see he was not the bubble they took him for. But he soon quitted that, and resolved at last to tell Bickerstaff of them, and get them enrolled in the order of the Industry; with his caution to all young landed knights and squires, that whenever they are drawn to play, they should consider it as calling them down to a sentence already pronounced upon them, and think of the sound of these words: *His oaks must be felled*. I am, Sir, your faithful humble servant,

'WILL. TRUSTY.'

From my own Apartment, September 26.

It is wonderful to consider what a pitch of confidence this world is arrived at. Do people believe I am made up of patience? I have long told them, that I will suffer no enormity to pass, without I have an understanding with the offenders by way of hush-money; and yet the candidates at Queen-Hithe send oaks to all the town but me. All the public papers have had this advertisement:—

'London, September 22, 1709.

TO THE ELECTORS OF AN ALDERMAN FOR THE  
WARD OF QUEEN-HITHE.

'Whereas an evil and pernicious custom has of late very much prevailed at the election of aldermen for this city, by treating at taverns and ale-houses, hereby engaging many unwarily to give their votes; which practice appearing to Sir Arthur de Bradly to be of dangerous consequence to the freedom of elections, he hath avoided the excess thereof. Nevertheless he make an acknowledgment to this ward for their intended favour, he hath deposited in the hands of

Mr. —, of  
hundred and  
provided the  
man, viz.

'All such  
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descending to rake into characters below its dignity; for, as you well observe, there is something very terrible in unjustly attacking men in a way that may injure their honour or fortune: and, indeed, where crimes are enormous, the delinquent deserves punishment, yet the reporter may deserve less; and I feel myself fully led to that celebrated author of the "Fable of Man," who hath set this name to a weight in his treatise of "Of the Government of the Tongue," where, speaking of uncharitable men, he says, "that severity of the kind serves not to punish, but to cure the offender; and private injuries rather deserve of us. Modesty and benevolence are some of those natural restraints which the wisdom of Heaven has put upon mankind; and that is a stimulus, may yet, by a check of too public reproof, be removed; but when by a public declaration of his crime, that infamy he feared, he wishes to be protected, and all that can, and to think himself safe, is the most pitiful view, as the poet has expressed. Nay, perhaps he advances farther, and sets up for a revenger, not of families, but of the whole world; and he who before was but a delinquent, is thus become a director of imposture." This sort of reasoning, Sir, most certainly should not be introduced so very lately to report the law which put the stamp of infamy in the faces of those, therefore, you had better give an advertisement to your delinquents, at least for trespassing, than to endeavour to mark them in character. I cannot but applaud your designed attempt to rescue mankind from obscurity, celebrating vice by exposing, and attacking vice in another method, by setting its influence in a proper light." Your purpose in these humane themes will make a greater advance to the reformation you seem to aim at, than the method I have hitherto taken, by putting mankind before the power of retrieving themselves, or indeed, if I think possible. But, if, after all your endeavours in this new way, there should then remain any hardened delinquents, you must even give them up to the mercy of the law, as delinquents not within the benefit of the order. Pardon me, good Mr. B. for the tediousness of this epistle, and before it is not from any self-convinced I have taken up a number of your time, or my own; but I suppose you generally your friend at ones should tend to that. I am, indeed, I trust, the rather hope your pardon, &c. Sir, Yours, &c.

*Green Coffee-house, September 23.*

This evening I thought fit to notify to the House of Commons, and by that means to all the world, that on Saturday the 30<sup>th</sup> of October next, unless I am to be my first table of flowers and desires, I shall be appointed with the characters of the two most famous men that have ever appeared in the world, would stand in their lists, or name of arms, to fight a battle, according to some dispute, to wit, that man, upon pain of having such loss as he shall put to, shall be placed too high for our consideration, or any application whatever, after five years which on the day I shall give to any of the world. But, whereas, there are many who will give them to do so this here, or that author, especially, and last, I expect each subscriber should write his reason for that pleasure, that his candidate should be the last consequence; for we shall be settling the latest point that ever has been debated in any age; and I shall take precaution accordingly. Let every man who votes, consider the

## THE TATLER.

is now going to give away that, for which the soldier gave up his rest, his pleasure, and his life; the scholar resigned his whole series of thought, his midnight repose, and his morning slumbers. In a word, it is, as I may say, to be judge of that after-life, which noble spirits prefer to their very real beings. I hope I shall be forgiven, therefore, if I make some objections against their jury, as they shall occur to me. The whole of the number by whom they are to be tried are to be scholars. I am persuaded also, that Aristotle will be put up by all of that class of men. However, in behalf of others, such as wear the livery of Aristotle, the two famous universities are called upon, on this occasion; but I expect the men of Queen's, Exeter, and Jesus Colleges, in Oxford, who are not to be electors, because he shall not be crowned from an implicit faith in his writings, but receive his honour from such judges as shall allow him to be censured. Upon this election, as I was just now going to say, I banish all who think and speak after others to concern themselves in it, for which reason, all illiterate distant admirers are forbidden to corrupt the voices, by sending, according to the new mode, any poor students coals and candles for their votes in behalf of such worthies as they pretend to esteem. All news-writers are also excluded, because they consider fame as it is a report which gives foundation to the filling up their rhapsodies, and not as it is the emanation or consequence of good and evil actions. These are excepted against as justly as butchers in case of life and death: their familiarity with the greatest names takes off the delicacy of their regard, as dealing in blood makes the Lanius less tender of spilling it.

*St. James's Coffee-house, September 28.*

Letters from Lisbon of the twenty-fifth instant, N. S. speak of a battle which has been fought near the river Cinca, in which General Staremberg had overthrown the army of the Duke of Anjou. The persons who send this, excuse their not giving particulars, because they believed an account must have arrived here before we could hear from them. They had advices from different parts, which concurred in the circumstances of the action; after which, the army of his catholic majesty advanced as far as Fraga, and the enemy retired to Saragossa. There are reports, that the Duke of Anjou was in the engagement; but letters of good authority say, that Prince was on the road towards the camp when he received the news of the defeat of his troops. We promise ourselves great consequences from such an advantage obtained by so accomplished a general as Staremberg; who, among the men of this present age, is esteemed the third in military fame and reputation.

No. 75.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, September 30.*

I AM called off from public dissertations by a domestic affair of great importance, which is no less than the disposal of my sister Jenny for life. The girl is a girl of great merit, and pleasing conversation, but I, being born of my father's first wife, and she of his third, she converses with me rather like a daughter than a sister. I have, indeed, told her that if she kept her honour, and behaved herself in such a manner as became the Bickerstaffs, I would get her an agreeable man for her husband; which was a promise I made her after reading a passage in Pliny's 'Epistles.' That polite author had been employed to find

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the great grandson of a broker, in whom his ancestor is now revived. He is a very honest gentleman in his principles, but cannot for his blood talk fairly: he is heartily sorry for it; but he cheats by constitution and over-reaches by instinct.

The happiness of the man who marries my sister will be, that he has no faults to correct in her but his own, a little bias of fancy, or particularity of manner which grew in herself, and can be amended by his. From such an untainted couple, we can hope to have our family rise to its ancient splendour of face, a countenance, manner, and shape, without discovering the product of ten nations in one house. Obadiah Greenhat says, 'he never comes into any company in England, but he distinguishes the different nations which we are composed.' There is scarce such a lively creature as a true Briton. We sit down, indeed, with friends, acquaintance, and neighbours; but after ten bottles, you see a Dane start up and swear, 'This kingdom is his own.' A Saxon drinks up the whole quart, and swears, 'He will dispute that with his.' A Norman tells them both, 'He will assert his liberty and a Welchman cries, 'They are all foreigners and intruders of yesterday,' and beats them out of the room. Such accidents happen frequently among neighbours' children, and cousins-german. For this reason, I say, study your race; or the soil of your family will dwindle into cits or esquires, or run out into wits or madmen.

No. 76.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 4, 1709.

Quicquid agunt homines—

—nostri est farrago libelli. *Jur. Sat. l. 85, 86*

Whatever good is done, *whatever* ill—

By human kind, shall this collection fill.

*From my own Apartment, October 3.*

It is a thing very much to be lamented, that a man must use a certain cunning to caution people against what it is their interest to avoid. All men will allow that it is a great and heroic work to correct men's errors, and, at the price of being called a common enemy, to go on in being a common friend to my fellow subjects and citizens. But I am forced in this world to revolve the same thing in ten thousand lights, and cast them in as many forms, to come at men's mind and affections, in order to lead the innocent in safety as well as disappoint the artifices of betrayers. Since therefore, I can make no impression upon the offending side, I shall turn my observations upon the offended; that is to say, I must whip my children for going into bad company, instead of railing at bad company for ensnaring my children.

The greatest misfortunes men fall into, arise from themselves; and that temper, which is called very often, though with great injustice, good-nature, is the source of a numberless train of evils. For which reason, we are to take this as a rule, that no action is commendable which is not voluntary; and we have made this a maxim: 'That a man who is commonly called good-natured, is hardly to be thanked for any thing he does, because half that is acted about him is done rather by his sufferance than approbation.' It is generally laziness of disposition, which chooses rather to let things pass the worst way, than to go through the pain of examination. It must be confessed, such a one has so great a benevolence in him, that he bears a thousand uneasinesses rather than he will incommode others: nay, often, when he has just

reason to be offended, chooses rather to sit down with a small injury, than bring it into reprehension, out of pure compassion to the offender. Such a person has usually said of him, 'He is no man's enemy but his own;' which is, in effect, saying, he is a friend to every man but himself and his friends: for, by a natural consequence of his neglecting himself, he either incapacitates himself to be another's friend, or makes others cease to be his. If I take no care of my own affairs, no man that is my friend can take it ill if I am negligent also of his. This soft disposition, if it continues uncorrected, throws men into a sea of difficulties.

There is Euphysius, with all the good qualities in the world, deserves well of nobody: that universal good-will which is so strong in him, exposes him to the assault of every invader upon his time, his conversation, and his property. His diet is butcher's-meat, his wench is in plain pinnars and Norwich grapes, his dress like other people, his income great: and yet has he seldom a guinea at command. From these easy gentlemen, are collected estates by servants or gamblers; which latter fraternity are excusable, when we think of this clan, who seem born to be their prey. All, therefore, of the family of Actæon, are to take notice, that they are hereby given up to the brethren of the Industry, with this reserve only, that they are to be marked as stricken deer, not for their own sakes, but to preserve the herd from following them, and coming within the scent.

I am obliged to leave this important subject, without telling whose quarters are severed, who has the humbles, who the haunch, and who the sides, of the last stag that was pulled down; but this is only deferred in hopes my deer will make their escape without more admonitions or examples, of which they have had, in mine and the town's opinion, too great a plenty. I must, I say, at present go to other matters of moment.

*White's Chocolate-house, October 3.*

The lady has answered the letter of Mr. Alexander Landlord, which was published on Thursday last, but in such a manner as I do not think fit to proceed in the affair; for she has plainly told him, that love is her design, but marriage her aversion. Bless me! what is this age come to, that people can think to make a pimp of an astronomer!

I shall not promote such designs, but shall leave her to find out her admirer, while I speak to another case sent to me by a letter of September thirtieth, subscribed Lovewell Barebones, where the author desires me to suspend my care of the dead, until I have done something for the dying. His case is, that the lady he loves is ever accompanied by a kinswoman, one of those gay, cunning women, who prevent all the love which is not addressed to themselves. This creature takes upon her in her mistress's presence to ask him, 'Whether Mrs. Florimel, (that is the cruel one's name) 'is not very handsome?' upon which he looks silly; then they both laugh out, and she will tell him, 'That Mrs. Florimel had an equal passion for him, but desired him not to expect the first time to be admitted in private; but that now he was at liberty before her only, who was her friend, to speak his mind, and that his mistress expected it.' Upon which Florimel acts a virgin-confusion, and with some disorder waits his speech. Here ever follows a deep silence; after which a loud laugh. Mr. Barebones applies himself to me on this occasion.

All the advice I can give him, is, to find a lover for the confidant, for there is no other bribe will prevail;

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in her closet at twelve, that she may become her  
table at two, and be unable to eat in public. About  
five years ago, I remember, it was the fashion to be  
short-sighted. A man would not own an acquaintance  
until he had first examined him with his glass. At a  
lady's entrance into the play-house, you might see  
tubes immediately levelled at her from every quarter  
of the pit and side-boxes. However, that mode of  
infinity is out, and the age has recovered its sight.  
But the blind seem to be succeeded by the lame, and  
a jumpy limp is the present beauty. I think I have  
formerly observed, a cane is part of the dress of a  
peer, and always worn upon a button, for fear he  
should be thought to have occasion for it, or be ex-  
tremely really, and not genteelly, a cripple. I have  
considered, but could never find out the bottom of  
this vanity. I indeed have heard of a Gascon gene-  
ral, who, by the lucky grazing of a bull-bit on the end  
of his stockings, took occasion to halt all his life after.  
But as for our peaceable cripples, I know no foun-  
dation for their behaviour, without it may be sup-  
posed that, in this warlike age, some think a cane the  
next honour to a wooden leg. This sort of affec-  
tation I have known run from one limb or member to  
another. Before the limpers came in, I remember a  
race of hispers, fine persons, who took an aversion to  
particular letters in our language. Some never uttered  
the letter H: and others had as mortal an aversion to  
S. Others have had their fashionable defect in their  
ears, and would make you repeat all you said twice  
over. I know an ancient friend of mine, whose table  
is every day surrounded with flatterers, that make  
use of this, sometimes as a piece of grandeur, and at  
others as an art, to make them repeat their commen-  
dations. Such affectations have been indeed in the  
world in ancient times; but they fell into them out of  
politic ends. Alexander the Great had a wry neck,  
which made it the fashion in his court to carry their  
heads on one side when they came into the presence.  
One who thought to outshine the whole court, car-  
ried his head so over-complaisantly, that this un-  
fortunate prince gave him so great a box on the ear, as set all  
the heads of the court upright.

This humour takes place in our minds as well as  
bodies. I know at this time a young gentleman, who  
talks atheistically all day in coffee-houses, and in his  
degree of understanding sets up for a free-thinker:  
though it can be proved upon him, he says his prayers  
every morning and evening. But this class of modern  
wits I shall reserve for a chapter by itself.

Of the like turn are all your marriage-haters, who  
rail at the noose, at the words, 'for ever and ever'  
and at the same time are secretly pining for some long  
they or other that makes their hearts ach by their  
refusal. The next to these, are such as pretend to  
govern their wives, and boast how ill they use them.  
When, at the same time, go to their houses, and you  
shall see them step as if they feared making a noise,  
and as fond as an abbeism. I do not know but  
sometimes these pretensions may arise from a desire  
to conceal a contrary defect than that they set up for.  
I remember, when I was a young fellow, we had a  
companion of a very fearful complexion, who, when  
we sat in to drink, would desire us to take his sword  
from him when he grew fuddled, for it was his mis-  
fortune to be quarrelsome.

There are many, many of these evils, which demand  
my observation: but because I have of late been  
trought somewhat too satirical, I shall give them  
warning, and declare to the whole world, that they  
are not true, but false hypocrites; and make it out  
that they are good men in their hearts. The motive



ostentatious affectation, in the above-mentioned like particulars, I take to proceed from that rest of fame and reputation which is planted in the hearts of all men. As this produces elegant and gallant actions in men of great abilities, it brings forth spurious productions in men who are unable of distinguishing themselves by things which are really praise-worthy. As the desire of men of true wit and gallantry shows itself in instances, the same desire in men who have talent without proper faculties, runs wild and is itself in a thousand extravagances, by which they would signalize themselves from others, and get a set of admirers. When I was a middle-aged man, there were many societies of ambitious men in England, who, in their pursuits after fame, every night employed in roasting porters, cobblers, knocking down watchmen, overhauling constables, breaking windows, blackening faces, and the like immortal enterprises, that disreputable reputation throughout the whole kingdom could hardly find a knocker at a door in a street after a midnight expedition of these beaux.

I was lately very much surprised by an old maid, who entered my bed-chamber one evening in a very great fright, and told me, she said my parlour was haunted; for that she had seen several panes of my windows broken, and the bed covered with half-pence. I have not yet a full opinion of this new way, but am apt to think, that it is a curious piece of wit that some of my contemporaries make use of, to break windows and leave the bill to pay for them.

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 5.*

There is no manner of news more than what the world had the other day; except that I have the letter of the Marshal Boufflers to the French king, of the late battle in the woods, which I transcribe for the benefit of the English reader:

TO THE KING,

It is to let your majesty understand, that to the mortal honour, and the destruction of the enemies, your troops have lost another battle. I did wonders, Rohan performed miracles: I did wonders, Gattion performed miracles; your army distinguished themselves, and every man did wonders. And to conclude, though you were in the field of battle, you have not lost the day. I can assure your majesty, that you have lost the field of battle, you have not lost an inch of ground. The enemy marched behind your rear, and we ran away from them as bold as lions.

I have been sent to Mr. Bickerstaff, relating the present state of the town of Bath, wherein the gentlemen of that place have desired him to call home the physicians. All gentlemen, therefore, of that town are hereby directed to return forthwith to their places of practice; and the stage-coaches are to take them in before other passengers, and shall be a certificate signed by the mayor, or the town clerk, that there are but two doctors to one patient in the town.

**SATURDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1709.**

*From my own Apartment, October 7.*

There are many painters, who deal in history pieces, often themselves upon broken sketches, and

smaller flourishes of fancy, without any design, having spent myself on dissertations. I am now sitting down to my disposition of my collection of every drawer the proper pocrisy, dice, patches, and the like, brought forth. My various heads, saying for Pacolet, and another, but observe, that my lettered men of honour, hard to decipher, though on a quite contrary side, works of the fairest hand, as unintelligible. They to politics, has in it many gyrics and satires that

I have now before me, places at my Table of extraordinary nature, stood, and shall, tell them. They are from a citizen.

ISAAC,

'Thy lucubrations, have been perused by me, taken offence; forasmuch as brotherhood all persons of religion, we are afraid with none but hearty brother there; for that placed among murderers, since we do not assuage flesh, nor our gains wisdom. If, therefore, on this occasion with a regard to gifts that are in thee, James Nayler at the upper end of the table.

In answer to my good friend, to it, that I cannot but be sorry, James Nayler; not that Great, who is a champion, his sitting at the upper end of the table.

But to my courtier

SIR,

I am surprised, that you complimenting the dead, and the living. Let me only say, and Caesar, as general, not now a groat to be in good company: I know give you one hundred pounds secret, and be rich.

This gentleman sees out the formality, and shall be plain with me of his courtier and on hands: if I can take

My citizen writes to

MR. ISAAC,

SIR,

Your Tatler, of whom I am now reading, and

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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N. B. The seat of learning is now removed in the corner of the chimney on the left-hand towards the window, to the round table of the middle of the room over against the fire; a revolution much lamented by the porters and chairmen, who were much edified through a pane of glass that remained broken all last summer.

I cannot forbear advertising my correspondents that I think myself treated by some of them in a very familiar manner, and in phrases that neither beg of them to give, nor me to take. I shall therefore desire for the future, that if any one returns an answer to a letter, he will not tell me he has received the favour of my letter; but, if he does not think to say he has received the honour of it, that he tell me in plain English, he has received my letter such a date. I must likewise insist, that he conclude with *I am with great respect, or plain, &c.* without further addition; and not insult me, by assurance of his being, *with great truth and esteem, your humble servant*. There is likewise another mark of superiority which I cannot bear; and therefore must inform my correspondents, that I discard *faithful humble servants*, and am resolved to read letters that are not subscribed, *your most obedient, most humble servant*, or both. These may appear niceities to vulgar minds, but they are such as men of honour and distinction must have regard to. And very well remember a famous duel in France, where four were killed on one side, and three of the other, occasioned by a gentleman's subscribing himself *most affectionate friend*.

No. 79.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 11, 1769.

Folices ter, et angulus,  
Quos irrupta tenet capta; nec malis  
Divulsus quæ in omnia,  
Supremū citius solvet amor dæ.

Hor. i. Od. xiv. 17.

Thrice happy they, in pure delights  
Whom love in mutual bonds unites,  
Unbroken by complaints or strife  
Even to the latest hours of life.

FRANCIS.

From my own Apartment, October 10.

My sister Jenny's lover, the honest Tranquillus, for that shall be his name, has been impatient with me to dispatch the necessary directions for his marriage; that while I am taken up with inquiries, schemes, as he calls them, he might not burn with real desire, and the torture of expectation. When I had reprimanded him for the ardour wherein he expressed himself, which I thought had not enough of that veneration with which the marriage-bed is to be ascended, I told him, 'the day of his nuptials should be on the Saturday following, which was the eighth instant.' On the seventh in the evening, poor Jenny came into my chamber, and, having her heart full of the great change of life from a virgin condition to that of a wife, she long sat silent. I saw she expected me to entertain her on this important subject, which was too delicate a circumstance for herself to touch upon; whereupon I relieved her modesty in the following manner: 'Sister,' said I, 'you are now going from me; and be contented that you leave the company of a talkative old man, for that of a sober young one; but take this along with you, that there is no mean in the state you are entering into, but you are to be

## THE TATLER.

happy or miserable, and your fortune in life will be wholly of your own making. marriages I have ever seen, most of which unhappy ones, the great cause of evil has from slight occasions; and I take it to be axiomatic in a married condition, that you are trifles. When two persons have so good of each other as to come together for life, not differ in matters of importance, because of each other with respect; and in regards of consideration that may affect them prepared for mutual assistance and relief occurrences. For less occasions, they formions, but leave their minds unprepared.

I fear Jenny, is the reason that the quarrel between Harry Willit and his lady, which began with a squirrel, is irreconcilable. Sir Harry was a grave author; she runs into his study, and in a laughing humour, claps the squirrel upon the table, and he threw the animal in a rage on the floor; she picked it up again, calls Sir Harry a sour pedant, and a bad nature or good manners. This cast upon her such a rage, that he threw down the table, and kicked the book round the room; then he reproached himself: "Lord, madam," said he, "why run into such expressions? I was," said he, "in the highest delight with that author, when you threw your squirrel upon my book;" and, smiling, in recollection, "I have a great respect for your wife, and pray let us all be friends." My lady, so far from accepting this apology, that she immediately conceived a resolution to keep him under and with a serious air replied, "There is no need to be had to what a man says, who can fall into a decent rage, and such an abject submission at the same moment, for which I absolutely forgive you." Upon which she rushed out of the room. Harry staid some minutes behind, to command himself; after which he followed her to her bed-chamber, where she was prostrate on the bed, tearing her hair, and naming twenty who would have used her otherwise. This brought him to so high a degree, that he forbore to beat her; and all the servants in the house at their several stations listening, whilst each man and woman, the best master and mistress, each other in a way that is not to be seen at Billingsgate. You know this ended in a late separation: she longs to return home, but does not know how to do it: he invites her home, and lies with every woman he can get, and requires no submission of her; but she on her very return will argue she is to blame, and is resolved to be for ever, rather than to change it. Thus, dear Jenny, my great advice to you is to be guarded against giving or receiving occasions. Great matters of offence I have no fear either from you or your husband.

At last, we turned our discourse into a more gay part: but before we did so, I made her snuff-box for ever, and half drown herself in the stench of the musty.

On the wedding morning arrived, and our family numerous, there was no avoiding the inconvenience of making the ceremony and festival more in the modern way of celebrating them approve of. The bride next morning came to her chamber, dressed with all the art and care of a coquette, the fire-woman, could bestow on her. On her wedding-day three-and-twenty; her far from what we call a regular beauty; but sweetness in her countenance, an ease in her

shape and motion, with looks, had attraction exactness can inspire, endowments. When her features flushed with a generous manner, so which Tranquillus and me good omens of his. The wedding was with ceremony at church, in company with a dinner pitched upon the Apollo bar, as a place sacred to religion, where Ben Jones their liberal meetings, grace appeared; and so come into that ample to make me complime fell into a discourse upon entertainment, drawn which are in gold. Lepidus has a way of subjects in which with great dexterity.

the public meetings of had passed through his pleasing narrative and a repetition of the

'Hail, wedded love!  
Of human offspring  
In paradise, of all the  
By thee adulterous  
Among the beastial  
Founded in reason,  
Relations dear, and  
Of father, son, and  
Perpetual fountain of  
Whose bed is under  
Present or past, as  
Here Love his golden  
His constant lamp,  
Reigns here, and re  
Of harlots, loveless,  
Casual fruition; no  
Mixed dance, or war  
Or serenade, which t  
To his proud fair, be

In these verses, all the young woman's head but that in so chaste a bride thanked him for down to dinner.

Among the rest of the fellow you call a wag, usual life of all feasts absurdities, and putting modesty out of countenance. He drank to the bride's made twenty double. We are the best bred in this kingdom; and in been as much out of that we were relieved ours at the lower end of marines. The sold sense, and saw what he had a way of looking aloud in an inward mentioned the word the lieutenant in that. The merry man, wond

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October 9.

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stare at, rather than to receive me. After a long pause, a servant brought a round stool, on which I sat down at the lower end of the room, in the presence of no less than twelve persons, gentlemen and ladies, lolling in elbow chairs. And, to complete my disgrace, my mistress was of the society. I tried to compose myself in vain, not knowing how to dispose of either my legs or arms, or how to shape my countenance; the eyes of the whole room being still upon me in a profound silence. My confusion at last was so great, that, without speaking, or being spoken to, I fled for it, and left the assembly to treat me at their discretion. A lecture from you upon these inhuman distinctions in a free nation, will, I doubt not, prevent the like evils for the future, and make it, as I say, as cheap sitting as standing. I am, with the greatest respect, Sir, your most humble,

'and most obedient servant,

J. R.

'P. S. I had almost forgot to inform you, that a fair young lady sat in an armless chair upon my right hand, with manifest discontent in her looks.'

Soon after the receipt of this epistle, I heard a very gentle knock at my door: my maid went down, as brought up word, 'that a tall, lean, black man, red-dressed, who said he had not the honour to be acquainted with me, desired to be admitted. I bade her show him up, met him at my chamber door, and he fell back a few paces. He approached me with great respect, and told me with a low voice, 'he was a gentleman that had been seated upon the round stool I immediately recollected that there was a joint stool in my chamber, which I was afraid he might take for an instrument of distinction, and therefore winked at my boy to carry it into my closet. I then took him by the hand, and led him to the upper end of a room, where I placed him in my great elbow-chair at the same time drawing another without arms for myself to sit by him. I then asked him, 'at what time this misfortune befell him?' He answered, 'between the hours of seven and eight in the evening.' I further demanded of him, what he had ate or drunk that day? he replied, nothing but a dish of water gruel with a few plums in it.' In the next place, I felt his pulse, which was very low and languishing. These circumstances confirmed me in an opinion which I had entertained upon the first reading of his letter, that the gentleman was far gone in the spleen. I therefore advised him to rise the next morning, and plunge into the cold bath, there to remain under water until he was almost drowned. This I ordered him to repeat six days successively; and on the seventh to repair at the wonted hour to my lady Haughty's and to acquaint me afterwards with what he should meet with there; and particularly to tell me, whether he shall think they stared upon him so much as the time before. The gentleman smiled: and by the way of talking to me, showed himself a man of excellent sense in all particulars, unless when a chair, a round or a joint stool, were spoken of. He opened his heart to me at the same time concerning several other grievances; such as, being overlooked in public assemblies, having his boys unanswered, being helped last at table, and placed at the back part of a coach; with many other distresses, which have withered his countenance, and worn him to a skeleton. Finding him a man of reason, I entered into the bottom of his distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'there are more of your constitution in this island of Great Britain than in any other part of the world; and I beg the

of you to tell me, whether you do not observe, you meet with more affronts in rainy days?" He eyed candidly, "that he had long observed, that there were less saucy in sunshine than in cloudy weather." Upon which I told him plainly, 'his distemper was the spleen; and that though the weather ill-natured, it was not so bad as he believed.' I further assured him, that his use of the cold-bath with a course of *Steel* which I should prescribe would certainly cure most of his acquaintance for rudeness, ill-behaviour, and impertinence.' He smiled, and promised to observe my precepts, not forgetting to give me an account of his operation. This distemper being pretty epidemic, I shall, for the benefit of mankind, give the public an account of the progress I make in the cure

author of the following letter behaves himself  
sensibly, that I cannot defer answering him  
ger.

' Your most dutiful and  
' most obedient servant, &c.'

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 12.*

ceived this morning a mail from Holland, brings advice that the siege of Mons is carried so great vigour and bravery, that we hope to be masters of the place; all things being prepared for making the assault on the work and ravelin of the attack of Bertaux charge began with the fire of bombs and shells, which was so hot, that the enemy quitted it, and we lodged ourselves on those works in position. During this storm, one of our shells fell into a magazine of the enemy, and blew there are advices, which say the court of France had made new offers of peace to the congress; but this intelligence wants confirmation.

anus ob patriam pugnando vulnera passi,—  
e pii vates, et Phœbo digna locuti ;  
as aut qui vitam excoluere per artes,  
e sui memores alios fecere merendo.

patriots live, who, for their country's good,  
 fighting fields were prodigal of blood ;  
 poets worthy their inspiring god,  
 of unblemish'd life, make their abode ;

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I dreamed that boundless plain, the multitudes of people In the midst of it head above the clouds steep, and of such creature which was could possibly ascend heard from the top of pet; but so exceedingly it filled the hearts of creatures, and gave such as seemed to animate itself. This made me very few in that vast fine enough to pleasure; but my wound me, I saw many syrens, clothed like the names of Sloth, were seated on thirtiety of groves, near the borders of the revolting multitude ages were listening of a more erect aspect themselves from the towards the mountain sound, which still listened to it.

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id a palace  
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ing doors, that faced the four several quarters of the world. On the top of it was enthroned the goddess of the mountain, who smiled upon her votaries, and sounded the silver trumpet which had called them up and cheered them in their passage to her palace. They had now formed themselves into several divisions; a band of historians taking their stations at each door, according to the persons whom they were to introduce.

On a sudden, the trumpet, which had hitherto sounded only a march, or a point of war, now sent all its notes into triumph and exultation. The whole fabric shook, and the doors flew open. The first who stepped forward was a beautiful and majestic hero, and as I heard by the murmurs around me Alexander the Great. He was conducted by a crowd of historians. The person who immediately walked before him, was remarkable for an embroidered garment, who, not being well acquainted with the place, was conducting him to an apartment appointed for the reception of fabulous heroes. The name of this false guide was Quintus Curtius. But Arrian and Plutarch, who knew better the avenues of this palace, conducted him into the great hall, and placed him at the upper end of the first table. My good friend thought that I might see the whole ceremony, conveyed me to a corner of this room, where I might perceive what passed, without being seen myself. The first who entered was a charming virgin, leading by the arm a venerable old man that was blind. Under her left arm she bore a harp, on her head a garland. Alexander who was well acquainted with Homer, stood up at his entrance, and placed him on his right hand. The virgin, who it seems was one of the nine Muses that attended on the goddess of fame, smiled with an ineffable grace at their meeting, and retired.

Julius Caesar was now coming forward; and though most of the historians offered their services to introduce him, he left them at the door, and would have no conductor but himself.

The next who advanced, was a man of a bold but cheerful aspect, and attended by persons of greater figure than any that appeared on this occasion. Plato was on his right hand, and Xenophon on his left. He bowed to Homer, and sat down by him. It was expected that Plato would himself have taken a place next to his master, Socrates; but on a sudden there was heard a great clamour of disputants at the door, who appeared with Aristotle at the head of them. That philosopher, with some rudeness but great strength of reason, convinced the whole that a title to the fifth place was his due, and took accordingly.

He had scarce sat down, when the same beautiful virgin that had introduced Homer, brought in another who hung back at the entrance, and would have excused himself, had not his modesty been overcome by the invitation of all who sat at the table. His guide and behaviour made me easily conclude, it was Virgil. Cicero next appeared and took his place. He had enquired at the door for one Lucilius to introduce him; but not finding him there he contented himself with the attendance of most other writers, who all, except Sallust, appeared highly pleased with the office.

We waited some time in expectation of the most worthy, who came in with a great retinue of historians whose names I could not learn, most of them being natives of Carthage. The person then introduced, who was Hannibal, seemed much distressed and could not forbear complaining to the least of his acquaintances he had met with among the Roman historians.

# THE TATLER.

'who attempted,' says he, 'to carry me into the subterraneous apartment; and, perhaps, would have done it, had it not been for the impartiality of this gentleman,' pointing to Polybius, 'who was the only person, except my own countrymen, that was willing to conduct me hither.'

The Carthaginian took his seat, and Pompey entered with great dignity in his own person, and preceded by several historians. Lucan the poet was at the head of them, who, observing Homer and Virgil at the table, was going to sit down himself, had not the latter whispered him, that whatever pretence he might otherwise have had, he forfeited his claim to it, by coming in as one of the historians. Lucan was so exasperated with the repulse, that he muttered something to himself; and was heard to say, 'that since he could not have a seat among them himself, he would bring in one who alone had more merit than their whole assembly:' upon which he went to the door, and brought in Cato of Utica. That great man approached the company with such an air, that showed he contemned the honour which he laid a claim to. Observing the seat opposite to Cæsar was vacant, he took possession of it, and spoke two or three smart sentences upon the nature of precedency, which, according to him, consisted not in place, but in intrinsic merit: to which he added, that the most virtuous man, wherever he was seated, was always at the upper end of the table.' Socrates, who had a great spirit of raillery with his wisdom, could not forbear smiling at a virtue which took so little pains to make itself agreeable. Cicero took the occasion to make a long discourse in praise of Cato, which he uttered with much vehemence. Cæsar answered him with a great deal of seeming temper; but as I stood at a great distance from them, I was not able to hear one word of what they said. But I could not forbear taking notice, that, in all the discourse which passed at the table, a word or a nod from Homer decided the controversy.

After a short pause, Augustus appeared, looking round him with a serene and affable countenance upon all the writers of his age, who strove among themselves which of them should show him the greatest marks of gratitude and respect. Virgil rose from the table to meet him, and though he was an acceptable guest to all, he appeared more such to the learned than the military worthies.

The next man astonished the whole table with his appearance. He was slow, solemn, and silent in his behaviour, and wore a raiment curiously wrought with hieroglyphics. As he came into the middle of the room, he threw back the skirt of it, and discovered a golden thigh. Socrates, at the sight of it, declared against keeping company with any who were not made of flesh and blood; and, therefore, desired Diogenes the Laertian to lead him to the apartment allotted for fabulous heroes, and worthies of dubious existence. At his going out, he told them, 'that they did not know whom they dismissed; that he was now Pythagoras, the first of philosophers, and that formerly he had been a very brave man at the siege of Troy.'—'That may be very true,' said Socrates; 'but you forget that you have likewise been a very great harlot in your time.' This exclusion made way for Archimedes, who came forward with a scheme of mathematical figures in his hand; among which I observed a cone and a cylinder.

Seeing this table full, I desired my guide, for civility, to lead me to the fabulous apartment the roof of which was painted with Gorgons, Chimeras, and

Centaurs, &c. I wanted to see the table was a leaning and were Achilles on his left lower end of the table. The ushers methought, some at the Bickerstaff with disdain worthy, the transported burning was awakened then fired been very pleasing a it an agree from the heroes, to living.

No. 62.] T

Ubi idem aliquando

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After the tions suitable into sudden soul subsided consideration certain grave the little gr and fancy, this state of and in a p misfortune life; among sensibly as love, and n piness whe children to their child affection be reason and the sorrows those of the of this sort heart better ill-will towards perity, and lence which daring and

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## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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the carcass on the shore. The kinswoman imme-  
diately, shrieked out, 'Oh my cousin!' and fell upon  
the ground. The unhappy wife went to help her  
friend, when she saw her own husband at her feet  
and dropped in a swoon upon the body. An old  
man, who had been the gentleman's nurse, came  
about this time to call the ladies in to supper, as  
found her child, as she always called him, dead  
the shore, her mistress and kinswoman both lying  
dead by him. Her loud lamentations, and calling her  
young master to life, soon awaked the friend from  
her trance: but the wife was gone for ever.

When the family and neighbourhood got together  
round the bodies, no one asked any question, but  
the objects before them told the story.

Incidents of this nature are the more moving when  
they are drawn by persons concerned in the catastrophe,  
notwithstanding they are often oppressive  
beyond the power of giving them in a distinct light  
except we gather their sorrow from their inability to  
speak it.

I have two original letters, written both on the  
same day, which are to me exquisite in their different  
kinds. The occasion was this:—A gentleman who  
had courted a most agreeable young woman, and with  
her heart, obtained also the consent of her father,  
whom she was an only child. The old man had  
fancy that they should be married in the same church  
where he himself was, in a village in Westmorland,  
and made them set out while he was laid up with  
gout at London. The bridegroom took only his  
the bride her maid; they had the most agreeable  
journey imaginable to the place of marriage: from  
whence the bridegroom writ the following letter to his  
wife's father.

'SIR,

'March 18, 1672.

'After a very pleasant journey hither, we are pre-  
paring for the happy hour in which I am to be your  
son. I assure you the bride carries it, in the eye  
the vicar who married you, much beyond her mother,  
though she says your open sleeves, pantaloons, and  
shoulder-knot, made a much better show than the  
finical dress I am in. However, I am contented to  
be the second fine man this village ever saw, and shall  
make it very merry before night, because I shall not  
myself from thence, Your most dutiful son,

'T. B.'

'The bride gives her duty, and is as handsome  
an angel.—I am the happiest man breathing.'

The villagers were assembling about the church, and  
the happy couple took a walk in a private garden. The  
bridegroom's man knew his master would leave that  
place on a sudden after the wedding, and, seeing his  
draw his pistols the night before, took this opportunity  
to go into his chamber and charge them. Upon  
their return from the garden, they went into the  
room; and, after a little fond raillery on the subject  
of their courtship, the lover took up a pistol, which  
he knew he had unloaded the night before, and, pre-  
sentsing it to her, said, with the most graceful smile  
whilst she looked pleased at his agreeable flattery  
'Now, madam, repent of all those cruelties you have  
been guilty of to me; consider, before you die, how  
often you have made a poor wretch freeze under your  
casement: you shall die, you tyrant, you shall die  
with all those instruments of death and destruction  
about you, with that enchanting smile, those killing  
ringlets of your hair!'—'Give fire!' said she, laugh-  
ing. He did so; and shot her dead. Who can speak

his condition? but he bore it so patiently as to call up his man. The poor wretch entered, and his master locked the door upon him. 'Will,' said he, 'did you charge these pistols?' He answered, 'Yes.' Upon which he shot him dead with that remaining. After this, amidst a thousand broken sobs, piercing groans, and distracted motions, he writ the following letter to the father of his dead mistress.

'SIR,

'I, who two hours ago told you truly I was the happiest man alive, am now the most miserable. Your daughter lies dead at my feet, killed by my hand, through a mistake of my man's charging my pistols unknown to me. Him have I murdered for it. Such is my wedding day—I will immediately follow my wife to her grave; but, before I throw myself upon my sword, I command my distraction so far as to explain my story to you. I fear my heart will not keep together until I have stabbed it. Poor, good old man!—Remember, he that killed your daughter died for it. In the article of death, I give you my thanks, and pray for you, though I dare not for myself. If it be possible do not curse me.'

No. 83.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1709.

Senilis stultitia, quæ deliratio appellari solet, senum levium est, non omnium. M. T. Cic.

That which is usually called dotage is not the foible of all old men but only of such as are remarkable for their levity and inconstancy.

From my own Apartment, October 19.

It is my frequent practice to visit places of resort in this town where I am least known, to observe what reception my works meet with in the world, and what good effects I may promise myself from my labours; and it being a privilege asserted by monsieur Montaigne, and others of vain-glorious memory, that we writers of essays may talk of ourselves; I take the liberty to give an account of the remarks which I find are made by some of my gentle readers upon these my dissertations.

I happened this evening to fall into a coffee-house near the Exchange, where two persons were reading my account of the 'Table of Fame.'

The one of these was commenting as he read, and explaining who was meant by this and the other worthy as he passed on. I observed the person over-against him wonderfully intent and satisfied with his explanation. When he came to Julius Cæsar, who is said to have refused any conductor to the table; 'No, no,' said he, 'he is in the right of it, he has money enough to be welcome wherever he comes;' and then whispered, 'he means a certain colonel of the train-bands.' Upon reading that Aristotle made his claims with some rudeness, but great strength of reason; 'who can that be, so rough and so reasonable? It must be some whig, I warrant you. There is nothing but party in these public papers.' Where Pythagoras is said to have a golden thigh, 'Ay, ay,' said he, 'he has money enough in his breeches; that is the alderman of our ward,' you must know. Whatever he read, I found he interpreted from his own way of life and acquaintance. I am glad my readers can construe for themselves these difficult points; but, for the benefit of posterity, I design, when I come to write my last paper of this kind, to make it an explanation of all my former. In that piece, you shall have all I have commended,

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this subject, wherein I shall lay down rules when a young stripling is to say, No: and a young virgin, Yes.

N B. For the publication of this discourse, I was only for subscriptions from the under graduates of each university, and the young ladies in the boarding-schools of Hackney and Chelsea.

*St. James's Coffee-house, October 19.*

Letters from the Hague, of the twenty-fifth of October, N. S. advise, that the garrison of Maastricht marched out on the twenty-third instant, and a garrison of the allies marched into the town. All the forces in the field, both of the enemy and the confederates, are preparing to withdraw into winter quarters.

No. 84.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER, 22, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, October 21.*

I HAVE received a letter subscribed A. B. wherein it has been represented to me as an enormity, that there are more than ordinary crowds of women at the Old Bailey when a rape is to be tried. But by Mr. A. B.'s favour, I cannot tell who are so much concerned in that part of the law as the sex he mentions, they being the only persons liable to such insults. Nor, indeed, do I think it more unreasonable that they should be inquisitive on such occasions than men of honour, when one is tried for killing another in a duel. It is very natural to enquire how the fatal pass was made, that we may the better defend ourselves when we come to be attacked. Several eminent ladies appeared lately at the court of justice on such an occasion; and, with great patience and attention, staid the whole trials of two persons for the above-said crime. The law to me, indeed, seems a little defective in this point; and it is a very great hardship, that this crime, which is committed by men only, should have men only on their jury. I humbly, therefore, propose, that on future trials of this sort, half of the twelve may be women; and those such whose faces are well known to have taken notes, or may be supposed to remember what happened in former trials in the same place. There is the learned Andragyne, that would make a good fore-woman of the pannel, who, by long attendance, understands as much law and anatomy as is necessary in this case. Until this is taken care of, I am humbly of opinion it would be much more expedient that the fair were wholly absent; for to what end can it be that they should be present at such examinations, when they can only be perplexed with a fellow-feeling for the injured, without any power to avenge their sufferings? It is an unnecessary pain which the fair ones give themselves on these occasions. I have known a young woman shriek out at some parts of the evidence; and have frequently observed, that when the proof grew particular and strong, there has been such a universal flutter of fans, that one would think the whole female audience were falling into fits. Nor, indeed, can I see how men themselves can be wholly unmoved at such tragical relations.

In short, I must tell my female readers, and the may take an old man's word for it, that there is no thing in woman so graceful and becoming as modesty. It adds charms to their beauty, and gives a new softness to their sex. Without it, simplicity and innocence appear rude; reading and good sense, macer line; wit and humour, lascivious. This is so neces

# THE TATLER.

nary a qualification for pleasing, that the loose part of womankind, whose study it is to ensnare men's hearts, never fail to support the appearance of what they know is so essential to that end; and I have heard it reported by the young fellows in my time, as a maxim of the celebrated Madam Bennet, that a young wench, though never so beautiful, was not worth her board when she was past her blushing. This discourse naturally brings into my thoughts a letter I have received from the virtuous lady Whittlestick, on the subject of Lucretia.

\* COUSIN ISAAC, ' From my tea-table, Oct. 17.

'I read your Tatler of Saturday last, and was surprised to see you so partial to your own sex, as to think none of ours worthy to sit at your first table; for sure you cannot but own Lucretia as famous as any you have placed there, who first parted with her virtue, and afterwards with her life, to preserve her fame.'

Mrs. Biddy Twig has written me a letter to the same purpose; but, in answer to both my pretty correspondents and kinswomen, I must tell them, that although I know Lucretia would have made a very graceful figure at the upper end of the table, I did not think it proper to place her there, because I knew she would not care for being in the company of so many men without her husband. At the same time, I must own, that Tarquin himself was not a greater lover and admirer of Lucretia than I myself am in an honest way. When my sister Jenny was in her sampler, I made her get the whole story without book, and tell it me in needle-work. This illustrious lady stands up in history as the glory of her own sex, and the reproach of ours; and the circumstances under which she fell were so very particular, that they seem to make adultery and murder meritorious. She was a woman of such transcendent virtue, that her beauty, which was the greatest of the age and country in which she lived, and is generally celebrated as the highest of praise in other women, is never mentioned as a part of her character. But it would be declaiming to dwell upon so celebrated a story, which I mentioned only in respect to my kinswomen; and to make reparation for the omission they complain of, do further promise them, that if they can furnish me with instances to fill it, there shall be a small tea-table set apart in my Palace of Fame for the reception of all of her character.

*Grecian Coffee-house, October 21.*

I was this evening communicating my design of producing obscure merit into public view; and proposed to the learned, that they would please to assist me in the work. For the same end I publish my intention to the world that all men of liberal thoughts may know they have an opportunity of doing justice to such worthy persons as have come within their respective observation, and who, by misfortune, modesty, or want of proper writers to recommend them, have escaped the notice of the rest of mankind. If, therefore, any one can bring any tale or tidings of illustrious persons, or glorious actions, that are not commonly known, he is desired to send an account thereof to me, at J. Morphew's, and they shall have justice done them. At the same time that I have this concern for men and things that deserve reputation, and have it not, I am resolved to examine into the claims of such ancients and moderns as are in possession of it, with a design to displace them, in case I find their titles defective. The first whose merits I shall inquire into, are some merry gentlemen of the French nation, who have written very advantageous

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No. 85.]

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you do not

know how he loves me; I find I can do any thing with him.'—'If you can so, why should you desire to do any thing but please him? but I have a woman or two more before you go out of the room; for I see you do not like the subject I am upon; let nothing provoke you to fall upon an imperfection he cannot help; for, if he has a resenting spirit, he will think your aversion as immovable as the imperfection which you upbraid him. But above all, dear Jenny be careful of one thing, and you will be something more than woman; that is, a levity you are almost all guilty of, which is, to take a pleasure in your power to give pain. It is even in a mistress an argument of meanness of spirit, but in a wife it is injustice and ingratitude. When a sensible man once observes this in a woman, he must have a very great, or very little spirit, to overlook it. A woman ought, therefore, to consider very often, how few men there are who will regard a meditated offence as a weakness of temper.'

I was going on in my confabulation, when Tranquillus entered. She cast all her eyes upon him with much shame and confusion, mixed with great complacency and love, and went up to him. He took her in his arms, and looked so many soft things in one glance, that I could see he was glad I had been talking to her, sorry she had been troubled, and angry at himself that he could not disguise the concern he was in an hour before. After which, he says to me, with an air awkward enough, but methought not unbecoming 'I have altered my mind, brother; we will live upon you a day or two longer.' I replied, 'That is what I have been persuading Jenny to ask of you, but she is resolved never to contradict your inclination, and refused me.'

We were going on in that way which one hardly knows how to express; as when two people mean the same thing in a nice case, but come at it by talking as distinctly from it as they can; when very opportunely came in upon us an honest inconsiderable fellow. Tim Dapper, a gentleman well known to us both. Tim is one of those who are very necessary, by being very inconsiderable. Tim dropped in at an incident, when he knew not how to fall into either a grave or a merry way. My sister took this occasion to make off, and Dapper gave us an account of all the company he had been in to-day, who was, and who was not at home, where he visited. This Tim is the head of a species: he is a little out of his element in this town; but he is a relation of Tranquillus, and his neighbour in the country, which is the true place of residence for this species. The habit of a Dapper, when he is at home, is a light broad cloth, with calamanco or red waistcoat and breeches; and it is remarkable that their wigs seldom hide the collar of their coats. They have always a peculiar spring in their arms, and wriggle in their bodies, and a trip in their gait. All which motions they express at once in their drinking, bowing, or saluting ladies; for a distant imitation of a forward fop, and a resolution to overtop him in his way, are the distinguishing marks of a Dapper. These under-characters of men, are parts of the sociable world by no means to be neglected: they are like pegs in a building; they make no figure in it, but hold the structure together, and are as absolutely necessary as the pillars and columns. I am sure we found it so this morning; for Tranquillus and I should, perhaps, have looked cold at each other the whole day but Dapper fell in with his brisk way, shook us both by the hand, rallied the bride, mistook the acceptance he met with amongst us for extraordinary perfection in himself, and heartily pleased, and was pleased at

# THE TATLER.

he staid. His company left us all in good and we were not such fools as to let it sink, confirmed it by great cheerfulness and in our carriage the whole evening.

*White's Chocolate-house, October 24.*

been this evening to visit a lady who is a of the enamoured Cynthio, and there heard choly news of his death. I was in hopes, hunting and October would have recovered his unhappy passion. He went into the with a design to leave behind him all of Clarissa; but he found that place only venient to think of her without interruption. ntry gentlemen were very much puzzled case, and never finding him merry or loud company, took him for a Roman Catholic, ediate upon his death seized his French chambre for a priest; and it is generally in the country, it will go hard with him next

Poor Cynthio never held up his head after ceived a letter of Clarissa's marriage. The gave me this account, being far gone in ed romance, told me, 'if I would give her oh, she would take care to have it placed on; which she herself had devised in the fol-anner. It is to be made of black marble, y corner to be crowded with weeping cupids. ivers are to be hung up upon two tall cypress-ich are to grow on each side on the monu-nd their arrows to be laid in a great heap, manner of a funeral pile, on which is to lie of the deceased. On the top of each cypress is the figure of a moaning turtle-dove. On the st part of the monument, the goddess to ese birds are sacred is to sit in a dejected as weeping for the death of her votary.' I tell you this lady's head is a little turned : to be rid of importunities, I promised her h, and told her I would take for my pattern Don Alonzo, who was no less famous in his Cynthio is in ours.

## The Epitaph.

Here lies Don Alonzo,  
Slain by a wound received under  
his left pap;  
the orifice of which was so  
small, no surgeon could  
discover it;  
Reader,  
if thou would'st avoid so strange  
a death,  
look not upon Lucinda's eyes.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 27, 1709.

*From my own Apartment, October 25.*

I came home last night, my servant delivered following letter:

October 24.

e orders from Sir Harry Quickset, of Staf-  
y baronet, to acquaint you, that his honour  
y himself, Sir Giles Wheel-barrow, knight,  
Rentfree, esquire, justice of the quorum,  
Windmill, esquire, and Mr. Nicholas Doubt,  
inner Temple, Sir Harry's Grandson, will  
on you at the hour of nine to-morrow morn-  
g Tuesday the twenty-fifth of October, upon  
which Sir Harry will impart to you by word  
house, No. 19.

of mouth. I thought hand, so many per- might not be surpris- though by many year Stafford, unknown,

I received this m believe Mr. Thrifty company too well to- proach; but I was in adjust the ceremoni- great men, who perh- themselves for the- sure that is the case- was sensible that the- my behaviour to the- satisfaction, and no- quorum.

The hour of nine w no sooner set chairs- fixed my tea-equipag- door, which was ope- which followed a lon- by, 'Sir, I beg your- and another voice, out from my window- with their hats off, a- to each other. After much solemnity, in t- as to name them to- chamber-door, and I- I met him with all- a vegetable: for, yo- of a person who re- half a century. I go- chair by the fire, wit- cups. The knight-l- respect for my who- leave, place himself- hand he had sat at e- years, unless he was- whispered the youn- knowledge.' I had- cheek-by-jowl, to de- the justice of the qu- of the former, and- saw my error too lat- into their seats. 'V- have told you how- am to desire you t- swered one and all, morning.'—'Not in- me. Upon which t- tipped me the wink- grandfather. Here- the steward in his b- should adjourn to- body might call for- the business.' We- Harry filed off from- termarching behind- him, Sir Giles in the- made a sudden start- quorum whipped b- stairs. A maid, g- and put us into such- heap, without any vi- order; for the youn- jest of this matter, s- amongst us, under-

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ads; Cice-

reus, and Cneius Scipio, the son of the great Africanus, were competitors for the office of prætor. The crowd followed Cicereius, and left Scipio untended. Cicereius saw this with much concern; and desiring an audience of the people, he descended from the place where the candidates were to sit, in the eye of the multitude; pleaded for his adversary, and, with an ingenuous modesty, which it is impossible to feign, represented to them, 'how much it was to their dishonour, that a virtuous son of Africanus should not be preferred to him, or any other man whatsoever.' This immediately gained the election for Scipio; but all the compliments and congratulations upon it were made to Cicereius. It is easier in this case to say who had the office, than the honour. There is no occurrence in life where this quality is not more ornamental than any other. After the battle of Pharsalia, Pompey marching towards Larissus, the whole people of that place came out in procession to do him honour. He thanked the magistrates for their respect to him; but desired them 'to perform these ceremonies to the conqueror.' This gallant submission to his fortune, and disdain of making any appearance but like Pompey, was owing to his modesty, which would not permit him to be so disingenuous, as to give himself the air of prosperity, when he was in the contrary condition.

This I say of modesty, as it is the virtue which preserves a decorum in the general course of our life; but, considering it also as it regards our mere bodies, it is the certain character of a great mind. It is memorable of the mighty Caesar, that when he was murdered in the capitol, at the very moment in which he expired he gathered his robe about him, that he might fall in a decent posture. In this manner, says my author, he went off, not like a man that departed out of life, but a deity that returned to his abode.

No. 87.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1709.

*Will's Coffee-house, October 28.*

THERE is nothing which I contemplate with greater pleasure than the dignity of human nature, which often shews itself in all conditions of life. For, notwithstanding the degeneracy and meanness that is crept into it, there are a thousand occasions in which it breaks through its original corruption, and shows what it once was, and what it will be hereafter. I consider the soul of man as the ruin of a glorious pile of building; where, amidst great heaps of rubbish, you meet with noble fragments of sculpture, broken pillars and obelisks, and a magnificence in confusion. Virtue and wisdom are continually employed in clearing the ruins, removing these disorderly heaps, recovering the noble pieces that lie buried under them, and adjusting them as well as possible according to their ancient symmetry and beauty. A happy education, conversation with the finest spirits, looking abroad into the works of nature, and observations upon mankind, are the great assistances to this necessary and glorious work. But even among those who have never had the happiness of any of these advantages, there are sometimes such exertions of the greatness that is natural to the mind of man, as show capacities and abilities which only want these accidental helps to fetch them out, and show them in a proper light. A plebeian soul is still the ruin of this glorious edifice, though encumbered with all its rubbish. This reflection rose in me from a letter which my servant dropped



## THE TATLER.

as he was dressing me, and which he told me was communicated to him, as he is an acquaintance of some of the persons mentioned in it. The epistle is from one Serjeant Hall of the foot-guards. It is directed: 'To Serjeant Cabe, in the Coldstream regiment of foot-guards, at the Red-lettice, in the Butcher-row, near Temple-bar.'

I was so pleased with several touches in it, that I could not forbear showing it to a cluster of critics, who, instead of considering it in the light I have done, examined it by the rules of epistolary writing. For as these gentlemen are seldom men of any great genius, they work altogether by mechanical rules, and are able to discover no beauties that are not pointed out by Bouhours and Rapin. The letter is as follows:

' From the camp before Mons,  
' COMRADE, September 26.

' I received yours, and am glad yourself and your wife are in good health, with all the rest of my friends. Our battalion suffered more than I could wish in the action. But who can withstand fate? Poor Richard Stevenson had his fate with a great many more. He was killed dead before we entered the trenches. We had above two hundred of our battalion killed and wounded. We lost ten serjeants, six are as followeth: Jennings, Castles, Roach, Sherring, Meyrick, and my son Smith. The rest are not your acquaintance. I have received a very bad shot in my head myself, but am in hopes, and please God, I shall recover. I continue in the field, and lie at my Colonel's quarters. Arthur is very well; but I can give you no account of Elms; he was in the hospital before I came into the field. I will not pretend to give you an account of the battle, knowing you have a better in the prints. Pray, give my service to Mrs. Cook and her daughter, to Mr. Stoffet and his wife, and to Mr. Lyver, and Thomas Hogsdon, and to Mr. Ragdeil, and to all my friends and acquaintance in general who do ask after me. My love to Mrs. Stevenson. I am sorry for the sending such ill news. Her husband was gathering a little money together to send to his wife, and put it into my hands. I have seven shillings and threepence, which I shall take care to send her. Wishing your wife a safe delivery, and both of you all happiness, rest

' Your assured friend, and comrade,  
' JOHN HALL.

' We had but an indifferent breakfast; but the mounseers never had such a dinner in all their lives.

' My kind love to my comrade Hinton, and Mrs. Morgan, and to John Brown and his wife. I sent two shillings, and Stevenson sixpence, to drink with you at Mr. Cook's; but I have heard nothing from him. It was by Mr. Edgar.

' Corporal Hartwell desires to be remembered to you, and desires you to enquire of Edgar, what is become of his wife Pegg; and when you write to send word in your letter what trade she drives.

' We have here very bad weather, which I doubt will be a hindrance to the siege; but I am in hopes we shall be masters of the town in a little time, and then, I believe, we shall go to garrison.'

I saw the critics prepared to nibble at my letter; therefore examined it myself, partly in their way, and partly my own. This is, said I, truly a letter, and an honest representation of that cheerful heart which accompanies the poor soldier in his warfare. Is not there in this all the topic of submitting to our

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great, is sure to undergo a bombardment. It is further observed, that the only way to be out of danger from the bursting of a bomb, is to be prostrate on the ground ; a posture too abject for generous spirit.

Secondly, The Miner.

As the bombardier levels his mischief at nations and cities, the Miner busies himself in ruining and overturning private houses and particular persons. He often acts as a spy, in discovering the secret avenues and unguarded accesses of families, where, after he has made his proper discoveries and dispositions, he sets sudden fire to his train, that blows up families, scatters friends, separates lovers, disperses kindred, and shakes a whole neighbourhood.

It is to be noted, that several females are gun-proficients in this way of engineering. The manner by which they are to be known are, a wonderful solicitude for the reputation of their friends, and more than ordinary concern for the good of the neighbours. There is also in them something very like religion, as may deceive the vulgar ; but you look upon it more nearly, you see in it such a cast of censoriousness, as discovers it to be nothing but hypocrisy. Cleomilla is a great instance of female Miner : but as my design is to expose and the incorrigible, let her be silent for the future, and shall be so too.

Thirdly, the Squib.

The Squibs are those who, in the common phrase of the word, are called libellers, lampooners, and pamphleteers. Their fire-works are made up of paper : and it is observed, that they mix abundance of charcoal in their powder, that they may be sure to blacken where they cannot singe. These are observed to give a consternation and disturbance only to weak minds ; which, according to the proverb are always 'more afraid than hurt.'

Fourthly, Serpents.

The Serpents are a pretty kind of Gunners, more pernicious than any of the rest. They make use of a sort of white powder, that goes off without any violent crack, but gives a gentle sound, much like that of a whisper ; and is more destructive in all parts of life, than any of the materials made use of by any of the fraternity.

Come we now to the Gunsters.

This race of engineers deals altogether in wind-guns, which, by recoiling, often knock down those who discharge them, without hurting any body else ; and, according to the various compressions of the air, make such strange squeaks, cracks, pops, and booms, as it is impossible to hear without laughing. It is observable, however, that there is a disposition in a Gunster to become a Gunner ; and though their proper instruments are only laden with wind, they often, out of wantonness, fire a bomb, or spring a mine, out of their natural inclination to engineering, by which means, they do mischief when they do not design it, and have their bones broken when they do not deserve it.

This sort of engineers are the most unaccountable race of men in the world. Some of them have received above a hundred wounds, and yet have not a scar in their bodies ; some have debauched multitudes of women, who have died maids. You may be with them from morning until night, and the next day they shall tell you a thousand adventures that happened when you were with them, which you knew nothing of. They have a quality of having been present at every thing they hear related, and never heard a man commended, who was not their intimate acquaintance, if not their kinsman.

# THE TATLER.

I hope these notes may serve as a rough draught for a new establishment of engineers which I shall hereafter fill up with proper persons, according to my own observations on their conduct, having already had one recommended to me for the general of my artillery. But that, and all the other posts, I intend to keep open, until I can inform myself of the candidates having resolved in this case to depend no more upon their friends' word, than I would upon their own.

*From my own Apartment, October 31.*

I was this morning awakened by a sudden shake of the house; and as soon as I had got a little out of my consternation, I felt another, which was followed by two or three repetitions of the same convulsion. I got up as fast as possible, girt on my rapier, and snatched up my hat, when my landlady came up to me, and told me, 'that the gentlewoman of the next house begged me to step thither, for that a lodger she had taken in was run mad; and she desired my advice,' as indeed every body in the whole lane does upon important occasions. I am not, like some artists, saucy because I can be beneficial, but went immediately. Our neighbour told us, 'she had the day before let her second floor to a very genteel youngish man, who told her, he kept extraordinary good hours, and was generally at home most part of the morning and evening at study; but that this morning he had for an hour together made this extravagant noise which we then heard.' I went up stairs with my hand upon the hilt of my rapier, and approached this new lodger's door. I looked in at the key-hole, and there I saw a well-made man look with great attention on a book, and, on a sudden, jump into the air so high, that his head almost touched the ceiling. He came down safe on his right foot, and again flew up, alighting on his left; then looked again at his book, and holding out his right leg, put it into such a quivering motion, that I thought he would have shaken it off. He used the left after the same manner, when, on a sudden, to my great surprise, he stooped himself incredibly low, and turned gently on his toes. After this circular motion, he continued bent in that humble posture for some time, looking on his book. After this, he recovered himself with a sudden spring, and flew round the room in all the violence and disorder imaginable, until he made a full pause for want of breath. In this interim my woman asked, 'what I thought.' I whispered, 'that I thought this learned person an enthusiast, who possibly had his first education in the Peripatetic way, which was a sect of philosophers who always studied when walking.' But, observing him much out of breath, I thought it the best time to master him if he were disordered, and knocked at his door. I was surprised to find him open it, and say with great civility and good mien, 'that he hoped he had not disturbed us.' I believed him in a lucid interval, and desired, 'he would please to let me see his book.' He did so, smiling. I could not make any thing of it, and, therefore, asked, 'in what language it was writ.' He said, 'it was one he studied with great application; but it was his profession to teach it, and could not communicate his knowledge without a consideration.' I answered, 'that I hoped he would hereafter keep his thoughts to himself, for his meditation this morning had cost me three coffee-dishes, and a clean pipe. He seemed concerned at that, and told me 'he was a dancing-master, and had been reading a dance or two before he went out, which had been written by one who taught at an academy in

France. He then informed me, that there was a dance by meditation it would be in to live near thoughts tacles off m I then to to my chan of rational

No. 89.] T Rura mih Flumina an

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him of so many moments of his time, or so many drops of his blood. The author of the following letter has a just delicacy in this point, and hath put it into a very good light :

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

October 28.

'I am very much afflicted with the gravel, which makes me sick and peevish. I desire to know of you, if it be reasonable that any of my acquaintances should take advantage over me at this time, and afflict me with long visits, because they are idle, and I am confined. Pray, sir, reform the town in this matter. Men never consider whether the sick person be disposed for company, but make their visits to humour themselves. You may talk upon this topic, so as to oblige all persons afflicted with chronical distempers, among which I reckon visits. Do not think me a sour man, for I love conversation and my friends, but I think one's most intimate friend may be too familiar, and that there are such things as unseasonable wit, and painful mirth.'

It is with some, so hard a thing to employ their time, that it is a great good fortune when they have a friend indisposed, that they may be punctual in perplexing him, when he is recovered enough to be in that state which cannot be called sickness or health ; when he is too well to deny company, and too ill to receive them. It is no uncommon case, if a man is of any figure or power in the world, to be congratulated into a relapse.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 2.*

I was very well pleased this evening, to hear a gentleman express a very becoming indignation against a practice, which I myself have been very much offended at. 'There is nothing,' said he 'more ridiculous, than for an actor to insert words of his own in the part he is to act, so that it is impossible to see the poet for the player. You will have Penkethman and Bullock helping out Beaumont and Fletcher. It puts me in mind,' continued he, 'of a collection of antique statues which I once saw in a gentleman's possession, who employed a neighbouring stone-cutter to add noses, ears, arms, or legs, to the maimed work of Phidias or Praxiteles. You may be sure, this addition disfigured the statues much more than time had. I remember Venus, that, by the nose he had given her, looked like mother Shipton ; and a Mercury, with a pair of legs that seemed very much swelled with the dropsy.'

I thought the gentleman's observations very proper, and he told me I had improved his thoughts, in mentioning on this occasion those wise commentators who had filled up the hemistichs of Virgil ; particularly that notable poet, who, to make the *Æneid* more perfect, carried on the story to Lavinia's wedding. I the proper officer will not condescend to take notice of these absurdities, I shall myself, as a censor of the people, animadvert upon such proceedings.

No. 90.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 5, 1769.

— Amotus queramus seria ludo. *Hor. i. Sat. l. 2.*

Let us now—

With graver air our serious theme pursue,  
And yet preserve our moral full in view. *French*

*Will's Coffee-house, November 4.*

THE passion of love happened to be the subject of discourse between two or three of us at the table the poets this evening ; and, among other observa-

ns, it was remarked, 'that the same sentiment on is passion had run through all languages and tions.' Memmius, who has a very good taste, fell to a little sort of dissertation on this occasion. 'It' said he, 'remarkable, that no passion has been ated, by all who have touched upon it, with the me bent of design but this. The poets, the moral- s, the painters, in all their descriptions, allegories, d pictures, have represented it as a soft torment, bitter sweet, a pleasing pain, or an agreeable dis- ess; and have only expressed the same thought in a fferent manner.'

The joining of pleasure and pain together in such ices, seems to me the only pointed thought I ever ad which is natural, and it must have proceeded m its being the universal sense and experience of unkind, that they have all spoken of it in the same inner. I have, in my own reading, remarked a ndred and three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety- e sentences, tending to this sole purpose.

It is certain, there is no other passion which does dduce such contrary effects in so great a degree. t this may be said for love, that if you strike it out the soul, life would be insipid, and our being but lf-animated. Human nature would sink into dead- ss and lethargy, if not quickened with some active mple; and, as for all others, whether ambition, vy, or avarice, which are apt to possess the mind the absence of this passion, it must be allowed that ey have greater pains, without the compensation of ch exquisite pleasures as those we find in love. e great skill is to heighten the satisfactions, and aden the sorrows of it; which has been the end of any of my labours, and shall continue to be so, for e service of the world in general, and in particular the fair sex, who are always the best or the worst rt of it. It is pity that a passion, which has in it capacity of making life happy, should not be culti- ted to the utmost advantage. Reason, prudence, d good-nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly mply this great end, provided they have always a al and constant love to work upon. But this sub- ct I shall treat more at large in the history of my arried sister, and, in the mean time, shall conclude y reflection on the pains and pleasures which attend is passion, with one of the finest allegories which I ink I have ever read. It is invented by the divine lato, and, to show the opinion he himself had of it, cribed by him to his admired Socrates, whom he represents as discoursing with his friends, and giving e history of Love in the following manner:

'At the birth of Beauty,' says he, 'there was a great ast made, and many guests invited. Among the ast, was the god Plenty, who was the son of the oddest Prudence, and inherited many of his mother's rtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into e garden of Jupiter, which was hung with a great ariety of ambrosial fruits, and seems to have been y proper retreat for such a guest. In the mean ime, an unhappy female called Poverty, having heard f this great feast, repaired to it, in hopes of finding elief. The first place she lights upon was Jupiter's arden, which generally stands open to people of all onditions. Poverty enters, and by chance finds the od Plenty asleep in it. She was immediately fired ith his charms, laid herself down by his side, and anaged matters so well, that she conceived a child y him. The world was very much in suspense upon he occasion, and could not imagine to themselves hat would be the nature of an infant that was to ave its original from two such parents. At the last, e child appears; and who should it be but Love,

This infant grew what he really As he is the Prudence, he and devices; begging, severe or beneath a cious, full of fore quick of doubtful, tim ing, and abje you may see of immortal god; and im prevails in his languishing, e

I have be fables, allegor politest and always made of instruction they conceal ceived immed parentage of passion with great master- into good har canto than an

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madam; there is no dishonour in loving a man of merit; I assure you I am grieved at this dallying with yourself, when you put another in competition with him, for no other reason but superior weakness.—'To tell you, then,' said she, 'the bottom of my heart, there is Clotilda lies by, and plants herself in the way of Crassus, and I am confident will sway him if I refuse him. I cannot bear to think that she will shine above me. When our coaches meet to see her chariot hung behind with *four footmen* and mine with but *two*; her's *powdered*, gay, and saucy, kept only for show; mine, a couple of *careful* rogues that are good for something: I own, I cannot bear that Clotilda should be in all the pride and wantonness of wealth, and I only in the case and affluence of it.

Here I interrupted: 'Well, madam, now I see your whole affection; you could be happy, but that you fear another would be happier. Or rather you could be solidly happy, but that another is to be happy in appearance. This is an evil which you must get over, or never know happiness. We will put the case, madam, that you married Crassus, and she Lorio.' She answered, 'Speak not of it. I could tear her eyes out at the mention of it.'—Well then I pronounce Lorio to be the man; but I will tell you, that what we call settling in the world is in a kind, leaving it; and you must at once resolve to keep your thoughts of happiness within the reach of your fortune, and not measure it by comparison with others.—But, indeed, madam, when I behold that beauteous form of yours, and consider the generality of your sex, as to their disposal of themselves in marriage, or their parents doing it for them without their own approbation, I cannot but look upon all such matches as the most impudent prostitutions. Do but observe, when you are at the play, the *familiar wenches* that sit laughing among the men. These appear detestable to you in the boxes. Each of them would give up her person for a guinea, and some of you would take the worst there for life for twenty thousand. If so, how do you differ but in price? As to the circumstance of marriage, I take that to be hardly an alteration of the case; for wedlock is but a more solemn prostitution, where there is not a union of minds. You would hardly believe it, but there have been designs even upon me.

A neighbour in this very lane, who knows I have by leading a very wary life, laid up a little money, had a great mind to marry me to his daughter. I was frequently invited to their table: the girl was always very pleasant and agreeable. After dinner, Mr. Molly would be sure to fill my pipe for me, and put more sugar than ordinary into my coffee; for she was sure I was good-natured. If I chanced to hum, the mother would applaud my vigour; and has often said on that occasion, "I wonder, Mr. Bickerstaff, you do not marry, I am sure you would have children." Things went so far, that my mistress presented me with a *wrought* night-cap and a *faced* head of her own working. I began to think of it in earnest; but one day, having an occasion to ride to Islington, as two or three people were lifting me upon my pad, I spied her at a convenient distance laughing at her horse with a parcel of romps of her acquaintance. One of them, who I suppose had the same design upon me, told me she said, "Do you see how briskly my gentleman mounts?" This made me cut off my amour, and to reflect with myself, that no married life could be so unhappy, as where the wife possesses no other advantage from her husband, than that of making herself fine, and keeping her out of the dirt.

My fair client burst out a-laughing at the account I gave her of my escape, and went away seemingly convinced of the reasonableness of my discourse to her.

As soon as he was gone, my maid brought up the following epistle, which, by the style, and the description she gave of the person, I suppose was left by Nick Doubt. 'Hark you,' says he, 'tell old Basket-hilt I would have him answer it by the first opportunity.' What he says is this.

'ISAAC,

'You seem a very honest fellow; therefore, pray tell me, did not you write that letter in praise of the squire and his lucubrations yourself,' &c.

The greatest plague of coxcombs is, that they often break upon you with an impertinent piece of good sense, as this jackanapes has hit me in the right place enough. I must confess, I am as likely to play such a trick as another; but that letter he speaks of is really genuine. When I first set up, I thought it his enough to let myself know from all parts, that my works were wonderfully enquired for, and were become the diversion as well as instruction, of all the choice spirits in every county of Great Britain. I do not doubt but the more intelligent of my readers found it, before this jackanapes, I can call him no better, took upon him to observe upon my style, and my basket-hilt. A very pleasant gentleman of my acquaintance told me one day a story of this kind of blindness and vanity in an author.

Mævius showed him a paper of verses, which he said he had received that morning by the penny-post from an unknown hand. My friend admired them extremely. 'Sir,' said he, 'this must come from a man that is eminent: you see fire, life, and spirit, run through the whole, and at the same time a correctness, which shows he is used to writing. Pray, sir, read them over again.' He begins again, title and all; 'To Mævius, on his incomparable poems.' The second reading was performed with much more vehemence and action than the former; after which my friend fell into downright raptures—'Why, they are truly sublime! there is energy in this line! description in that! Why! it is the thing itself! this a perfect picture!' Mævius could bear no more; but, 'Faith,' says he, 'Ned, to tell you the plain truth, I writ them myself.'

There goes such another story of the same paternal tenderness in Bavius, an ingenious contemporary of mine, who had writ several comedies, which were rejected by the players. This, my friend Bavius took for envy, and therefore prevailed upon a gentleman to go with him to the play-house, and gave him a new play, of his, desiring he would personate the author, and read it, to baffle the spite of the actors. The friend consented, and to reading they went. They had not gone over three similes, before Roscius the player made the acting author stop, and desired to know, 'What he meant by such a rapture? and how it came to pass, that in this condition of the over, instead of acting according to his circumstances, he spent his time in considering what his present state was like?'—'That is very true,' says the mock author; 'I believe we had as good strike these lines out.'—'By your leave,' says Bavius, 'you shall not spoil your play, you are too modest: these very lines are as good as any in your play, and they shall stand.' Well, they go on, and the particle and stood unfortunately at the end of a verse, and was made to rhyme with the word 'stand.' This, Roscius excepted against. The new poet gave up!

THE TATLER, No. 20.

that too, a monosyllable author, 'I as great for sir, "and" place; with follows into if you leave it in only for sisted, assured to speak it, be as well out of their and went of not make his days compete contending was easily done to see his of

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I am perfumer, at the corner of Beaufort-streets, in the Strand.' This same Charles leaves it to me to say what I think of him; and I am not a little pleased with the serious manner of his address. Taking snuff is a custom I have declared against; but, as his holiness the pope allows whoring for the taxes raised by the sale of pleasure; so I to repair the loss of an unhappy scholar, indulge all persons in that custom who buy Charles. There is something so particular in the taste of the man, that I shall send for him before I believe I shall find he has a genius for snuff. If so, I shall, for aught I know, at his request, give licensed canes to those who are really scholars, and tubes to those who are unfeignedly snuff-tasted; and forbid all others to vend the same.

93.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 12, 1709:

*Will's Coffee-house, November 11.*

THE French humour of writing epistles, and publishing their fulsome compliments to each other, is a custom I frequently complain of in this place. It is, I think, from the prevalence of this silly custom, that there is so little instruction in the conversation of distant friends. For which reason, during the whole course of my life, I have desired my acquaintances, when they write to me, rather to say something which should make me wish myself with them, than to send me compliments that they wish themselves with me. By this means, I have by me a collection of letters from most parts of the world, which are as really of the growth of the place, as any herb, tree, or fruit of the soil. This I take to be the proper use of an epistolary commerce. To desire to know of a man goes on with his courtship to Sylvia, or the wine tastes at the Old Devil, are threadbare subjects, and cold treats, which our absent friends might have given us without going out of town to hear of them. A friend of mine, who went to travel, used to write otherwise; for he gave me a prospect of the country, or an account of the people, from every country through which he passed. Among others, which I have looked over this evening, I am not a little delighted with this which follows:

'DEAR SIR,

I believe this is the first letter that was ever sent from the middle region, where I am at this present writing. Not to keep you in suspense, it is as to you from the top of the highest mountain in Switzerland, where I am now shivering among the eternal frosts and snows. I can scarce forbear dating the 1st of December, though they call it the first of August at the bottom of the mountain. I assure you I can hardly keep my ink from freezing in the middle of the dog-days. I am here entertained with the finest variety of snow prospects that you can imagine; and have several pits of it before me, that are very near as old as the mountain itself; for in this country, it is as lasting as marble. I am now in a spot of it, which they tell me fell about the time of Charlemagne, or king Pepin. The inhabitants of the country are as great curiosities as the country itself. They generally hire themselves out in their shirts, and if they are musket-proof until about noon, they bring home the money they have got, and then, as they have left, to pass the rest of their time in their native mountains. One of the gentle-

men of the place, who, by the way, told me that he was now seven weeks in the mountains, and that these four generations of his family had been in the line that carried him to the mountains, I believe you will think me extraordinary; and I hope we shall have the same privilege.

'Your most obedient servant,

I think they are so durable, when at the wars, to erect monuments, there to remain.

A gentleman who took this occasion to discourse of an extraordinary method of travelling for their pleasure, if gentlemen were to follow this method during the course of their lives, and their friends, and their conversation, what we can make of those advantages, I observed, that even for this way of travelling, the climate, but the climate goes out a fool, and common sense. The bridge with a yet, whether going or coming, him wiser.

It is not to be my time from the mountains, I know they were done with much. Harry has a son, who was born into the world, books all packed up in parts, for no other use than to be talked; and his father, I could not say, was dull; but his youth was very dull, and I have some doubts whether it was not proper to go to the mountains, is accordingly, upon some point, think of. By the honour of having parts of Europe, own estate, and which I shall should be such faults, and good is, that race is of our country only, and they are dull them. Men of the mountains, and down the mountains, naturally at the part to disturb only a history of they are capable brother, who would he could talk of like to have been out of a chair:

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benefit, though we were afterwards banished for it.  
But no more of this at present. As things stand, I  
shall put up no more affronts; and I shall be con-  
stant in taking ill words, that I will not take ill looks.  
I, the other, warn all hot young fellows not to be  
hereafter more terrible than their neighbours; for if  
they stare at me with their hats cocked higher than  
other people, I will not bear it. Nay, I have said  
to all people in general to look kindly at me, for I  
will bear no frowns, even from ladies; and if a  
woman pretends to look scornfully at me, I shall  
demand satisfaction of the next of kin of the mas-  
culine gender.

No. 94.] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1796

11. Simon eräfsset, fecerat ille minus. *Mit. 2. 2.*  
Had he not erä'd, his glory had been less.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 14.*

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THAT which we call gallantry to women seems to  
be the heroic virtue of private persons; and the  
never-breathed one man, who did not, in that per-  
fect days wherein he was recommending himself to  
his mistress, do something beyond his ordinary  
course of life. As this has a very great effect  
upon the most slow and common men; so, as  
such as it finds qualified with virtue and merit,  
shines out in proportionable degrees of excellence.  
It gives new grace to the most excellent accomplish-  
ments; and he, who of himself has either wit, wisdom,  
or valour, exerts each of these noble endowments  
when he becomes a lover, with a certain tenor  
action above what was ever observed in him before.  
And all who are without any one of these qualities  
to be looked upon as the rabble of mankind.

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I was talking after this manner in a corner of the  
place with an old acquaintance, who, taking no  
the hand, said, 'Mr. Bickerstaff, your discourse  
recalls to my mind a story, which I have longed  
tell you ever since I read that article wherein  
desire your friends to give you accounts of excel-  
lence.' The story I told of him is literally true, and  
well known to be so in the country wherein the cir-  
cumstance was transacted. He acquainted me with  
the names of the persons concerned, which I shall  
change into feigned ones; there being a respect  
to their families that are still in being, as well as to  
the names themselves would not be so familiar to  
English ears. The adventure really happened in Dor-  
setshire; and if I can remember all the particulars,  
doubt not but it will be as moving to my readers  
as it was to me.

Clara and Chloe, two very fine women, were  
bred up as sisters in the family of Rome, who was  
the father of Chloe, and the guardian of Clara.  
Philander, a young gentleman of a good person, at  
chance conversation, being a friend of old Rome,  
frequented his house, and by that means was made  
acquainted with the young ladies, though still  
in the presence of the father and the guardian. Phil-  
ander both entertained a secret passion for him, and  
could see well enough, notwithstanding the disguise,  
which he really took in Rome's conversation. But  
there was something more in his heart, which was  
than so insensible a visitant. Each of them loved  
herself the happy woman; but the person beloved  
was Chloe. It happened that both of them were  
to play in a carnival evening, when it is the fashion  
there, as well as in most countries of Europe, for  
men and women to appear in masks and disguises.

It was on that memorable night, in the year 1674

# THE TATLER.

When the play-house by some unhappy accident was set on fire. Philander, in the first hurry of the disaster, immediately ran where his treasure was; burst open the floor of the box, snatched the lady up in his arms; and, with unspeakable resolution and good fortune, carried her off safe. He was no sooner out of the crowd, but he set her down; and, grasping her in his arms, with all the raptures of a deserving lover, 'How happy am I,' says he, 'in an opportunity to tell you I love you more than all things, and of shewing you the sincerity of my passion at the very first declaration of it!' 'My dear, dear Philander,' says the lady, pulling off her mask, 'this is not a time for art; you are much dearer to me than the life you have preserved; and the joy of my present deliverance does not transport me so much as the passion which occasioned it. Who can tell the grief, the astonishment, the terror, that appeared in the face of Philander, when he saw the person he spoke to was Clarinda! After a short pause, 'Madam,' says he, with the looks of a dead man, 'we are both mistaken;' and immediately flew away, without hearing the distressed Clarinda, who had just strength enough to cry out, 'Cruel Philander! why did you not leave me in the theatre?' Crowds of people immediately gathered about her, and, after having brought her to herself, conveyed her to the house of the good old unhappy Romeo. Philander was now pressing against a whole tide of people at the doors of the theatre, and striving to enter with more earnestness than any there endeavoured to get out. He did it at last, and with much difficulty forced his way to the box where his beloved Chloe stood, expecting her fate amidst this scene of error and distraction. She revived at the sight of Philander, who fell about her neck with a tenderness not to be expressed; and, amidst a thousand sobs and sighs, told her his love, and his dreadful mistake. The stage was now in flames, and the whole house full of smoke: the entrance was quite barred up with heaps of people, who had fallen upon one another as they endeavoured to get out. Swords were drawn, shrieks heard on all sides; and, in short, no possibility of an escape for Philander himself, had he been capable of making it without his Chloe. But his mind was above such a thought, and wholly employed in weeping, condoling, and comforting. He catches her in his arms. The fire surrounds them while—I cannot go on—

Were I an infidel, misfortunes like this would convince me there must be a hereafter: for who can believe that so much virtue could meet with so great distress without a following reward? As for my part, I am so old-fashioned, as firmly to believe, that all who perish in such generous enterprises are relieved from the further exercise of life; and Providence, which sees their virtue consummate and manifest, takes them to an immediate reward, in a being more suitable to the grandeur of their spirits. What else can wipe away our tears, when we contemplate such undeserved, such irreparable distresses? It was a sublime thought in some of the heathens of old;

Quæ gratia currum  
Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cu a nitentes  
Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.  
Virg.

That is, in other words, 'The same employments and inclinations which were the entertainment of virtuous men upon earth make up their happiness in Elysium.'

From

When I came from Mr. Ch. of Beaufort-ment I met a gentle reader upon my road man's capacity. He has several is the best water, which spirit of brass according to I recommend pleaders. hesitations in the spirit. volubility to necessary a man pleased him, that he commodities them; but if you give at brought fun boxes made contrary, the tion: At the orangery for

My twenty-second raptures or of their mistresses that simile ever pass, a ever employ take notice, payment for future.

On Saturday strayed from the lady who him, she should use but to the

No. 25.] T

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I cannot trace, from the very instant it was crea-  
sioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and  
interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the  
love I conceived towards her for what she was, is  
heightened by my gratitude for what she is. The  
love of a wife is as much above the idle passion  
commonly called by that name, as the loud laughter  
of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentle-  
men. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her  
examination of her household affairs, she shows a  
certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her  
servants obey her like children; and the meanest we  
have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, and  
always to be seen in children in other families.  
I speak freely to you, my old friend; ever since her  
sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy be-  
fore, turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children  
play in the next room, I know the poor things by  
their steps, and am considering what they must do  
should they lose their mother in their tender years.  
The pleasure I used to take in telling my boy stories  
of battles, and asking my girls questions about the  
disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is  
turned into inward reflection and melancholy.'

He would have gone on in this tender way, when  
the good lady entered, and with an inexpressible  
sweetness in her countenance told us, 'she had been  
searching her closet for something very good, to  
treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's  
eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of  
her countenance; and I saw all his fears vanish in  
an instant. The lady observing something in our  
looks which showed we had been more serious than  
ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with  
great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immedi-  
ately guessed at what we had been talking of; and  
applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr.  
Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells  
you, I shall still live to have you for my second, as  
I have often promised you, unless he takes more  
care of himself than he has done since his coming  
to town. You must know, he tells me that he finds  
London is a much more healthy place than the  
country; for he sees several of his old acquaintances  
and school-fellows are here *young fellows, with full  
bottomed periwigs*. I could scarce keep him  
this morning from going out *open-breasted*.' My  
friend, who is always extremely delighted with her  
agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She  
did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women  
of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had  
brought in with her, turned her railery upon me.  
'Mr. Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one  
night from the play-house; suppose you should carry  
me thither to-morrow night, and lead me into the  
front box.' This put us into a long field of dis-  
course about the beauties, who were mothers of the  
present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago.  
I told her, 'I was glad she had transferred so many  
of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest  
daughter was within half-a-year of being a toast.'

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastic  
preference of the young lady, when on a sudden we  
were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immedi-  
ately entered my little godson to give me a piece  
of war. His mother, between laughing and chiding,  
would have put him out of the room; but I would  
not part with him so. I found upon conversation  
with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth,  
that the child had excellent parts, and was a great  
master of all the learning on the other side eight  
years old. I perceived him a very great historian in

Æsop's Fables: but he frankly declared to me his mind, 'that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true;' for which reason, I found, he had very much turned his studies, for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age. I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son; and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks, which might have been of service to him during the course of his whole life. He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickerthrift, find fault with the passionate temper in Bevis of Southampton, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England; and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour. I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me, 'that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he.' 'Betty,' said she, 'deals chiefly in fables and sprights; and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, until they are afraid to go up to bed.'

I sat with them until it was very late, sometimes in merriment, sometimes in serious discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor; and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I returned to my family; that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

#### No. 96.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 19, 1709.

Is mihi demum vivere et frui animâ videtur, qui aliquo negotio intentus, præclari facinoris aut artis bonæ famam querit. *Sall. Bel. Cat.*

In my opinion, he only may be truly said to live, and enjoy his being, who is engaged in some laudable pursuit, and acquires a name by some illustrious action, or useful art.

*From my own Apartment, November 17.*

It has cost me very much care and thought to marshal and fix the people under their proper denominations, and to range them according to their respective characters. These my endeavours have been received with unexpected success in one kind, but neglected in another: for, though I have many readers, I have but a few converts. This must certainly proceed from a false opinion, that what I write is designed rather to amuse and entertain, than convince and instruct. I entered upon my Essays with a declaration that I should consider mankind in quite another manner than they had hitherto been represented to the ordinary world; and asserted, that none but a useful life should be, with me, any life at all. But, lest this doctrine should have made this small progress towards the conviction of mankind, because it may have appeared to the unlearned light and whimsical, I must take leave to unfold the wisdom and antiquity of my first proposition in these my Essays, to wit, that 'every worthless man is a dead man.' This notion is as old as Pythagoras, in whose school it was a point of discipline, that if among the *Ἀσκήταις*, or probationers, there were any

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"\* Whereas: several have industriously spread abroad, that I am in partnership with Charles L. Lumsden, the performer, at the corner of Beaufort Buildings I must say, with my friend Partridge, that they acknowledge who reported it. However, since the said Charles has promised that all his customers shall be mine, I must desire all mine to be his: and to answer for him, that if you ask in my name for small, Hungarian, or orange water, you shall have the best the town affords, at the cheapest rate.

N. 97. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 22, 1709.

I sed maximè rarum genus est eorum, qui it  
excolunt ingenii magnitudine, aut præciâ et  
diligentia per doctrinâ, aut utriusque ornatu, sytiam  
de illis, et præbent ut, quoniam potissimum vitæ, et  
sensu veniunt. Tull. Or. Cic.

There are very few persons of extraordinary genius or endowment for learning and other noble endowments, who have had sufficient time to consider what part the course of life they ought to pursue.

*Psychological Department, Number 21.*

Having swept away prodigious multitudes in my last poem, and brought a great destruction upon my own species, I must now leave in this to raise fresh recruits, and it possible to supply the places of the unknowns I have deceased. It is said of Xerxes, that, when he stood upon a hill, and saw the whole country which he covered with his army, he burst out into tears, to think, that not one of that multitude would be here a hundred years after. For my part, when I look on every of these populous city, I can scarcely refrain weeping, to see how few of its inhabitants are remaining. It was with this thought that I drew up my last bill of mortality, and endeavoured to set out in it the great number of persons who have perished by a distemper, commonly known by the name of the *flux*, which has long raged in this world, and destroys more in every great town than the plague has done at Danzig. To repair the mischief it has done, and stock the world with a better race of mortals, I have made hopes of bringing to you those that are young, than of reviving those that are old. For which reason, I shall here send you that bill of mortality which was written by a philosopher, he calls *Protagas*, but recommended and approved by *Socrates*. It is the description of a young man, making their court to *Helenus*, and the manner of making of the beautiful women.

[illegible]



thought were most proper to show her complexion to an advantage. She cast her eyes upon herself, then turned them on those that were present, to see how they liked her, and often looked on the figure she made in her own shadow. Upon her near approach to Hercules, she stepped before the other lady, who came forward with a regular composed carriage, and running up to him, accosted him after the following manner.

'My dear Hercules,' says she, 'I find you are very much divided in your thoughts, upon the way of life that you ought to choose. Be my friend, and follow me; I will lead you into the possession of pleasure, and out of the reach of pain, and remove you from all the noise and disquietude of business. The affairs of either war or peace shall have no power to disturb you. Your whole employment shall be, to make your life easy, and to entertain every sense with its proper gratification. Sumptuous tables, beds of roses, clouds of perfumes, concerts of music, crowds of beauties, are all in readiness to receive you. Come along with me into this region of delights, this world of pleasure, and bid farewell for ever to care, to pain, to business.'

Hercules, hearing the lady talk after this manner, desired to know her name; to which she answered, 'My friends, and those who are well acquainted with me, call me Happiness: but my enemies, and those who would injure my reputation, have given me the name of Pleasure.'

By this time the other lady was come up, who addressed herself to the young hero in a very different manner.

'Hercules,' says she, 'I offer myself to you because I know you are descended from the gods, and give proofs of that descent by your love to virtue, and application to the studies proper for your age. This makes me hope you will gain both for yourself and me an immortal reputation. But, before I invite you into my society and friendship, I will be open and sincere with you, and must lay down this as an established truth, That there is nothing truly valuable, which can be purchased without pains and labour. The gods have set a price upon every real and noble pleasure. If you would gain the favour of the deity, you must be at the pains of worshipping him; if the friendship of good men, you must study to oblige them; if you would be honoured by your country, you must take care to serve it. In short, if you would be eminent in war or peace, you must become master of all the qualifications that can make you so. These are the only terms and conditions upon which I can propose happiness.' The goddess of pleasure here broke in upon her discourse. 'You see,' said she, 'Hercules, by her own confession, the way to her pleasure is long and difficult, whereas that which I propose is short and easy.'—'Alas!' said the other lady, whose visage glowed with a passion made up of scorn and pity, 'what are the pleasures you propose? To eat before you are hungry, drink before you are a-thirst, sleep before you are a-tired, to gratify appetites before they are raised, and raise such appetites as nature never planted. You never heard the most delicious music, which is the praise of one's self; nor saw the most beautiful object, which is the work of one's own hands. Your votaries pass away their youth in a dream of mistaken pleasures, while they are hoarding up anguish, torment, and remorse for old age.'

'As for me, I am a friend of the gods and of good men, an agreeable companion to the artizan, a household guardian to the fathers of families, a patron and

protector of the generous fri- are never co or drink of thirst. The cheerful. M ing themse and those w those who a favoured by esteemed by their labour

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I have to the youth of who are still and whom I world. Let to any sing struggling to that, like the go about as their hands, root out mo finest autho occasion, the tinguish his character h faithful, mo

No. 98.] THE

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Diana: it being my design to supply with the art of love, all those who preserve the sincere passion of it.

*Witt's Coffee-house, November 23.*

An ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into discourse this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers; and recommended to me his sense of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he desired me to communicate to the youth of Great Britain in my essays. I choose to do it in his own words.

'I have always been of opinion,' says he, 'that virtue sinks deepest into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The most active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it first. Our passions and inclinations come over next; and our reason surrenders itself, with pleasure, instead. Thus, the whole soul is insensibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of those very things that in the books of the philosophers appear austere, and harsh at the best but a kind of forbidding aspect. If a word, the poets do, as it were, strew the rough paths of virtue so full of flowers, that we are not sensible of the uneasiness of them; and imagine ourselves in the midst of pleasures, and the most bewitching allurements, at the time we are making progress in the severest duties of life.

'All men agree, that licentious poems do, of all writings, so most corrupt the heart. And why should we not be as universally persuaded, that the grave and serious performances of such as write in the most engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulse, must be the most effectual persuaders to goodness? If, therefore, I were blessed with a son, in order to the forming of his manners, which is making him truly my son, I should be continually putting into his hand some fine poet. The graceful sentences, and the manly sentiments, so frequently to be met with in every great and sublime writer, are, in my judgment, the most ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they show like so much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderness, without which there can be no true greatness in the mind, are inspired by the moves in such pathetic language, that all we find in prose-authors to excite the raising and improving of these passions is, a comparison, but cold, or lukewarm at the best. There is, besides, a certain elevation of soul, a solid magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that distinguishes the hero from the plain honest man; which verse can only raise us. The bold metaphors and sounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouse up all our sleeping faculties, and attend the whole powers of his soul much like that excellent trumpet mentioned by Virgil:

—Q to non præstantior alter

Ere cire viros, Martemque accendere cauti

*Virg. Æn. vi. 165*

—None so renown'd

With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms.

*Drain*

I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a passage in a masque, writ by Milton, where two brothers are introduced seeking their sister whom they had lost in a dark night and thick wood

One of the brothers is apprehensive lest the wandering virgin should be over-powered with fears, through the darkness and loneliness of the time and place. This gives the other occasion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm desires after virtue, so natural to uncorrupt youth.

I do not think my sister so to seek,  
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,  
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,  
As that the single want of light and noise  
(Not being in danger, as I trust she is not)  
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,  
And put them into misbecoming plight.  
Virtue could see to do what virtue would  
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon  
Were in the flat sea sunk. And Wisdom's self  
Oft seeks to sweet retired solitude:  
Where, with her best nurse, Contemplation,  
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,  
That in the various bustle of resort  
Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impair'd:  
He that has light within his own clear breast,  
May sit i' th' centre, and enjoy bright day:  
But he that hides a dark soul and foul thoughts,  
Benighted walks under the mid-day sun;  
Himself is his own dungeon.

No. 99.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 26, 1709.

—Spirat tragicum satis et feliciter audet.

Hor. 2. Ep. i. 166.

He, fortunately bold, breathes true sublime.

*Will's Coffee-house, November 25.*

I HAVE been this evening recollecting what passages, since I could first think, have left the strongest impressions upon my mind; and, after strict inquiry, I am convinced that the impulses I have received from theatrical representations have had a greater effect than otherwise would have been wrought in me by the little occurrences of my private life! My old friends, Hart and Mohun, the one by his natural and proper force, the other by his great skill and art, never failed to send me home full of such ideas as affected my behaviour, and made me insensibly more courteous and humane to my friends and acquaintance. It is not the business of a good play to make every man a hero, but it certainly gives him a livelier sense of virtue and merit, than he had when he entered the theatre.

This rational pleasure, as I always call it, has for many years been very little tasted: but I am glad to find that the true spirit of it is reviving again amongst us, by a due regard to what is presented, and by supporting only one playhouse. It has been within the observation of the youngest amongst us, that while there were two houses, they did not outvie each other by such representations as tended to the instruction and ornament of life, but by introducing mimical dances, and fulsome buffooneries. For when an excellent tragedy was to be acted in one house, the ladder-dancer carried the whole town to the other. Indeed such an evil as this must be the natural consequence of two theatres, as certainly as that there are more who can see than can think. Every one is sensible of the danger of the fellow on the ladder, and can see his activity in coming down safe; but very few are judges of the distress of a hero in a play, or of his manner of behaviour in those circumstances. Thus, to please the people, two houses must

entertain them not with this understanding audiences are relished by action, empty two houses which are c theatre in a

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*Sheep-lane, November 28.*

I was last week taking a solitary walk in the garden of Lincoln's-Inn (a favour that is indulged me by several of the benchers, who are my intimate friends, and grown out with me in this neighbourhood). When, according to the nature of men in years, who are made but in the progress in the advancement of their fortune or their fine, I was rejoicing at the collection of many persons, who are my friends and school, at the unequal distribution of wealth, and the different blessings of life. I was led in this thought, when the night came upon me, and I was surrounded by a far more agreeable contemplation. The heaven above me appeared in all its majesty, and presented me with such a hemisphere of stars as made the most agreeable prospect imaginable to the eye, both in the study of nature. It lighted the sky of evening night, which had painted the sky a body of light into such a bright transparent effluence, and every constellation visible; and to the mind of the eye, such a particular glowing to the stars that I thought it the richest sky I had ever seen. I could not behold a scene so wonderful as I could not behold it up, if I may be allowed that expression, without suitable meditation on the other worldliness and amazing objects; for, on these occasions, philosophy suggests motives to religion, and religion leads to philosophy.

As soon as I had recovered my usual temper and serenity of soul, I retired to my lodgings, with the satisfaction of having passed away a few hours in the imperceptibility of a reasonable creature.

I perceived myself that my slumbers would be sweet. I was once more into them, but I dreamed a dream, or saw a vision, for I know not which to call it, that seemed to rise out of my evening meditation, and had something in it so solemn and serious, that I cannot but be communicating it; though, I must confess, the wildness of imagination, which in a dream is always loose and unrein, discovers most of the most severe parts of it.

At midnight I saw the same azure sky diversified with the same various firmaments which had entered my mind at the beginning of the day. I was struck by the view of the stars in the heavens, which seemed by the name of the Balance, when, all of a sudden there appeared in it an extraordinary light, as if the sun should rise at midnight. But its rays were not so bright as those of the sun, and it seemed to be directed towards the earth; and at length appeared something like a shadowy figure in the midst of a host of stars, which, in a little time after I awoke, appeared to be the figure of a woman. I thought that first it might have been the angel, or the spirit, or that great light, the constellation from which it descended. But, upon a nearer view, I saw about her many satellites, with which the grandness of her form was greatly diminished. Her countenance was unspeakably serene and majestic. Her eyes were not so bright as those of the sun, but they were strong enough to pierce the soul, and seemed to be looking on me with a fixed and solemn gaze. She held in her hand, a sceptre, and with the same quietness as if it were a feather, she put it into the hand of truth.

I have dreamed of many other things, and suggested many other things, but the splendour that surrounded her was then a flash of lightning, shining in the sky, and then it was as if she had been in the hand of truth. As she moved it in her hand, it seemed to be the sun, the moon, or the earth. What seemed to be descended so low as to be seen and heard by mortals, to make the pomp of her appearance

## THE TATTLE.

more supportable, she threw darkness and clouds about her, that tempered the light into a thousand beautiful shades and colours, and multiplied that lustre, which was before too strong and dazzling, into a variety of milder glories.

In the mean time, the world was in an alarm, and all the inhabitants of it gathered together upon a spacious plain; so that I seemed to have the whole species before my eyes. A voice was heard from the clouds declaring the intention of this visit, which was to restore and appropriate to every one living what was his due. The fear and hope, joy and sorrow, which appeared in that great assembly, after this solemn declaration, are not to be expressed. The first edict was then pronounced, 'That all titles and claims to riches and estates, or to any part of them, should be immediately vested in the rightful owner.' Upon this, the inhabitants of the earth held up the instruments of their tenure, whether in parchment, paper, wax, or any other form of conveyance; and as the goddess moved the mirror of truth which she held in her hand, so that the light which flowed from it fell upon the multitude, they examined the several instruments by the beams of it. The rays of this mirror had a particular quality of setting fire to all forgery and falsehood. The blaze of papers, the melting of seals, and crackling of parchments, made a very odd scene. The fire very often ran through two or three lines only, and then stopped. Though I could not but observe that the flames chiefly broke out among the interlineations and codicils; the light of the mirror, as it was turned up and down, pierced into all the dark corners and recesses of the universe, and by that means detected many writings and records which had been hidden or buried by time, chance, or design. This occasioned a wonderful revolution among the people. At the same time, the spoils of extortion, fraud, and robbery, with all the fruits of bribery and corruption, were thrown together in a prodigious pile, that almost reached to the clouds, and was called, 'The Mount of Restitution;' to which all injured persons were invited, to receive what belonged to them.

One might see crowds of people in tattered garments come up, and change cloaths with others that were dressed with lace and embroidery. Several who were *Plums*, or very near it, became men of moderate fortunes; and many others, who were overgrown in wealth and possessions, had no more left than what they usually spent. What moved my concern most was, to see a certain street of the greatest credit in Europe, from one end to the other, become bankrupt.

The next command was, for the whole body of mankind to separate themselves into their proper families; which was no sooner done, but an edict was issued out, requiring all children 'to repair to their true and natural fathers.' This put a great part of the assembly in motion; for, as the mirror was moved over them, it inspired every one with such a natural instinct, as directed them to their real parents. It was a very melancholy spectacle to see the fathers of very large families become childless, and bachelors undone by a charge of sons and daughters. You might see a presumptive-heir of a great estate ask blessing of his coachman, and a celebrated toast paying her duty to a *valet de chambre*. Many, under vows of celibacy, appeared surrounded with a numerous issue. This change of parentage would have caused great lamentation, but that the calamity was pretty common; and that generally those who lost their children, had the satisfaction of seeing them put into the hands of their dearest friends. Men were no sooner

settled in progeny, but all the possibilities should be capabilities, and the women not being which played back among the multitude ones by the every one to distinguish capacity in select assiduous music and stood about a regular were drawn men of virtue and, in the sible to loo nation, th humanity, rai resolution, which are virtue. I many faces only to th own body.

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## THE TATLER.

These toys will once to serious mischiefs fall,  
When he is laugh'd at, when he's jeer'd by all.  
*Creech.*

*From my own Apartment, December 5.*

THERE is nothing gives a man a greater satisfaction, than the sense of having despatched a great deal of business, especially when it turns to the public emolument. I have much pleasure of this kind upon my spirits at present, occasioned at the fatigue of affairs which I went through last Saturday. It is some time since I set apart that day for examining the pretensions of several who had applied to me for canes, perspective-glasses, snuff-boxes, orange-flower waters, and the like ornaments of life. In order to adjust this matter, I had before directed Charles Lillie, of Beaufort-buildings, to prepare a great bundle of blank licenses in the following words;

'You are hereby required to permit the bearer of this cane to pass and repass through the streets and suburbs of London, or any place within ten miles of it, without let or molestation, provided that he does not walk with it under his arm, brandish it in the air, or hang it on a button: in which case it shall be forfeited; and I hereby declare it forfeited to any one who shall think it safe to take it from him.

*'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.'*

The same form, differing only in the provisos, will serve for a perspective, snuff-box, or perfumed handkerchief. I had placed myself in my elbow-chair at the upper-end of my great parlour, having ordered Charles Lillie to take his place upon a joint-stool, with a writing-desk before him. John Morphew also took his station at the door; I having, for his good and faithful services, appointed him my chamber-keeper upon court-days. He let me know, that there was a great number attending without. Upon which I ordered him to give notice, that I did not intend to sit upon snuff-boxes that day; but that those who appeared for canes might enter. The first presented me with the following petition, which I ordered Mr. Lillie to read.

*'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.*

'The humble petition of Simon Trippit,

'Sheweth,—That your petitioner having been bred up to a cane from his youth, it is now becoming as necessary to him as any other of his limbs.

'That, a great part of his behaviour depending upon it, he should be reduced to the utmost necessities if he should lose the use of it,

'That the knocking of it upon his shoe, leaning one leg upon it, or whistling with it on his mouth, are such great reliefs to him in conversation, that he does not know how to be good company without it.

'That he is at present engaged in an amour, and must despair of success if it be taken from him.

'Your petitioner, therefore, hopes, that the premises tenderly considered, your worship will not deprive him of so useful and so necessary a support.

'And your petitioner shall ever, &c.'

Upon the hearing of his case, I was touched with some compassion, and the more so, when, upon observing him nearer, I found he was a *Prig*. I bid him produce his cane in court, which he had left at the door. He did so, and I finding it to be very curiously clouded, with a transparent amber-head, and a blue ribband to hang upon his wrist, I immediately ordered my clerk, Lillie, to lay it up, and

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the mind of the person that commits them. When I was a young man, I remember a gentleman of great integrity and worth was very remarkable for wearing a broad belt and a hanger, instead of a fashionable sword, though in all other points a very well-dressed man. I suspected him at first sight to have something wrong in him, but was not able for a long while to discover any collateral proofs of it. I watched him narrowly for six-and-thirty years, when at last, to the surprise of every body but myself, who had long expected to see the folly break out, he married his own cook-maid.

No. 104. THURSDAY, DECEMBER 8, 1769.

—Garrit aniles

Ex re fabellas—

Hic. ii. Sat. vi. 74.

He tells an old wife's tale very pertinently.

*From my own Apartment, December 7.*

My brother Tranquillus being gone out of town for some days, my sister Jenny sent me word she would come and dine with me, and therefore desired me to have no other company. I took care accordingly, and was not a little pleased to see her enter the room with a decent and matron-like behaviour, which I thought very much became her. I saw she had a great deal to say to me, and easily discerned in her eyes, and the air of her countenance, that she had abundance of satisfaction in her heart, which she seemed to communicate. However, I was resolved to let her break into her discourse her own way, and reduced her to a thousand little devices and intimations to bring me to the mention of her husband. But, finding I was resolved not to name him, she began of her own accord. 'My husband,' said she, 'gives his humble service to you,' to which I only answered, 'I hope he is well;' and, without waiting for a reply, fell into other subjects. She at last was out of all patience, and said, with a smile and manner that I thought had more beauty and spirit than I had ever observed before in her, 'I did not think, brother, you had been so ill-natured. You have seen, ever since I came in, that I had a mind to talk of my husband, and you will not be so kind as to give me an occasion.'—'I did not know,' said I, 'but it might be a disagreeable subject to you. You do not take me for so old-fashioned a fellow as to think of entertaining a young lady with the discourse of her husband. I know, nothing is more acceptable than to speak of one who is to be so, but to speak of one who is so! indeed, Jenny, I am a better bred man than you think me.' She showed a little dislike at my railery; and, by her bidding up, I perceived she expected to be treated hereafter not as Jenny Dittaf, but Mrs. Tranquillus. I was very well pleased with this change in her humour; and, upon talking with her on several subjects, I could not but fancy that I saw a great deal of her husband's way and manner in her remarks, her phrases, the tone of her voice, and the very air of her countenance. This gave me an unspeakable satisfaction, not only because I had found her a husband, from whom she could learn many things that were laudable, but also because I looked upon her imitation of him as an infallible sign that she entirely loved him. This is an observation that I never knew fail, though I do not remember that any other has made it. The natural shyness of her sex, hindered her from telling me the greatness of her own passion; but I easily collected it from the representation she gave me of

dis. 'I have every thing,' says she, 'in Tranquillus, that I can wish for; and enjoy in him, what, indeed, you have told me were to be met with in a good husband, the foulness of a lover, the tenderness of a parent, and the intimacy of a friend.' It transported her to see her eyes swimming in tears of affection when she spoke. 'And is there not, dear sister,' said I, 'more pleasure in the possession of such a man, than in all the little impertinencies of balls, assemblies, and equipage, which it cost me so much pains to make you condemn?' she answered, smiling. 'Tranquillus has made me a sincere convert in a few weeks, though I am afraid you could not have done it in your whole life. To tell you truly, I have only one fear hanging upon me, which is apt to give me trouble in the midst of all my satisfactions; I am afraid, you must know, that I shall not always make the same amiable appearance in his eye that I do at present. You know, brother Bickerstaff, that you have the reputation of a conjurer; and, if you have any one secret in your art to make your sister always beautiful, I should be happier than if I were the mistress of all the worlds you have shewn me in a tarry night.'—'Jenny,' said I, 'without having recourse to magic, I shall give you one plain rule, that will not fail of making you always amiable to a man who has so great a passion for you, and is of so equal and reasonable a temper as Tranquillus. Endeavour to please, and you must please; be always in the same disposition as you are when you ask for his secret, and you may take my word, you will never want it. An inviolable fidelity, good humour, and complacency of temper, out-live all the charms of a fine face, and make the decays of it invisible.'

We discoursed very long upon this head, which was equally agreeable to us both; for, I must confess, as I tenderly love her, I take as much pleasure in giving her instructions for her welfare, as she herself does in receiving them. I proceeded, therefore, to culminate these sentiments, by relating a very particular passage that happened within my own knowledge.

There were several of us making merry at a friend's house in a country village, when the sexton of the parish church entered the room in a sort of surprise, and told us, 'that as he was digging a grave in the chancel, a little blow of his pick-axe opened a decayed coffin, in which there were several written papers.' Our curiosity was immediately raised, so that we went to the place where the sexton had been at work, and found a great concourse of people about the grave. Among the rest, there was an old woman, who told us, the person buried there was a lady, whose name I do not think fit to mention, though there is nothing in the story but what tends very much to her honour. This lady lived several years in exemplary pattern of conjugal love, and, dying soon after her husband, who every way answered her character in virtue and affection, made it her death-bed request, 'that all the letters which she had received from him, both before and after her marriage, should be buried in the coffin with her.' These, I found upon examination, were the papers before us. Several of them had suffered so much by time, that I could only pick out a few words; as *my soul! lilies! roses! dearest angel!* and the like. One of them, which was legible throughout, ran thus.

'MADAM,

'If you would know the greatness of my love, consider that of your own beauty. That blooming countenance, that snowy bosom, that graceful per-

son, return the brightness of my eyes, and the softness of my voice, to your beauty, the most worthy of lovers.'

It filled the person that I compared to a few crumbs of earth. V. letter, which This gave me written in my courtship. rather augmented turned upon were as follow

'Before this I know that I have at the same time possible. I should have of my share pleasures that my dear, be reason, but by you. It is not of an inviolable merit, it is so a bare return such continuance.

It happened to several persons. At the sight of her mother, a flood of tears of her virtue, piety, I could give advice myself to her short is the nature has been melancholy since the first letter that you may observe your mother's place, an argument caution you, you your father's stancy is rewarded mingling of danger or po

No. 105.] SA

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revealed to him, 'that, miserable woman as she was, she had been false to his bed.' Will was glad to hear it was no worse; but, before he could reply, 'nay,' said she, 'I will make you all the atonement I can, and take shame upon me, by proclaiming it to all the world, which is the only thing that can remove my present terrors of mind.' This was indeed too true, for her design was to prevent Mr. Boniface's marriage, which was all she apprehended. Will was thoroughly angry, and began to curse and swear, the ordinary expressions of passion in persons of his condition. Upon which his wife—'Ah, William! how well you mind the oath you have taken, and the distress of your poor wife, who can keep nothing from you! I hope you will not be such a perjured wretch as to forswear yourself.' The fiddler answered, 'that his oath obliged him only not to be angry at what was passed; but I find you intend to make me laughed at all over Wapping.'—'No, no,' replied Mrs. Rosin, 'I see well enough what you would be at, you poor-spirited cuckold! You are afraid to expose Boniface, who has abused your poor wife, and would fain persuade me still to suffer the stings of conscience; but I assure you, sirrah, I will not go to the devil for you.' Poor Will was not made for contention, and, beseeching her to be pacified, desired 'she would consult the good of her soul her own way, for he would not say her nay in any thing.'

Mrs. Rosin was so very loud and public in her invectives against Boniface, that the parents of his mistress forbade the banns, and his match was prevented; which was the whole design of this deep stratagem. The father of Boniface brought his action of defamation, arrested the fiddler, and recovered damages. This was the distress from which he was relieved by the company; and the good husband's air, history, and jollity upon his enlargement, gave occasion to very much mirth; especially when Will finding he had friends to stand by him, proclaimed himself a cuckold, by way of insult over the family of the Bonifaces. Here is a man of tranquillity without reading Seneca! What work had such an incident made among persons of distinction! The brothers and kindred of each side must have been drawn out, and hereditary hatred entailed on the families as long as their very names remained in the world. Who would believe that Herod, Othello, and Will Rosin, were of the same species?

There are quite different sentiments which reign in the parlour and the kitchen; and it is by the point of honour, when justly regulated, and inviolably observed, that some men are superior to others, as much as mankind in general are to brutes. This put me in mind of a passage in the admirable poem called 'The Dispensary,' where the nature of true honour is artfully described in an ironical dispraise of it:

'But ere we once engage in honour's cause,  
First know what honour is and whence it was,  
Scorn'd by the base, 'tis courted by the brave,  
The hero's tyrant, and the coward's slave.  
Born in the noisy camp, it lives on air;  
And both exists by hope, and by despair.  
Angry whene'er a moment's ease we gain,  
And reconcil'd at our returns of pain.  
It lives when in death's arms the hero lies,  
But when his safety he consults, it dies,  
Bigoted to this idol, we disclaim  
Rest, health, and ease, for nothing but a name.'

A very odd fellow visited me to-day at my lodgings, and desired encouragement and recommendation

me for a new invention of knockers to doors which he told me he had made, and professed to teach his servants the use of them. I desired him to make an experiment of this invention; upon which he took one of his knockers to my parlour-door. He gave me a complete set of knocks, from the dry rap of the dun and beggar, to the thunderings of a saucy footman of quality, with several flourishes and rattlings never yet performed. He likewise showed over some private notes, distinguishing the far friend or relation from the most modish stranger; and directing when the reserve candles are to be lighted. He has several other curiosities in his art. He waits only to receive my approbation of his main design. He is now ready to practise to us as shall apply themselves to him; but I have given him his public licence until next court-day.

N. B. He teaches under-ground.

[106.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 13, 1709.

*Invenies disjecti membra poetæ. Hor. Sat. iv. 62.*  
You will find the limbs of a dismember'd poet.

*Will's Coffee-house, December 12.*

WAS this evening sitting at the side-table and turning over one of my own papers with great satisfaction, knowing that I was observed by any in the room. I had not long enjoyed this secret pleasure of an hour, when a gentleman, some of whose works I had been highly entertained with, accosted me after the following manner. 'Mr. Bickerstaff, you know I have for some years devoted myself wholly to the study of poetry, and, perhaps, you will be surprised when I tell you I am now resolved to take up, and apply myself to business. I shall therefore beg you will stand my friend, and recommend a customer to me for several years, that I have now upon my hands.'—'I desired to let me have a particular, and I would do my best to serve him.'—'I have first of all,' says he, 'a progress of an amour digested into sonnets, ending with a poem to the unknown fair, and beginning with an *epithalamium*. I have celebrated in it her cruelty, her pity, her face, her shape, her wit, her good humour, her dancing, her singing—I could forbear interrupting him; 'This is a most accomplished lady,' said I; 'but has she really, with these perfections, a fine voice?'—'Pugh,' says he, 'you do not believe there is such a person in nature, was only my employment in solitude last winter, when I had neither friends nor books to divert me.'—'I was going,' said I, 'to ask her name, I find it is only an imaginary mistress.'—'That's true,' replied my friend, 'but her name is Flavia.' I continued he, 'in the second place, a collection of epigrams, calculated either for the Bath, Tunbridge, or any other place where they drink waters, with blank verses for the names of such person or persons as may be inserted in them on occasion. Thus much I have told only of what I have by me, proceeding in love and malice. I have also at this time the sketch of a heroic poem upon the next piece: really, indeed of the verses are either too long or too short, it being a rough draught of my thoughts on that subject.' I thereupon told him, 'That, as it is, it might probably pass for a very good Pindaric, I believe I know one who would be willing to write him for it upon that foot. I must tell you,' said he, 'I have made a dedication to it, which runs round four sides close written, that may serve any purpose that is tall, and understands Latin. I have

farther about fifty besides three-and-thirty, rising, that might be said. These are my notes, which, I have seen with at easy rate, moral sentences, proper to close up, introduced by the tragedy or comedy, curious in Latin, two dozen of epigrams, false quantities,

I heard the gentleman asked him, 'Will you let his goods by retail for a lump?' He told him to part them, unless or any person for a lump. My reason for knowing a young gentleman spring in a new way, the nine muses of the world would be glad to could not go on with three critics that seems, of the two and mentioned I came with a request any others of the gentlemen was pleased instance of a wish I had seen passage in Hamlet acquainted with his thoughts on father, and the in

—That it should But two months. So excellent a kind Hyperion to a sat That he might not Visit her face too Must I remember As if increase of By what it fed of Let me not think A little month! With which she Like Niobe, all O heaven! a boy Would have me uncle!

My father's brother Than I to Hercules Ere yet the salt Had left the flus She married—O With such dexte It is not, nor it But, break, my

The several end in this speech, a circumstance that capable of hurry traction. His expressed in so fondness for his the great and an by a true filial p successor to his

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tell you what is my distress; I dare say you read  
in my countenance: I therefore beg your advice  
the most unhappy of all men.' Much experience has  
made me particularly sagacious in the discovery of  
distempers, and I soon saw that his was love.  
then turned to my common-place-book, and found  
his case under the word *Coquette*; and reading over  
the catalogue which I have collected out of this great  
city, of all under that character, I saw at the name  
of Cynthia, his fit came upon him. I repeated the  
name three after a musing manner, and immediately  
perceived his pulse quicken two-thirds; when his  
eyes, instead of the wildness with which they ap-  
peared at his entrance, looked with all the gentleness  
imaginable upon me, not without tears. 'Oh! sir,  
said he, 'you know not the unworthy usage I have  
met with from the woman my soul doats on. I could  
gaze at her to the end of my being: yet, when I  
have done so, for some time past, I have found my  
eyes fixed on another. She is now two-and-twenty  
in the full tyranny of her charms, which she once  
acknowledged she rejoiced in, only as they made her  
choice of me, out of a crowd of admirers, the most  
obnoxious. But, in the midst of this happiness, so  
is, Mr. Backstaff, that young Quicksilver, who is just  
come to town, without any other recommendation  
than that of being tolerably handsome and ex-  
ceedingly rich, has won her heart in so shameless a  
manner, that she dies for him. In a word, I would  
consult you, how to cure myself of this passion for  
an ungrateful woman, who triumphs in her false-  
hood, and can make no man happy, because her own  
satisfaction consists chiefly in being capable of giving  
distress. I know Quicksilver is at present considerable  
with her, for no other reason but that he can be  
without her, and feel no pain in the loss. Let me  
therefore desire you, sir, to fortify my reason against  
the levity of an inconstant, who ought only to be  
treated with neglect.

All this time I was looking over my receipts, and  
asked him, 'if he had any good winter boots?—  
'Boots, sir!' said my patient—I went on: 'You may  
easily reach Harwich in a day, so as to be there when  
the packet goes off.'—'Sir,' said the lover, 'I find  
you design me for travelling: but, alas! I have a  
*longuee*, it will be the same thing to me as solitude  
to be in a strange country. I have, continued he  
sighing, 'been many years in love with this creature  
and have almost lost even my English, at least to  
speak such as any body else does.' I asked a tenant  
of ours, who came up to town the other day with  
rent, whether the flowery mead near my father's house  
in the country had any shepherd in it? I have called  
a cave a goot these three years, and must keep or-  
dinary company, and frequent busy people for some  
time, before I can recover my common words.' I  
smiled at his railery upon himself, though I well  
saw it came from a heavy heart. 'You are,' said I,  
'acquainted, to be sure, with some of the general ef-  
fects: suppose you made a campaign?'—'If I did,'  
said he, 'I should venture more than any man there,  
for I should be in danger of starving; my father is  
such an untoward old gentleman, that he would tell  
me he found it hard enough to pay his taxes towards  
the war, without making it more expensive by an  
obedience to me. With all this, he is as fond as he  
is ragged, and I am his only son.'

I looked upon the young gentleman with much ten-  
derness, and not like a physician, but a friend; for,  
I talked to him so largely, that if I had parcelled my  
discourse into distinct prescriptions, I am confident,  
I gave him two hundred pounds worth of advice. He

with great attention, bowing, smiling, and  
 other instances of that natural good-  
 natured ingenuous temper pay to those who  
 did wiser than themselves. I entertained  
 following purpose: 'I am sorry, sir, that  
 I am of so long a date, for evils are much  
 more in their beginnings; but, at the same  
 time, I allow, that you are not to be blamed, since  
 your merit has been abused by one of the  
 worst sort of men, but the most unworthy sort of wo-  
 men. A Coquette is a chaste jilt, and  
 from a common one, as a soldier, who is  
 a coward, does from one that is actually in  
 his grief, like all others, is to be cured  
 by time; and, although you are convinced this  
 is true, much as you will be ten years hence,  
 you will be scorned and neglected, you see  
 do not expect your remedy from the force of  
 the cure, then, is only in time, and the suc-  
 cess, only in the manner of employing

You have answered me as to travel and a  
 o that we have only Great Britain to avoid  
 then yourself, and listen to the following  
 only can be of use to you in this unac-  
 listemper, wherein the patient is often  
 to his recovery. It has been of benefit to  
 ply themselves to business; but as that  
 in your way, go down to your estate,  
 fox-hounds, and venture the life you are  
 ter every hedge and ditch in the country.  
 wholesome remedies; but if you can have  
 enough, rather stay in town, and recover  
 in the town where she inhabits. Take  
 are to avoid all places where you may pos-  
 sibly see her, and shun the sight of every thing  
 bringing her to your remembrance; there is  
 in all that relates to her: you will find  
 her chariot, her domestics, and her very  
 so many instruments of torment. Tell  
 ly, do you think you could bear the sight

He shook his head at the question, and Mr. Bickerstaff, you must have been a you could not have been so good a physician to tell you truly,' said I, 'about the third of my age, I received a wound that has scar in my mind, never to be worn out by philosophy.

ans which I found the most effectual for ere, reflections upon the ill usage I had in the woman I love, and the pleasure I e in my sufferings.

ferred the distress she brought upon me  
that could befall a human creature, at  
me that she did not inflict this upon one  
enemy, one that had done her an in-  
jury, but one that had wished her ill; but on the man  
her more than any else loved her, and  
it was possible for him to love any other

next place, I took pains to consider her imperfections; and, that I might be sure to be constantly, kept company with those friends, who were her dearest and most acquaintance.

her highest imperfections, I still dwelt  
ness of mind, and ingratitude, that  
triumph in the pain and anguish of the  
ved her, and of one who, in those days,  
ity be it spoken, was thought to deserve

ten my story, she was married to another, Id have distracted me, had he proved a

out of humour with myself, and at every thing ab-  
sence. Their business is, to depreciate human nature  
and conspire it under its worst appearances. It  
gives in in interpretations and base motives to  
worthiest actions; they resolve virtue and valour  
in dissimulation. In short, they endeavour to make  
distinction between man and man, or between  
species of men and that of brutes. As an instance  
of this kind of authors, among many others, let  
me even be the celebrated Rousseau, who  
the most palpable offender for administering consent  
to the envious, and worthless part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderate und-  
standing, but great vivacity, who, by dipping  
in many authors of this nature, had got a little smattering  
of knowledge, just enough to make an atheist  
a free-thinker, but not a philosopher or a man  
of sense. With these accomplishments, he went  
visit his father in the country, who was a pious,  
honest man, and wise, though not learned.  
The son, who took all opportunities to show  
learning, began to establish a new religion in the  
family, and to enlarge the narrowness of their con-  
viction; in which he succeeded so well, that he in-  
duced the butler by his table-talk, and staggered  
his eldest sister. The old gentleman began to  
dread the schisms that arose among his children,  
but did not yet believe his son's doctrine to be so  
improbable as it really was, until one day talking of  
setting a dog, the son said, 'he did not question  
Trav was as irrational as any one of the fam-  
ily.' At the heat of the argument told his father, 'but  
for his own part, he expected to die like a dog.'  
Upon which the old man, starting up in a very ex-  
citement, cried out, 'Then, sirrah, you shall live like  
one; and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled  
out of his system. This had so good an effect,  
that he took up from that day, felt no more  
of his dog, and is now a teacher in the Mid-  
dle Temple.

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the story  
with a design to encourage the secular arm in matters  
of this nature; but certainly, if it ever events itself  
in a series of opinion and speculation, it ought to be  
checked by such and despicable potentates to take  
care, who are fit to give man dark and gloomy  
prospect of his being, and destroy the  
principles which are the support, happiness, and  
glory of all public societies, as well as private persons.

I think it is one of Pythagoras's golden sayings,  
'That men should take care, above all things,  
to have a due respect for himself.' And it is certain  
that the history of some of authors, who are first  
poetizing mankind, endeavour to disarray and un-  
dermine the most refined spirits have been learning  
advance since the beginning of the world. These  
demonstrations, and breeding, outward ornaments  
and ornaments, were to lift up human nature, and  
set it off to an advantage. Architecture, painting,  
and poetry, were invented with the same design,  
and every art and science contributes to  
the ornament of life, and to the wearing off of  
the even into shades the mean and low parts of  
humanity. Poetry carries on this great end more to  
advance, as may be seen in the following passage  
from one of Sir Francis Bacon's 'Advancement  
of Learning' which gives a truer and better account  
than all the volumes that were ever written  
upon it.

'Poetry, especially heroical, seems to be rais-



# THE TATLER.

from a noble foundation, which makes the dignity of man's nature. For seeing the world is in dignity inferior to the soul, poesy seems to endow human nature with a history denies; and to give satisfaction to the mind, with at least the shadow of things, the substance cannot be had. For, if the matter is thoroughly considered, a strong argument is drawn from poesy, that a more stately greatness, a more perfect order, and a more variety, delights the soul of man, than any can be found in nature since the fall. Wherein the acts and events which are the substance of history, are not of that amplitude as to the mind of man, poesy is ready at hand to be more heroic. Because true history represents successes of business not proportionable to the number of virtues and vices, poesy corrects it, and represents events and fortunes according to desert, and according to the law of providence: because true history, through the frequent satiety and similitude of events, works a distaste and misprision in the mind; poesy cheereth and refresheth the soul, with things rare and various, and full of vicissitudes, as poesy serveth and conferreth to delectation, magnanimity, and morality; and, therefore, men deservedly have some participation of poesy, because it doth raise the mind, and exalts the soul with high raptures, by proportioning the things to the desires of the mind, and not by the mind to things, as reason and history do. By these allurements and congruities, poesy cheriseth the soul of man, joined also with sort of music, whereby it may more sweetly be affected, it hath won such access, that it hath obtained estimation even in rude times and barbarous ages, when other learning stood excluded. There is nothing which favours and falls in with the natural greatness and dignity of human nature, so much as religion, which does not only procure refinement of the mind, but the glorification of the body, and the immortality of both.

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1709.

reditur hæc inter miseris lux ———  
Hor. 2. Sat. vi. 59.  
—— in this giddy, busy maze,  
To lose the sun-shine of my days. Francis.

Sheer-lane, December 19.

It has not some years been such a tumult in the neighbourhood as this evening about six. At the end of the lane the word was given, that there was a great funeral coming by. The next came forward, and in a very hasty, instead of a solemn manner, a long train of lights, when at the head of the train, a man, in very high youth and health, with a sword, ran through the whole art of beating of the house next to me, and ended his rat-tat-tat the true finishing rap. This did not only bring me to the door at which he knocked, but to the very one in the lane in an instant. Among the rest of my country maid took the alarm, and immediately running to me, told me, 'there was a fine funeral, who had three men with burial torches going before her, carried by two men upon poles, with looking-glasses on each side of her, and also before, she herself appearing the prettiest ever was.' The girl was going on in her story when the lady was come to my door in her

chair, having mistaken the door. As she entered I saw she was speaking air, and that she began her apology, she said she, 'that I take you for a stranger to you; besides, it is indecorum that I visit you in this pretty hesitation, and as if recovering her reason, she said, 'I think you have said, that I am a stranger to you; therefore, I may say my own.' The lady did not say on some particular matter to report. But, before she produced a long list of names, she knew whither she was going, could hardly forbear to say that I secretly laughed at her, she observed in three or four words seemed to indulge her own sense of her vanity, she said she, 'you cannot be obliged to me, in staying so many visits to make me hope that a third party abroad, I should be able to see you this evening.'—'Madam,' she said, 'and perplexity, and I am not a mind to see?'—'I am very sorry now with whom I am, and return visit to you, and yet we have not seen each other for a month, and remember was twelve months ago.'

She went on with her eyes on her list, told me that she had been about three miles and a half from her own house. I asked her, whether she was taken, whether she was, and desired that she was not cheated in her visit, she said, 'we take,' says she, 'I am who comes to the door, who come to see us, and turn of their visit.'—'I presume those who are known one another by name, and candidates only for a visit, after so many how-does, or not, as you like them, or fortune.'—'You are right, and we become friends, that our dislike to each other, for, to tell you the truth, I am vain to hide any thing from you, in relation, general visits are for fear of ill-will. I am a suspicious circumstance, common as to have heard nothing of what so great with me.' I said, 'and negligent, that I am the people I owe visits to, I think it would be very proper for an usher or groom of the chamber to give an account by way of introduction to a city lady who uses to be so laudable; for though I am at the end of the town, I am better than within the town, I am justice to my friends, and my own, that they are my friends, and my dependence. The lady

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born with are abated, and desires indulged, in proportion to her love of that light and trifling conversation. I know I talk like an old man; but I must go on to say, that I think the general reception of mixed company, and the pretty fellows that are admitted at those assemblies, give a young woman a false an idea of life, that she is generally bred up with a scorn of that sort of merit in a man, which only can make her happy in marriage; and the wretch, to whose lot she falls, very often receives in his arms a coquette, with the refuse of a heart long before given away to a coxcomb.

Having received from the society of upholders sundry complaints of the obstinate and refractory behaviour of several dead persons, who have been guilty of very great outrages and disorders, and by that means elapsed the proper time of their interment; and having, on the other hand, received many appeals from the aforesaid dead persons wherein they desire to be heard before such their interment; I have set apart Wednesday, the twenty first instant, as an extraordinary court-day for the hearing of both parties. If, therefore, any one can allege why they, or any of their acquaintance, should or should not be buried, I desire they may be read with their witnesses at that time, or that they will do ever after hold their tongues.

N.B. This is the last hearing on this subject.

No. 110.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 22. 1704

—Quæ lucis miseris tam dira cupido?

*Virg. Æn. vi. 721*

Gods! can the wretches long for life again? *Pis.*

*Sheer-lane, December 21.*

As soon as I had placed myself in my chair of judicature, I ordered my clerk, Mr. Lillie, to read to the assembly, who were gathered together according to notice, a certain declaration, by way of charge, to open the purpose of my session, which I intended only to this explanation, that as other courts were often called to demand the execution of persons dead in law; so this was held to give the last orders relating to those who are dead in reason. The solicitor of the new company of upholders near the Haymarket appeared in behalf of that useful society and brought in an accusation of a young woman who herself stood at the bar before me. Mr. Lillie read her indictment, which was in substance, 'That whereas, Mrs. Rebecca Pindust, of the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields, had, by the use of one instrument called a looking-glass, and by the farther use of certain attire, made either of cambric, muslin, or other linen wares, upon her head, attained to such an evil art and magical force in the motion of her eyes and turn of her countenance, that she, the said Rebecca, had put to death several young men of the said parish; and that the said young men had a knowledge in certain papers, commonly called love letters, which were produced in court, gilded on the edges, and sealed with a particular wax, with certain amorous and enchanting words wrought upon the said seals, that they died for the said Rebecca; and whereas the said Rebecca persisted in the said evil practice; this way of life the said society construe to be, according to former edicts, a state of death and demanded an order for the interment of the said Rebecca.'

I looked upon the maid with great humanity, and desired her to make answer to what was said against

her. She said, 'It was indeed true, that she had practised all the arts and means she could, to dispose of herself happily in marriage, but thought she did not come under the censure expressed in my writings for the same; and humbly hoped I would not condemn her for the ignorance of her accusers, who, according to their own words, had rather represented her killing, than dead.' She further alleged, 'That the expressions mentioned in the papers written to her were become mere words, and that she had been always ready to marry any of those who said they died for her; but that they made their escape as soon as they found themselves pitied or believed.' She ended her discourse, by desiring I would for the future settle the meaning of the words 'I die,' in letters of love.

Mrs. Pindust behaved herself with such an air of innocence, that she easily gained credit, and was acquitted. Upon which occasion, I gave it as a standing rule, 'that any person, who, in any letter, billet, or discourse, should tell a woman he died for her, should, if she pleased, be obliged to live with her, or be immediately interred upon such their own confession, without bail or mainprize.'

It happened, that the very next who was brought before me was one of her admirers, who was indicted upon that very head. A letter, which he acknowledged to be his own hand, was read, in which were the following words: 'Cruel creature, I die for you.' It was observable that he took snuff all the time his accusation was reading. I asked him 'how he came to use these words, if he were not a dead man?' He told me, 'he was in love with the lady, and did not know any other way of telling her so; and that all his acquaintance took the same method.' Though I was moved with compassion towards him, by reason of the weakness of his parts, yet for example-sake I was forced to answer, 'Your sentence shall be a warning to all the rest of your companions, not to tell lies for want of wit. Upon this, he began to beat his snuff-box with a very saucy air; and opening it again, 'Faith, Isaac,' said he, thou art a very unaccountable old fellow.—Pr'ythee, who gave thee power of life and death? What a-pox hast thou to do with ladies and lovers? I suppose thou wouldst have a man be in company with his mistress, and say nothing to her. Dost thou call breaking a jest, telling a lie?' He was going on with this insipid common-place mirth, sometimes opening his box, sometimes shutting it, then viewing the picture on the lid, and then the workmanship of the hinge, when, in the midst of his eloquence, I ordered his box to be taken from him; upon which he was immediately struck speechless, and carried off stone dead.

The next who appeared was a hale old fellow of sixty. He was brought in by his relations, who desired leave to bury him. Upon requiring a distinct account of the prisoner, a credible witness deposed, 'that he always arose at ten of the clock, played with his cat until twelve, smoked tobacco until one, was at dinner until two, then took another pipe, played at back-gammon until six, talked of one Madam Frances, an old mistress of his, until eight, repeated the same account at the tavern until ten, then returned home, took the other pipe, and then to bed.' I asked him, 'what he had to say for himself?'—'As to what,' said he, 'they mention concerning Madam Frances—'

I did not care for hearing the Canterbury tale, and, therefore, thought myself seasonably interrupted by a young gentleman, who appeared in the

behalf of the ment; 'for lands by his solicitor of him also, as that witness appeared, the matters of selves and hour: while the young while the of man was run the other v gammon, t fellow was t was either a conversed v young man, old man, a Frances. be interred characters, year 1689, over the yo world in the

The next and verse. still-born w burial, and standing so given proof children the brethren. mixed prop the last to be not without satisfied w mortified.

These w annuated be of colleges, ordered to rest a reprimand pardon in d

There w but, finding without the and furnish

Going ou ing me, 'th one of my b to appear p was manifest of several must confe part of the I am very new and u pronounce that can b mean time, ladies who they may a they shall f them; for should put and I could hereafter fo when they having give N.B. A

the desire of that meet together, with the zeal and seriousness of apostles, to extirpate common sense, and propagate infidelity. These are the wretches, who, without any show of wit, learning, or reason, publish the crude conceptions with an ambition of appearing more wise than the rest of mankind, upon no other pretence than that of dissenting from them. One gets by heart a catalogue of title-pages and editions, and, immediately, to become conspicuous, declares that he is an unbeliever. Another knows how to write a receipt, or cut up a dog, and forthwith argues against the immortality of the soul. I have known many a little wit, in the ostentation of his parts, raise the truth of the scripture, who was not able to read a chapter in it. These poor wretches talk blasphemy for want of discourse, and are rather the objects of scorn or pity, than of our indignation; but the great disputant, that reads and writes, and spends all his time in convincing himself and the world that he is no better than a brute, ought to be whipped out of government, as a blot to civil society, and a disgrace to mankind. I love to consider an infidel, whether distinguished by the title of deist, atheist, or freethinker, in three different lights, in his solitudes, in his afflictions, and his last moments.

A wise man that lives up to the principles of reason and virtue, if one considers him in his solitude, as in taking in the system of the universe, observing the mutual dependence and harmony, by which the whole frame of it hangs together, beating down his passions, or swelling his thoughts with magnificent ideas of Providence, makes a noble figure in the eye of an intelligent being, than the greatest conqueror amidst all the pomp and solemnities of a triumph. On the contrary, there is not more ridiculous animal than an atheist in his retirement. His mind is incapable of rapture or elevation. He can only consider himself as an insignificant figure in a landscape, and wandering up and down a field or a meadow, under the same terms as the meanest animals about him, and as subject to as total a mortality as they; with this aggravation, that he is the only one amongst them, who lies under the apprehension of it.

In distresses, he must be of all creatures the most helpless and forlorn; he feels the whole pressure of a present calamity, without being relieved by the memory of any thing that is past or the prospect of any thing that is to come. Annihilation is the greatest blessing that he proposes to himself, and he halts for a pistol the only refuge he can fly to. But if you would behold one of these gloomy miscreants in his poorest figure, you must consider him under the terrors, or at the approach, of death.

About thirty years ago I was a shipboard with one of these vermin, when there arose a brisk gale, which could frighten nobody but himself. Upon the roll of the ship, he fell upon his knees, and confessed to the chaplain, 'that he had been a vile atheist, and had denied a Supreme Being ever since he came to his estate.' The good man was astonished, and the report immediately ran through the ship, 'that there was an atheist upon the upper deck.' Several of the common seamen, who had never heard of his existence before, thought it had been some strange fish; but they were more surprised when they saw it was a man, and heard out of his own mouth, that he never believed until that day that there was a God. As he lay in the agonies of confession, one of the honest tars whispered to the boatswain, 'that it would be a good deed to heave him overboard.' But we were now within sight of port, when of a sudden the wind

fell, and the penitent relapsed, begging all of us that were present, 'as we were gentlemen, not to say any thing of what had passed.'

He had not been ashore above two days, when one of the company began to rally him upon his devotion on shipboard, which the other denied in so high terms, that it produced the lie on both sides, and ended in a duel. The atheist was run through the body, and after some loss of blood, became as good a Christian as he was at sea, until he found that his wound was not mortal. He is at present one of the free-thinkers of the age, and now writing a pamphlet against several received opinions concerning the existence of fairies.

As I have taken upon me to censure the faults of the age and country in which I live, I should have thought myself inexcusable to have passed over this crying one, which is the subject of my present discourse. I shall, therefore, from time to time, give my countrymen particular cautions against this distemper of the mind, that is almost become fashionable, and by that means more likely to spread. I have somewhere either read or heard a very memorable sentence, 'that a man would be a most insupportable monster, should he have the faults that are incident to his years, constitution, profession, family, religion, age, and country;' and yet every man is in danger of them all. For this reason, as I am an old man, I take particular care to avoid being covetous, and telling long stories. As I am choleric, I forbear not only swearing, but all interjections of fretting, as pugh! or pish! and the like. As I am a layman, I resolve not to conceive an aversion for a wise and a good man, because his coat is of a different colour from mine. As I am descended of the ancient family of the Bickerstaffs, I never call a man of merit an upstart. As a protestant, I do not suffer my zeal so far to transport me, as to name the pope and the devil together. As I am fallen into this degenerate age, I guard myself particularly against the folly I have been now speaking of. And, as I am an Englishman, I am very cautious not to hate a stranger, or despise a poor Palatine.

No. 112.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1709.

*Accedat suavis quædam oportet sermonum, atque morum haudquaquam, mediocre condimentum amicitie tristitia autem, et in omni re severitas absit. Habet illa quidem gravitatem, sed amicitia remissior esse debet, et liberior, et dulcior, et ad omnem comitatem facilitatemque proclivior. Cic. De Amicitia.*

There should be added a certain sweetness of discourse and manners, which is no inconsiderable sauce to friendship. But by all means throw out sadness and severity in every thing. There is something of gravity indeed in it; but friendship requires a greater remissness, freedom, and pleasantness, and an inclination to good temper and affability.

*Sheer-lane, December 26.*

As I was looking over my letters this morning, I chanced to cast my eye upon the following one, which came to my hands about two months ago from an old friend of mine, who, as I have since learned, was the person that writ the agreeable epistle inserted in my paper of the third of the last month. It is of the same turn with the other, and may be looked upon as a specimen of right country letters.

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to the tom-tit. For my own part, I am excluded ; conversation with animals that delight only in country life, and am therefore forced to entertain myself as well as I can with my little dog and cat. They both of them sit by my fire every night, expecting my coming home with impatience; and, on my entrance, never fail of running up to me, and bidding me welcome, each of them in his proper language. As they have been bred up together from their infancy, and seen no other company, they have learned each other's manners, so that the dog often gives himself the airs of a cat, and the cat, in some of her motions and gestures, affects the behaviour of the little dog. When they are at play, I often mis- take one of them: and sometimes please myself with considering how much reason and instinct they are capable of delighting each other. Thus, you see, I have communicated to you, the material of my currences in my family, with the same freedom that you use to me, as I am, with the same sincerity and affection.

"Your most faithful humble servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF

No 113.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 23, 1790

—Ecce iterum Crispinus!

Once more Crispinus comes upon the stage.

*Hay-market, December 23.*

Whereas the gentleman that behaved himself in a very disobedient and obstinate manner at his late trial in Sheer-lane, on the twentieth instant, and was carried off dead upon taking away his snuff-box, remains still unburied; the company of upholders, not knowing otherwise how they should be paid, have taken his goods in execution, to defray the charge of his funeral. His said effects are to be exposed to sale by auction, at the office in the Hay-market, on the fourth of January next, and are as follows:

A very rich tweezer case, containing twelve instruments for the use of each hour in the day.

Four pounds of scented snuff, with three golden snuff-boxes; one of them with an invisible hinge and a looking-glass in the lid.

Two more of ivory, with the portraits of their lids of two ladies of the town; the originals to be seen every night in the side-boxes of the playhouse.

A sword, with a steel diamond hilt, never drawn but once at May-fair.

Six clean packs of cards, a quart of orange flower water, a pair of French scissors, a tooth-pick case, and an eye-brow brush.

A large glass-case, containing the lives and cloaths of the deceased; among which are, ten embroidered suits, a pocket perspective, a diamond pair of red heeled shoes, three pair of red and white stockings, and an amber-headed cane.

The strong box of the deceased,\* wherein were found, five billet-doux, a Bath shilling, a crooked sixpence, a silk garter, a lock of hair, and three broken fans.

A press for books; containing, on the upper shelf,

Three bottles of diet-drink.

Two boxes of pills.

A syringe, and other mathematical instruments.

On the second shelf are several miscellaneous works; as,

## Lampoons.

## Plays.

### Tailors' bills.

**And an almanack for the year seventeen hundred.**

**On the third shelf,**

A bundle of letters unopened, indorsed in the hand of the deceased, "Letters from the old Gentleman."

## Lessons for the flute.

• Toland's "Christianity not mysterious:" and a paper filled with patterns of several fashionable stuffs.

**On the lower shelf.**

**One shoe.**

**A pair of snuffers.**

**A French grammar.**

A mourning hatband; and half a bottle of  
usquebaugh.

There will be added to these goods, to make a complete auction, a collection of gold snuff-boxes and clouded canes, which are to continue in fashion for three months after the sale.

The whole are to be set up and prized by Charles Bubbleboy, who is to open the auction with a speech.

I find I am so very unhappy, that while I am busy in correcting the folly and vice of one sex, several exorbitances break out in the other. I have not thoroughly examined their new fashioned petticoats, but shall set aside one day in the next week for that purpose. The following petition on this subject was presented to me this morning:

**"The humble petition of William Jingle, Coach-maker and Chair-maker, of the liberty of Westminster;**

" TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF  
GREAT BRITAIN;

**" Showeth,**

"That upon the late invention of Mrs. Catharine Crocstitch, mantua-maker, the petticoats of ladies were too wide for entering into any coach or chair which was in use before the said invention.

‘ That, for the service of the said ladies, your petitioner has built a round chair, in the form of a lantern, six yards and a half in circumference, with a stool in the centre of it; the said vehicle being so contrived, as to receive the passenger by opening in two in the middle, and closing mathematically when she is seated.

‘ That your petitioner has also invented a coach for the reception of one lady only, who is to be let in at the top.

'That the said coach has been tried by a lady's woman in one of these full petticoats, who was let down from a balcony, and drawn up again by pulleys, to the great satisfaction of her lady, and all who beheld her.

' Your petitioner, therefore, most humbly prays, that, for the encouragement of ingenuity and useful inventions, he may be heard before you pass sentence upon the petticoats aforesaid.

**'And your petitioner, &c.'**

I have likewise received a female petition, signed by several thousands, praying that I would not any longer defer giving judgment in the case of the petition, many of them having put off the making of new cloaths, until such time as they know what verdict will pass upon it. I do therefore, hereby certify to all whom it may concern, that I do design to set apart Tuesday next for the final determination of that matter, having already ordered a jury of matrons

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Being informed about this city for fear of respite their families, and allow them may appear let or molest in their own holders. But in the morning St. James's do not keep men in their allow them to respond in the which are no time. Between and keep on at which time five; and then at the Hay-begins. It persons, that where there is a number: provide to talk, judgment, speech, action, which case, at any place their bodies this advertisement

No. 114.] SA

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I was walking in a very gay way, my door, and I met my, whom I considered my bosom friend, with a paper of the sensible pleasure of acquaintance. When he came and burst out immediately. He began to go on for weeping coach, and I was then dying doing the last to come and certainly brought him. The crowd head, a parents, would



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remedies, the necessity of submission, length of time and satiety of grief.'

In the mean time, I cannot but consider, with much commiseration, the melancholy state of a man who has had such a part of himself torn from him, and which he misses in every circumstance of life. His condition is like that of one who has lately lost his right arm, and is every moment offering to himself with it. He does not appear to himself the same person in his house, at his table, in company or in retirement; and loses the relish of all pleasures and diversions that were before entering into him by her participation of them. The most agreeable objects recall the sorrow for her to whom he used to enjoy them. This additional satisfaction, from the taste of pleasures in the society of one we love, is admirably described by Milton, who represents Eve, though in Paradise itself, no further pleased with the beautiful objects around her, than as she sees them in company with Adam, in the passage so inexpressibly charming:

'With thee conversing, I forgot all time;  
All seasons and their change; all please alike.  
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,  
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,  
When first on this delightful land he spreads  
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,  
Glistening with dew; fragrant the fertile earth  
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on  
Of grateful evening mild; the silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,  
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.  
But neither breath of morn when she ascends  
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun  
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,  
Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after shower,  
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,  
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,  
Or glittering star-light, without thee is sweet.'

The variety of images in this passage is infinite and pleasing, and the recapitulation of each particular image, with a little varying of expression, makes one of the finest turns of words that I have ever seen, which I rather mention, because Mr. Dryden has said, in his preface to Juvenal, that he could not do with no turn of words in Milton.

It may be further observed, that though the sweetness of these verses has something in it of a pastoral, yet it excels the ordinary kind, as much as the scene of it is above an ordinary field or meadow. I might here, since I am accidentally led into this subject, show several passages in Milton that he has as excellent turns of this nature as any of our English poets whatsoever; but shall only mention the one which follows, in which he describes the fallen angel engaged in the intricate disputes of predestination, free-will, and fore-knowledge; and, to humour the perplexity, makes a kind of labyrinth in the very words that describe it.

'Others apart sat on a hill retir'd.  
In thoughts more elevate, and reason'd high  
Of providence, fore-knowledge will, and fate,  
Fix'd fate, free-will, fore-knowledge absolute,  
And found no end, in wandering mazes lost.'

115.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 3. 1709-10.

—Novum intervenit vitium et calamitas.  
Ut neque spectari, neque cognosci poterit.  
Ita populus studio stupidus in theatralibus  
Animum occupat. *Tyr. Prol. de Hecyra.*

A tumult so uncommon interven'd,  
As neither could be seen, nor understood:  
So taken were the people, so engag'd  
With a rope-dancer! *Columan.*

*Sheer-lane, January 2.*

I WENT on Friday last to the opera, and was surprised to find a thin house at so noble an entertainment, until I heard that the tumidor was not to make his appearance that night. For my own part, I was fully satisfied with the sight of an actor, who, by the grace and propriety of his action and stature, does honour to a human figure, as much as the other villifies and degrades it. Every one will easily imagine I mean Signior Nicolini, who sets off the character he bears in an opera by his action, as much as he does the words of it by his voice, very limber, and every thing contributes to the part he acts, inasmuch that a deaf man might go along with him in the sense of it. There is scarce a beautiful posture in an old statue which he does not plant himself in, at the different circumstances of the story give occasion for it. He performs the most ordinary action in a manner suitable to the greatness of his character, and shows the prince's reason in the giving of a letter, or despatching of a message. Our last actors are somewhat at a loss to support themselves with proper gesture, as they move from any considerable distance to the front of the stage; but I have seen the person of whom I am now speaking enter alone at the remotest part of it, and advance from it, with such greatness of air and action, as seemed to fill the stage, and, at the same time, commanded the attention of the audience with the majesty of his appearance. But, notwithstanding the dignity and elegance of this entertainment, I find, for some nights past, that Punchinello has robbed this gentleman of the greater part of his male spectators. The truth of it is, I find it so very hard a task to keep that sex under any manner of government, that I have often resolved to give them over entirely, and leave them to their own inclinations. I was in hopes that I had brought them some order, and was employing my thoughts on a reformation of their petticoats, when, on a sudden, I received information from all parts, that they run gadding after a puppet-show. I know very well, that what I here say will be thought by some malicious persons to flow from envy to Mr. Powell; for which reason I shall set the late dispute between us in a true light. Mr. Powell and I had some difference about four months ago, which we managed in way of letter, as learned men ought to do; and I as very well contented to bear such sarcasms as he was pleased to throw upon me, and answered them with the same freedom. In the midst of this, our misunderstanding and correspondence, I happened to give the world an account of the order of Esquires; upon which Mr. Powell was so disingenuous, as to make one of his puppets, I wish I knew which of them was, declare, by way of prologue, that one Isaac Ickerstaff, a pretended esquire, had written a scurrilous piece, to the dishonour of that rank of men; and then, with more art than honesty, concluded, that all the esquires in the pit were abused by his

antagonist as a fiction made all the rest of other parts, the least question of tilities; and I in coming to the quarters. I do standing that I nity, that if I mouths against upon his whole that I have not that I cannot be timber. As for of bespattering and have been together, 'that whether he should utensils, or make person confessed laid aside his scolding wife, I sent, it is very crab-tree. The ear, 'that all out of a quick that doctor Fa conjurer, is enough from an old woman long served in

But, perhaps upon men's passions thoughts rather consider, whether to that character upon, of an able for this purpose above twenty years the rules which the stage, who action, be right celebrated author in the parts of in particular, the of sentiments, and

*White's*

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leisurely survey of it, as it should appear in proper dimensions. This was all done accordingly and, forthwith, upon the closing of the engine, the petticoat was brought into court. I then directed the machine to be set upon the table, and dilated such a manner as to show the garment in its utmost circumference; but my great hall was too narrow for the experiment; for, before it was half unfolded, described so immoderate a circle, that the lower part of it brushed upon my face as I sat in my chair-judicature. I then inquired for the person it belonged to the petticoat; and, to my great surprise, was directed to a very beautiful young damsel, who so pretty a face and shape, that I bid her come out of the crowd, and seated her upon a little stool in my left hand. 'My pretty maid,' said I, 'do you own yourself to have been the inhabitant of this garment before us?' The girl, I found, had good sense, and told me, with a smile, that, 'notwithstanding it was her own petticoat, she should be very glad to see an example made of it; and that she wore it for no other reason, but that she had mind to look as big and burly as other persons of her quality; that she had kept out of it as long as she could, and until she began to appear little in the eyes of her acquaintance; that, if she laid it aside, people would think she was not made like other women.' I always give great allowances to the fair sex upon account of the fashion, and, therefore, was not displeased with the defence of my pretty criminal. I then ordered the vest which stood before us to be drawn up by a pulley to the top of my great hall, and afterwards to be spread open by the engine it was placed upon, in such a manner that it formed a very splendid and ample canopy over our heads, and covered the whole court-judicature with a kind of silken rotunda, in its form not unlike the cupola of Saint Paul's. I entered upon the whole cause with great satisfaction as I sat under the shadow of it.

The counsel for the petticoat were now called in, and ordered to produce what they had to say against the popular cry which was raised against it. They answered the objections with great strength and solidity of argument, and expatiated in very florid harangues, which they did not fail to set off and furbelow, if I may be allowed the metaphor, with many periodical sentences and turns of oratory. The chief arguments for their client were taken, first, from the great benefit that might arise to our woollen manufactory from this invention, which was calculated as follows. The common petticoat has not above four yards in the circumference; whereas this over our heads had more in the semi-diameter, so that, by allowing it twenty four yards in the circumference, the five millions of woollen petticoats which, according to Sir William Petty, supposing what ought to be supposed in a well-governed state, that all petticoats are made of that stuff, would amount to thirty millions of those of the ancient mode. A prodigious improvement of the woollen-trade! and what could not fail to sink the power of France in a few years.

To introduce the second argument, they begged leave to read a petition of the rope-makers, wherein it was represented, 'that the demand for cords, and the price of them, were much risen since this fashion came up.' At this, all the company who were present lifted up their eyes into the vault; and I must confess, we did discover many traces of cordage, which were interwoven in the stiffening of the drapery.

A third argument was founded upon a petition of the Greenland trade, which likewise represented the great consumption of whalebone which would be occasioned by the present fashion, and the benefit which would thereby accrue to that branch of the British trade.

To conclude, they gently touched upon the weight and unwieldiness of the garment, which, they insinuated, might be of great use to preserve the honour of families.

These arguments would have wrought very much upon me, as I then told the company in a long and elaborate discourse, had I not considered the great and additional expense which such fashions would bring upon fathers and husbands; and, therefore, by no means to be thought of until some years after a peace. I further urged, that it would be a prejudice to the ladies themselves, who could never expect to have any money in the pocket, if they laid out so much on the petticoat. To this I added, the great temptation it might give to virgins, of acting in security like married women, and by that means give a check to matrimony, an institution always encouraged by wise societies.

At the same time, in answer to the several petitions produced on that side, I showed one subscribed by the women of several persons of quality, humbly setting forth, 'that, since the introduction of this mode, their respective ladies had, instead of bestowing on them their cast gowns, cut them into shreds, and mixed them with the cordage and buckram, to complete the stiffening of their under petticoats.' For which, and sundry other reasons, I pronounced the petticoat a forfeiture: but, to show that I did not make that judgment for the sake of *filthy lucre*, I ordered it to be folded up, and sent it as a present to a widow-gentlewoman, who has five daughters; desiring she would make each of them a petticoat out of it, and send me back the remainder, which I design to cut into stomachers, caps, facings of my waistcoat-sleeves, and other garnitures suitable to my age and quality.

I would not be understood, that, while I discard this monstrous invention, I am an enemy to the proper ornaments of the fair sex. On the contrary, as the hand of nature has poured on them such a profusion of charms and graces, and sent them into the world more amiable and finished than the rest of her works; so I would have them bestow upon themselves all the additional beauties that art can supply them with, provided it does not interfere with, disguise, or pervert those of nature.

I consider woman as a beautiful romantic animal, that may be adorned with furs and feathers, pearls and diamonds, ores and silks. The lynx shall cast its skin at her feet to make her a tippet; the peacock, parrot, and swan shall pay contributions to her ruff; the sea shall be searched for shells, and the rocks for gems; and every part of nature furnish out its share towards the embellishment of a creature that is the most consummate work of it. All this I shall indulge them in; but as for the petticoat I have been speaking of, I neither can nor will allow

my own mind with greater concern which narrow and little pleasures and enjoyments of this great time my thoughts single person beauty, and mortal, if he blessings as private property does himself I come in for to a man of gifts of fortune There is nothing to rejoice as spirits out of And because this kind to such a human ever delighted which draws great occurrences sown in their own knowledge life of a great country, after positions of lustre, and success, I close whole evening

But since, nature, and of the deserving virtuous man and calamities prosperity and the accounts fictions; for the pleasure rewarded. In the whole circle satisfaction of misery, according to our view of finishing of may be sure altogether contrary, the whole or a knight limits of a presents to our kind are like disposition, at the same time that greater the affixes in these pleasures we take

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Co. 117.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 7, 1709-10.

Durate, et vosmet rebus servate secundis.

*Virg. Æn. i. 211.*

Endure the hardships of your present state, Live, and reserve yourselves for better fate. *Dryden.*

*Sheer-lane, January 6.*

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on this occasion, that while they lasted they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself, in a sort, an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least those alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related still dwells so strongly upon me that I can never read the description of Dover cliff in *Shakspeare's* tragedy of *King Lear*, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from that place is dreamt with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on, sir, here's the place: stand still! how fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low?  
The crows and choughs that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head.  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice, and you tall anchoring bark  
Diminish'd to her boat; her boat! a buoy  
Almost too small for sight. The murmuring surge,  
'That on th' unnumber'd idle pebbles beats,  
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no more,  
Lest my brain turn.

No. 118.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 10, 1769.]

Lusisti satia, edisti satia, atque bibisti,  
Tempus abire tibi — *Hor.* 2 Ep. p. 211.

Already glutt'd with a farce of ago,  
'Tis time for thee to quit the wanton stage.  
*FRANCIS.*

From my own Apartment, January 8.

I THOUGHT to have given over my prosecution of the dead for this season, having by me many other projects for the reformation of mankind; but I have received so many complaints from such different hands, that I shall disoblige multitudes of my correspondents, if I do not take notice of them. Some of the deceased, who, I thought, had been laid quietly in their graves, are such hobgoblins in public assemblies, that I must be forced to deal with them as *Evander* did with his triple-lived adversary, who, according to *Virgil*, was forced to kill him thrice over, before he could despatch him.

Ter Ictho sternandus erat. —  
—Thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore.

I am likewise informed, that several wives of the dead men have, since the decease of their husbands, been seen in many public places, without mourning or regard to common decency.

I am farther advised, that several of the defunct contrary to the woollen act, presume to dress themselves in lace; embroidery, silks, muslins, and other ornaments forbidden to persons in their condition. These and other the like informations moving me thereto, I must desire, for distinction sake, as to conclude this subject for ever, that when any of these posthumous persons appear, or are spoken of, that their wives may be called *widows*; their houses *sepulchres*; their chariots, *hearses*; and their gait

# THE TATLER.

nents, flannel: on which condition, they shall be allowed all the conveniences that dead men can in reason desire.

As I was writing this morning on this subject, I received the following letter:—

‘ From the banks of Styx.

‘ MR. BICKERSTAFF,

‘ I must confess, I treated you very scurrilously when you first sent me hither; but you have despatched such multitudes after me to keep me in countenance, that I am very well reconciled both to you and my condition. We live very lovingly together; for, as death makes us all equal, it makes us very much delight in one another’s company. Our time passes away much after the same manner as it did when we were among you: eating, drinking, and sleeping, are our chief diversions. Our *Quidnuncs* between whiles go to a coffee-house, where they have several warm liquors made of the waters of Lethe, with very good poppy-tea. We that are the sprightly geniuses of the place refresh ourselves frequently with a bottle of mum, and tell stories until we fall asleep. You would do well to send among us Mr. Dodwell’s book against the immortality of the soul, which would be of great consolation to our whole fraternity, who would be very glad to find that they are dead for good and all, and would, in particular, make me rest for ever

‘ Yours,

‘ JOHN PARTRIDGE.

‘ P.S. Sir James has just arrived here in good health.’

The foregoing letter was the more pleasing to me, because I perceived some little symptoms in it of a resurrection; and having lately seen the predictions of this author, which are written in a true protestant spirit of prophecy, and a particular zeal against the French king, I have some thoughts of sending for him from the banks of Styx, and reinstating him in his own house, at the sign of the Globe in Salisbury-street. For the encouragement of him and others, I shall offer to their consideration a letter, which gives me an account of the revival of one of their brethren.

‘ Sir,

‘ December 31.

‘ I have perused your Tatler of this day, and have wept over it with great pleasure; I wish you would be more frequent in your family-pieces. For, as I consider you under the notion of a great designer, I think these are not your least valuable performances. I am glad to find you have given over your face-painting for some time, because I think you have employed yourself more in grotesque figures than in beauties; for which reason I would rather see you work upon history-pieces, than on single portraits. Your several draughts of dead men appear to me as pictures of still-life, and have done great good in the place where I live. The esquire of a neighbouring village, who had been a long time in the number of non-entities, is entirely recovered by them. For these several years past, there was not a hare in the county that could be at rest for him; and I think, the greatest exploit he ever boasted of was, that when he was high-sheriff of the county, he hunted a fox so far, that he could not follow him any farther by the laws of the land. All the hours he spent at home, were in *swelling* himself with October, and rehearsing the wonders he did in the field. Upon reading your papers, he has sold his dogs, shook off his dead companions, looked into his estate, got the multiplication-table by heart, paid his tithes, and intends to take upon him the office of church-warden next year. I wish the same success with your other patients, and am, &c.

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shools of living creatures in a speckful of vinegar; but, we who can distinguish them, in their different magnitudes, see among them several huge leviathans that terrify the little fry of animals about them, and take their pastime as in an ocean, or the great deep. I could not but smile at this part of his relation, and told him, 'I doubted not but he could give me the history of several invisible giants, accompanied with their respective dwarfs, in case that any of these little beings are of a human shape.'—'You may imagine you add,' said he, 'that we see in these little animals different natures, instincts, and modes of life, which correspond to what you observe in creatures of bigger dimensions. We destroy millions of species subsisting on a green leaf, which your glasses represent only in crowds and swarms. What appears to your eye but a hair or down rising on the surface of it, we find to be woods and forests, inhabited by hosts of prey, that are as dreadful, in those their little haunts, as lions and tigers in the deserts of Lybia.' I was much delighted with his discourse and could not forbear telling him, 'that I should be wonderfully pleased to see a natural history of these possibilities, containing a true account of such reptiles and animals as grow and live out of sight.'—'Such disquisitions,' answered he, 'are very suitable to reasonable creatures; and you may be sure there are many curious spirits among us who employ themselves in such amusements. For, as our habit and all our senses may be formed to what degree of strength and delicacy we please, in the same manner as our sight, we can make what experiments we are inclined to, how small soever the matter be in which we make them. I have been present at the dissection of a mite, and have seen the skeleton of a flea. I have been shown a forest of numberless trees, which have been picked out of an acorn. Your microscope can show you in it a complete oak in miniature; and, could you suit all your organs as we do, you might pluck an acorn from this little oak, which contains another tree; and, so proceed from tree to tree, as long as you would think fit to enlarge your disquisitions. It is almost impossible,' added he, 'to talk of things so remote from common life, and the ordinary notions which mankind receive from blunt and gross organs of sense, without appearing extravagant and ridiculous. You have often seen a dog opened, to observe the circulation of the blood, or make any other useful inquiry; and, yet would be tempted to laugh if I should tell you, that a circle of much greater philosophers than any of the Royal Society, were present at the cutting up of one of those little animals which we find in the blue of a plumbe; that it was tied down alive before them; and that they observed the palpitations of the heart, the course of the blood, the working of the muscles, and the convulsions in the several limbs, with great accuracy and improvement.'—'I must confess,' said I, 'for my own part, I go along with you in all your discoveries with great pleasure; but it is certain, they are too fine for the gross of mankind, who are more struck with the description of every thing that is great and bulky. Accordingly we find the best judge of human nature setting forth his wisdom, not in the formation of these minute animals, though indeed no less wonderful than the other, but in that of the leviathan and behemoth, the horse, and the crocodile.'—'Your observation,' said he, 'is very just; and I must acknowledge, for my own part, that although it is with much delight that I see the traces of providence in these instances, I still take greater pleasure in considering the works of the creation in



their immensity, than in their minuteness. For this reason, I rejoice when I strengthen my sight so as to make it pierce into the most remote spaces, and take a view of those heavenly bodies which lie out of the reach of human eyes, though assisted by telescopes. What you look upon as one confused white in the milky way, appears to me a long track of heavens, distinguished by stars that are ranged in proper figures and constellations. While you are admiring the sky in the starry night, I am entertained with a variety of worlds and suns placed one above another, and rising up to such an immense distance, that no created eye can see an end of them.

The latter part of his discourse flung me into such an astonishment, that he had been silent for some time before I took notice of it; when on a sudden I started up and drew my curtains, to look if any one was near me, but saw nobody, and cannot tell to this moment whether it was my good genius or a dream that left me.

No. 120. SATURDAY, JANUARY 14, 1709-10.

—Velut silvis ubi passim

Palantes error certo de tramite pellit;

Ille sinistrorsum, hic dextrorsum abit.

*Hor. ii. Sat. iii. 48*

When, in a wood, we leave the certain way,  
One error fools us, though we various stray,  
Some to the left, and some to t'other side.

*Francis.*

*Sheer-lane, January 13.*

INSTEAD of considering any particular passion of character in any one set of men, my thoughts were last night employed on the contemplation of human life in general; and truly it appears to me, that the whole species are hurried on by the same desires, and engaged in the same pursuits, according to the different stages and divisions of life. Youth is devoted to lust, middle age to ambition, old age to avarice. These are the three general motives and principles of action both in good and bad men; though it must be acknowledged, that they change their names, and refine their natures, according to the temper of the person whom they direct and animate. For, with the good, lust becomes virtuous love; ambition, true honour; and avarice, the care of posterity. This scheme of thought amused me very agreeably until I retired to rest, and afterwards formed itself into a pleasing and regular vision, which I shall describe in all its circumstances, as the objects presented themselves, whether in a serious or ridiculous manner.

I dreamed that I was in a wood, of so prodigious an extent, and cut into such a variety of walks and alleys, that all mankind were lost and bewildered in it. After having wandered up and down some time, I came into the centre of it, which opened into a wide plain filled with multitudes of both sexes. I here discovered three great roads, very wide and long, that led into three different parts of the forest. On a sudden, the whole multitude broke into three parts, according to their different ages, and marched in their respective bodies into the three great roads that lay before them. As I had a mind to know how each of these roads terminated, and whither they would lead those who passed through them, I

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order; whereas that of the other was composed the chaste and matron-like Ionic. The sides were adorned with several grotesque figures of sparrows, heathen gods, satyrs, and monsters made up of half men half beast. The gates were ungarrisoned and open to all who had a mind to enter. Upon going in, I found the windows were blinded, and in only a kind of twilight, that served to discover prodigious number of dark corners and apartness into which the whole temple was divided. I was stunned with a mixed noise of clamour and joll (On one side of me I heard singing and dancing; the other, brawls and clashing of swords. In short I was so little pleased with the place, that I was going out of it; but found I could not return by gate where I entered, which was barred against that were come in, with bolts of iron, and lock adamant. There was no going back from the temple through the paths of pleasure which led to All who passed through the ceremonies of the place went out at an iron wicket, which was kept by a dreadful giant, called Remorse, that held a scow of scorpions in his hand, and drove them into the only outlet from that temple. This was a passage rugged, so uneven, and choked with so many thorns and briars, that it was a melancholy spectacle to behold the pains and difficulties which both sexes suffered who walked through it. The men, though the prime of their youth, appeared weak and feeble with old age. The women wrung their hands and tore their hair; and several lost their limbs before they could extricate themselves out of the perplexities of the path in which they were engaged. The remaining part of this vision, and the adventures I met with in the two great roads of Ambition and Avarice, must be the subject of another paper.

ADVERTISEMENT.

I have this morning received the following letter from the famous Mr. Thomas Dogget.

'SIR,

'On Monday next will be acted, for my benefit the comedy of Love for Love. If you will do me the honour to appear there, I will publish on bills, that it is to be performed at the request of Isaac Bickerstaff, esquire, and question not but will bring me as great an audience, as ever was the house, since the Morocco Ambassador was there. I am, with the greatest respect, your most obedient and most humble servant,

'THOMAS DOGGET.

Being naturally an encourager of wit, as well as bound to it in the quality of Censor, I returned the following answer:

'MR. DOGGET,

'I am very pleased with the choice you have made of so excellent a play, and have always looked upon you as the best of comedians; I shall therefore come in between the first and second act, and remain in the right hand box over the pit until the end of the fourth; provided you take care that every thing be rightly prepared for my reception.'

No. 121.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 17, 1709.

Similis tibi, Cynthia, vel tibi, cujus

Turbavit nitidos extinctus passer ocellos.

Juv. Sat. vi. 7

Like Cynthia, or the Lesbians of our years,  
Who for a sparrow's death dissolve in tears.

From my own Apartment, January 15.

I WAS recollecting the remainder of my vision when my maid came to me, and told me, 'there'

gentlewoman below who seemed to be in great trouble, and pressed very much to see me.' When I lay in my power to remove the distress of an unhappy person, I thought I should very ill employ my time in attending to matters of speculation, and therefore desired the lady would walk in. When she entered, I saw her full of tears. However, her grief was not so great as to make her omit rules; or she was very long and exact in her civilities, which gave me time to view and consider her. Her clothes were very rich, but tarnished; and her words very fine, but ill applied. These distinctions made me, without hesitation, though I had never seen her before, ask her, 'if her lady had any commands for me?' She then began to weep afresh, and with many broken sighs told me, 'that their family was in a very great affliction.' I beseeched her 'to compose herself, for that I might possibly be capable of assisting them.' She then cast her eye upon my little dog, and was again transported with too much passion to proceed; but, with much ado, she at last gave me to understand, 'that Cupid, her lady's lap-dog, was dangerously ill, and in so bad a condition, that her lady neither saw company, nor went abroad, or which reason she did not come herself to consult me; that, as I had mentioned with great affection my own dog,' (here she courtesied, and looking first at the cur, and then on me, said, 'indeed I had reason, for he was very pretty') her lady sent to me rather than to any other doctor, and hoped I would not laugh at her sorrow, but send her my advice.' I must confess, I had some indignation to find myself treated like something below a farrier; yet, well knowing that the best, as well as most tender way, of dealing with a woman, is to fall in with her humours, and by that means to let her see the absurdity of them; I proceeded accordingly. 'Pray, madam,' said I, 'can you give me any methodical account of this illness, and how Cupid was first taken?' 'Sir,' said she, 'we have a little ignorant country girl, who is kept to tend him; she was recommended to our family by one that my lady never saw but once, at a visit; and you know persons of quality are always inclined to strangers; for I could have helped her to a cousin of my own, but—' 'Good madam,' said I, 'you neglect the account of the sick body, while you are complaining of this girl.' 'No, no, sir,' said she, 'begging your pardon; but it is the general fault of physicians, they are so in haste that they never hear out the case. I say, this silly girl, after washing Cupid, let him stand half an hour in the window without his collar, where he caught cold, and in an hour after, began to bark very hoarse.' He had, however, a pretty good night, and we hoped the danger was over; but for these two nights last past, neither he nor my lady have slept a wink.' 'Has he,' said I, 'taken any thing?' 'No,' said she; 'but my lady says he will take any thing that you may prescribe, provided you do not make use of *Jesuit's powder*, or the *cold bath*. Poor Cupid,' continued she, 'has always been phthisical; and, as he lies under something like a chin-cough, we are afraid it will end in a consumption.' I then asked her, 'if she had brought any of his water to show me.' Upon this, she stared me in the face, and said, 'I am afraid, Mr. Bickerstaff, you are not serious; but, if you have any receipt that is proper on this occasion, pray let us have it; for my mistress is not to be comforted.' Upon this I paused a little without returning any answer, and after some short silence, I proceeded in the following manner: 'I have considered the nature of the distemper, and the

constitution of the patient, and I think I can put him into a better condition than he is in at present. I mean time, to put him into the most natural way for which reason I have brought him this morning on a groat, of which I have carried call *Alas* vice, the young man is ridiculous and indeed I found she was an ass frequent enough are so used to the humours they sacrifice their condition, and passions and passions without giving any extraneous it very natural her give a sympathying a-railing at her 'Mr. Bickerstaff for the sake of are the most to lose a part brought me in a woman upon because she every one of the bird's death told me this she would so telling you a woman tried ting water into any distracted 'Since it is no means long message long forced her out While I am tresses that at I find my tail accidental call so call them which their d this is an evil the fair sex; formed for a that when b means, they proper object such virgins of lap-dogs, p this time a co of the most sence of her cat, any of. I do not great enorm as theirs. A esteem for a making him rank of men not scruple to and declare I had rather a finest woman

seem to have always on the estate with which appears an excess of with in the and brought the pursuit such a good a stable of n an ivory r. He an- meadows, ne time he most beau- toman em- rain of do- bbers, &c. pensions. contribute o had pre- and the n prevailed agall, until 19,1709-10 sti. Mart ne, R. Wynne 18. who have rities of the ions, when instruction st is looked ight to ex- y example. t at the in- placed my- with great rgil, when were many whole as- pect which nperor. I other testi- ived at my tain, gave tioned re- I should ot take this t civilities gget, who e acts after and at the e company eir door at e home to I forbade, le play to no offence will not be per duties upon every of this ne

ture. Every one should, on these occasions, show his attention, understanding, and virtue. I would undertake to find out all the persons of sense and breeding by the effect of a single sentence, and to distinguish a gentleman as much by his laugh, as his bow. When we see the footman and his lord diverted by the same jest, it very much turns to the diminution of the one, or the honour of the other. But though a man's quality may appear in his understanding and taste, the regard to virtue ought to be the same in all ranks and conditions of men, however they make a profession of it under the name of honour, religion, or morality. When, therefore, we see anything divert an audience, either in tragedy or comedy, that strikes at the duties of civil life, or exposes what the best men in all ages have looked upon as sacred and inviolable; it is the certain sign of a profligate race of men, who are fallen from the virtue of their forefathers, and will be contemptible in the eyes of their posterity. For this reason, I took great delight in seeing the generous and disinterested passion of the lovers in the comedy, which stood so many trials, and was proved by such a variety of diverting incidents, received with a universal approbation. This brings to my mind a passage in Cicero, which I could never read without being in love with the virtue of a Roman audience. He there describes the shouts and applauses which the people gave to the persons who acted the parts of Pylades and Orestes, in the noblest occasion that a poet could invent to show friendship in perfection. One of them had forfeited his life by an action which he had committed; and as they stood in judgment before the tyrant, each of them strove who should be the criminal, that he might save the life of his friend. Amidst the vehemence of each asserting himself to be the offender, the Roman audience gave a thunder of applause, and by that means, as the author hints, approved in others what they would have done themselves on the like occasion. Methinks, a people of so much virtue were deservedly placed at the head of mankind; but, alas! pleasures of this nature are not frequently to be met with on the English stage. The Athenians, at the time when they were the most polite, as well as the most powerful government in the world, made the care of the stage one of the chief parts of the administration; and I must confess, I am astonished at the spirit of virtue which appeared in the people, upon some expressions in a scene of a famous tragedy; an account of which we have in one of Seneca's Epistles. A covetous person is represented speaking the common sentiments of all who are possessed with that vice in the following soliloquy, which I have translated literally: 'Let me be called a base man, so I am called a rich one. If a man is rich, who asks if he is good? The question is, how much we have, not from whence, or by what means, we have it. Every one has so much merit as he has wealth. For my own part let me be rich, O! ye gods, or let me die. The man dies happily who dies increasing his treasure: There is more pleasure in the possession of wealth, than in that of parents, children, wife, or friends.' The audience were very much provoked by the first words of this speech; but when the actor came to the close of it, they could bear no longer. In short, the whole assembly rose up at once in the greatest fury, with a design to pluck him off the stage, and brand the work itself with infamy. In the midst of the tumult, the author came out from behind the scenes, begging the audience to be composed for a little while, and they should see the tragical end

this wretch should come to immediately. The effect of punishment appeased the people, who sat with great attention and pleasure to see an example of so odious a criminal. It is with shame and regret that I speak it; but I very much question, if it is possible to make a speech so impious as to excite such a laudable horror and indignation in a great audience. It is very natural for an author to boast of the ostentation of his reading, as it is for an actor to tell stories; for which reason I must beg pardon for will excuse me, if I for once indulge myself in both these inclinations. We see the effect of judgment, and virtue of a whole audience, in foregoing instances. If we would imitate the example of a single spectator, let us reflect upon Socrates, in a particular which gives me as great an idea of that extraordinary man, as any circumstance of his life, or, what is more, of his death. A miserable person often frequented the theatre, and brought a great many thither, out of a desire to see him. On which occasion, it is recorded of him that he sometimes stood, to make himself the more conspicuous, and to satisfy the curiosity of the spectators. He was one day present at the first representation of a tragedy of Euripides, who was his friend, and whom he is said to have assisted in the composition of his plays. In the midst of the tragedy, he met with very great success, there chanced to be a line that seemed to encourage vice and impiety.

There was no sooner spoken, but Socrates rose from his seat, and, without any regard to his affection for his friend, or to the success of the play, he himself displeased at what was said, and went out of the assembly. I question not but the line will be curious to know, what the line was, and how this divine heathen so much offended. If memory fails me not, it was in the part of Hippolytus, when he is pressed by an oath, which he had taken to keep silence, returned for answer, *had taken the oath with his tongue, but not with his heart*. Had a person of a vicious character been allowed to make such a speech, it might have been allowed as a representation of the baseness of his thoughts: but an expression, out of the mouth of the virtuous Hippolytus, was giving a sanction to falsehood, and establishing perjury by maxim.

Notwithstanding all these interruptions, I have set apart some time for the closing of my vision.

1 SATURDAY, JANUARY 21, 1709.

*re, atque togam jubeo componere, quisquis  
tione macâ, aut argenti pallet amore.*

*Hor. 2. Sat. iii. 77.*

all, whose breasts with bad ambition rise,  
e pale passion, that for money dies,—  
lose your robes—

*Francis.*

*From my own Apartment, January 30.*

A CONTINUATION OF THE VISION.

With much labour and difficulty I passed through the last part of my vision, and recovered the centre of the road, from whence I had the prospect of the great roads. I here joined myself to the great party of mankind, who marched behind the standard of Ambition. The great road lay in a straight line, and was terminated by the Temple of Honour.

It was planted on each side with laurels, and flowers, intermixed with marble trophies, carved statues, and statues of law-givers, heroes, statesmen,

philosophers, and poets. I went up this great path, which was bent upon doing good, and promoting the good of this great road, which was laid out in straight lines. These were most of them received into them, and proposed to themselves, though they chose to do otherwise. The edifices at the end of the road, contrived, that we might see 'Honour' by reason, stood before it. A temple was met by the goddess of Honour, which was a beautiful triumphal chariot, into it. When she received us, she presented that was placed above the emblem of Eternity, of a golden zodiac, in her hand, and a moon veiled, and her feet within us, as we stood, which this image carried.

Having seen all these adventures, I repeated that stood within vision, and was raised in imagination; but, at my stones were laid together, the whole fabric stood, that it shook with the called the 'Temple of Honour' sat in the midst of a day and night, and than she would have the whole art was, to be majestic than she had painted her face with jewels upon her breast. What was observed was, the beauty made altogether insignificant. This place of pedants, free-thinkers, a rabble of those who great men. Female choked up the avenue, rather than the sand of my business, in my wood from whence I which led to this temple had begun their journey, persons, and travellers, but, upon examination, several paths which led to the sides of the wood, turns and windings, then, often turned. 'Virtue;' then crosses times marched in it, path which they went into the wood. The deriders had their part I could not but take mischievous pretence to turn the figure of a I found to be *Machiavelli*, an extended finger, I was now returned with a design to observe

# BRITISH ESSAYIST.

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made them grasp them the faster. There were some  
tearing with one hand all things, even to the gar-  
ments and flesh of many miserable persons who  
stood before them; and, with the other hand throw-  
ing away what they had seized, to harlots, flatterers,  
and panders, that stood behind them.  
On a sudden, the whole assembly fell a trembling,  
and, upon enquiry, I found that the great room we  
were in was haunted by a spectre, that many times  
a day appeared to them, and terrified them to dis-  
traction.  
In the midst of their terror and amazement, the  
apparition entered, which I immediately knew to be  
Poverty. Whether it were by my acquaintance  
with this phantom, which had rendered the sight of  
her more familiar to me, or however it was, she did  
not make so indigent or frightful a figure in my eye  
as the god of this loathsome temple. The miserable  
votaries of this place were, I found, of another mind.  
Every one fancied himself threatened by the appa-  
rition, as she stalked about the room, and began to  
lock their coffers, and tie their lags with the utmost  
fear and trembling.  
I must confess, I look upon the passion which I  
saw in this unhappy people, to be of the same nature  
with those unaccountable antipathies which some  
persons are born with, or rather as a kind of frenzy  
not unlike that which throws a man into terrors and  
agones, at the sight of so useful and innocent a  
thing as water. The whole assembly was surprised  
when, instead of paying my devotions to the deity  
whom they all adored, they saw me address myself  
to the phantom.  
‘Oh Poverty!’ said I, ‘my first petition to thee  
is, that thou wouldest never appear to me hereafter;  
but, if thou wilt not grant me this, that then thou  
wouldest not bear a form more terrible than that in  
which thou appearest to me at present. Let not thy  
threats and menaces betray me to any thing that is  
ungrateful or unjust. Let me not shut my ears to  
the cries of the needy. Let me not forget the per-  
son that has deserved well of me. Let me not, for  
any fear of thee, desert my friend, my principles,  
or my honour. If Wealth is to visit me, and to  
come with her usual attendants, Vanity and Avarice,  
do thou, O Poverty! hasten to my rescue; but bring  
along with thee the two sisters, in whose company  
thou art always cheerful, Liberty and Innocence.’  
The conclusion of this vision must be deferred to  
another opportunity.

No. 124.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 21. 1709.

— Ex humili summa ad fastigia rerum  
Extollit, quoties voluit Fortuna jocari.

Jur. Sat. iii. 39.

Fortune can, for her pleasure, fools advance,  
And toss them on the wheels of Chance.

Dryden.

From my own Apartment, January 23.

I WENT on Saturday last to make a visit in the  
city; and, as I passed through Cheapside, I saw  
crowds of people turning down towards the Bank  
and struggling who should first get their money into  
the new-erected lottery. It gave me a great notion  
of the credit of our present government and admin-  
istration, to find people press as eagerly to pay  
money as they would to receive it; and, at the same  
time, a due respect for that body of men who have  
found out so pleasing an expedient for carrying on

the common cause, that they have turned a tax into a diversion. The cheerfulness of spirit, and the hopes of success, which this project has occasioned in this great city, lightens the burden of the war, and puts me in mind of some games which, they say, were invented by wise men, who were lovers of their country, to make their fellow-citizens undergo the tediousness and fatigues of a long siege. I think there is a kind of homage due to fortune, if I may call it so, and that I should be wanting to myself, if I did not lay in my pretences to her favour, and pay my compliments to her by recommending a ticket to her disposal. For this reason, upon my return to my lodgings, I sold off a couple of globes and a telescope, which, with the cash I had by me, raised the sum that was requisite for that purpose. I find, by my calculations, that it is but a hundred and fifty thousand to one, against my being worth a thousand pounds per annum for thirty-two years; and if my *plumb* in the city will lay me a hundred and fifty thousand pounds to twenty shillings, which is an even bet, that I am not this fortunate man, I will take the wager, and shall look upon him as a man of singular courage and fair dealing; having given orders to Mr. Morpew to subscribe such a policy in my behalf, if any person accepts of the offer. I must confess, I have had such private intimations from the twinkling of a certain star in some of my astronomical observations, that I should be unwilling to take fifty pounds a-year for my chance, unless it were to oblige a particular friend. My chief business at present is to prepare my mind for this change of fortune: for, as Seneca, who was a greater moralist, and a much richer man than I shall be with this addition to my present income, says, *Munera ista Fortunæ putatis? Insidie sunt.* 'What we look upon as gifts and presents of fortune, are traps and snares which she lays for the unwary.' I am arming myself against her favours with all my philosophy; and, that I may not lose myself in such a redundancy of unnecessary and superfluous wealth, I have determined to settle an annual pension out of it upon a family of Palatines, and by that means give these unhappy strangers a taste of British property. At the same time, as I have an excellent servant-maid, whose diligence in attending me has increased in proportion to my infirmities, I shall settle upon her the revenue arising out of the ten pounds, and amounting to *fourteen shillings per annum*; with which she may retire into Wales, where she was born a gentlewoman, and pass the remaining part of her days in a condition suitable to her birth and quality. It was impossible for me to make an inspection into my own fortune on this occasion, without seeing, at the same time, the fate of others who are embarked in the same adventure. And indeed it was a great pleasure to me to observe, that the war, which generally impoverishes those who furnish out the expense of it will, by this means, give estates to some, without making others the poorer for it. I have lately seen several in liveries, who will give as good of their own very suddenly; and took a particular satisfaction in the sight of a young country-wench, whom I this morning passed by as she was whirling her mop, with her petticoats tucked up very agreeably, who, if there is any truth in my art, is within ten months of being the handsomest great fortune in town. I must confess, I was so struck with the foresight of what she is to be, that I treated her accordingly, and said to her, 'Pray, young lady, permit me to pass by.' I would for this reason advise all masters and mistresses, to carry it with great

moderation as until next Monday time should be all my brethren's minds with consolation, in this particular reason to rejoin complain. I pound prize to visit a splendor under much suffered some I found he has son into the drawn the lucky person fortunes of b 'that he nev takings.' I common refl of the great greatest succ must not ex proceed in the petitors for are now in p content to th low all that d miss them to

I must not received seven one common is, that the v cases depend the stars; as I fear, flatter are altogether me so great.

'Sir

'Coming Partridge, de juror in repu myself to yo confess it wo one who is, but poverty, gives me the the confiden

'I am, si otherwise: I venture in th of you is, th ticket for m maintain me am good for a larger lot t by their own you should s absolute ind said, I can d confession o to be rich; I can ill afford am well qua to luck in a your mercy, sider, the les in you. If acquaintance



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1709-10.

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sense of themselves. And is it not altogether re-  
asonable that an insignificant man, who has an  
immoderate opinion of his merits, and a quite dif-  
ferent notion of his own abilities from what the rest of  
the world entertain, should have the same care taken  
of him as a beggar who fancies himself a duke or a  
prince? Or why should a man, who starves in the  
midst of plenty, be trusted with himself more than  
he who fancies he is an emperor in the midst of  
poverty? I have several women of quality in my  
thoughts, who set so exorbitant a value upon them-  
selves, that I have often most heartily pitied them  
and wished them for their recovery under the same  
discipline with the *pewterer's wife*. I find, by several  
hints in ancient authors, that when the Romans  
were in the height of power and luxury, they as-  
signed, out of their vast dominions, an island called  
Anticyra, as a habitation for madmen. This was  
the Bedlam of the Roman empire, whither all per-  
sons who had lost their wits used to resort from all  
parts of the world in quest of them. Several of the  
Roman emperors were advised to repair to this  
island; but most of them, instead of listening to  
such sober counsels, gave way to their distraction  
until the people knocked them on the head as dis-  
pairing of their cure. In short, it was as usual for  
men of distempered brains to take a voyage to An-  
ticyra in those days, as it is in ours for persons who  
have a disorder in their lungs to go to Montpelier.

The prodigious crops of hellebore with which this  
whole island abounded, did not only furnish them  
with incomparable tea, snuff, and Hungary-water:  
but impregnated the air of the country with such  
sober and salutiferous steams, as very much com-  
forted the heads, and refreshed the senses of all that  
breathed in it. A discarded statesman, that, at his  
first landing, appeared stark-staring mad, would be-  
come calm in a week's time; and, upon his return  
home, live easy and satisfied in his retirement. A  
moping lover would grow a pleasant fellow by that  
time he had rid thrice about the island; and a har-  
brained rake, after a short stay in the country, re-  
home again a composed, grave, worthy gentleman.

I have premised these particulars before I enter  
on the main design of this paper, because I would  
not be thought altogether *notional* in what I have to  
say, and pass only for a projector in morality. I  
could quote Horace, and Seneca, and some other  
ancient writers of good repute, upon the same occa-  
sion, and make out by their testimony, that our  
streets are filled with distracted persons; that our  
shops and taverns, private and public houses, swarm  
with them; and that it is very hard to make up a  
tolerable assembly without a majority of them. But  
what I have already said is, I hope, sufficient to jus-  
tify the ensuing project, which I shall therefore give  
some account of without any further preface.

1. It is humbly proposed, that a proper receptacle  
or habitation, be forthwith erected for all such per-  
sons as, upon due trial and examination, shall ap-  
pear to be out of their wits.

2. That, to serve the present exigency, the col-  
lege in Moor-fields be very much extended at both  
ends; and that it be converted into a square, by  
adding three other sides to it.

3. That nobody be admitted into these three addi-  
tional sides but such whose frenzy can lay no claim  
to an apartment in that row of building which is  
already erected.

4. That the architect, physician, apothecary, sur-  
geon, keepers, nurses, and porters, be all and each  
of them cracked, provided that their frenzy does no

lie in the profession or employment to which they shall severally and respectively be assigned.

N. B. It is thought fit to give the foregoing notice, that none may present himself here for any post of honour or profit, who is not duly qualified.

5. That over all the gates of the additional buildings there be figures placed in the same manner as over the entrance of the edifice already erected; provided they represent such distractions only as are proper for those additional buildings; as of an envious man gnawing his own flesh, a gamester pulling himself by the ears and knocking his head against a marble pillar, a covetous man warming himself over a heap of gold, a coward flying from his own shadow, and the like.

Having laid down this general scheme of my design, I do hereby invite all persons who are willing to encourage so public-spirited a project, to bring in their contributions as soon as possible; and to apprehend forthwith any politician whom they shall catch raving in a coffee-house, or any free-thinker whom they shall find publishing his deliriums, or any other person who shall give the like manifest signs of a crazed imagination; and I do, at the same time, give this public notice to all the madmen about this great city, that they may return to their senses with all imaginable speed, lest, if they should come into my hands, I should put them into a regimen which they would not like: for if I find any one of them persist in his frantic behaviour, I will make him, in a month's time, as famous as ever Oliver's porter was.

No. 126.] SATURDAY, JANUARY 28, 1709-10.

Anguillam caudâ tenes. T. D'Urfey.

You have got an eel by the tail.

From my own Apartment, January 27.

THERE is no sort of company so agreeable as that of women who have good sense without affectation, and can converse with men without any private design of imposing chains and fetters. Belvidera, whom I visited this evening, is one of these. There is an invincible prejudice in favour of all she says, from her being a beautiful woman; because she does not consider herself as such when she talks to you. This amiable temper gives a certain tincture to all her discourse, and made it very agreeable to me until we were interrupted by Lydia, a creature who has all the charms that can adorn a woman. Her attractions would indeed be irresistible, but that she thinks them so, and is always employing them in stratagems and conquests. When I turned my eye upon her as she sat down, I saw she was a person of that character, which, for the further information of my country correspondents, I had long wanted an opportunity of explaining. Lydia is a finished coquette, which is a sect among women of all others the most mischievous, and makes the greatest havoc and disorder in society. I went on in the discourse I was in with Belvidera, without showing that I had observed any thing extraordinary in Lydia: upon which, I immediately saw her look me over as some very ill-bred fellow; and, casting a scornful glance on my dress, give a shrug at Belvidera. But, as much as she despised me, she wanted my admiration, and made twenty offers to bring my eyes her way; but I reduced her to a restlessness in her seat, and impertinent playing of her fan, and

many other at least notice of kind of surprised by reason not to be expected her countenance very old fellow umph without Castabella, and is to say, as Belvidera gaudimated that and worth seated, I stoping their began to lead their faces, w one woman is another, that when her own tice, Mr. Bie in some part our sex, in w been clear of a prude u this, Lydia w Castabella's of that of L 'when we co contrary effe prude and co their behavi women. Th ation of plea blood and co and the othe more virtuo really is. T to the same p and you hav from the sev from the fam into a clear observe each all her thou never mentio one asks you air, "Pray, v it must be co who, like hyp become since a belief that For the be propose one find in a ve great foundr who was no than for the s to boast that in herself, bu municating i fers of those d and took oed than admire prude, who h own heart, to examine hers in such a gift male beholde power of insp she may have heart, and is

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No. 127.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 31, 1709-10

Nimirum insanus paucis videatur, cō quod  
Maxima pars hominum morbo jectatur eodem.

*Hor. 2. Sat. in 19*

By few, forsooth, a madman he is thought,  
For half mankind the same disease have caught.

*Franc.*

*From my own Apartment, January 30.*

There is no affection of the mind so much blest  
in human nature, and wrought into our very con-  
stitution, as pride. It appears under a multitu-  
dine of disguises, and breaks out in ten thousand differ-  
ent symptoms. Every one feels it in himself, and  
wonders to see it in his neighbour. I must con-  
fess I met with an instance of it the other day, where  
I should very little have expected it. Who would  
believe the proud person I am going to speak of is  
a cobbler upon Ludgate-hill? This artist being  
usually a lover of respect, and considering that  
the circumstances are such that no man living will  
give him, has contrived the figure of a bean, in which  
who stands before him in a bending posture, as  
if he had put under his left arm, and his right hand  
tended in such a manner as to hold a thread, a piece  
of wax, or anawl, according to the particular ser-  
vice in which his master thinks fit to employ him. When  
I saw him, he held a candle in this obsequious po-  
sition. I was very well pleased with the cobbler's  
intention, that had so ingeniously contrived at-  
tention, and stood a little while contemplating the  
mortified idolatry, wherein the image did bow at  
the man. When we meet with such a fantastical  
vanity in one of this order, it is no wonder if we can  
trace it through all degrees above it, and particu-  
larly through out all the steps of greatness. We can  
see the absurdity of pride when it enters into  
the heart of a cobbler; though in reality it is alto-  
gether as ridiculous and unreasonable, wherever it is a  
possession of a human creature. There is no tri-  
bution to it from the reflection upon our being  
general, or upon any comparative period,  
whereby one man may excel another. The greater  
a man's knowledge is, the greater motive he  
seem to have for pride; but in the same propor-  
tion as the one rises, the other sinks, it being the el-  
ementary office of wisdom to discover to us our weaknesses  
and imperfections.

As folly is the foundation of pride, the nau-  
seous superstructure of it is madness. If there was  
occasion for the experiment, I would not question  
to make a proud man a lunatic in three weeks' time,  
provided I had it in my power to ripen his fire  
with proper applications. It is an admirable reflec-  
tion in Terence, where it is said of a parasite,  
*hominem ex stultis facit insanum.* 'This fellow,'  
he, 'has an art of converting fools into mad-  
men.' When I was in France, the region of complaisance  
and vanity, I have often observed, that a great  
man who has entered a levee of flatterers humble  
temperate, has grown so intensely heated by  
court which was paid him on all sides, that he  
has been quite distracted before he could get into  
his coach.

If we consult the collegiates of Moor-fields,  
shall find most of them are beholden to their pride  
for their introduction into that magnificent jail.  
I had, some years ago, the curiosity to enquire  
into the particular circumstances of these whimsical  
freeholders; and learned from their own mouths

condition and character of each of them. Indeed, I found, that all I spoke to were persons of quality. There were at that time five duchesses, three earls, two heathen gods, an emperor, and a prophet. There were also a great number of such as were locked up from their estates, and others who concealed their titles. A leatherseller of Taunton whispered me in the ear, that he was 'the Duke of Monmouth;' but begged me not to betray him. At a little distance from him sat a tailor's wife, who asked me, as I went, if I had seen the sword-bearer? upon which I presumed to ask her, who she was? and was answered, 'my lady mayoress.'

I was very sensibly touched with compassion towards these miserable people; and, indeed, extremely mortified to see human nature capable of being thus disfigured. However, I reaped this benefit from it, that I was resolved to guard myself against a passion which makes such havock in the brain, and produces so much disorder in the imagination. For this reason I have endeavoured to keep down the secret swellings of resentment, and stifle the very first suggestions of self-esteem: to establish my mind in tranquillity, and over-value nothing in my own or in another's possession.

For the benefit of such whose heads are a little turned, though not to so great a degree as to qualify them for the place of which I have been now speaking, I shall assign one of the sides of the college which I am erecting, for the cure of this dangerous distemper.

The most remarkable of the persons, whose disturbance arises from pride, and whom I shall use all possible diligence to cure, are such as are hidden in the appearance of quite contrary habits and dispositions. Among such, I shall, in the first place, take care of one who is under the most subtle species of pride that I have observed in my whole experience.

This patient is a person for whom I have a great respect, as being an old courtier, and a friend of mine in my youth. The man has but a bare subsistence, just enough to pay his reckoning with us at the *Trumpet*: but, by having spent the beginning of his life in the hearing of great men and persons of power, he is always promising to do good offices to introduce every man he converses with into the world; will desire one of ten times his substance to let him see him sometimes, and hints to him, that he does not forget him. He answers to matters of no consequence with great circumspection; but, however, maintains a general civility in his words and actions, and an insolent benevolence to all whom he has to do with. This he practises with a grave tone and air; and though I am his senior by twelve years, and richer by forty pounds per annua, he had yesterday the impudence to commend me to my face, and tell me, 'he should be always ready to encourage me.' In a word, he is a very insignificant fellow, but exceeding gracious. The best return I can make him for his favours is, to carry him myself to Bedlam, and see him well taken care of.

The next person I shall provide for is of a quite contrary character, that has in him all the stiffness and insolence of quality, without a grain of sense or good-nature, to make it either respected or beloved. His pride has infected every muscle of his face; and yet, after all his endeavours to show mankind that he contemns them, he is only neglected by all that see him, as not of consequence enough to be hated.

For the cure of this particular sort of madness, it will be necessary to break through all forms with

him; and good cudgels make him every more.

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No. 128.]

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self to me by stories of other persons, kind look,  
and many ways, which he knew too well that I under-  
derstood. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, it is impossible to  
to tell you, how industrious I have been to make him  
appear lovely in my thoughts. I made it a point of  
conscience to think well of him, and of no man else;  
but he has since had an estate fallen to him, and  
makes love to another of a greater fortune than  
mine. I could not believe the report of this at first;  
but, about a fortnight ago, I was convinced of the  
truth of it by his own behaviour. He came to make  
our family a formal visit, when, as there were several  
in company, and many things talked of, the dis-  
course fell upon some unhappy woman, who was in  
my own circumstances. It was said by one in the  
room, that they could not believe the story could be  
true, because they did not believe any man could be  
so false. Upon which, I stole a look upon him with  
an anguish not to be expressed. He saw my eyes  
full of tears, yet had the cruelty to say, that he could  
see no falsehood in alterations of this nature, when  
there had been no contracts or vows interchanged.  
Pray, do not make a jest of misery, but tell me se-  
riously your opinion of his behaviour; and if you  
can have any pity for my condition, publish this in  
your next paper; that being the only way I have  
of complaining of his unkindness, and showing him the  
injustice he has done me. I am,

Your humble servant, the unfortunate  
STATIRA.

The name my correspondent gives herself, puts re-  
in mind of my old reading in romances, and bring  
into my thoughts a speech of the renowned Don Bel-  
lianis, who, upon a complaint made to him of a dis-  
courteous knight, that had left his injured paramour  
in the same manner, dries up her tears with a pro-  
mise of relief. 'Disconsolate damsel,' quoth he, 'a  
foul disgrace it were to all right-worthy professors of  
chivalry, if such a blot to knighthood should pass  
unchastised. Give me to know the abode of this re-  
creant lover, and I will give him as a feast to the  
fowls of the air, or drag him bound before you at my  
horse's tail.'

I am not ashamed to own myself a champion of  
distressed damsels, and would venture as far to re-  
lieve them as Don Bellianis; for which reason, I do  
invite this lady to let me know the name of the traitor  
who has deceived her; and do promise, not only to re-  
dress, but all the fair ones of Great Britain, who lie under  
the same calamity, to employ my right hand for their  
redress, and serve them to my last drop of ink.

No. 129.] SATURDAY, FEBRUARY, 4, 1709-10

Iugenio manus est et cervix caesa.——

Jur. Sat. x. 12

His wit's rewarded with the fatal loss  
Of hand and head.——

R. Wynn

From my own Apartment, February 3.

WHEN my paper for to-morrow was prepared for  
the press, there came in this morning a mail from  
Holland, which brought me several advices from  
foreign parts, and took my thoughts off domestic  
affairs. Among others, I have a letter from a burgher  
of Amsterdam, who makes me his compliments, and  
tells me he has sent me several draughts of humorous  
and satirical pictures by the best hands of the Dutch  
nation. They are a trading people, and in their re-

sands mechanics. They express their wit in manufacture, as we do in manuscript. He informs me, that a very witty hand has lately represented the present posture of public affairs in a 'landscape, or rather a sea-piece, wherein the potentates of the alliance are figured as their interests correspond with, or affect each other, under the appearance of commanders of ships. These vessels carry the colours of the respective nations concerned in the present war. The whole design seems to tend to one point, which is, that several squadrons of British and Dutch ships are battering a French man-of-war, in order to make her deliver up a long-boat with Spanish colours. My correspondent informs me, that a man must understand the compass perfectly well, to be able to comprehend the beauty and invention of this piece; which is so skilfully drawn, that the particular views of every prince of Europe are seen according as the ships lie to the main figure in the picture, and as that figure may help or retard their sailing. It seems this curiosity is now on board a ship bound for England, and with other rarities, made a present to me. As soon as it arrives, I design to expose it to public view at my secretary, Mr. Lillie's, who shall have an explication of all the terms of art; and I doubt not but it will give as good content as the moving picture in Fleet-street.

But, above all the honours I have received from the learned world abroad, I am most delighted with the following epistle from Rome.

*'Pasquin of Rome to Isaac Bickerstaff of Great Britain, Greeting.*

'STR,

'Your reputation has passed the Alps, and would have come to my ears by this time, if I had any. In short, sir, you are looked upon here as a northern droll, and the greatest virtuoso among the Tramon-tanes. Some, indeed, say, that Mr. Bickerstaff and Pasquin are only names invented to father compositions which the natural parent does not care for owning. But, however that is, all agree, that there are several persons, who, if they durst attack you, would endeavour to leave you no more limbs than I have. I need not tell you that my adversaries have joined in a confederacy with time to demolish me, and that, if I were not a very great wit, I should make the worst figure in Europe, being abridged of my legs, arms, nose, and ears. If you think fit to accept of the correspondence of so facetious a cripple, I shall from time to time send you an account of what happens at Rome. You have only heard of it from Latin and Greek authors; nay, perhaps, have read no accounts from hence, but of a triumph, ovation, or apotheosis, and will, doubtless, be surprised to see the description of a procession, jubilee, or canonization. I shall, however, send you what the place affords, in return to what I shall receive from you. If you will acquaint me with your next promotion of general officers, I will send you an account of our next advancement of saints. If you will let me know who is reckoned the bravest warrior in Great Britain, I will tell you who is the best fiddler in Rome: If you will favour me with an inventory of the riches that were brought into your nation by admiral Wager, I will not fail giving you an account of a pot of medals that has been lately dug up here, and are now under the examination of our ministers of state.

'There is one thing, in which I desire you would be very particular. What I mean is an exact list of all the religions in Great Britain, as likewise the habits, which are said here to be the great points of

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7, 1709-10.

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ordinary persons at once, or find out posts suitable to their ambition and abilities. For this reason, they were all as miserable in their deaths, as they were famous in their lives, and occasioned not only the ruin of each other, but also that of the commonwealth.

It is, therefore, a particular happiness to a people when the men of superior genius and character are so justly disposed in the high places of honour, if each of them moves in a sphere which is proper to him, and requires those particular qualities in which he excels.

If I see a general commanding the forces of a country, whose victories are not to be paralleled in story, and who is as famous for his negotiations as his victories; and, at the same time, see the management of a nation's treasury in the hands of one, who has always distinguished himself by a generous contempt of his own private wealth, and an exact equality of that which belongs to the public; I cannot but think a people under such an administration may promise themselves conquests abroad, and peace at home. If I were to wish for a proper person to preside over the public councils, it should certainly be one as much admired for his universal knowledge of men and things, as for his eloquence, courage and integrity, in the exerting of such extraordinary talents.

Who is not pleased to see a person in the high station in the law, who was the most eminent in his profession, and the most accomplished orator at the bar? Or at the head of the fleet a commander, and whose conduct the common enemy received such a blow, as he has never been able to recover?

Were we to form to ourselves the idea of a kingdom, consisting chiefly of those who differ from us in religion, and are influenced by foreign politics, would it not be such a one as had signalized himself by a uniform and unshaken zeal for the Protestant interest, and by his dexterity in defeating the schemes and artifice of its enemies? In short, if we find a great man popular for his honesty and humanity, as well as famed for his learning and great skill in the languages of Europe; or a person eminent in those qualifications which make men shine in public assemblies, or for that steadiness, constancy, and good sense, which carry a man to the desired point through all the opposition of tumult and prejudice, we have the happiness to behold them in all positions suitable to their characters.

Such a constellation of great persons, if I may speak, while they shine out in their own distinct capacities, reflect a lustre upon each other, but in a more particular manner on their sovereign, who has placed them in those proper situations, by which their virtues become so beneficial to all her subjects. It is the anniversary of the birth-day of this glorious Queen, which naturally led me into this field of contemplation, and, instead of joining in the public exultations that are made on such occasions, to entertain my thoughts with the more serious pleasure of ruminating upon the glories of her reign.

While I behold her surrounded with triumphs and adorned with all the prosperity and success which heaven ever shed on a mortal, and still consider herself as such: though the person appears to me exceeding great, that has these just honours paid her, yet I must confess, she appears much greater in that she receives them with such a glorious humility, and shows she has no further regard for them than as they arise from these great events, which



have made her subjects happy. For my own part, I must confess, when I see private virtues in so high a degree of perfection, I am not astonished at any extraordinary success that attends them, but look upon public triumphs as the natural consequences of religious retirements.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Finding some persons have mistaken Pasquin, who was mentioned in my last, for one who has been pilloried at Rome, I must here advertise them, that it is only a maimed statue so called, on which the private scandal of that city is generally pasted. Marforio is a person of the same quality, who is usually made to answer whatever is published by the other; the wits of that place, like too many of our own country, taking pleasure in setting innocent people together by the ears. The mentioning of this person, who is a great wit, and a great cripple, put me in mind of Mr. Estcourt, who is under the same circumstances. He was formerly my apothecary, and being at present disabled by the gout and stone, I must recommend him to the public on Thursday next: that admirable play of Ben Jonson's, called *The Silent Woman*, being appointed to be acted for his benefit. It would be indecent for me to appear twice in a season at these ludicrous diversions; but as I always give my man and my maid one day in the year, I shall allow them this, and am promised by Mr. Estcourt, my ingenious apothecary, that they shall have a place kept for them in the first row of the middle gallery.

No. 131.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1709-10.

Scelus est jugulare Falernum,  
Et dare Campano toxica seva mero. *Mart.* i. 19.

How great the crime, how flagrant the abuse!

T<sup>o</sup> adulterate generous wine, with noxious juice.  
*R. Wynn.*

*Sheer-lane, February 8.*

THERE is in this city a certain fraternity of chemical operators, who work under ground in holes, caverns, and dark retirements, to conceal their mysteries from the eyes and observation of mankind. These subterraneous philosophers are daily employed in the transmutation of liquors, and, by the power of magical drugs and incantations, raising under the streets of London the choicest products of the hills and valleys of France. They can squeeze Bourdeaux out of the sloe, and draw Champagne from an apple. Virgil, in that remarkable prophecy,

*Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva.*

*Virg. Ecl. iv. 29.*

The ripening grape shall hang on every thorn, seems to have hinted at this art, which can turn a plantation of northern hedges into a vineyard. These adepts are known among one another by the name of wine-brewers; and, I am afraid, do great injury, not only to her Majesty's customs, but to the bodies of many of her good subjects.

Having received sundry complaints against these invisible workmen, I ordered the proper officer of my court to ferret them out of their respective caves, and bring them before me, which was yesterday executed accordingly.

The person who appeared against them was a merchant, who had by him a great magazine of wines, that he had laid in before the war; but these

gentlemen, palate, that because it

As a man personal in court, with tion of drugs and puzzle for which accused some megrims; I had a tun should give men in the were prepared enlarged, w judice which done to the visible, said and sermon tions of the ingenious p a man's wr on that occ had discove manifest ta by much re

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whole practice, I dismissed them for that time; with a particular request that they would not poison any of my friends and acquaintance, and take to some honest livelihood without loss of time.

For my own part, I have resolved hereafter to be very careful in my liquors; and have agreed with a friend of mine in the army, upon their next march, to secure me two hogshheads of the best stomach-wine in the cellars of Versailles, for the good of my lubrications, and the comfort of my old age.

No. 132. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1769-10.

Habeo senectuti magnam gratiam, quæ mihi ser-  
monis aviditatem auxit, potationis et cibi sustulit.

Tall. de Sen.

I am much beholden to old age, which has in-  
creased my eagerness for conversation, in proportion  
as it has lessened my appetite of hunger and thirst.

Sheer-lane, February 10

AFTER having applied my mind with more than  
ordinary attention to my studies, it is my usual cus-  
tom to relax and unbend it in the conversation of  
such as are rather easy than shining companions.

This I find particularly necessary for me before I re-  
tire to rest, in order to draw my slumbers upon me  
by degrees, and fall asleep insensibly. This is the

particular use I make of a set of heavy honest men,  
with whom I have passed many hours with much in-  
dolence, though not with great pleasure. Their

conversation is a kind of preparative for sleep: it  
takes the mind down from its abstractions, leads  
it into the familiar traces of thought, and lulls it into

that state of tranquillity, which is the condition of a  
thinking man, when he is but half awake. After  
this, my reader will not be surprised to hear the ac-  
count which I am about to give of a club of my own

contemporaries, among whom I pass two or three  
hours every evening. This I look upon as taking my  
first nap before I go to bed. The truth of it is, I

should think myself unjust to posterity, as well as to  
the society at the *Trumpet*, of which I am a member,  
did not I in some part of my writings give an ac-  
count of the persons among whom I have passed

almost a sixth part of my time for these last forty  
years. Our club consisted originally of fifteen;  
but, partly by the severity of the law in arbitrary

times, and partly by the natural effects of old age,  
we are at present reduced to a third part of that  
number; in which, however, we have this consola-  
tion, that the best company is said to consist of five

persons. I must confess, besides the afore-men-  
tioned society, which I meet with in the conversation  
of this select society, I am not the less pleased with

the company, in that I find myself the greatest wit  
among them, and am heard as their oracle in all  
points of learning and difficulty.

Sir Jeoffery Notch, who is the oldest of the club,  
has been in possession of the right-hand chair, that  
out of mind, and is the only man among us that has

the ability of stirring the fire. This, our foreman,  
a gentleman of an ancient family, that came to a  
great estate some years before he had discretion, and

run it out in hounds, horses, and cock-fighting; for  
which reason he looks upon himself as an honest  
worthy gentleman, who has had misfortunes in the

world, and calls every thriving man a pitiful upstart.  
Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in  
the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart.

He does not think any action in Europe worth talk-  
ing of.

Major Matchlock is the next senior, who served in  
the last civil wars, and has all the battles by heart.

# THE TATLER.

the fight of Marston-Moor; and every one of us having been knocked off his feet at the rising of the London apprentices; for we are in great esteem among us.

Old Dick Reptile is the third of our society. A good-natured indolent man, who speaks of himself, but laughs at our jokes; and brings his nephew along with him, a youth of twenty years old, to show him good company, and a taste of the world. This young fellow sits silent; but whenever he opens his mouth, at any thing that passes, he is constantly called uncle, after a jocular manner, 'Ay, ay, young men think us fools; but we old men know you are.'

The greatest wit of our company, next to myself, is a Frenchman, who in his private conversations has counted the ordinaries about Charing-cross, and told us to have been intimate with Jack Ogle. He has about ten distichs of Hudibras without book, and leaves the club until he has applied them to any modern wit be mentioned, or any town or person of note; he shakes his head at the dulness of the age, and tells us a story of Jack Ogle.

On my own part, I am esteemed among them, and they see I am something respected by the world, though at the same time I understand by my behaviour, that I am considered by them as a great deal of learning, but no knowledge; and, in short, that the major sometimes, in compliment of his military pride calls me the Philosopher, and Sir Jeoffery, no longer ago than last night, on a dispute what day of the month it was, pulled his pipe out of his mouth, and said, 'What does the scholar say to it?'

The club meets precisely at six o'clock in the evening; but I did not come last night until half an hour or seven, by which means I escaped the battle of Naseby, which the major usually begins three quarters after six: I found also that my friend the benchman had already spent three hours in it; and only waited an opportunity to deliver a sermon spoken of, that he might introduce at where 'a stick' rhymes to 'ecclesiastic.' As soon as we were all in the room, they were naming a coat and a cloak, by which I found that they had been diverting them with a story of old Reptile.

As soon as I had taken my seat, but Sir Jeoffery, in compliment of his good-will towards me, gave me a pipe of tobacco, and stirred up the fire. I took a point of morality, to be obliged by those who are in my kindness, and to set the conversation on. I took the best occasion I could to put him in mind of the story of old Gantlett, which he tells with very particular concern. He describes his descent on both sides for several generations, describing his diet and manner of life, with his battles, and particularly that in which he was killed. Gantlett was a game cock, upon whose back, in his youth, had won five hundred pounds and lost two thousand. This naturally set me upon the account of Edge-hill fight, and the duel of Jack Ogle's.

Reptile was extremely attentive to all that I said, though it was the same he had heard for these twenty years, and, upon all that I said, winked upon his nephew to mind what

may suffice to give the world a taste of our conversation which we spun out until

about ten of the clock, and then I took a lantern to light me home, and went off with myself, as I was going, in great humour of old men, that that part of life makes his natural propensity make him venerable.

very melancholy in a young man begin a story, that one of a quarter of five-and-twenty, gathered he tells it, until it grows a tale of two hours by the time.

The only way of a frivolous old age is, to have stores of knowledge and be useful and agreeable. The mind of man in a magazine of wisdom or to discharge itself in improving. For which more ridiculous than at there is nothing more turned his experience vantage of mankind.

In short, we, who are apt to indulge our sides, if what we speak endeavour to make out which Homer compares its sweetness.

I am afraid I shall excess I am speaking without observing, that this passage in Homer an eloquent spirit he

His tongue

No. 133.] TUESDAY

Dum tacet  
Their silence

Sheer-lane

SILENCE is sometimes more precious than the most noisy time, than the most noisy time, and is on many occasions in the mind. Several authors have considered it in a part of duty and have considered it in the noise and clamour towards the enemy, to they invade an army, he makes his country move forward in a and in the depth of silence which are given us nations, where the institutions and thought, and more feel in the northern re is a religious exercise public devotions are their hearts lifted up there are certain seasons for a time, in which supposed to swell with

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its majesty, and one, whose silence, as well as person, was altogether *divine*. When one consid- this subject only in its sublimity, this great instar could not but occur to me; and since I only ma- use of it to shew the highest example of it, I ha- I do not offend in it. To forbear replying to unjust reproach, and overlook it with a generous, if possible, with an entire neglect of it, is one the most heroic acts of a great mind: and, I mu- confess, when I reflect upon the behaviour of so of the greatest men in antiquity, I do not so mu- admire them, that they deserved the praise of the whole age they lived in, as because they content the envy and detraction of it.

All that is incumbent on a man of worth, who suffers under so ill a treatment, is to lie by for so time in silence and obscurity, until the prejudices the times be over, and his reputation cleared. I have often read, with a great deal of pleasure, the legacy of the famous lord Bacon, one of the great geniuses that our own or any country has produced. After having bequeathed his soul, body, and estate in the usual form, he adds, 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to my countrymen after some time be passed over.'

At the same time, that I recommend this philosophy to others, I must confess, I am so poor a practitioner in it myself, that if in the course of my lucubrations it happens, as it has done more than once, that my paper is duller than in conscience ought to be, I think the time an age until I have opportunity of putting out another, and grow famous again for two days.

I must not close my discourse upon *elenchus* without informing my reader, that I have by me an elaborate treatise on the *aporiopesis* called an *apocrypha*; it being a figure much used by some learned authors, and particularly by the great Littleton, who, as my lord chief justice Coke observes, had a most admirable talent at an &c.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

To oblige the pretty fellows, and my fair readers, I have thought fit to insert the whole passage above mentioned relating to Dido, as it is translated by Mr. Dryden.

Not far from thence, the mournful fields appear;  
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude, and myrtle shades,  
Make endless moans; and, pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphae there,  
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair:  
There Laodamia with Evadne moves:  
Unhappy both; but loyal in their loves!  
Coeneus, a woman once, and once a man;  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood;  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bath'd in blood:  
Whom, when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view,  
(Doubtful as he who runs thro' dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees the moon's uncertain light.)  
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade,  
And, as his love inspir'd him, thus he said:

'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
Of rumour true, in your reported death?  
And I, alas, the cause! by heav'n I vow,  
And all the powers that rule the realms below.

# THE TATLER.

Unwilling I forsook your friendly state!  
 Commanded by the gods, and fore'd by fate;  
 Those gods, that fate, whose unresisted might  
 Have sent me to these regions void of light,  
 Through the vast empire of eternal night.  
 Nor dar'd I to presume, that, pressed with grief,  
 My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
 Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows;  
 'Tis the last interview that fate allows!  
 In vain he thus attempts her mind to move,  
 With tears and prayers, and late repenting love.  
 Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
 But fix'd her eyes unmov'd upon the ground;  
 And what he says, and swears, regards no more  
 Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
 But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
 Hid in the forest, and the shades of night:  
 Then sought Sicheus through the shady grove,  
 Who answer'd all her cares, and equall'd all her love.

134.] THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1709.

—Quis talia fundo  
 Myrmidonum, Dolopumve, aut duri miles Ulyssei.  
 Temperet a lacrymis? *Virg. Æn. ii. 8.*  
 —Such woes  
 No even the hardest of our foes could bear,  
 Nor stern Ulysses tell without a tear. *Dryden.*  
*Sheer-lane, February 15.*

I was awakened very early this morning by the distant crowing of a cock, which I thought had the finest pipe I ever heard. He seemed to me to strain his voice more than ordinary, as if he designed to make himself heard to the remotest corner of the lane. Having entertained myself a little before I went to bed with a discourse on the transmigration of men into other animals, I could not but fancy that this was the soul of some drowsy bellman who used to sleep upon his post, for which he was compelled to do penance in feathers, and distinguish the several watches of the night under the outside of a cock. While I was thinking of the condition of this poor bellman in masquerade, I heard a great knocking at my door, and was soon after told by my maid, that my worthy friend, the tall black gentleman, who frequents the coffee-houses hereabouts, desired to speak with me. This ancient *Pythagorean*, who has as much honesty as any man living, but good nature to an excess, brought me the following petition; which I am apt to believe he penned himself, the petitioner not being able to express his mind on paper under his present form, however famous he might have been for writing verses when he was in his original shape.

TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE, CENSOR OF GREAT BRITAIN.

'The humble petition of Job Chanticleer, in behalf of himself, and many other poor sufferers in the same condition;

From my Coop in Clare-market,  
 SHEWETH, Feb. 13, 1709.

"That whereas your petitioner is truly descended of the ancient family of the Chanticleers, at Cock-hall near Rufford in Essex, it has been his misfortune to come into the mercenary hands of a certain ill-disposed person, commonly called a higgler, who, under the close confinement of a pannier, has conveyed him and many others up to London; but hearing by chance of your worship's great humanity towards robin-red-breasts and tom-tits, he is emboldened to beseech you to take his deplorable con-

dition into your consideration, and must suffer as himself, Tuesday pe courage and cation.

"Your p your immed rabble, the lingering de

Upon del man, who p wise nation travelled; d see a dervie red-mption fallen into th also usual to them from h a kimb in pa then insisted of treating U animal, that hours, and together. ' should be in a nation, civilized in stake, and has perhaps poor family mistress?"

I thought sonable; an lay aside a barous to n than ourselv sented this our disadva and cruelty tainments p gant divers with the li garden. I which is ca many innoc been set tog only to mak

It will be of common tertainment I am afraid, spirit in the more refined theatre very likewise rep

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8, 1709-10.

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endeavour, by a little trash of words and sophistry to weaken and destroy those very principles, for the vindication of which, freedom of thought at first became laudable and heroic. These apostates by reason and good sense, can look at the glorious frame of nature, without paying an adoration to Him that raised it; can consider the great revolutions of the universe, without lifting up their minds to the superior power which hath the direction of it; can presume to censure the Deity in his ways toward men; can level mankind with the beasts that perish, can extinguish in their own minds all the pious hopes of a future state, and lull themselves into stupid security against the terrors of it. If we were to take the word *priestcraft* out of the mouths

these shallow monsters, they would be immediately struck dumb. It is by the help of this single tenet that they endeavour to disappoint the good monks, the most learned and venerable order of men, and harden the hearts of the ignorant against the revelation of light of nature, and the common-received notions of mankind. We ought not to treat such miscreants thus upon the foot of fair disputants; but to pour out contempt upon them, and speak of them with scorn and infamy, as the pests of society, the relics of human nature, and the blasphemers of a Being whom a good man would rather die than hear dishonoured. Cicero, after having mentioned the great heroes of knowledge and recommended the divine doctrine of the immortality of the soul, calls those small pretenders to wisdom, who declare against it, certain *minute philosophers*, using a diminutive even of the word *little*, to express the despicable opinion he had of them. The contempt he throws upon them in another passage is yet more remarkable; where, to show the mean thoughts he entertains of them, he declares "he would rather be in the wrong with Plato, than in the right with such company." There is, indeed, nothing in the world so ridiculous as one of these grave philosophers free-thinkers, that hath neither passions nor appetites to gratify, no heats of blood, nor vigour of constitution, that can turn his systems of infidelity to his advantage, or raise pleasures out of them which are inconsistent with the belief of a hereafter. One that has neither wit, gallantry, mirth, or youth, to indulge by these notions, by only a poor, joyless, and comfortable vanity of distinguishing himself from the rest of mankind is rather to be regarded as a mischievous lunatic, than a mistaken philosopher. A chaste infidel, a speculative libertine, is an animal that I should not believe to be in nature, did I not sometimes meet with this species of men, that plead for the indulgence of their passions in the midst of a severe studious life, and talk against the immortality of the soul over a dish of coffee.

I would fain ask a minute philosopher, what good he proposes to mankind by the publishing of his doctrines? Will they make a man a better citizen, or father of a family; a more educating husband, friend, or son? will they enlarge his public or private virtues, or correct any of his frailties or vices? What is there either joyful or glorious in such opinions? do they either refresh or enlarge our thoughts? do they contribute to the happiness, or raise the dignity, of human nature? The only good that I have ever heard pretended to, is, that they banish terrors, and set the mind at ease. But whose terrors do they banish? It is certain, if there were any strength in their arguments, they would give great disturbance to minds that are influenced by virtue, honour, and morality, and take from us the

only comforts and supports of affliction, sickness, and old age. The minds, therefore, which they set at ease, are only those of impenitent criminals and malefactors, and which, to the good of mankind, should be in perpetual terror and alarm.

I must confess, nothing is more usual than for a free-thinker, in proportion as the insolence of scepticism is abated in him by years and knowledge, or humbled and beaten down by sorrow or sickness, to reconcile himself to the genteel conceptions of reasonable creatures; so that we frequently see the apostates turning from their revolt towards the end of their lives, and employing the refuse of their parts in promoting those truths which they had before endeavoured to invalidate.

The history of a gentleman in France is very well known, who was so zealous a promoter of infidelity, that he had got together a select company of disciples, and travelled into all parts of the kingdom to make converts. In the midst of his fantastical success he fell sick, and was reclaimed to such a sense of his condition, that after he had passed some time in great agonies and horrors of mind, he begged those who had the care of burying him, to dress his body in the habit of a capuchin, that the devil might not run away with it; and, to do further justice upon himself, desired them to tie a halter about his neck, as a mark of that ignominious punishment, which, in his own thoughts, he had so justly deserved.

I would not have persecution so far disgraced, as to wish these vermin might be animadverted on by any legal penalties; though I think it would be highly reasonable, that those few of them who die in the professions of their infidelity, should have such tokens of infamy fixed upon them, as might distinguish those bodies which are given up by the owners to oblivion and putrefaction, from those which rest in hope, and shall rise in glory. But at the same time that I am against doing them the honour of the notice of our laws, which ought not to suppose there are such criminals in being, I have often wondered, how they can be tolerated in any mixed conversations, while they are venting these absurd opinions; and should think, that if, on any such occasions, half a dozen of the most robust Christians in the company would lead one of those gentlemen to a pump, or convey him into a blanket, they would do very good service both to church and state. I do not know how the law stands in this particular; but I hope, whatever knocks, bangs, or thumps, might be given with such an honest intention, would not be construed as a breach of the peace. I dare say, they would not be returned by the person who receives them; for, whatever these fools may say in the vanity of their hearts, they are too wise to risk their lives upon the uncertainty of their opinions.

When I was a young man about this town, I frequented the ordinary of the Black Horse in Holborn, where the person that usually presided at the table was a rough old-fashioned gentleman, who, according to the customs of those times, had been the major and preacher of a regiment. It happened one day that a noisy young officer, bred in France, was venting some new-fangled notions, and speaking, in the gaiety of his humour, against the dispensations of Providence. The major, at first, only desired him to talk more respectfully of one for whom all the company had an honour; but, finding him run on in his extravagance, began to reprimand him after a more serious manner. 'Young man,' said he, 'do not abuse your Benefactor whilst you are eating his bread. Consider whose air you breathe, whose pre-

sence you are under, and the power of that power, and his dishonour, turn matters to preach?' 'I take care when I am in honour.' 'Thou art an ass, use thee as thou art, high, that thou shalt see their coming, his antagonist, pass might, him to a degenerate, proceeded from derbolt does thee, I shall not be lessness to thy. Upon this he said in a loud voice, which so terrified him, that he immediately disarmed himself in this posture, to grant it, a fence in a gentleman's dress, his proselyte, the whole of him in the g

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The letter



# BRITISH LITERARYISTS.

the other, or the enemy. During the whole winter, the monarchs of France have used their utmost skill in the management of such matters as might unite the allies, in hope of a general attack, and the event, either in the north or south, may be the ruin of Europe, which might affect some part of our empire, and it is too nearly to leave it in a company with our allies, to be so ready to the interest of the whole. In a treaty of peace, the French king's own name is to be made use of as possible; but the case is too far advanced too fast to admit of more delay, the emperor says in the present condition of France, he will not. The Turkish, in the name of the king, sent a letter to the king of France, saying, 'That if you will, we will sell all the preliminary articles shall be made use of, and during the treaty on the 30th.'

*St. James, February 20.*

I have been earnestly solicited for a further representation of the *Factoid* by several of the fair sex, and especially by the following petitioners.

The humble petition of Deborah Hark, Sarah Tinsdale, and Rachel Thimble, spinners and washers, commonly called waiting-maids, to your worship's honour and their sisterhood;

Sheweth,

That your worship has been pleased to order and command, that no person or persons shall presume to wear quilted petticoats, on forfeiture of the said petticoats, or penalty of wearing ruffs, after the said petitioners' petition now expired.

That your petitioners have, time out of mind, been used to wear their ladies' clothes, or to sell the same.

That the sale of the said clothes is spoiled by your worship's said prohibition.

Your petitioners, therefore, most humbly pray that your worship will please to allow, that all gentlewomen may be allowed to wear such clothes, or to repair the loss of such property, as your worship shall think fit.

And your petitioners, &c.

That your petitioners, in compliance of this petition, be allowed to sell all persons, but the petitioners, the said clothes, to wear the said garment, for the date hereof.

*St. James, Thursday, February 23, 1761.*

The petitioners are Deos, Erebusque, Chaosque, Tox, and the Creation—*Aug. En. iv. 51.*

He three invokes the infernal powers profound—  
O Erebus and Chaos, twice he calls.

O, Heaven's temple come—*R. Wynn.*

*St. James, February 22.*

Dick Rogers and I sat this evening later than I have done before, and as some men are better company when only with one friend, others when they are in a number, I found Dick to be of the former kind. He was talking to me, in very just terms, of all those which he frequently met with in the world, and he frequently met with in the world.

He was speaking some use ten times more words than I could say some put in words quite foreign to the subject, and others adorn their discourse with mottoes and allusions, by way of tropes and metaphors. What my good friend started next up to me, that I could come this evening, and let me as I could, and I was myself, whence should arise such a number of occurrences in discourse? where is it not to be found in all reasonable beings, that the soon as a man speaks his mind, the more complainant he is to the man with whom he talks: but, upon mat-

deliberation, I am come to this resolution, that for one man who speaks to be understood, there are ten who talk only to be admired.

The ancient Greeks had little independent syllables called expletives, which they brought into their discourses both in verse and prose, for no other purpose but for the better grace and sound of their sentences and periods. I know no example but this, which can authorise the use of more words than are necessary. But whether it be from this freedom taken by that wise nation, or however it arises, Dick Reptile hit upon a very just and common cause of offence in the generality of people of all orders.—We have one here in our laze, who speaks nothing without quoting an authority; for it is always with him, 'so and so, 'as the man said.' He asked me this morning, how I did, 'as the man said?' and hoped I would come now and then to see him, 'as the man said.' I am acquainted with another, who never delivers himself upon any subject, but he cries, 'he only speaks his poor judgment; this is his humble opinion; as for his part, if he might presume to offer any thing on that subject.' But of all the persons who add elegancies and superfluities to their discourses, those who deserve the foremost rank are the swearers; and the lump of these may, I think, be very aptly divided into the common distinction of high and low. Dulness and barrenness of thought is the original of it in both these sects, and they differ only in constitution. The *low* is generally a phlegmatic, and the *high* a choleric coxcomb. The man of phlegm is sensible of the emptiness of his discourse, and will tell you, that, 'i'fack-ins, such a thing is true;' or, if you warm him a little, he may run into passion and cry, 'odsbodikins, you do not say right.' But the *high* affects a sublimity in dulness, and invokes 'hell and damnation' at the breaking of a glass, or the slowness of a drawer.

I was the other day trudging along Fleet-street on foot, and an old army-friend came up with me. We were both going towards Westminster; and, finding the streets were so crowded that we could not keep together, we resolved to club for a coach. This gentleman I knew to be the first of the order of the choleric. I must confess, were there no crime in it, nothing could be more diverting than the impertinence of the *high* juror: for, whether there is remedy or not against what offends him, still he is to show he is offended; and he must, sure, not omit to be magnificently passionate, by falling on all things in his way. We were stopped by a train of coaches at Temple-bar. 'What the devil!' says my companion, 'cannot you drive on, coachman? D—n you all, for a set of sons of whores; you will stop here to be paid by the hour! There is not such a set of confounded dogs as the coachmen unchanged! But these rascally cits—'Ounds, why should not there be a tax to make these dogs widen their gates? Oh! but the hell-hounds move at last.' 'Ay,' said I, 'I knew you would make them whip on, if once they heard you.'—'No,' says he, 'but would it not fret a man to the devil, to pay for being carried slower than he can walk? Look ye! there is for ever a stop at this hole by St. Clement's church, Blood, you dog! Hark ye, sirrah!—Why, and be d—d to you, do not you drive over that fellow? Thunder, furies, and damnation! I will cut your ears off, you fellow before there—Come hither, you dog you, and let me wring your neck round your shoulders.' We had a repetition of the same eloquence at the Cockpit, and the turning into

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who is said to have had an enchanted ring, which had in it a miraculous quality, making him who wore it visible or invisible, as he turned it to and from his body. The use Gyges made of his occasional invisibility was, by the advantage of it, to mislead a queen, and murder a king. Tully takes notice of this allegory, and says very handsomely, 'that a man of honour who had such a ring would act just in the same manner as he would without it.' It is indeed no small pitch of virtue, under the temptation of impunity, and the hopes of accomplishing all a man desires, not to transgress the rules of justice and virtue; but this is rather not being an ill man than being positively a good one; and it seems wonderful, that so great a soul as Tully should not turn to himself a thousand worthy actions, which a virtuous mind would be prompted to by the possession of such a secret. There are certainly some parts of mankind that are guardian-beings to the other. Sallust could say of Cato, 'That he had rather be than appear, good,' but, indeed, this eulogium is no higher than, as I just now hinted, to an *inaction*, siveness, rather than an active virtue. Had it occurred to the noble orator to represent, in his language, the glorious pleasures of a man secretly employed in beneficence and generosity, it would certainly have made a more charming page than any he has left behind him. How might a man furnished with Gyges's secret, employ it in bringing together distant friends; laying quarrels for creating good-will in the room of groundless hatred; in removing the pangs of an unjust jealousy, the shyness of an imperfect reconciliation, and the tremor of an awful love! Such a one could give confidence to bashful merit, and confusion to overbearing impudence.

Certain it is, that secret kindnesses done to mankind are as beautiful as secret injuries are detestable. To be invisibly good is as godlike, as to be invisibly ill diabolical. As degenerate as we are apt to say the age we live in is, there are still amongst us men of illustrious minds, who enjoy all the pleasures of good actions, except that of being commended for them. There happens, among other very worthy instances of a public spirit, one which I am obliged to discover, because I know not otherwise how to obey the commands of the benefactor. A citizen of London has given directions to Mr. Rayner, the writing-master of St. Paul's school, to educate at his charge ten boys, who shall be nominated by me, in writing and accounts, until they shall be fit for any trade; I desire, therefore, such as know any proper objects for receiving this bounty, to give notice thereof to Mr. Morphew, or Mr. Lillie; and they shall, if properly qualified, have instructions accordingly.

Actions of this kind have in them something so transcendent, that it is an injury to applaud them, and a diminution of that merit which consists in shunning our approbation. We shall therefore leave them to enjoy that glorious obscurity; and silently admire their virtue who can condemn the most delicious of human pleasures, that of receiving the praise. Such celestial dispositions very justly suspend the discovery of their benefactions, until they come where their actions cannot be misinterpreted, and receive their first congratulations in the company of angels.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas Mr. Bickerstaff, by a letter bearing date this twenty-fourth of February, has received information, that there are, in and about the Royal Ex-

change, a sort of people commonly known by the name of Whettors, who drink themselves into an intermediate state of being neither drunk nor sober before the hours of Exchange or business; and in that condition buy and sell stocks, discount notes, and do many other acts of well-disposed citizens; this is to give notice, that from this day forward, no Whetter shall be able to give or endorse any note, or execute any other point of commerce, after the third half-pint, before the hour of one; and whoever shall transact any matter or matters with a Whetter, not being himself of that order, shall be conducted to Moorfields upon the first application of his next of kin.

N.B.—No tavern near the Exchange shall deliver wine to such as drink at the bar standing, except the same shall be three parts of the best cider, and the master of the house shall produce a certificate of the same from Mr. Tintoret, or some other credible *wine-painter*.

Whereas the model of the intended Bedlam is now finished, and the edifice itself will be very suddenly begun; it is desired, that all such as have relations, whom they would recommend to our care, would bring in their proofs with all speed; none being to be admitted, of course, but lovers, who are put into an immediate regimen. Young politicians also are received without fees or examination.

No. 139.] TUESDAY, FEBRUARY 28, 1710.

Nihil est quod credere de se

Non possit, cum laudatur Diis æqua potestas.

Juv. Sat. iv. 70.

Nothing so monstrous can be said or feign'd,  
But with belief and joy is entertain'd,  
When to her face a giddy girl is prais'd,  
By ill-judg'd flattery to an angel rais'd.

Dryden.

Sheer Lane, February 27. 1

WHEN I reflect upon the many nights I have sat up for some months last past, in the greatest anxiety for the good of my neighbours and contemporaries, it is no small discouragement to me, to see how slow a progress I make in the reformation of the world. But indeed I must do my female readers the justice to own, that their tender hearts are much more susceptible of good impressions than the minds of the other sex. Business and ambition take up men's thoughts too much to leave room for philosophy; but if you speak to women in a style and manner proper to approach them, they never fail to improve by your counsels. I shall therefore, for the future, turn my thoughts more particularly to their service; and study the best methods to adorn their persons, and inform their minds in the justest methods to make them what nature designed them, the most beautiful objects of our eyes, and the most agreeable companions of our lives. But, when I say this, I must not omit, at the same time, to look into their errors and mistakes, that being the readiest way to the intended end of adorning and instructing them. It must be acknowledged, that the very inadvertencies of this sex are owing to the other; for if men were not flatterers, women could not fall into that general cause of all their follies and our misfortunes, the love of flattery. Were the commendation of these agreeable creatures built upon its proper foundation, the higher we raised their opinion of themselves, the greater would be the advantage to our sex; but all the topic of praise is drawn from very senseless and

extravagant and perfect love with a no more Mr. and educate minute that conceives a gave so une before untou tiny, which he de live or die; only thing t By this mea have romped declaration, he has given calls himself by having t to suit every After he has never hope she has had less sincere.

If the ap the address time an adm succeed. S his mistress gentleness of respect to he had improv sired him v that of all w though his c she had as pected from l of a matron carried on w

Instead of taking all the letters of lo nymphs, and

By this re relations and female part e they were d Arcadia, rat England. I ness to conv fore have be recluse men representatio retired, by in reflections. tance into t thought it tid use all my o the same fo lately spok observed to a *chambermaid* the bedcham daughter, ju

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1709-10.

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less concerned at this, because I have for this day  
two last past observed, that we novelists have been  
condemned wholly to the pastry-cooks. the eyes  
the nation being turned upon greater matters. Th  
therefore, being a time when none but my immedia  
correspondents will read me, I shall speak to the  
chiefly at this present writing. It is the fate of  
who pretend to joke, to be frequently understood  
be only upon the droll when we are speaking  
most seriously, as appears by the following letter  
Charles Lillie.

'MR. LILLIE, London, Feb. 28, 1709-1  
'It being professed by Esquire Bickerstaff, th  
his intention is to expose the vices and follies of t  
age, and to promote virtue and good-will among  
mankind; it must be a comfort for a person labor  
ing under great straits and difficulties, to read a  
thing that has the appearance of succour. I shou  
be glad to know, therefore, whether the intelligen  
given in his Tatler of Saturday last, of the intend  
charity of a certain citizen of London, to mainta  
the education of ten boys in writing and account  
until they be fit for trade, be given only to encoura  
and recommend persons to the practice of such uo  
and charitable designs; or, whether there be a p  
son who really intends to do so. If the latter,  
humbly beg Esquire Bickerstaff's pardon for makin  
a doubt, and impute it to my ignorance; and mo  
humbly crave, that he would be pleased to gi  
notice in his Tatler, when he thinks fit, whether h  
nomination of ten boys be disposed, or whether the  
be room for two boys to be recommended to him  
and that he will permit the writer of this to prese  
him with two boys, who, it is humbly presumed, wil  
be judged to be very remarkable objects of suc  
charity.

'Sir,  
'Your most humble servant'

I am to tell this gentleman in sober sadness, an  
without jest, that there really is so good and cha  
ritable a man as the benefactor enquired for in hi  
letter, and that there are but two boys yet named  
The father of one of them was killed at Blenheim  
the father of the other at Almanza. I do not her  
give the names of the children, because I should  
take it to be an insolence in me to publish them, i  
a charity which I have only the direction of as  
servant to that worthy and generous spirit, wh  
bestows upon them this bounty without laying th  
bondage of an obligation. What I have to do is t  
tell them, they are beholden only to their Maker  
to kill in them, as they grow up, the false shame o  
poverty; and let them know, that their present for  
tune, which is come upon them by the loss of thei  
poor fathers on so glorious occasions, is much mor  
honourable than the inheritance of the most am  
ill-gotten wealth.

The next letter which lies before me is from a ma  
of sense, who strengthens his own authority wit  
that of Tully, in persuading me to what he ver  
justly believes one cannot be averse.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, London, Feb. 27, 1709

'I am so confident of your inclination to promot  
any thing that is for the advancement of libera  
arts, that I lay before you the following translation  
of a paragraph in Cicero's oration in defence o  
Archias the poet, as an incentive to the agreeabl  
and instructive reading of the writings of the Augu  
tan age. Most vices and follies proceed from  
man's incapacity of entertaining himself, and we ar  
generally fools in company, because we dare not b  
wise alone. I hope, on some future occasions, you

this no barren hint. Tully, after having handsome things of his client, commends of which he was master, as follows :

'much profit be not reaped in the study of and if pleasure only be found; yet, in my this relaxation of the mind should be most humane and ingenuous. Other things for all ages, places, and seasons. These form youth, delight old age, adorn pros- and soften, and even remove adversity, en- home, are no hindrance abroad; do not at night, and keep us company on the road, the country.

'I am,

'Your humble servant,

'STREPHON.'

Following epistle seems to want the quickest because a lady is every moment offended is answered, which is best done by letting her see in her own letter how tender she is to him so.

'comes from a relation of yours, though to you, who, besides the tie of consan- has some value for you on the account of vibrations, those being designed to refine ervation, as well as cultivate our minds. I beg the favour of you, in one of your Tater what manner you please, to correct a friend of mine, for an indecorum he is in discourse, of calling his acquaintance, speaks to them, Madam: as for example, in Jenny Distaff, Madam Distaff; which, I you are sensible, is very unpolite, and it is like me often uneasy for him, though I can- him of it myself, which makes me guilty of umption, that I depend upon your goodness e; and I do assure you, the gentleman will ur reprehension, for he is, as I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant and cousin,

'DOROTHY DRUMSTICK.'

ite this in a thin under-petticoat, and never ill wear a fardingal.'

'no sooner read the just complaint of Mrs. ck, but I received an urgent one from of the fair sex, upon faults of a more pernicious consequence.

'BICKERSTAFF,

erving that you are entered into a corres- ewith Pasquin, who is, I suppose, a Roman I beg of you to forbear giving him any of our religion or manners, until you have out certain misdemeanours even in our s. Among others, that of bowing, saluting, snuff, and other gestures. Lady Autumn e a very low courtesy the other day from the v, and, with the most courtly air imaginable, herself miserable sinner. Her niece, soon ying, *Forgive us our trespasses*, courtesied loating look at my brother. He returned it, his snuff-box, and repeating yet a more expression. I beg of you, good Mr. Censor, all Pasquin any thing of this kind, and to this does not come from one of a morose mean birth, rigid education, narrow fortune, try in opinion, or from one in whom time n out all taste of pleasure. I assure you, it herwise, for I am possessed of all the con- dvantages; and, I hope, wealth, good hu- and good breeding, may be best employed in ice of religion and virtue; and desire you as soon as possible, remark upon the above- ed indecorums, that we may not long

transgress against the tion in the former.

The last letter I sha is written by a very i such interrogative ge no other way than b this:

'DEAR MR. BIC

'Are you quite as

To which I can on

'DEAR CHLOE,

'Are you quite as

No. 141.] SATUR

Sheer

WHILE the attention from reading us wr selves *against it is at* part, I shall still let by my correspondent sentiments rather th readers more diseng When I came home letters and petitions other order, than as follows:

'Sir,

'Having a daught would endeavour she such as may be usefu deportment. In orde her at some boardin My wife opposes it, a that she is too much formalities of visiting that none, though mu with all these perfect a needle: but, how we have agreed to and, knowing your daughter exactly as y serious in my requ your answer, which Sir, your humble see

'Sir, pray answer be serviceable to the

I am as serious on ent can be; and am piness or misfortune manner of educating lately said, I design ticularly to them, therefore a little tim portant a subject, fill tea one week le whether she shall be

'O

'MR. BICKERST

'Your notice in th of Saturday last abo Royal Exchange, is gentlemen who use Chancery-office in Cl a particular certain gentlemen that belo Chancery-office, bot yard, that are not long, but very music

[illegible]

The portion of the inhabitants of the parish of Godebun in the county of Middlesex.

ry Bureau • HARVARD S. O. WORTH,

1. T. W. — That, where as, it is the unforgotten light of a  
 2. remembered soul, that shines to inspiration, every hour, a very  
 3. different expression, in the spirit, that the light of  
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NO. 112. TUESDAY, MARCH 7, 1791.

 $\Delta_{\text{theoretical}}^{\text{theoretical}}, \Delta_{\text{theoretical}}^{\text{theoretical}}$ [illegible]

There is a great deal of thinking, something very different from the sort of thinking I must have had in my childhood, and he did not get any more of the impression that they had in the past, when they were in the best company in the world. During the circumstances of that old autumn, and out of him, was being told that he had been a member of the church in grand old England, and that he had been a member of the church in grand old England, and that he had been a member of the church in grand old England. There is a great deal of thinking in such a world, and it is very different from the sort of thinking I must have had in my childhood, and he did not get any more of the impression that they had in the past, when they were in the best company in the world. During the circumstances of that old autumn, and out of him, was being told that he had been a member of the church in grand old England, and that he had been a member of the church in grand old England, and that he had been a member of the church in grand old England.

But, since the end and infirmities for which we pray are not such proper places, the next happiness is to be the object of prayer, and as such has to be



the demands of my correspondents. The following letter is what has given me no small inquietude, it being an accusation of partiality, and disregard to merit, in the person of a virtuoso, who is the most eloquent of all men upon small occasions, and is the more to be admired for his prodigious fertility of invention, which never appears but upon subjects which others would have thought barren. But, in consideration of his uncommon talents, I am contented to let him be the hero of my next two days, by inserting his friend's recommendation of him at large.

'DEAR COUSIN, Nando's, Feb. 28, 1709.

'I am just come out of the country, and upon perusing your late lucubrations, I find Charles Lillie to be the darling of your affections; that you have given him a place, and taken no small pains to establish him in the world; and, at the same time have passed by his namesake at this end of the town, as if he was a citizen defunct, and one of no use in a commonwealth. I must own, his circumstances are so good, and so well known, that he does not stand in need of having his fame published to the world; but, being of an ambitious spirit, and an aspiring soul, he would be rather proud of the honour, than desirous of the profit, which might result from your recommendation. He is a person of a particular genius, 'the first that brought toys in fashion, and baubles to perfection. He is admirably well versed in screws, springs, and hinges, and deeply read in knives, combs or scissars, buttons, or buckles. He is a perfect master of words, which uttered with a smooth voluble tongue, flow into a most persuasive eloquence; insomuch, that I have known a gentleman of distinction find several ingenious faults with a toy of his, and show his utmost dislike to it, as being either useless or ill-conceived; but when the orator behind the counter, had harangued upon it for an hour and a half, displayed its hidden beauties, and revealed its secret perfections, he has wondered how he had been able to spend so great a part of his life without so important a utensil. I will not pretend to furnish out an inventory of all the valuable commodities that are to be found at his shop.

'I shall content myself with giving an account of what I think most curious. Imprimis, his pocket-books are very neat and well contrived, not for keeping bank-bills, or goldsmith's notes, I confess; but they are admirable for registering the lodgings of Madonnas, and for preserving letters from ladies of quality. His whips and spurs are so nice, that they will make one that buys them ride a fox-hunting, though before he hated noise and early rising, and was afraid of breaking his neck. His seals are curiously fancied, and exquisitely well cut, and of great use to encourage young gentlemen to write a good hand. Ned Puzzlepost has been ill used by his writing-master, and writ a sort of a Chinese, or downright *scrabblana*: however, upon his buying a seal of my friend, he is much improved by continual writing, that it is believed in a short time one may be able to read his letters, and find out his meaning, without guessing. His pistols and fuses are so very good, that they are fit to be laid up among the finest china. Then his tweezer cases are incomparable: you shall have one not much bigger than your finger, with seventeen several instruments in it, all necessary every hour of the day, during the whole course of a man's life. But if this virtuoso excels in one thing more than another, it is in canes. He has spent his most select hours in the

knowledge of that he is a upon any canes are either with opinion it talk, sit, or them. He the value of has two the Empty, one cane of Ch and Tom I they were p there should much in the Charles," as for ten piec for five."

"I am con stand canes be so overs true jambee dragon."

'This virt ing in the purpose to le that ever lan cut about to subscribe for will be take joint. They dragon gra concerning C sufficient to consideration oblige

N. B. W gold snuff-bo that Charles next, which after Easter for the box Sunday night after that tim Monday, wh

No. 143.]

I was this a sister Jenny had, methou that was a breeding an the simplici ment. As so to me of the to remove ou acquainted; horses, that much seldom journey with home the san but would t her coach, t She very pe chariot.' 'V and has he s she, 'but I his order; a time, bade n-

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

is, affairs those that please to be wretched, with all other necessities for pensive passion.

And, for the convenience of such whose affairs will not permit them to leave this town, at the same place they may be furnished, during the season, with opening birds, flowering thyme, warbling birds sporting lambkins, and fountain water, right or wrong, as good, are bottled on the spot by one sent down to the river, penny a tin.

N. B. The nymphs and swains are further guaranteed to understand, that, in those happy climes, they are so far from being troubled with wolves, that, a wolf or even foxes, a considerable pack of hounds have been lately forced to eat sheep.

Whereas, on the sixth instant, at midnight several persons of high honour and loose manners having taken upon them in the shape of men, with the voice of the players belonging to Mr. Powell's company, to call up surgeons of high rank and physicians to persons in sound and perfect health: This is to certify, that Mr. Powell locked up the legs of his company for their mischief that night; and that Mr. Powell will pay for any damages done by the said persons.

It is also further advised, that there were no mischief wrought when those persons called them up to several parts of Westminster; but that those gentlemen who were in the company of the said posters, may take care to call such useful persons the sixth of December next.

The Common having observed, that there are wrought ladies' shoes and slippers put out to view at a great shoemaker's shop towards St. James's of Pall mall, which create irregular thoughts and desires in the youth of this nation; the said sealer is required to take in those eyesores, or else cause the next court-day why he continues to vex the same; and he is required to be prepared to put back to answer to the slippers with green and a blue heels.

It is impossible for me to return the obliging tag Mr. Joshua Barnes has said to me, upon the account of our mutual friend Homer. He and I have known him now forty years, with some understanding of a great acquaintance. A work to be perfected by one who has enjoyed so great an intimacy with a nation, is certainly to be valued more than a comment made by persons of yesterday. Therefore, according to my friend Joshua's request, I recommend his work; and, having used a little of it in the case, I give this recommendation by way of Anthem or charm, against the malignity of the backbiters, who speak evil of performances which themselves were never capable of. If I may use my friend Joshua's own words, I shall express myself thus, but that we, Homer's oldest acquaintance, having known best his ways; and can, without work, that they are often mistaken when they think them in foreign fits, which we know to be never subject to; and shall make it appear to our rank and envy, that of the Latin poet.

—*Atquando bonus dormitat Homerus.*  
*Hor.* Mrs. P. rec'd do  
Good old Homer sometimes nods.

No. 111.] SATURDAY, MARCH 11, 1791.

*Shew-Lane, March 10.*

Is a nation of liberty, there is hardly a person in the whole mass of the people more absolute than the clerk of any town or Censor. It is allowed, that I have no authority for assuming this important appellate

## THE TATLER.

and that I am Censor of these nations [just as one is chosen king at the game of "Questions and Commands": but if in the execution of this fantastical dignity, I observe upon things which do not fall within the cognizance of real authority, I hope it will be granted, that an idle man could not be more usefully employed. Among all the irregularities of which I have taken notice, I know none so proper to be presented to the world by a Censor, as that of a general expense and affectation in equipage. I have lately hinted, that this extravagance must necessarily get footing where we have no sumptuary laws, and where every man may be dressed, attended, and carried, in what manner he pleases. But my tenderness to my fellow subjects will not permit me to let this enormity go unobserved.

As the matter now stands, every man takes it in his head, that he has a liberty to spend his money as he pleases. Thus, in spite of all order, justice and decorum, we, the greater number of the queen's loyal subjects, for no reason in the world but because we want money, do not share alike in the division of her majesty's high road. The horses and slaves of the rich take up the whole the street; while the peripatetics are very glad to watch an opportunity to whisk across a passage, very thankful that we are not run over for interrupting the machine that carries in it a person neither more handsome, wise, or valiant, than the meanest of us. For this reason, were I to propose a tax, it should certainly be upon coaches and chairs; for no man living can assign a reason, why one man should have half a street to carry him at his ease, and perhaps only in pursuit of pleasures, when as good a man as himself wants room for his own person to pass upon the most necessary and urgent occasion. Until such an acknowledgment is made to the public, I shall take upon me to vest certain rights in the scavengers of the cities of London and Westminster, to take the horses and servants of all such as do not become or deserve such distinctions, into their peculiar custody. The offenders themselves I shall allow safe conduct to their places of abode in the carts of the said scavengers, but their horses shall be mounted by their footmen, and sent into the service abroad; and I take this opportunity, in the first place, to recruit the regiment of my good old friend the brave and honest Sylvius, that they may be as well taught as they are fed. It is to me most miraculous, so unreasonable a usurpation as this I am speaking of, should so long have been tolerated. We hang a poor fellow for taking any trifle from us on the road, and bear with the rich for robbing us of the road itself. Such a tax as this would be of great satisfaction to us who walk on foot; and, since the distinction of riding in a coach is not to be appointed according to a man's merit or service to his country, nor that liberty given as a reward for some eminent virtue, we should be highly contented to see them pay something for the insult they do us, in the state they take upon them while they are *drawn by us*.

Until they have made us some reparation of this kind, we, the peripatetics of Great Britain, cannot think ourselves well treated, while every one that is able is allowed to set up an equipage.

As for my part, I cannot but admire how persons, conscious to themselves of no manner of superiority above others, can, out of mere pride or laziness, expose themselves at this rate to public view, and put us all upon pronouncing those three terrible syllables, 'Who is that?' When it comes to that ques-

tion, our mettle is raised, the passengers are hurried to the ancients, and the audience who overheard the discourse for the solid and useful mirth, than the characters in the over-seers of a little skill or may often see town knows shall interrupt judges in the

For the be- sons in this tions to all t town, to bring and doubt n each man, in chariot, as w to be fixed u shall let us mankind, mo medalist in l

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give it such a sudden stroke on its imagination, though it may play from bough to bough, and strive to avert its eyes from it for some time, yet it comes nearer and nearer by little intervals of looking another way, until it drops into the jaws of the animal which it knew gazed at it for no other reason but to ruin it. I did not believe this piece of philosophy until that night I was just now speaking of; but then saw the same thing pass between an ogler and a coquette. Mirtillo, the most learned of the former, had for some time discontinued to visit Flavia; no less eminent among the latter. They industriously avoided all places where they might probably meet; but chance brought them together to the playhouse, and seated them in a direct line over-against each other, she in a front *box*, he in the *pit* next the stage. As soon as Flavia had received the looks of the whole crowd below her with that air of insensibility which is necessary at the first entrance, she began to look round her, and saw the vagabond Mirtillo, who had so long absented himself from her circle; and when she first discovered him, she looked upon him with that glance, which, in the language of ogles, is called the *scornful*, but immediately turned his observation another way, and returned upon him with the *indifferent*. This gave Mirtillo no small resentment; but he used her accordingly. He took care to be ready for her next glance. She found his eyes full in the indolent, with his lips crumpled up, in the posture of one whistling. Her anger at this usage immediately appeared in every muscle of her face; and after many emotions, which glistened in her eyes, she cast them round the whole house, and gave them softnesses in the face of every man she had ever seen before. After she thought she had reduced all she saw to her obedience, the play began, and ended their dialogue. As soon as the first act was over, she stood up with a visage full of dissembled alacrity and pleasure, with which she overlooked the audience, and at last came to him: he was then placed in a side way, with his back slouched over his eyes, and gazing at a wench in the side-box, as talking of that gipsy to the gentleman who sat by him. But, as she fixed upon him, he turned suddenly with a full face upon her, and, with all the respect imaginable, made her the most obsequious bow in the presence of the whole theatre. This gave her a pleasure not to be concealed; and she made him the recovering, or second courtesy, with a smile that spoke a perfect reconciliation. Between the ensuing acts, they talked to each other with gestures and glances so significant, that they ruled the whole house in this silent speech, and made an appointment that Mirtillo should lead her to his coach.

The peculiar language of one eye, as it differs from another as much as the tone of one voice from another, and the fascination or enchantment which is lodged in the optic nerves of the persons concerned in these dialogues is, I must confess, too nice a subject for one who is not an adept in these speculations; but I shall, for the good and safety of the future sex, call my learned friend Sir William Read to my assistance, and, by the help of his observations on this organ, acquaint them when the eye is to be believed, and when distrusted. On the contrary, I shall conceal the true meaning of the looks of ladies, and indulge in them all the art they can acquire in the management of their glances: all which is but too little against creatures who triumph in falsehood, and begin to forswear with their eyes, when their tongues can be no longer believed.

# THE TATLER.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A very clean well-behaved young gentleman, who in a very good way in Cornhill, has writ to me the following lines; and seems, in some passages of his letter, which I omit, to lay it very much to heart, that I have not spoken of a supernatural beauty whom he sighs for, and complains to, in most elaborate language. Alas! What can a monitor do? All mankind live in romance.

'Royal Exchange, March 11.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'Some time since, you were pleased to mention the beauties in the New Exchange and Westminster-hall, and, in my judgment, were not very impartial; for if you were pleased to allow there was one goddess in the New-Exchange, and two shepherdesses in Westminster-hall, you very well might say, there was and is at present one angel in the Royal Exchange; and I humbly beg the favour of you to let justice be done her, by inserting this in your next Tatler; which will make her my good angel, and me your most humble servant,

'A. B.'

146.] THURSDAY, MARCH 16, 1709-10.

Permittes ipsis expendere numinibus, quid  
Conveniat nobis, rebusque sit utile nostris.  
Nam pro jucundis aptissima quæque dabunt Dii.  
Carior est illis homo, quam sibi. Nos animorum  
Impulsu cæco magnâque cupidine ducti,  
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris; at illis  
Notum, qui pueri, qualisque futura sit uxor.

*Jur. Sat. x. 347, et seq.*

Intrust thy fortune to the powers above;  
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant  
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:  
In goodness as in greatness they excel:  
Ah! that we lov'd ourselves but half so well!  
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,  
Are hot for action, and desire to wed;  
Then wish for heirs, but to the gods alone  
Our future offspring and our wives are known.

*Dryden.*

*From my own Apartment, March 15.*

AMONG the various sets of correspondents who apply to me for advice, and send up their cases from all parts of Great Britain, there are none who are more importunate with me, and whom I am more inclined to answer, than the Complainers. One of them dates his letter to me from the banks of a purling stream, where he used to ruminate in solitude upon the divine Clarissa, and where he is now looking about for a convenient leap, which he tells me he is resolved to take, unless I support him under the loss of that charming perjured woman. Poor Lavinia presses so much for consolation on the other side, and is reduced to such an extremity of despair by the inconstancy of Philander, that she tells me she writes her letter with her pen in one hand, and her garter in the other. A gentleman of an ancient family in Norfolk is almost out of his wits upon the account of a greyhound, that, after having been his inseparable companion for ten years, is at last run mad. Another, who I believe is serious, complains to me, in a very moving manner, of the loss of a wife; and another, in terms still more moving, of a purse of money that was taken from him on Bagshot-heath, and which, he tells me, would not have troubled him, if he had given it to the poor. In short, there is scarce a calamity in human life that has not produced me a letter.

It is indeed able to raise something. Lancelot convey happy reasonable cross scarf, or a tip tune. A lady Flavia, who bands, was parrot. He thrown into assembly? M the last maso life upon bei violent cold dear creature calamities. the censure idiot: and because the passed through happiness in chariot, Full tulip-root. many fantas but as a misa ture of the e I shall prese in reality of which I am of poets.

As I was took up Hon of Achilles Jupiter has b with blessing of which he that comes ceedingly ple my afternoon into the follo

When Jup of the world presiding dei him with a n zine of hail, The stars off his trident, e Among the court on this two great tu they fixed a upon his th first was fill with all the beginning of innocent tha plentifully of but, as man of his blessi that filled th and distempe pleasures, an

He was at great deprav provocations earth, that, species, exce the destinie had thrown up until the virtuous and

— Ut amens, amidalis esto.

— Be lovely, that you may be lov'd.

*From my own Apartment, March 17.*

READING is to the mind, what exercise is to the body. As by the one, health is preserved, strengthened, and invigorated; by the other, virtue, which the health of the mind, is kept alive, cheris'd, and confirmed. But an exercise becomes tedious and painful, when we make use of it only as the means of health, so reading is apt to grow uneasy and tedious, when we apply ourselves to it only for improvement in virtue. For this reason, the health we gather from a tale, or an allegory, is more agreeable than that which we get by hunting; as we are in an agreeable pursuit that draws us on with ease, and makes us insensible of the fatigue, it costs.

After this preface, I shall set down a very beautiful allegorical fable of the great poet whom I mention'd in my last paper, and whom it is very difficult to lay aside when one is engag'd in the reading of him. And this I particularly design for the several of my fair correspondents, who, in letters, have complain'd to me, that they have the afflictions of their husbands, and desire to know how to recover them.

Juno, says Homer, seeing her Jupiter scab the top of mount Ida, and knowing that he had conceived an aversion to her, began to study how she should regain his affections, and make him amiable to him. With this thought she immediately retired into her chamber, where she bathed in ambrosia; which gave her person all its beauty, and diffus'd so divine an odour, as refresh'd nature, and sweeten'd both heaven and earth. Let her immortal tresses flow in the most graceful manner, and took a particular care to dress her in several ornaments, which the poet describes at length, and which the goddess chose out as the proper to set off her person to the best advantage. In the next place, she made a visit to Venus, who presides over love, and begged of her particular favour, that she would lend her while those charms with which she subdues hearts both of gods and men. "For," says the goddess, "I would make use of them to reward two deities, who took care of me in my infancy, who at present are at so great a variance, that they are estranged from each other's bed." Venus was so pleas'd with this offer, that she made her a present of the girdle, which she used to wear about her waist, with which to girdle it in her bosom until she had accomplish'd her intention. This girdle was a fine pattyser, which, as Homer tells us, had a tin of the sex wrought in it. The four pictures in the embroidery were love, desire, love of speech, and conversation, fill'd with that sweetness and complacency, which says the poet, easily still'd the hearts of the wisest men.

Juno, after having made these necessary preparations, came, as by accident, into the presence of Jupiter, who is said to have been as much pleas'd with her beauty, as when he first stole her from her parents without the consent of their parents. To recover her lost thoughts, told him, as she told Venus, that she was going to make a visit to Oceanus and Tethys. He prevail'd upon her to stay with him, protesting to her that he approv'd

the earth, been scab, enjoined, imagined, most likely; but, in here, they ss, and the nd vessel, discovered and other cottages.

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eldest sist- introduc- ed together distresses of thee in one t thou thy- thy wisdom e, that there ill occasion- nature, and e the person

amiable in his eye, than ever any mortal, goddess, or even herself, had appeared to him until that day. The poet then represents him in so great an ardour, that, without going up to the house which had been built by the hands of Vulcan according to Juno's direction, he threw a golden cloud over their heads as they sat upon the top of mount Ida, while the earth beneath them sprung up in lotuses, saffrons, hyacinths, and bed of the softest flowers for their repose.

This close translation of one of the finest passages in Homer, may suggest abundance of instruction to a woman who has a mind to preserve, or recall the affection of her husband. The care of the person, and the dress, with the particular blandishments woven in the cestus, are so plainly recommended by this fable, and so indispensably necessary in every female who desires to please, that they need no further explanation. The discretion likewise in covering all matrimonial quarrels from the knowledge of others, is taught in the pretended visit to Tethys, in the speech where Juno addresses herself to Venus; as the chaste and prudent management of a wife's charms is intimated by the same pretence for her appearance before Jupiter, and by the concealment of the cestus in her bosom.

I shall leave this tale to the consideration of such good housewives who are never well dressed but when they are abroad, and think it necessary to appear more agreeable to all men living than their husbands: as also to those prudent ladies who, to avoid the appearance of being overfond, entertain their husbands with indifference, aversion, sullen silence, or exasperating language.

*Sheer Lane, March 17.*

Upon my coming home last night, I found a very handsome present of wine left for me, as a taste of two hundred and sixteen hogsheads, which are to be put to sale at twenty pounds a hogshead, at Garraway's coffee-house in Exchange-alley, on the twenty-second instant, at three in the afternoon, and to be tasted in major Long's vaults from the twentieth instant until the time of sale. This having been sent to me with a desire that I would give my judgment upon it, I immediately empanelled a jury of men of nice palates, and strong heads, who, being all of them very scrupulous, and unwilling to proceed rashly in a matter of so great importance, refused to bring in their verdict until three in the morning; at which time the foreman pronounced, as well as he was able, 'Extra-a-ordinary French claret.' For my own part, as I love to consult my pillow in all points of moment, I slept upon it before I would give my sentence, and this morning confirmed the verdict.

Having mentioned this tribute of wine, I must give notice to my correspondents for the future, who shall apply to me on this occasion, that, as I shall decide nothing unadvisedly in matters of this nature, I cannot pretend to give judgment of a right good liquor, without examining at least three dozen bottles of it. I must, at the same time, do myself the justice to let the world know that I have resisted great temptations in this kind; as it is well known to a butcher in Clare-market, who endeavoured to corrupt me with a dozen and a half of marrow-bones. I had likewise a bribe sent me by a fishmonger, consisting of a collar of brawn, and a jole of salmon; but not finding them excellent in their kinds, I had the integrity to eat them both up, without speaking one word of them. However, for the future, I shall have an eye to the diet of this great city, and will

recommend them, if I receive from the seller that my reader

No. 148.]

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HAVING sign to take great city, serious exho that theywo and reconcil was the diet who won the not go up Warwick, v dun cow of Arthur is g ever sat dov tainly the he further adde his round ta bones before moment. T of the brisl surloin, or t which are al of the great have paid to ancient gent day with not by an antiq which the br instead of te vailed of lat Elizabeth's for their br great reput was formerly of nice and and robust to this day, reproach, a honourable chicken, and invention of to that whole who takes ne during the r nothing men cattle as we mature for s kingdom do and it is to t unparallel reign: for l what work Blenheim at fricassees an For this r plexion, the are to be fo people, or i



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er, looked like a very beautiful woman.  
There were several pyramids of candied sweets  
that hung like nozzles, with fruits scattered up-  
down, and hid in an artificial kind of frost. At  
same time there were great quantities of re-  
beaten up into a snow, and near them little pla-  
sugar-plums, disposed like so many heaps of  
stones, with a multitude of congealations in  
various colours. I was indeed so pleased and  
several objects which lay before me, that I did  
care for displacing any of them; and was halt-  
with the rest of the company, that for the sake  
piece of lemon-peel, or a sugar-plum, would so  
pleasing a picture. Indeed, I could not but see  
several of them cooling their mouths with  
sals and peppers.

As soon as this show was over, I took my  
that I might finish my dinner at my own house,  
as I in every thing love what is simple and try  
so particularly in my food; two plain dishes,  
two or three good-natured, cheerful, inge-  
friends, would make me more pleased and vain  
all that pomp and luxury can bestow. For it is  
maxim, that 'he keeps the greatest table who  
the most valuable company at it.'

No. 119.] THURSDAY, MARCH 23, 170

*From my own Apartment, March 22.*

It has often been a solid grief to me, when I  
reflected on this glorious nation, which is the  
of public happiness and liberty, that there are  
crowds of private tyrants, against whom there  
is any law now in being, nor can that  
prevent any by the wit of man. These cruel  
are ill-treated husbands. The conjuncture in  
conjugal state is so delicate, that it is impossi-  
ble to make rules for the conduct of it, so as to  
that send harmless pleasures and dispassionate  
just to people in that connection. But it is in-  
as in some other nice cases, where a wrong  
the indolent nearly is half way to the cure;  
there are some faults which need only to be  
served to be amended. I have put into this w  
thinking by a late conversation which I engaged  
in on a court of.

I read a visit the other day to a family for a  
I have a great honour, and found the father  
mother, and two or three of the younger chil-  
dren, all designedly to leave me alone with the  
daughter, who was but a visitant there, as was  
physician, and the wife of a gentleman, a favour-  
able acquaintance. As soon as we were  
I said to my sister-in-law, and she brought she  
said to say to me, for which she was very con-  
scious. My sister said, by a kind of wish you  
as well as any body in her acquaintance, truly we  
sorry you are oppressed with what you may be su-  
perior to relieve your distress, you may at least  
be so much present advantage, as safely to give  
on turning, and the case of meeting it. She immedi-  
ately seated me in a reclining posture of counte-  
nance, and she said, 'It is an aggravation of fa-  
ult, and a great deal more, that there is a sort of ga-  
gle and a sort of reason, for which reason it is, I  
make way for you and my acquaintance, instead of  
being a hindrance to me, the next time I  
you, I shall have a perfect right to our sex, to  
have you, I shall have a perfect right to our sex, to  
be a hindrance to me, the next time I

# THE TATLER.

'My friend was neither in birth, fortune, nor education, below the gentleman whom she married. Her person, her age, and her character, are also such as he can make no exception to. But so it is; that from the moment the marriage ceremony was over, the obsequiousness of a lover was turned into the haughtiness of a master. All the kind endeavours which she uses to please him are at best but so many instances of her duty. This insolence takes away that secret satisfaction which does not only excite to virtue, but also rewards it. It abates the fire of a free and generous love, and embitters all the pleasures of a social life.' The young lady spoke all this with such an air of resentment, as discovered how nearly she was concerned in the distress.

When I observed she had done speaking, 'Madam,' said I, 'the affliction you mention is the greatest that can happen in human life; and I know but one consolation in it, if that be a consolation, that the calamity is a pretty general one. There is nothing so common as for men to enter into marriage, without so much as expecting to be happy in it. They seem to propose to themselves a few holidays in the beginning of it; after which they are to return at best to the usual course of their life; and, for aught they know, to constant misery and uneasiness. From this false sense of the state they are going into, proceed the immediate coldness and indifference, or hatred or aversion, which attend ordinary marriages, or rather bargains to cohabit.' Our conversation was here interrupted by company which came in upon us.

The humour of affecting a superior carriage generally rises from a false notion of the weakness of a female understanding in general, or an over-weening opinion that we have of our own; for when it proceeds from a natural ruggedness and brutality of temper, it is altogether incorrigible, and not to be amended by admonition. Sir Francis Bacon, as I remember, lays it down as a maxim, that no marriage can be happy in which the wife has no opinion of her husband's wisdom; but, without offence to so great an authority, I may say, that a sullen wise man is as bad as a good-natured fool. Knowledge, softened with complacency and good-breeding, will make a man equally beloved and respected; but when joined with a severe, distant, and unsociable temper, it creates rather fear than love. I, who am a bachelor, have no other notions of conjugal tenderness but what I learn from books; and shall therefore produce three letters of Pliny, who was not only one of the greatest, but the most learned man in the whole Roman empire. At the same time I am very much ashamed, that on such occasions I am obliged to have recourse to heathen authors; and shall appeal to my readers, if they would not think it a mark of a narrow education in a man of quality, to write such passionate letters to any woman but a mistress. They were all three written a time when she was at a distance from him. The first of them puts me in mind of a married friend of mine, who said, 'Sickness itself is pleasant to a man that is attended in it by one whom he dearly loves.'

*'Pliny to Calphurnia.'*

'I never was so much offended at business, as when it hindered me from going with you into the country, or following you thither; for I more particularly wish to be with you at present, that I might be sensible of the progress you make in the recovery

of your strength and health; as also of the enter-

tainment at retirement. I am afraid of it is the nature most, which I earnestly do apprehend, with t I am reading soon as I ha

'You tell my absence thing, but upon my piling to see n absence. I less pleased and read the pleasure. I so much ple Let me beg the same tin anguish wh

'It is im for you in y is the chief still the m wholly a ne the night i the day go were there come away that had su of the day anxiety, an affairs.

'You ma who has n in trouble.'

I shall co sage out of of my own versation ag partners wh observed th disquisition him, is desc a design of husband.

'So spake e Entering or Perceiving With lowin Rose, and v Yet went sh Delighted, Of what wa Adam relat Her husband Before the Chose rather Grateful dig With conju Not words

Such pain

1710.

*Ovid.*

1.

2. *Wynne.*

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that in marriage, the chief business is to acquire prepossession in favour of each other. They consider one another's words and actions with secret indulgence. There should be always an fondness pleading for each other, such as new beauties to every thing that is excellent charms to what is indifferent, and cover every that is defective. For want of this kind of prepossession and bias of mind, the married pair often take ill of each other, which no one else would take notice of in either of them.

But the most unhappy circumstance of marriage is where each party is always laying up fuel for contention, and gathering together a magazine of provocations, to exasperate each other with when they are out of humour. These people, in common discourse, make no scruple to let those who are by know they are quarrelling with one another; and think it discreet enough, if they conceal from the combatants the matters which they are hinting at. A week ago, I was entertained for a whole dinner by a mysterious conversation of this nature; which I could learn no more, than that the husband and wife were angry at one another. We soon sat down, but says the gentleman of the house in order to raise discourse, "I thought Mr. M. sung extremely well last night." Upon this the lady, looking as pale as ashes, "I suppose you had cherry-coloured ribbands on." "No," said the husband with a flush in his face, "but I had laced shoes." I look upon it, that a standstill on such occasions has as much reason to be out of countenance as either of the combatants. To my confusion, and seem regardless of what passed, I desired the servant who attended me the vinegar, which unluckily created a new dialogue of hints; for, as far as I could gather from the subsequent discourse, they had dissented the fore about the preference of *chile* to wine. In the midst of their discourse, there appeared a dish of chicken and asparagus, when the husband disposed to lay aside all disputes; and, turning to the lady, upon her with a great deal of good nature, said, "Pray, my dear, will you help my friend to eat of the fowl that lies next you, for I think it is extremely well." The lady, instead of answering him, addressing herself to me, "Pray, sir, do you in Surrey reckon the white black-legged fowls the best?" I found the husband changed colour at the question; and, before he could answer, asked me, "Whether we did not have a broom in our county?" I quickly found it was not ask questions so much out of curiosity as for which reason I thought fit to keep my up myself, and, as an honest man ought, when two friends in warmth with each other, I took the first opportunity I could to leave them by themselves.

You see, sir, I have laid before you only a few incidents, which are seemingly frivolous; but from a man very well experienced in this state of life, they are principally evils of this nature which render marriages unhappy. At the same time, that I do justice to this excellent institution, I must tell you, there are unspeakable pleasures which are little regarded in the computation of the advantages of marriage, as the others are in the usual survey is made of its misfortunes.

Love more and his wife live together in the possession of each other's hearts, and, by that means, have no indifferent moments, but their whole life is one continued scene of delight. Their pas-

each other communicates a certain satisfaction, like that which they themselves are in, to all that approach them. When she enters the place where he is, you see a pleasure which he cannot conceal, nor he, or any one else, describe. In so consummate an affection, the very presence of the person beloved has the effect of the most agreeable conversation. Whether they have matter to talk of or not, they enjoy the pleasures of society, and, at the same time, the freedom of solitude. Their ordinary life is to be preferred to the happiest moments of other lovers. In a word, they have each of them great merit, live in the esteem of all who know them, and seem but to comply with the opinions of their friends, in the just value they have for each other.

No. 151.] TUESDAY, MARCH 28, 1710.

—Ni vis boni

In ipsa inesset forma, hæc formam extinguerunt.

Ter.

These things would extinguish beauty, if there were not an innate pleasure-giving energy in beauty itself.

*From my own Apartment, March 27.*

WHEN artists would expose their diamonds to an advantage, they usually set them to show in little cases of black velvet. By this means the jewels appear in their true and genuine lustre, where there is no colour that can infect their brightness, or give a false cast to the water. When I was at the opera the other night, the assembly of ladies in mourning made me consider them in the same kind of view. A dress wherein there is so little variety, shows the face in all its natural charms, and makes one differ from another only as it is more or less beautiful. Painters are ever careful of offending against a rule which is so essential in all just representations. The chief figure must have the strongest point of light, and not be injured by any gay colourings that may draw away the attention to any less considerable part of the picture. The present fashion obliges every body to be dressed with propriety, and makes the ladies' faces the principal objects of sight. Every beautiful person shines out in all the excellence with which nature has adorned her; gaudy ribbands and glaring colours being now out of use, the sex has no opportunity given them to disfigure themselves, which they seldom fail to do whenever it lies in their power. When a woman comes to her glass, she does not employ her time in making herself look more advantageously than what she really is; but endeavours to be as much another creature as she possibly can. Whether this happens because they stay so long, and attend their work so diligently, that they forget the faces and persons which they first sat down with, or, whatever it is, they seldom rise from the toilet the same women they appeared when they began to dress. What jewel can the charming Cleora place in her ears that can please beholders so much as her eyes? The cluster of diamonds upon the breast can add no beauty to the fairest of ivory which supports it. It may indeed tempt a man to steal a woman, but never to love her. Let Thalestris change herself into a motley party-coloured animal: she pearl necklace, the flowered stomacher, the artificial nosegay, and shaded furbelone, may be of use to attract the eye of the beholder, and turn it from the imperfections of her features and shape. But if ladies will take my

word for it, I thought to come to this particular touches our woman in an agreeable conversation than any thing else.

This, I know, is a kind, who is showy, and other species of the mind. The chief idea is in a third memory of silks, and something else but a chance, come observing, head higher showed a scorn of others. 'What to a girl, until she had a part of mind offered them to be show, however.

Many a lady wig, and be. It is impossible done by the veiled, or to len a sacrifice cere heart be an open wear able head in pany as a person he was asked thought he answered, 'little one.' appeal to the she would not statesman? that I have always had a confess, it troubles of them please and give up trifles.

Mrs. Mary thousand people was desirous fore used all from marriage time of dancing her way. Vage, she felt temper and married him dressed her which she that the love fortieth year very luckily which was in the kept her safe which generated amorous co a colt's too

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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here, and heaved up on the steams of his ob-  
The first he knew was the shade of Elpenor,  
dash with activity of a spirit above that of  
is represented as arrived there long before U-  
retained during the winds and seas had count-  
ed their force to hasten his voyage thither.  
Upon, to inspire the reader with a just  
miscon-  
and at the same time with a re-  
of doing proper honours to the dead, de-  
himself as having broken his neck in a deb-  
wine; and begs Ulysses that for the repos-  
soul, he would build a monument over his  
perform funeral rites to his memory. Ulysses  
great sorrow of heart, promises to fulfil his re-  
quest, immediately directed to an object near-  
at hand, than the former. The ghost of he-  
cumen, Anticlea, whom he still thought liv-  
gives to him among the multitudes of she-  
selves, and sits down at a small  
distance by the lake of Hades, without speak-  
ing, or knowing who he was. Ulysses was  
deeply troubled at the sight, and could not  
speak as he looked upon her; but being al-  
lowed as a pattern of consummate wis-  
dom, he gives way to prudent  
consideration upon his seeing Tiresias, does not  
consent to his vision, until he had consulted  
great prophet, who was the occasion of  
his secret into the empire of the dead. Tires-  
ias cautioned him to keep himself and his  
relations free from the guilt of sacrilege, and to  
be generous to all the gods, promises him a safe  
return to his kingdom and family, and a happy old  
age.

The poet, having thus with great art kept  
curiosity of his reader in suspense, represents  
man, after the despatch of his business with U-  
lysses, yielding himself up to the cause of natural  
and making himself known to his mother. He  
are no sooner opened, but she cries out in her  
joy, and enquires into the occasions that led  
him thither, and the fortune that attended his  
return.

Ulysses, on the other hand, desires to know  
the sickness was that had sent her into those  
and the condition in which she had left his  
his son, and more particularly his wife. She  
him, "they were all three irretrievably forlorn."  
As for myself," says she, "that was the sick-  
ness which I died." My impatience for your return  
anxiety for your welfare, and my fondness  
dear Ulysses, were the only distempers that  
upon my life, and separated my soul from my  
Ulysses was melted with these expressions of  
ness, and thrice endeavoured to catch the aged  
father's arms, that he might hold his mother  
bosom, and weep over her.

This gives the poet occasion to describe the  
the heathens at that time had of an unbecom-  
in the excuse which the mother makes for  
to wash her herself from her son's embraces,  
could," says she, "is composed neither of  
flesh, nor sinews; but leaves behind her all  
circumstances of mortality to be consumed  
funeral pile." As soon as she has thus cast  
down, she makes her escape, and flies away  
like a dream.

When this melancholy conversation is at  
end, the poet draws up to view as charming a vi-  
sion, who appeared to Ulysses, to have be-  
shades of the finest women that had ever lived  
on earth, and who had either been the daugh-

kings, the mistresses of gods, or the mothers of heroes; such as Antiope, Alcmena, Leda, Ariadne, Iphimedia, Eriphyle, and several others, of whom he gives a catalogue, with a short history of their adventures. The beautiful assembly of apparitions were all gathered together about the blood. 'Each of them,' says Ulysses, as a gentle satire upon female vanity, 'giving me an account of her birth and family.' This scene of extraordinary women, seems to have been designed by the poet as a lecture of mortality to the whole sex, and to put them in mind of what they must expect, notwithstanding the greatest perfections, and highest honours, they can arrive at.

The circle of beauties at length disappeared, and was succeeded by the shades of several Grecian heroes, who had been engaged with Ulysses in the siege of Troy. The first that approached was Agamemnon, the generalissimo of that great expedition, who, at the appearance of his old friend, wept bitterly, and, without saying any thing to him, endeavoured to grasp him by the hand. Ulysses, who was much moved at the sight, poured out a flood of tears, and asked him the occasion of his death, which Agamemnon related to him in all its tragical circumstances; how he was murdered at a banquet by the contrivance of his own wife, in confederacy with her adulterer: from whence he takes occasion to reproach the whole sex, after a manner which would be inexcusable in a man who had not been so great a sufferer by them. 'My wife,' says he, 'has disgraced all the women that shall ever be born in the world, even those who hereafter shall be innocent. Take care how you grow too fond of your wife. Never tell her all you know. If you reveal some things to her, be sure you keep others concealed from her. You, indeed, have nothing to fear from your Penelope, she will not use you as my wife has treated me; however, take care how you trust a woman.' The poet, in this and other instances, according to the system of many heathen as well as Christian philosophers, shows how anger, revenge, and other habits which the soul had contracted in the body, subsist, and grow in it under its state of separation.

I am extremely pleased with the companions which the poet in the next description assigns to Achilles. 'Achilles,' says the hero, 'came up to me with Patroclus and Antilochus.' By which we may see that it was Homer's opinion, and probably that of the age he lived in, that the friendships which are made among the living, will likewise continue among the dead. Achilles enquires after the welfare of his son, and of his father, with a fierceness of the same character that Homer has every where expressed in the actions of his life. The passage relating to his son is so extremely beautiful, that I must not omit it. Ulysses, after having described him as wise in council, and active in war, and mentioned the foes whom he had slain in battle, adds an observation that he himself had made of his behaviour, whilst he lay in the wooden horse. 'Most of the generals,' says he, 'that were with us, either wept or trembled; as for your son, I never saw him wipe a tear from his cheek, or change his countenance. On the contrary, he would often lay his hand upon his sword, or grasp his spear, as impatient to employ them against the Trojans.' He then informs his father of the great honour and rewards he had purchased before Troy, and of his return from it without a wound. 'The shade of Achilles,' says the poet, 'was so pleased with the

account he no further, nary majest them.'

The last rejoicing in contrived b and made himself.

The desc refusing to spe of Achilles death, is ad Ulysses rel and consider himself with that I had n of so brave his person, to none but condescensio minds, and Ulysses to b the speech v that occasio keep your instructions ha Greeks, by bulwark and lamented an your death t anger to the them: let strain the fi ness of your you.' Ajax back upon h

Ulysses, a those impio crimes they describes un marks of di following the notwithstand the heroes t ghosts began multitudes, that his hear great a scene afraid lest s him, that m therefore wit

I question this descript such a nobl nothing to di the opinions

No. 153.] Bombalio, cl

Rend with tr With gun, dr

From I HAVE heard all the paint are represen joining in a upon such a suitable to h

er to him. frequent in this nation than any other; I mean  
to show bass-viol, which grumbles in the bottom of the  
with a horn sort, and, with a surly masculine sound, streng-  
with great the harmony, and tempers the sweetness of  
an eminent several instruments that play along with it. The  
the greatest viol is an instrument of a quite different na-  
te touches the trumpet, and may signify men of rough  
represented and unpolished parts; who do not love to hear  
of humour selves talk, but sometimes break out with un-  
able bluntness, unexpected wit, and surly pleas-

to myself, to the no small diversion of their friends and  
shadowed nions. In short, I look upon every sensible  
soft music; born Briton to be naturally a bass-viol.

As for your rural wits, who talk with gre-  
at consequence and alacrity of foxes, hounds, horses,  
set hedges, and six bar-gates, double ditch  
broken necks, I am in doubt, whether I shou-  
ld them a place in the conversable world. Ho-  
if they will content themselves with being in  
the dignity of hunting-horns, I shall desire  
future, that they may be known by that name.

I must not here omit the bagpipe species  
will entertain you from morning to night with  
repetition of a few notes, which are played over  
over, with the perpetual humming of a drone  
underneath them. These are your dull,  
tedious story tellers, the load and burden of  
sations, that set up for men of importance, by  
ing secret history, and giving an account of  
tions, that, whether they ever passed in the w-  
not, doth not signify a halfpenny to its instr-  
or its welfare. Some have observed, that the  
ern parts of this island are more particularly  
in bagpipes.

There are so very few persons who are mas-  
ters of every kind of conversation, and can talk on a  
jects, that I do not know whether we should  
admit a distinct species of them. Nevertheless, if  
scheme may not be defective, for the sake of  
few who are endowed with such extraordina-  
rents, I shall allow them to be harpsichords,  
of music which every one knows is a *consort* by

As for your passing-bells, who look upon m-  
criminal, and talk of nothing but what is mela-  
in itself, and mortifying to human nature, I sh-  
mention them.

I shall likewise pass over in silence all the  
of mankind, that crowd our streets, coffee  
feasts, and public tables. I cannot call the  
course conversation, but rather something  
practised in imitation of it. For which reason  
would describe them by any musical instrum-  
should be by those modern inventions of the b  
and string, tongs and key, marrow bone and cl

My reader will doubtless observe, that I have  
touched here upon male instruments, having  
served my female *consort* to another occasio-  
he has a mind to know where these several char-  
are to be met with, I could direct him to a  
club of drums; not to mention another of bag  
which I have before given some account of  
description of our nightly meetings in Shew  
The lutes may often be met with in couples up  
banks of a crystal stream, or in the retire  
shady woods, and flowery meadows; which, for  
ferent reasons, are likewise the great resort of  
hunting-horns. Bass viols are frequently  
found over a glass of stale beer, and a pipe of tobacco  
whereas those who set up for violins, seldom  
make their appearance at Will's once every  
ing. You may meet with a trumpet any where  
the other side of Charing-cross.



That we may draw something for our advantage in life out of the foregoing discourse, I must entreat my reader to make a narrow search into his life and conversation, and, upon his leaving any company, to examine himself seriously whether he has behaved himself in it like a drum or a trumpet, a violin or a bass-viol; and, accordingly, endeavour to mend his music for the future. For my own part, I must confess, I was a drum for many years; nay, and a very noisy one, until, having polished myself a little in good company, I threw as much of the trumpet into my conversation, as was possible for a man of an impetuous temper, by which mixture of different musics I look upon myself, during the course of many years, to have resembled a tabor and pipe. I have since very much endeavoured at the sweetness of the lute; but, in spite of all my resolutions, I must confess, with great confusion, that I find myself daily degenerating into a bagpipe; whether it be the effect of my old age, or of the company I keep, I know not. All that I can do, is to keep a watch over my conversation, and to silence the drone as soon as I find it begin to hum in my discourse, being determined rather to hear the notes of others, than to play out of time, and encroach upon their parts in the *consort* by the noise of so tiresome an instrument.

I shall conclude this paper with a letter which I received last night from a friend of mine, who knows very well my notions upon this subject, and invites me to pass the evening at his house, with a select company of friends, in the following words:

'DEAR ISAAC,

'I intend to have a *consort* at my house this evening, having by great chance got a harpsichord, which I am sure will entertain you very agreeably. There will be likewise two lutes and a trumpet: let me beg you to put yourself in tune, and believe me,

'Your very faithful servant,

'NICHOLAS HUMDRUM.'

No. 154.] TUESDAY, APRIL 4, 1710.

*Obscuris vera involvens. Virg. Æn. vi. 100.*

Involving truth in terms obscure.

*From my own Apartment, April 3.*

WE have already examined Homer's description of a future state, and the condition in which he hath placed the souls of the deceased. I shall, in this paper, make some observations on the account which Virgil hath given us of the same subject, who, besides a greatness of genius, had all the lights of philosophy and human learning to assist and guide him in his discoveries.

Æneas is represented as descending into the empire of death, with a prophetess by his side, who instructs him in the secrets of those lower regions.

Upon the confines of the dead, and before the very gates of this infernal world, Virgil describes several inhabitants, whose natures are wonderfully suited to the situation of the place, as being either the occasions or resemblances of death. Of the first kind are the shadows of Sickness, Old Age, Fear, Famine, and Poverty; apparitions very terrible to behold, with several others, as Toil, War, Contention, and Discord, which contribute all of them to people this common receptacle of human souls. As this was likewise a very proper residence for every thing that resembles death, the poet tells us, that Sleep, whom he represents as a near relation to Death, has likewise his habitation in these quarters;

and describes which seems and is possessed that hang in then gives us naturally lie as being of the and the mate 'the stuff of the shades of of his brother Centaur and the Harpy with the seven-headed breathes forth animals. These of imagination art after the day very entrance regions, do pre extravagances into when she

Thus far Æ of the descrip according to opinions of the trouble my re gives an acco posed a ferry Charon; but of doctrine w upon in this b unburied, are spective place hundred years probably an in make the peo proper rites a dead. I sha scribblers of t circumstance, priestcraft, bu as a religious an esteem for desire to reco as also to exc the virtues of their thoughts In a word, w opinions relat what hath bee to the rigid o who die with that supposi do no hurt to upon the livi ing such nece

Charon is a headed dog entrance into three kinds of the borders; a stationed ther cause none of to a place am whole thread life that had first of these snatched awa of those who unjust senten weary of the

Virgil adds of the dead, and assigns to the parts mentioned, they them-  
ion. 'Oh! endure life forbid their surround able.' It is anding self-athens, and test men in esented it as ular he was aster Plato; is placed in proper post, appen, until planted him

mic philoso- work of the examining; materialized, cted notions, ceptions of etical repre- at the soul, tracts many come a bene- malicious, red- d with lust, y, brightened sitions: that vice, growing re and gather that the torte, arise prin- us which are a body; and s of virtuous ng employed ions, sociable sion and rap- eatures, and fe, that beautiful walks, which, overs.

great waste of Melancholy,' s, divided into walks, and in- ed away with es. with them is languishing the principal this soft ro- first husband

tions another ts of warriors, company, and le there repre- mon soldiers s drawn up in ch of Æneas, ssions of fear h the Trojans, same notions, lived in former

agus, amidst a visionary scene of chariots and arms flowery meadows, shining spears, and graceful steeds, which he tells us were their pleasures on earth, and now make up their happiness in Elysium. For the same reason also, he mentions others singing Pæans, and songs of triumph, amidst a beautiful grove of laurel. The chief of the *amætes* is the poet Musæus; who stood inclosed with a circle of admirers, and rose by the head and shoulders above the throng of shades that surrounded him. The habitations of unhappy spirits, to show the duration of their torments, and the desperate condition they are in, are represented as guarded by fury, moated round with a lake of fire, strength with towers of iron, encompassed with a triple wall, and fortified with pillars of adamant, which all the gods together are not able to heave from their foundations. The noise of stripes, the clank of chains, and the groans of the tortured, strike the poet Æneas with a kind of horror. The poet afterwards divides the criminals into two classes. The first a blackest catalogue consists of such as were guilty of outrages against the gods; and the next, of such who were convicted of injustice between man and man; the greatest number of whom, says the poet, are those who followed the dictates of avarice.

It was an opinion of the Platonists, that the souls of men having contracted in the body great stains and pollutions of vice and ignorance, there were several purgations and cleansings necessary to be passed through, both here and hereafter, in order to refine and purify them.

Virgil, to give this thought likewise a clothing in poetry, describes some spirits as bleaching in winds, others as cleansing under great falls of waters, and others as purging in fire, to recover the primitive beauty and purity of their natures.

It was likewise an opinion of the same old philosophers, that the souls of all men exist in a separate state, long before their union with their bodies; and that upon their immersion into the world they forget every thing which passed in a state of pre-existence; so that what we here call knowledge is nothing else but memory, or the recovery of the things which we knew before.

In pursuance of this scheme, Virgil gives us a view of several souls, who, to prepare themselves for living upon earth, flock about the banks of the river *Lethe*, and swill themselves with the water of oblivion.

The same scheme gives him an opportunity of making a noble compliment to his country, where Anchises is represented taking a survey of a long train of heroes that are to descend from him, and giving his son Æneas an account of all the glories of his race.

I need not mention the revolution of the Platonic year, which is but just touched upon in this book, and, as I have consulted no author's thought in this explication, shall be very well pleased, if it make the noblest piece of the most accomplished poet more agreeable to my female readers, if they think fit to look into Dryden's translation.

No. 155.] THURSDAY, APRIL 6, 1790

—Alieni negotia curat

Excussus propriis.

Her. 3. Sat. 8.

When he had lost all business of his own,

He ran in quest of news thro' all the town.

From my own Apartment, April 5, 1790

There lived some years since, within my cell

hood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter: that he rose before day to read the Post-man; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for king Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for, about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, until about three days ago, as I was walking in St. James's park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me; and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress: for, notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose great coat and a muff; with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to enquire into his present circumstances; but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, 'Whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender?' I told him, 'None that I heard of;' and asked him, 'whether he had yet married his eldest daughter?' He told me, 'No. But pray,' says he, 'tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden?' For though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, 'that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age.' 'But pray,' says he, 'do you think there is any truth in the story of his wound?' And finding me surprised at the question, 'Nay,' says he, 'I only propose it to you.' I answered, 'that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it.' 'But why in the heel,' says he, 'more than in any other part of the body?' 'Because,' said I, 'the bullet chanced to light there.'

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the North; and after having spent some time on them, he told me, 'he was in great perplexity how to reconcile the supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The Daily Courant,' says he, 'has these words, "We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration." This is very mysterious; but the Post-boy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us, "That there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light." Now, the Post-man,' says he, 'who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: "The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation." This

certain prince are all so cautious. Upon which, he whispered some hear, or think.

We were no where were they gathered upon them politicians that place even them to be our acquaintance.

The chief parser of para concern, 'that from Muscovy, storm gathering time do hurt to this he added to see the Tur believed could manufacture.'

upon those lately happened have risen children much talked.

Menzikoff, and backed his and such a gave ourselves.

The discourse seldom escaped whether, in case would not be unanimously.

One who sat discourse, had 'that it would ants to beat the ever such a good of the last sat at the end of

was the geographer case the Papi those parts of worst, it would Norway and crowns hold stand neuter.

'that there pole, inhabited and of greater dominions in

When we friend the upon the present proposed prince balanced the and impartial.

I at length going away; the upholsterer advancing to to hear some not thought for instead of the him half a statesman; a he was in, give him five him when the stantinople;

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

impossibility  
Europe now

ar benefit of  
coffee-house  
ghts are so  
hat they for-

8, 1710

squis.

En. ii. 742.

17.

Homer the  
es, with the  
we look into  
many years  
we may see  
expedition,  
s discoveries  
ory of Tele-  
t of Homer,  
tion of that  
n any trans-  
was written  
who may one  
author took  
y, and parti-  
lering upon,  
pupil. For  
he misery of  
in the ac-  
l rewards in

tanding the  
author, to  
Homer, that  
city running  
te in several  
that his fu-  
el Angelo's  
his boat are  
dful solem-

hrough the  
of Mercury,  
of ghosts to  
the infernal  
oyage is the  
bylon, and  
monies and  
four slaves  
he country,  
s. The au-  
most odious  
ty, tells us,  
him after  
s reproaches  
ey spurned  
reed him to  
re covered,  
nd infamy;  
in a chain,  
nal of the

bark, sees  
ble multi-  
ashore, im-

mediately vanished. He then puts  
the palace of Pluto, who is descri-  
his throne in terrible majesty, with  
his side. At the foot of his throne  
hideous spectre, who, by the gla-  
visage, and the nature of the appa-  
round him, discovers himself to  
attendants are, Melancholy, Dis-  
Hatred, Avarice, Despair, Ambiti-  
piety, with frightful Dreams, and  
which are all drawn very naturally  
tions and postures. The author, we  
places near his frightful dreams  
phantoms, which are often employ-  
living, by appearing in the shape  
the dead.

The young hero, in the next pl-  
vey of the different kinds of crimi-  
torture, among clouds of sulphur,  
fire. The first of these were such as  
of impieties which every one hath,  
which is added a catalogue of suc-  
scarce appear to be faulty in the cy-  
Among these, says the author, are  
that have endeavoured to cast a bla-  
fections of others; with whom he  
such as have often hurt the reputa-  
cent, by passing a rash judgment o-  
without knowing the occasion of  
crimes, says he, are more severely  
death, because they generally meet  
upon earth.

Telemachus, after having tak-  
several other wretches in the same  
arrives at that region of torments  
kings are punished. There are ver-  
imagination in the description whi-  
this unhappy multitude. He tells o-  
side of them, there stood a revenge-  
dering in their ears incessant re-  
the crimes they had committed  
with the aggravations of ambition, v-  
of heart, and all those secret affectio-  
enter into the composition of a t-  
same time, she holds up to them a l-  
which every one sees himself repre-  
tural horror and deformity of his char-  
other side of them stands another fur-  
insulting derision, repeats to them  
that their flatterers had bestowed u-  
they sat upon their respective thron-  
says the author, presents a mirror be-  
in which every one sees himself ad-  
those beauties and perfections, in  
been drawn by the vanity of their o-  
the flattery of others. To punish the  
tonness of the cruelty which they form  
they are now delivered up to be treat-  
the fancy and caprice of several sla-  
here an opportunity of tyrannizing in

The author, having given us a desc-  
ghastly spectres, who, says he, are alwa-  
Death, and are placed under the dis-  
burning vengeance which falls upon  
drop, and is never to be exhausted.  
pleasing scene of groves, filled with  
birds, and the odours of a thousand d-  
These groves are represented as rising  
many flowery meadows, and watered  
that diffuse a perpetual freshness, in  
eternal day, and a never-fading sprin-  
the author, was the habitation of tho-

who were friends of the gods, and parents of the people. Among these Telemachus converses with the shade of one of his ancestors, who makes a most agreeable relation of the joys of Elysium, and the nature of its inhabitants. The residence of Sesostris among these happy shades, with his character and present employment, is drawn in a very lively manner, and with a great elevation of thought.

The description of that pure and gentle light, which overflows these happy regions, and clothes the spirits of these virtuous persons, hath something in it of that enthusiasm which this author was accused of by his enemies in the church of Rome; but, however it may look in religion, it makes a very beautiful figure in poetry.

The rays of the sun, says he, are darkness in comparison with this light, which rather deserves the name of glory, than that of light. It pierces the thickest bodies in the same manner as the sun-beams pass through crystal. It strengthens the sight instead of dazzling it; and nourishes, in the most inward recesses of the mind, a perpetual serenity that is not to be expressed. It enters and incorporates itself with the very substance of the soul: the spirits of the blessed feel it in all their senses, and in all their perceptions. It produces a certain source of peace and joy that arises in them, for ever running through all the faculties, and refreshing all the desires of the soul. External pleasures and delights, with all their charms and allurements, are regarded with the utmost indifference and neglect by these happy spirits, who have his great principle of pleasure within them, drawing the whole mind to itself, calling off their attention from the most delightful objects, and giving them all the transports of inebriation, without the confusion and folly of it.

I have here only mentioned some master-touches of this admirable piece, because the original itself is understood by the greater part of my readers. I must confess, I take a particular delight in these prospects of fatality, whether grounded upon the probable suggestions of a fine imagination, or the more severe conclusions of philosophy; as a man loves to hear all the discoveries or conjectures relating to a foreign country which he is, at some time, to inhabit. Prospects of this nature lighten the burden of any present evil, and refresh us under the worst and lowest circumstances of mortality. They extinguish in us both the fear and envy of human grandeur. Insolence shrinks its head, power disappears; pain, poverty, and death fly before them. In short, the mind that is habituated to the lively sense of a *hereafter*, can hope for what is the most terrifying to the generality of mankind, and rejoice in what is the most afflicting.

No. 157.] TUESDAY, APRIL 11, 1710.

—Facile est inventis addere.—

It is easy to improve an invention

From my own Apartment, April 10.

I WAS last night in an assembly of very fine women. How I came among them is of no great importance to the reader. I shall only let him know that I was betrayed into so good company by the device of an old friend, who had promised to give some of his female acquaintance a sight of Mr. Bickerstaff. Upon hearing my name mentioned, a lady who sat by me, told me, they had brought together a female consort for my entertainment. "You must know," says she, "that we all of us look upon ourselves to be musical instruments, though we do not yet know of what kind;

which we hope to leave to play to general laugh, and flourish in the then struck upon two ground could not but be more soft, and ever heard in a there was not a rests and pause of the other sex full, and no pa long by itself.

I seemed so said, and smile their pretty face word into their they looked upon then told them, so many charms had seen of the in their hands, tossed back her

The consort agree smiles, and appears who beats the time I was no sooner over in my thought assembly; which they are various stand as a sample

The person of instrument, that something exquisite lulls and soothes kind of melody startling it, and between transport of the Flute is a woman, that has the same time,

I must here perfect of the Finess of the sound of notes; though that the Hauteboisichord in the

By the side of so I must call herself a wit, and insipid, and with tart ill nature little turns, which spirit. The Flute the Flute so much the shrillness as however take their own sex are Flutes.

There chance with a great and studied in the rest of the during the who have done upon break out upon "The charming then would have the window to quette, therefore instrument which

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

Fiddle itself,

the conversational, and was ravity of her which were of the eye, ss of the content, serious,

ashire Horn-country lady, sence, diverted am not mis-otes is a little sic restrained l be improved out the town, fall likewise

a *Welsh-harp*, s in the tunes ating the re-ritish heroes, escribe a cer-istorians that and descents, t or other, to d; for which ery often in due attention

consort was a lle-drum, who s of the body, ie fan. Her Every thump ery often set

ain romantic ed of nothing ling streams, auties of the ife. This in-ess in it, and

f womankind ng divisions; rality of that y a great ges-sses of more y frequent re-an those who y be observed and in your who have no at of talking

f music to an man of gale-e believed he t in my con-pe, who lived but upon his rding to ap-t passion was ith at a play; t, not finding ion, he grew he could not y much like s a Dulcimer,

who, he found, took great delight in languishing, but would go no farther than of matrimony; so that she would never have any more of her than her heart, having won, he was forced to leave her, as of any further success. I must confess, say I have often considered her with a great miration: and I find her pleasure is so in first step of an amour, that her life will p dream, solitude, and soliloquy, until th charms makes her snatch at the worst me pretended to her. In the next place, say I fell in love with a Kit, who led me s through all the varieties of a familiar, nd indifferent behaviour, that the world be censorious, though without any cause; for son, to recover our reputations, we parted. To mend my hand, says he, I made my next to a Virginal, who gave me great encourag her cautious manner until some malicious told her of my long passion for the Kit, whi turn me off as a scandalous fellow. At despair,' says he, 'I betook myself to a who rejected me with contempt, after ha that my great-grandmother was a brewer.'

I found by the sequel of my friend's dis he had never aspired to a Hawthoy; that I exasperated by a Flageolet; and that, to th he pines away for a Flute.

Upon the whole, having thoroughly how absolutely necessary it is that two u which are to play together for life, should tuned, and go in perfect consort with ea would propose matches between the mu sexes, according to the following Table of

1. Drum and Kettle-drum.
2. Lute and Flute.
3. Harpsichord and Hautboy.
4. Violin and Flageolet.
5. Bass-Viol and Kit.
6. Trumpet and *Welsh-Harp*.
7. Hunting-horn and Hornpipe.
8. Bagpipe and Castanet.
9. *Passing-Bell* and Virginal.

Mr. Bickerstaff, in consideration of l friendship and acquaintance with Mr. Bet great esteem for his merit, summons all hi whether dead or living, mad or tame, Toas Dappers, Pretty-fellows, musicians or a make their appearance at the playhouse i market on Thursday next, when there wil acted for the benefit of the said Betterton.

No. 158.] THURSDAY, APRIL 1

Faciant nre intelligendo, ut nihil intelligi

While they pretend to know more if they know nothing in reality.

*From my own Apartment, April 1*

TOM FOLIO is a broker in learning, s get together good editions, and stock th of great men. There is not a sale of bo until Tom Folio is seen at the door. T an auction where his name is not heard too in the very nick of time, in the critics before the last decisive stroke of the hamp is not a subscription goes forward in wh not privy to the first rough draught of the nor a catalogue printed, that doth not ce wet from the press. He is a universal far as the title page of all authors: kno

# THE TATLER.

which they were discovered, the editions which they have passed, with the praises or which they have received from the several of the learned world. He has a greater Aldus and Elzevir, than for Virgil and if you talk of Herodotus, he breaks out eggyric upon Harry Stephens. He thinks an account of an author, when he tells of the subject he treats of, the name of the editor, or the year in which it was printed. Or, if you go into further particulars, he cries up the editor of the paper, extols the diligence of the printer, and is transported with the beauty of the title; he looks upon to be sound learning, and is full of critical criticism. As for those who talk of the style, and the justness of thought, or the brightness of any particular passages; he thinks they themselves write in the genius and the manner of the author they admire; Tom looks upon men of superficial learning, and flashy

Yesterday morning a visit from this learned man, that is the light in which I consider every man I discovered in him some little touches of the comb, which I had not before observed. I was full of the figure which he makes in the world of letters, and wonderfully satisfied with the stock of knowledge, he gave me broad information that he did not believe in all points as others had done. He then communicated a thought of a certain author upon a passage in the account of the dead, which I made the subject of a late paper. This thought hath taken root among men of Tom's pitch and understanding universally exploded by all that were to construe Virgil, or have any relish of

Not to trouble my reader with it, I found whole, that Tom did not believe a future reward and punishments, because Eneas, rising the empire of the dead, passed through of ivory, and not through that of horn. That Tom had not sense enough to give up in which he had once received, that I might be angling, I told him, 'that Virgil possibly versights as well as another author.' 'Ah! Bickerstaff,' says he, 'you would have another of him, if you would read him in Daniel's edition. I have perused him myself several times in that edition,' continued he, 'and after the most and most malicious examination, could find two faults in him; one of them is in the where there are two commas instead of a paragraph; and another in the third Georgic, where I find a semicolon turned upside down.' 'said I, 'these were not Virgil's faults, but of the transcriber.' 'I do not design it,' said he, 'as a reflection on Virgil; on the contrary, I know that all the manuscripts declaim against such a punctuation. Oh! Mr. Bickerstaff, what would a man give to see one simile writ in his own hand?' I asked him which simile he meant; but was answered, any in Virgil. He then told me all the secret in the commonwealth of learning; of mistakes that had the names of ancient authors to them; of all the books that were now in printing in the several parts of Europe; of amendments which are made, and not yet published; and a thousand other particulars, which not have my memory burdened with for a

length being fully persuaded that I thoroughly

admired him, and looked on his learning, he took his leave. I am a class, who are professed at understanding a word of particular, that carries a Pastoral which, I am sure, he is a beauty but the clearness of

There is another kind of Tom Folio's impertinence, in figures and embellishments; he is still more insupportable in the same degree as he is more very often are editors, commentators, scholiasts, and critics; and deep learning without common sense set a greater value upon the meaning of the words upon the author for having allowed the passage itself not at the same time that the greatest men of the world do it. They will look with contempt upon the most beautiful poems that have been written by contemporaries; but will study for a twelvemonth to publish, and expound such a modern author would be the strictest morals, severest professions, will write volumes is originally in Greek or the most immoral authors; upon the various readings that can be said in excellent works sufficiently show the authors; and that what of their great learning, and lasciviousness of temper.

A pedant of this nature is described in six lines of verse to conclude his character:

Un Pedant enyvré de sa  
Tout herissé Grec, tout b  
Et qui de mille auteurs n  
Dans sa tête entasse n  
Croit qu'un livre fait tou  
La raison ne voit goutte,

Brim-full of learning see  
Bristling with horrid Gre  
A thousand authors he in  
And with their maxims  
And thinks that, without  
Reason is blind, and con

No. 159.] SATURDAY

Nitor in adversum; n  
Impetus.

I steer against their m  
Borne back by all the

From my own a

The wits of this island instead of correcting the all they could to inflame one of the common topics a scribbler hath found here there is an occasion for upon matrimony is sure attended with very pernicious a country esquire, upon the town, has gone home



## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

hath been  
life as a do-  
conversation  
beds, silent  
introduced by  
s. to stem the  
te particular  
ly in counte-  
s evils out of  
ost happy or  
iced in. In  
ider the wits  
re. I have  
was a man  
first quality  
to be a kind  
riend, compa-  
like instance  
much greater  
book of let-  
of turns as  
r, who writes  
of that beau-  
ural, and is  
ancient wri-  
Cicero; who,  
e taken out  
ink it incon-  
ners, or the  
record in his  
when he was  
on that then

da, as well as  
edible proofs  
indefatigable  
appy a man  
onstancy, ho-  
so great dis-  
ny dear Tul-  
the sake of a  
ch reason to  
little Cicero,  
an with the  
happened by  
dly persuade  
it is all be-  
o thought I  
and did not  
dship.—At  
I shall take  
he benefit of  
opes we may  
Italy. If I  
turn to your  
I recover you  
iety very well  
about selling  
ia, consider,  
four present  
will become  
st, that I am  
uld not will-  
us take care  
idone; if we  
ue will keep  
e him in the

world. Mind your health, and let me know  
quently what you are doing.—Remember  
Tulliola and Cicero."

### II.

Do not fancy that I write longer letters  
one than to yourself, unless when I chance to  
a longer letter from another, which I am im-  
sibly obliged to answer in every particular.  
truth of it is, I have no subject for a letter  
sent; and, as my affairs now stand, there is  
more painful to me than writing. As for y-  
our dear Tulliola, I cannot write to you  
abundance of tears; for I see both of you  
whom I always wished to be happy, and  
ought to have made so.—I must acknowl-  
have done every thing for me with the utmos-  
tude, and the utmost affection; nor indeed is  
than I expected from you; though, at the  
time, it is a great aggravation of my ill fortune  
the afflictions I suffer can be relieved only by  
which you undergo for my sake. For honest  
rius has written me a letter, which I could not  
without weeping very bitterly; wherein he giv-  
an account of the public procession which you  
made for me at Rome. Alas! my dearest life  
then Terentia, the darling of my soul, whose  
and recommendations have been so often sought  
others; must my Terentia droop under the weight  
sorrow, appear in the habit of a mourner, pe-  
floods of tears, and all this for my sake; I  
sake, who have undone my family, by consult-  
safety of others? As for what you write about  
ing your house, I am very much afflicted, that  
is laid out upon my account may any way  
you to misery and want. If we can bring about  
design, we may indeed recover every thing;  
fortune persists in persecuting us, how can I  
of your sacrificing for me the poor remainder  
possessions? No, my dearest life, let me be-  
to let those bear my expenses who are able, at  
haps willing to do it; and if you would show  
love to me, do not injure your health, which  
ready too much impaired. You present y-  
before my eyes day and night; I see you  
amidst innumerable difficulties; I am afraid  
you should sink under them; but I find in y-  
the qualifications that are necessary to support  
be sure therefore to cherish your health, that  
may compass the end of your hopes and your  
vours.—Farewell, my Terentia, my heart's  
farewell."

### III.

'Aristocritus hath delivered to me three  
letters, which I have almost defaced with my  
Oh! my Terentia, I am consumed with grief  
feel the weight of your sufferings more than  
own. I am more miserable than you are, in  
standing you are very much so; and that I  
reason, though our calamity is common, it is  
fault that brought it upon us. I ought to have  
rather than have been driven out of the city  
therefore overwhelmed, not only with grief  
with shame. I am ashamed that I did not  
utmost for the best of wives, and the dear  
children. You are ever present before me in  
your mourning, your affliction, and your  
Amidst all which, there scarce appears to  
least glimmering of hope.—However, as I  
you hope, I will not despair—I will do what y-  
vise me. I have returned my thanks to  
friends whom you mentioned, and have let  
know, that you have acquainted me with the

offices. I am sensible of Piso's extraordinary zeal and endeavours to serve me. Oh! would the gods grant that you and I might live together in the enjoyment of such a son-in-law, and of our dear children!—As for what you write of your coming to me, if I desire it, I would rather you should be where you are, because I know you are my principal agent at Rome. If you succeed, I shall come to you: if not—But I need say no more. Be careful of your health; and be assured that nothing is, or ever was, so dear to me as yourself. Farewell, my Terentia! I fancy that I see you, and therefore cannot command my weakness so far as to refrain from tears.'

## IV.

'I do not write to you as often as I might; because, notwithstanding I am afflicted at all times, I am quite overcome with sorrow whilst I am writing to you, or reading any letters that I receive from you.—If these evils are not to be removed, I must desire to see you, my dearest life, as soon as possible, and to die in your embraces; since neither the gods, whom you always religiously worshipped, nor the men, whose good I always promoted, have rewarded us according to our deserts.—What a distressed wretch am I! Should I ask a weak woman, oppressed with cares and sickness, to come and live with me; or, shall I not ask her? Can I live without you? But I find I must. If there be any hopes of my return, help it forward, and promote it as much as you are able. But if all that is over, as I fear it is, find out some way or other of coming to me. This you may be sure of, that I shall not look upon myself as quite undone whilst you are with me. But what will become of Tulliola? You must look to that; I must confess, I am entirely at a loss about her. Whatever happens we must take care of the reputation and marriage of that dear unfortunate girl. As for Cicero, he shall live in my bosom, and in my arms. I cannot write any further, my sorrows will not let me.—Support yourself, my dear Terentia, as well as you are able. We have lived and flourished together amidst the greatest honours; it is not our crimes, but our virtues, that have distressed us.—Take more than ordinary care of your health; I am more afflicted with your sorrows than my own.—Farewell, my Terentia, thou, dearest, faithfullest, and best of wives!'

Methinks it is a pleasure to see this great man in his family, who makes so different a figure in the Forum, or senate of Rome. Every one admires the orator and the consul; but for my part, I esteem the husband and the father. His private character, with all the little weaknesses of humanity, is as amiable, as the figure he makes in public is awful and majestic. But at the same time that I love to surprise so great an author in his private walks, and to survey him in his most familiar lights, I think it would be barbarous to form to ourselves any idea of mean-spiritedness from these natural openings of his heart, and disburdening of his thoughts to a wife. He has written several other letters to the same person, but none with so great passion as these of which I have given the foregoing extracts.

It would be ill-nature not to acquaint the English reader, that his wife was successful in her solicitations for this great man; and saw her husband return to the honours of which he had been deprived, with all the pomp and acclamation that usually attended the greatest triumph.

No. 160.

Pro

A common draws upon and, if one interpreted by intimacy. About two hours at my door, maid could what was the up word, that very much with me. and by his bed, I fancied upholsterer, James's-par gentleman, that I could thing to say writing.' message, to would stay ring; and his were driven vested.' He which I found

As much of my brave a victory be out of hume sooner recover but I was in upon my voice ask he same time l pose to talk which every hence. I into the room the gentler would rather that I persi any body th answer pres sible for me such unexp my clothes turns about deal of ang politics, tha disquiet of advantage yet it is su species of n than to find of Europe, upon the m cians, and by a states I heard th letter to my hurry, to g awake; wh

'MR. 'I was let you kn conversed Mall, havin of you, to

ired me to  
any would  
a hundred  
ast advices  
than it was  
will accept

If you re-  
as we were  
t has hap-  
morning, I  
secret. I  
position by  
you at the  
circumstances  
his quarter

good news  
particulars,  
which I will  
have not

will soon  
the enemy  
ying away  
e we were

bid me tell  
ten among  
ours of the

ill, I hope,  
propose to  
you will  
is the only  
lice of my  
clock to-

ant, &c.  
ender.'

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and in his  
uch I have  
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ndisposed,  
aking my

lie, I shall  
ave lately  
nts. The  
angry at  
to a Bass-

nded from  
a match-  
the Kit?  
thing but  
e. Of all  
you mar-  
I should  
ac, either  
and die a  
tion from  
KIT?  
shown in  
g her to  
wants to  
as the  
cked and

My next letter is from Tom Foho, who takes it amiss that I have published a  
him so much to his disadvantage.

Sir,  
I suppose you mean Tom Fool, whom I met Tom Foho in a late trifling paper of I find, it is your design to run down all his learning. The tobacco-paper on your own writings are usually printed, as we correctors of the press, and the scurvy fellows, shew the extent of your knowledge, not but you look upon John Me as great a man as Elzevir; and Aldus is much another as Bernard Lintot. If you me my revenge, I would only desire of me publish an account of your library, which, I say, would furnish out an extraordinary collection.

Tom  
It hath always been my way to haif with silence; though I cannot but observe the proceedings of this gentleman, content to asperse my writings, but he through my eyes, these eminent and worth Mr. John Morphew and Mr. Bernard Li

N<sup>o</sup>. 161.] THURSDAY, APRIL 20,

— Nunquam libertas gratior existit  
Quam sub rege pio.

Never does liberty appear more an-  
nounced the government of a pious and good

*From my own Apartment, April 1*

I was walking two or three days ago, in a pleasant retirement, and amusing myself with reading of that ancient and beautiful allegory 'The Table of Cebes.' I was at last so weary, that I sat down to rest myself beneath a tree, in the midst of an agreeable solitude. The music of the birds, that filled all the air, made me a-deep before I was aware of it. I was followed by a dream, that I imputed to the foregoing author, who had made an impression upon my imagination, and put his own way of thinking.

I fancied myself among the Alps, and, instead of a dream, seemed every moment to move from one summit to another, until at last, having made thus any progress over the towering mountains, I arrived at the very top of the broken rocks and precipices. I thought, I saw a prodigious circuit of land, I reached above the clouds, and encompassed a space of ground, which I had a great deal to do to get into. I thereupon continued my foot of travelling through a great variety of scenes, until I had gained the top of the mountain, which seemed another Alps of looking down from hence into a spacious plain, which was surrounded on all sides by this mountain, which presented me with the most magnificent prospect I had ever seen. There was a gayety of colours in the embroidery of the mountains, more lively green in the leaves and grass, and more blue in the streams, than what I ever met in any other region. The light itself had a more shining and glorious in it than that of the day is made in other places. I was well astonished at the discovery of such a paradise in the wilderness of those cold, hoary landscapes, which lay about it; but found at length, that this region was inhabited by the goddess of

whose presence was softened by the rigours of the climate, enriched the barrenness of the soil, and more than supplied the absence of the sun. The place was covered with a wonderful profusion of flowers, that, without being disposed into regular borders and parterres, grew promiscuously; and had a greater beauty in their natural luxuriance and disorder, than they could have received from the checks and restraints of art. There was a river that arose out of the south side of the mountain, that, by an infinite number of turnings and windings, seemed to visit every plant, and cherish the several beauties of the spring, with which the fields abounded. After having run to and fro in a wonderful variety of meanders, as unwilling to leave so charming a place, it at last throws itself into the hollow of a mountain; from whence it passes under a long range of rocks, and at length rises in that part of the Alps where the inhabitants think is the first source of the Rhone. This river, after having made its progress through those free nations, stagnates in a huge lake at the leaving of them; and no sooner enters into the regions of slavery, but it runs through them with an incredible rapidity, and takes its shortest way to the sea.

I descended into the happy fields that lay beneath me, and, in the midst of them, beheld the goddess sitting upon a throne. She had nothing to enclose her but the bounds of her own dominions, and nothing over her head but the heavens. Every glance of her eye cast a track of light where it fell, that revived the spring, and made all things smile about her. My heart grew cheerful at the sight of her; and, as she looked upon me, I found a certain confidence growing in me, and such an inward resolution as I never felt before that time.

On the left hand of the goddess sat the genius of a *commonwealth*, with the cap of Liberty on her head, and, in her hand, a wand like that with which a Roman citizen used to give his slaves their freedom. There was something mean and vulgar, but at the same time exceeding bold and daring, in her air; her eyes were full of fire; but had in them such casts of fierceness and cruelty, as made her appear to me rather dreadful than amiable. On her shoulders she wore a mantle, on which there was wrought a great confusion of figures. As it flew in the wind, I could not discern the particular design of them, but saw wounds in the bodies of some, and agonies in the faces of others; and over one part of it could read in letters of blood, 'The Ides of March.'

On the right hand of the goddess was the genius of *monarchy*. She was clothed in the whitest ermine, and wore a crown of the purest gold upon her head. In her hand, she held a sceptre like that which is born by the British monarchs. A couple of tame lions lay crouching at her feet. Her countenance had in it a very great majesty without any mixture of terror. Her voice was like the voice of an angel, filled with so much sweetness, accompanied with such an air of condescension, as tempered the awfulness of her appearance, and equally inspired love and veneration into the hearts of all that beheld her.

In the train of the goddess of Liberty were the several Arts and Sciences, who all of them flourished underneath her eye. One of them in particular made a greater figure than any of the rest, who held a thunderbolt in her hand, which had the power of melting, piercing, or breaking every thing that stood

in its way to the succession.

There was a very great variety in the region. The goddess had every part of the world was in its own power, and other was so with groves in a word, and The name of Commerce, plough, and which she ploughed, and other wore her eyes fixed

I was with this delight was not in until at length and pitched several objects taken notice flowery place which were a continued charmed with declivities outside was forests of fir found in other inhabited flights from thoughts I came of the to which the flocks so high reason have phers to take were soon described two mountains, day and night there were the each of these perpetual alarm vading it.

Tyranny dressed in a hand an iron with the gate norance, with cution holding flowers-de-luce Poverty, Faint appearances Among the racks, wheel struments and miserable.

Before the dressed in a and leading Clamour, with Confusion, heads; Impudence Rapine, with and uproar they disturbed tent with sleep

710. ing. This duty likewise I have end  
charge, by those wholesome precep  
10. given my countrymen in regard to  
and the severe censures which I ha  
ragouts and fricassées. There is n  
formed, a pair of *red heels* to be  
miles of London; which I may  
without vanity, to the becoming  
pressed in that particular. I must  
with the petticoat is not so great; b  
yet done with it, I hope I shall in a  
effectual stop to that growing evil.  
ticle of building, I intend hereafter  
it; having lately observed several  
private shops, that stand upon C  
and whole rows of tin pots showing  
order to their sale, through a *sash-w*  
I have likewise followed the exam  
censors, in punishing offences acco  
lity of the offender. It was usual  
a senator, who had been guilty of  
ties, out of the senate-house, by on  
when they called over the list of h  
the same manner, to remove of  
worthless men who stand possessed  
I have made frequent draughts of  
the vicious part of the nobility, and  
to the new society of upholders, w  
orders for their interment. As the  
used to punish the knights or gent  
by taking away their horses from th  
the canes of many criminals of fig  
just reason to animadvert upon. As  
among the common people of Rom  
nerally chastised by being thrown  
tribe, and placed in one which was  
My reader cannot but think I have  
this punishment, when I have degr  
of men into bombs, squibs, and  
another into drums, bass-violas, and  
to mention whole packs of delinque  
shut up in kennels, and the new ho  
at present erecting for the recepti  
countrymen, who give me but littl  
amendment, on the borders of Moc  
only observe, upon this last partic  
some late surveys I have taken  
shall think it necessary to enlarge  
buildings which I design in this que  
When my great predecessor,  
stood for the censorship of Rome, th  
other competitors who offered the  
get an interest amongst the people,  
promises of the mild and gentle  
they would use towards them in th  
on the contrary, told them 'he pres  
a candidate, because he knew the  
immorality and corruption; and th  
give him their votes, he would prom  
use of such a strictness and severit  
should recover them out of it.'  
torians, upon this occasion, very  
the public-spiritedness of that pe  
Cato for their censor, notwithstanding  
of recommending himself. I may  
extol my own countrymen upon th  
who, without any respect to party,  
from myself, have made such *genu*  
for the Censor of Great Britain, as  
nificance to my old age, and which  
than I would any post in Europe o  
the value. I shall only add, that

logue of subscribers, which I intend to print ideally in the front of my lucubrations, I find es of the greatest beauties and wits in the land of Great Britain; which I only mention benefit of any of them who have not yet submitted being my design to close the subscription y short time.

inficet est inficetior rure,  
poemata attingit; neque idem unquam  
est beatus, ac poema cum scribit:  
audet in se, tanque se ipse miratur.  
am idem omnes fallimur; neque est quisquam  
non in aliquâ re videre Suffenum

nus has no more wit than a mere clown when  
 apt to write verses; and yet he is never hap-  
 py when he is scribbling: so much does he  
 himself and his compositions. And, indeed,  
 the foible of every one of us; for there is no  
 thing who is not a Sufferus in one thing or

YESTERDAY came hither about two hours before company generally make their appearance, with a view to read over all the newspapers; but, upon going down, I was accosted by Ned Softly, who came from a corner in the other end of the room, and found he had been writing something. 'Mr. Staff,' said he, 'I observe by a late paper of that you and I are just of a humour; for you now, of all impertinences, there is nothing so much hate as news. I never read a Gamy life; and never trouble my head about politics, whether they win or lose, or in what part of the world they lie encamped.' Without more time to reply, he drew a paper of verses out of his pocket, telling me, 'that he had something which would entertain me more agreeably; and that he desired my judgment upon every line, for he had time enough before us until the commencing in.'

ling myself unavoidably engaged in such a station, I was resolved to turn my pain into a re, and to divert myself as well as I could with *odd* a fellow. 'You must understand,' says that the sonnet I am going to read to you written upon a lady, who showed me some of her own making, and is, perhaps, the best of our age. But you shall hear it.' In which he began to read as follows:

**L**

You seem a sister  
Or Phœbus' s

I fancy, when y  
(Your song y  
Your pen was p  
For, ah ! it w

'Why,' says I, 'it ceits, a very lump of thing in it that pique line is certainly as p epigram, for so I t entered into the th Bickerstaff,' says he, body knows you to b to tell you truly, I r tion of 'Horace's A before I sat down to shown you. But y observe every line o pass without your ap

When dress'd in

'That is,' says he, on; when you are wplied, 'I know your same,' said he, and :

And tune you

'Pray observe the scarce a consonant is upon liquids. Give me said I, 'I think it very glad to hear you next.

You seem a

'That is,' says  
muses; for, if you  
will find it was the  
of them.' 'I remem  
pray proceed.'

Or Phœbe

'Phœbus,' says he  
little instances, Mr.  
reading. Then, to t  
which Phœbus and  
stanza, you may ob  
den into the familia

Or Phœbe

'Let us now,' said the  
stanza; I find the  
the metaphor.'

I fancy, wh

'It is very right,'  
turn of words in the  
hour in adjusting  
upon me, whether  
"Your song you sing  
You shall hear then

I fancy, when  
(Your song

I fancy, when  
(You sing y

'Truly,' said I, 'way, that you have  
'Dear sir,' said I, 'you have a great  
you think of the n

# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

ing;  
ide Cupid  
meaning,  
gh bit off.  
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I not like,  
and whis-  
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, 1710.  
,  
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iat. vi. 34.  
—Francis.  
6.  
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erly a lu-  
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ers desire  
criticisms

on the dead, and others my censures on the living  
For this reason, I once resolved, in the new edition  
of my works, to range my several papers under dis-  
tinct heads, according as their principal design was  
to benefit and instruct the different capacities of my  
readers; and to follow the example of some very  
great authors, by writing at the head of each the  
course, *Ad Aulam, Ad Academiam, Ad Populum, Ad*  
*Clerum.*  
There is no particular in which my correspondents  
of all ages, conditions, sexes, and complexions, un-  
versally agree, except only in their thirst after sen-  
dal. It is impossible to conceive, how many have  
recommended their neighbours to me upon this ac-  
count, or how unmercifully I have been abused by  
several unknown hands, for not publishing the secret  
histories of cuckoldom that I have received from  
most every street in town.  
It would indeed be very dangerous for me to re-  
over the many praises and eulogiums, which come to  
me from all the corners of the nation, were they  
mixed with many checks, reprimands, scurrilities  
and reproaches; which several of my good-natured  
countrymen cannot forbear sending me, though  
often costs them *twopence* or a *groat* before they can  
convey them to my hands: so that sometimes when  
I am put into the best humour in the world, after  
having read a panegyric upon my performance  
and looked upon myself as a benefactor to the Bri-  
tish nation, the next letter, perhaps, I open, begin-  
ning with, 'You old doting scoundrel?—Are not you  
a sad dog?—Sirrah, you deserve to have your  
nose slit,' and the like ingenious conceits. These  
little mortifications are necessary to suppress the  
pride and vanity which naturally arise in the mind  
of a received author, and enable me to bear the  
reputation which my courteous readers bestow upon  
me, without becoming a coxcomb by it. It was for  
the same reason, that when a Roman general en-  
tered the city in the pomp of a triumph, the com-  
monwealth allowed of several little drawbacks to his  
reputation, by conniving at such of the rabble as  
appeared libels and lampoons upon him within  
hearing; and by that means engaged his thoughts  
upon his weakness and imperfections, as well as  
the merits that advanced him to so great honours.  
The conqueror, however, was not the less esteemed  
for being a man in some particulars, because he ap-  
peared as a god in others.  
There is another circumstance in which my coun-  
trymen have dealt very perversely with me; and  
that is, in searching not only into my life, but  
into the lives of my ancestors. If there has been  
blot in my family for these ten generations, it has  
been discovered by some or other of my correspon-  
dents. In short, I find the ancient family of  
Bickerstaffs has suffered very much through  
malice and prejudice of my enemies. Some  
of them twit me in the teeth with the conduct of my  
aunt Margery. Nay, there are some who have  
been so disingenuous, as to throw Maud the milkmaid  
into my dish, notwithstanding I myself was the first  
who discovered that alliance. I reap however many  
benefits from the malice of these enemies, as they  
let me see my own faults, and give me a view  
of myself in the worst light; as they hinder me from  
being blown up by flattery and self-conceit; as they  
make me keep a watchful eye over my own actions  
and at the same time make me cautious how I treat  
of others, and particularly of my friends and rela-  
tions, or value myself upon the antiquity of my  
family.



But the most formidable part of my correspondents are those, whose letters are filled with threats and menaces. I have been treated so often after this manner, that, not thinking it sufficient to fence well, in which I am now arrived at the utmost perfection, and to carry pistols about me, which I have always tucked within my girdle; I several months since made my will, settled my estate, and took leave of my friends, looking upon myself as no better than a dead man. Nay, I went so far as to write a long letter to the most intimate acquaintance I have in the world, under the character of a departed person, giving him an account of what brought me to that untimely end, and of the fortitude with which I met it. This letter being too long for the present paper, I intend to print it by itself very suddenly; and, at the same time, I must confess, I took my hint of it from the behaviour of an old soldier in the civil wars, who was corporal of a company in a regiment of foot, about the same time that I myself was a *cadet* in the king's army.

This gentleman was taken by the enemy; and the two parties were upon such terms at that time, that we did not treat each other as prisoners of war, but as traitors and rebels. The poor corporal, being condemned to die, wrote a letter to his wife when under sentence of execution. He writ on the Thursday, and was to be executed on the Friday; but, considering that the letter would not come to his wife's hands until Saturday, the day after execution, and being at that time more scrupulous than ordinary in speaking exact truth, he formed his letter rather according to the posture of his affairs when she read it, than as they stood when he sent it: though, it must be confessed, there is a certain perplexity in the style of it, which the reader will easily pardon, considering his circumstances.

DEAR WIFE,

'Hoping you are in good health, as I am at this present writing; this is to let you know, that yesterday, between the hours of eleven and twelve, I was *hanged, drawn, and quartered*. I died very penitently, and every body thought my case very hard. Remember me kindly to my poor fatherless children.

'Yours, until death,

'W. B.'

It so happened, that this honest fellow was relieved by a party of his friends, and had the satisfaction to see all the rebels hanged who had been his enemies. I must not omit a circumstance which exposed him to raillery his whole life after. Before the arrival of the next post, that would have set all things clear, his wife was married to a second husband, who lived in the peaceable possession of her; and the corporal, who was a man of plain understanding, did not care to stir in the matter, as knowing that she had the news of his death under his own hand, which she might have produced upon occasion.

No. 165.] SATURDAY, APRIL 29, 1710.

From my own Apartment, April 28.

It has always been my endeavour to distinguish between realities and appearances, and to separate true merit from the pretence to it. As it shall ever be my study to make discoveries of this nature in human life, and to settle the proper distinctions between the virtues and perfections of mankind, and those false colours and resemblances of them that shine alike in the eyes of the vulgar; so I shall be

more partial to merits and the more general comb another's la while men which is nat such trifling knowledge, and silence. hypocrisy in the power of mon people finds its reward attends it, which it rec

Of this shun, empy is generally in the comm without enthor, has a f instruments, and, as they author perfect set of *Easy, Nature* he varies, co in every par or meaning. are, an elevated voice, and a out, whether gether in ge lump. He pedantry of when you m Will's. He Horace, and from those o strength so, thing in whi voucher.

With these ments, Sir T demns them and death up It is impossi convulsions, feature of h the reading.

About a w house of m his wife and mirth, Sir T eldest daugh blowing as it He immedi to sit down v him, where l der? He on fell a cursing 'A wicked r there ever s this began to one had hurt talked to him 'in St. Jame shire!' 'Is have been at 'Been,' says the park, in

ne such a  
ughing at  
now worst  
ory. 'In  
bserved a  
shirts in  
ne up at  
my legs;  
e, that the  
ved a very  
on a very  
at a dull  
in a thou-  
his foolish  
new a play  
as you can  
t your pi-  
t. 'It is a  
ts here, to  
ce without  
ould travel  
o an enter-  
she fancies  
at a fast-  
ne she has  
our simple  
ears just,  
without a  
she, who I  
I laughed  
which you  
n,' says he,  
efy any one  
laugh by,  
who could  
e are such  
and several  
might.' 'I  
your great  
ey there is  
the sea and  
dead water.'  
continued  
him a judg-  
re vacation  
edly? 'Ma-  
ny fault;—  
'For my-  
I think the  
s to please;  
immediately  
that is my  
contenance;  
re.  
been at my  
ference, to  
dy, who by  
ent top,  
erve, with  
in, by his ill-  
himself ca-  
pains, and  
on the com-

*White's Chocolate-house, May*

THE world is so overgrown with its  
behaviour, and method of living, that  
sooner laid before mankind the at-  
species of men, but there starts up to  
new sort of impertinents that had before  
tice. This afternoon, as I was talki  
Mrs. Sprightly's porter, and desirin  
upon an extraordinary occasion, it was  
spied by Tom Modely, riding by in his  
did me the honour to stop, and asked  
there on a Monday? I answered, 't  
ness of importance, which I wanted to  
to the lady of the house.' Tom is one  
who look upon knowledge of the fash-  
only liberal science; and was so rough  
that a well-bred man would as soon ca  
who keeps a day, at midnight, as on  
that which she professes being at home  
rules and accounts,' adds he, 'which  
be transgressed by those who understa  
and he who offends in that kind ought  
ill if he is turned away, even when h  
son look out at her window whom he  
Nay,' said he, 'my Lady Dimple is  
this rule, that she takes it for a piece  
ing and distinction to deny herself  
month. Mrs. Comma, the great so-  
up on it, and I myself have heard her  
lord's porter, or a lady's woman, can  
lie in that case, because they act by in  
their words are no more their own t  
puppet.'

He was going on with his ribaldry  
sudden he looked on his watch, and  
twenty visits to make, and drove aw  
their ceremony. I was then at leisure  
the tasteless manner of life, which a  
lows lead in this town, and spend y  
less spirit than other men do their of  
expensives in human society, thoug  
themselves wholly insignificant, but  
consideration when they are mixed v  
and very much at a loss how to de-  
what character, distinction, or den-  
place them; except you give me le  
the order of the Jesuits. This order  
like that of the Jesuits; and you  
every way of life, and in every pr  
Modely has long appeared to me at t  
species. By being habitually in the  
he knows perfectly well when a coa  
a *periwig well mounted*. As soon a  
place where he is, he tells the next m  
is your tailor, and judges of you  
choice of your periwig-maker than  
dy. His business in this world is to be w  
the great-st circumstance that is to  
his annuals is, that he wears *twent*  
Thus, without ever speaking reason  
or passion among the women, he is e  
received; and, without any one m  
has every man's indulgence.

This order has produced great n  
able copiers in painting, good rhyr  
and harmless projectors in politics.  
them at first sight grow acquainted  
insensuch, that one who had not stud  
did not know the true cause of the  
harities, would think that they ha  
intimation of each other, like the Fi  
other day at Will's I heard Modely,

the same order, show their equal talents with great delight. The learned Insipid was commending Racine's turns; the genteel Insipid Devillier's curls.

These creatures, when they are not forced into any particular employment, for want of ideas in their own imaginations, are the constant plagus of all they meet with, by enquiries for news and scandal, which makes them the heroes of visiting-days; where they help the design of the meeting, which is to pass away that odious thing called time, in discourses too trivial to raise any reflections which may put well-bred persons to the trouble of thinking.

*From my own Apartment, May 1.*

I was looking out of my parlour-window this morning, and receiving the honours which Margery, the milk-maid to our lane, was doing me, by dancing before my door with the plate of half her customers on her head, when Mr. Clayton, the author of Arsinoe, made me a visit, and desired me to insert the following advertisement in my ensuing paper.

The pastoral masque, composed by Mr. Clayton, author of Arsinoe, will be performed on Wednesday, the third instant, in the great room at York-buildings. Tickets to be had at White's Chocolate-house, St. James's Coffee-house, in St. James's-street, and Young Man's Coffee-house.

Note.—The tickets delivered out for the 27th of April, will be then taken.

When I granted his request, I made one to him, which was, that the performers should put their instruments in tune before the audience came in; for that I thought the resentment of the eastern prince, who, according to the old story, took tuning for playing, to be very just and natural. He was so civil, as not only to promise that favour; but also to assure me, that he would order the heels of the performers to be muffled in cotton, that the artists in so polite an age as ours, may not intermix with their harmony, a custom which so nearly resembles the stamping-dances of the West Indians or Hottentots.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

A Bass-viol of Mr. Bickerstaff's acquaintance, whose mind and fortune do not very exactly agree, proposes to set himself to sale by way of lottery. Ten thousand pounds is the sum to be raised, at three-pence a ticket, in consideration that there are more women who are willing to be married, than that can spare a greater sum. He has already made over his person to trustees for the said money to be forthcoming, and ready to take to wife the fortunate woman that wins him.

N. B. Tickets are given out by Mr. Charles Lillie, and by Mr. John Morphew. Each adventurer must be a virgin, and subscribe her name to her ticket.

Whereas the several churchwardens of most of the parishes within the bills of mortality have in an earnest manner applied themselves by way of petition, and have also made a presentment, of the vain and loose deportment during divine service, of persons of too great figure in all their said parishes for their reproof: and whereas it is therein set forth, that by salutations given each other, hints, shrugs, ogles, playing of fans, fooling with canes at their mouths, and other wanton gesticulations, their whole congregation appears rather a theatrical audience, than a house of devotion; it is hereby ordered that all canes, cravats, bosom-laces, muffs, fans, snuff-boxes, and all other instruments made use of to give persons unbecoming airs, shall be immediately forfeited and sold; and of the sum arising from the sale thereof, a ninth part shall be paid to the poor, and the

rest to the overseers.

THE TATLER. No. 32.

No. 167

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## ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas it hath been signified to the under the pretence that he has en Moving Picture, and particularly admir ing Statue some persons within the libe minster have venaled walking pictur that the ill pictures have, within fi sales by auction returned to the inhabi first proprietors: that matter has b looked into, and orders are given to P notice of all who are concerned in sucl direction to draw their pictures, that hanged in effigy, *in terrorem* to all au future.

NO. 168. SATURDAY, MAY

*From my own Apartment, Ma*

NEVER was man so much teased, or so much uneasiness, as I have done th tween a couple of fellows, with whom I nately engaged to sup, where there wei others in company. One of them is th cibly impudent, and the other as meorr Upon bearing my name, the man of a calls himself, began to assume an aw reserve by way of ridicule upon me as, said, 'he must have a care of his behav would never be writ on all that should man of freedom and ease, for such the himself, asked me, 'whether my siste breeding or not?' After they had d they were impudent to a very smart man; who stood his ground very well company ere they ought, but could n countenance. I look upon such a real good action; for while he receiv there was a modest and worthy young secure by him, and a lady of the family time guarded against the nauseous fam one and the more painful mirth of the conversation, where there were a tho said not worth repeating, made me myself, how it is that men of these disa racters often go great lengths in the w dom fail of out-stripping men of merit; so well, that, with a load of imperfect heads, they go on in opposition to gener while they who are every way the languish away their days, though pos approbation and good-will of all who k

If we would examine into the secr action in the impudent and the absurd, though they bear a great resemblance: vious, that they move upon very differe The impudent are pressing, though the are disagreeable; the absurd are imp cause they think they are acceptable, is a vice, and absurdity a folly. Sir F talks very agreeably upon the subject e He takes notice, that the orator being was the first, second, and third requisi fine speaker, still answered, action.

This, said he, is the very outward for ing; and yet it is what with the genera force than the most consummate abilities is to the rest of mankind of the same use is to orators.

The truth is, the gross of men are go by appearances than realities; and t man in his air and behaviour undertake what he has ability and merit, while th

diffident gives himself up as one who is possessed of neither. For this reason, men of front carry things before them with little opposition; and make so skilful a use of their talent, that they can grow out of humour like men of consequence, and be sour, and make their dissatisfaction do them the same service as desert. This way of thinking has often furnished me with an apology for great men who confer favours on the impudent. In carrying on the government of mankind, they are not to consider what men they themselves approve in their closets and private conversation; but what men will extend themselves furthest, and more generally pass upon the world for such as their patrons want in such and such stations, and consequently take so much work off the hands of those who employ them.

Far be it, that I should attempt to lessen the acceptance which men of this character meet with in the world; but I humbly propose only, that they who have merit of a different kind would accomplish themselves in some degree with this quality of which I am now treating. Nay, I allow these gentlemen to press as forward as they please in the advancements of their interests and fortunes, but not to intrude upon others in conversation also. Let them do what they can with the rich and the great, as far as they are suffered; but let them not interrupt the easy and agreeable. They may be useful as servants in ambition, but never as associates in pleasure. However, as I would still drive at something instructive in every lucubration, I must recommend it to all men who feel in themselves an impulse towards attempting laudable actions, to acquire such a degree of assurance, as never to lose the possession of themselves in public or private, so far as to be incapable of acting with a due decorum on any occasion they are called to. It is a mean want of fortitude in a good man, not to be able to do a virtuous action with as much confidence as an impudent fellow does an ill one. There is no way of mending such false modesty, but by laying it down for a rule, that there is nothing shameful but what is criminal.

The Jesuits, an order whose institution is perfectly calculated for making a progress in the world, take care to accomplish their disciples for it, by breaking them of all impertinent bashfulness, and accustoming them to a ready performance of all indifferent things. I remember in my travels, when I was once at a public exercise in one of their schools, a young man made a most admirable speech, with all the beauty of action, cadence of voice, and force of argument imaginable, in defence of the love of glory. We were all enamoured with the grace of the youth, as he came down from the desk where he spoke, to present a copy of his speech to the head of the society. The principal received it in a very obliging manner, and bid him go to the marketplace and fetch a joint of meat, for he should dine with him. He bowed, and in a trice the orator returned, full of the sense of glory in this obedience, and with the best shoulder of mutton in the market.

This treatment capacitates them for every scene of life. I therefore recommend it to the consideration of all who have the instruction of youth, which of the two is the more inexcusable, he who does every thing by the mere force of his impudence, or he who performs nothing through the oppression of his modesty? In a word, it is a weakness not to be able to attempt what a man thinks he ought, and there is no modesty but in self-denial.

P. S. Upon my coming home, I received the following petition and letter:

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No. 169.]

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# THE TATLER.

170.] THURSDAY, MAY 11, 1710.

Fortuna sævo læta negotio, et  
Ludum insolentem ludere pertinax,  
Transmutat incertos honores,  
Nunc mihi, nunc alio benigna.

Hor. 3. Od. xxix. 49.

But Fortune, ever-changing dame,  
Indulges her malicious joy,  
And constant plays her haughty game,  
Proud of her office to destroy;  
To day to me her bounty flows,  
And now to others she the bliss bestows.

Francis.

From my own apartment, May 10.

THIS morning spent some time in reading on the subject of the vicissitude of human life, and aside my book, and began to ruminate on the course which raised in me those reflections. I owed it a very good office to the world, to sit down and show others the road, in which I am exercised by my wanderings and errors. This is Seneca's way of thinking, and he had half convinced me how dangerous it is to our true happiness and tranquility, to fix our minds upon any thing which is the power of fortune. It is excusable only in fools who have not the use of reason, to be seduced by hooks and baits. Wealth, glory, and power, which the ordinary people look up at with admiration, the learned and wise know to be only so many snares laid to enslave them. There is nothing to be sought for with earnestness, than what clothe and feed us. If we pamper ourselves in diet, and give our imaginations a loose in our desires, the body will no longer obey the mind. Let us think no further than to defend ourselves against hunger, thirst, and cold. We are to remember that any thing else is despicable, and not worth our care. To want little is true grandeur, and very few things are great to a great mind. Those who form their thoughts in this manner, and abstract themselves from the world, are out of the way of fortune, and can look with contempt both on her favours and frowns. At the same time, they who separate themselves from the immediate commerce with the busy part of mankind, are still beneficial to it, while, by their studies and writings, they recommend to them the small value which ought to be put upon what they pursue with so much labour and disquiet. Whilst such men are thought to be idle, they are the most usefully employed. They have all things, both human and divine, under consideration. To be perfectly free from the vicissitudes of fortune, we should arm ourselves with these reflections. We should learn, that none but intellectual possessions are what we can properly call our own. All things from without are but borrowed. What fortune gives us, is not ours; and whatever she gives, she can take away.

It is a common imputation to Seneca, that though declaimed with so much strength of reason, and a cold contempt of riches and power, he was at the same time one of the richest and most powerful men in Rome. I know of no instance of his being content in that fortune, and can therefore read his reflections on those subjects with the more deference. He will not give philosophy so poor a look as to say we cannot live in courts; but I am of opinion, that there in the greatest eminence, when, amidst the applause of all the world can bestow, and the addresses of a crowd who follow him for that reason,

a man can think of himself, abstracted from the world, a philosopher is a wise matron who, in her innocence, is preferred up from it.

Full of these thoughts, I took a walk to the country in a hurry and busy manner, made me to form prospects of all the different countenances in view; but I perceived a different air. Soberness, some a surly ference; but the

I could not but observe, that all who were conversed at Portico, had wishes, immediately being. Each believed that any other manner of service and merit was the fault of study, too contemplative to serve, that my figure was particular; for which I move a studious countenance, and take a turn to the garden.

When my friend said he, "I know how to make of hard by, where you yourself considered of experience, conciliable Destiny, illustrious mechanisms. The beings which human life, are, the persons of whom you, you will see employment which upon those who will make them happy, as their labours successful to the my answer, he came to the Banquet placed at two long women, in decency up tickets for the ment. There was who presided over seemed an emblem if unconcerned if thing was performed visibly interpose pain at our near prove us when we height, her meagre countenance, had and dignity. She picture of Fortune which made me

"MADAM,

"I am very glad now languish in event of your labours act with so much that have often for want of the





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## References



ore; never spare him.' With that I took  
 erty to ask him, 'what was the character of  
 stlewoman?' He read the three first verses;

Quis multa gracilis te puer in rosa  
 Perfusus liquidis urget odoribus  
 Grato, Pyrrha, sub antro?

*Hor. 1 Od. v. 1.*

ry gravely told me, she lived at the sign of  
 e in a cellar. I took care to be very much  
 ed at the lad's improvements; but withal  
 her, as soon as possible, to take him from  
 for he could learn no more there. This very  
 logue was a lively image of the impertinent  
 used in breeding boys without genius or spi-  
 e reading things for which their heads were  
 amed. But this is the natural effect of a  
 vanity in the minds of parents; who are  
 fully delighted with the thought of breeding  
 ildren to accomplishments, which they be-  
 thing, but want of the same care in their  
 hers, prevented them from being masters of  
 is, that the part of life most fit for improve-  
 generally employed in a method against the  
 nature; and a lad of such parts as are fit for  
 pation, where there can be no calls out of the  
 path, is two or three years of his time wholly  
 p in knowing, how well Ovid's mistress be-  
 ch a dress; how such a nymph for her cru-  
 s changed into such an animal; and how it  
 generous in Æneas to put Turnus to death:  
 nes that can no more come within the occur-  
 of the lives of ordinary men, than they can  
 hed by their imaginations. However, still  
 our goes on from one generation to another;  
 e pastry-cook here in the lane, the other  
 told me, 'he would not yet take away his son's  
 e learning; but has resolved, as soon as he  
 little smattering in the Greek, to put him ap-  
 e to a soap-boiler.' These wrong beginnings  
 me our success in the world; and when our  
 ts are originally falsely biased, their ability  
 e carry us further out of our way, in propor-  
 our speed. But we are half way our journey  
 e have got into the right road. If all our  
 e usefully employed, and we did not set out  
 nently, we should not have so many grotesque  
 ors in all the arts of life; but every man would  
 proper and becoming method of distinguish-  
 entertaining himself, suitably to what nature  
 ed him. As they go on, our parents do not  
 ee us upon what is against our talents, but  
 chers are also as injudicious in what they put  
 arn. I have hardly ever since suffered so  
 y the charms of any beauty, as I did before  
 e sense of passion, for not apprehending that  
 ile of Lalage was what pleased Horace; and  
 y believe, the stripes I suffered about *Digito  
 certinacæ* has given me that irreconcilable  
 n, which I shall carry to my grave, against  
 tes.

or the elegant writer of whom I am talking,  
 ellences are to be observed as they relate to  
 ferent concerns of his life; and he is always  
 ooked upon as a lover, a courtier, or a man

His admirable Odes have numberless in-  
 e of his merit in each of these characters. His  
 es and Satires are full of proper notices for the  
 of life in a court; and what we call good  
 ag, is most agreeably intermixed with his mo-

His addresses to the persons who favoured  
 re so inimitably engaging, that Augustus com-  
 LER. NO. XXXIII.

plained to him for so  
 asked him, 'whether  
 should read their nam  
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 ings is as pleasant a  
 Whatever the crowd  
 their way of life, or  
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 were when they began  
 a great painter say, 'c  
 certain painters, as we  
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 dies; and no one y  
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#### No. 174.] SATURDAY

Quem mala stultitia  
 Cœcum agit, insanabile  
 Autumat.

Whom vicious passion  
 Are by the stoics held

*From my own*

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# BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

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lities, because she has them in common with others

To make up her misery, she is well-learned; she hears commendations until she is ready to burst in want of venting herself in contradictions. The madness is not expressed by the voice; but it utters in the eyes and features: its first symptom is, upon beholding an agreeable object, a sudden approbation immediately checked with dislike.

This lady I shall take the liberty to conduct into a bed of straw and darkness; and have some hopes that, after long absence from the light, the pleasure of seeing at all, may reconcile her to what she shall see, though it proves to be never so agreeable.

My physical remarks on the distraction of sex in other persons, and particularly in Will Velde, is interrupted by a visit from Mr. Kidney, with advices which will bring matter of new distractions to many possessed with this sort of disorder, while I shall publish to bring out the symptoms more kindly, and lay the distemper more open to view.

*St. James's Coffee-house, May 13.*

This evening a mail from Holland brought the following advices:

*From the Camp before Douay, May 26, N.*

On the twenty-third the French assembled the army, and encamped with their right near Bouchain, and their left near Crevecœur. Upon the motion of the enemy, the duke of Marlborough and prince Eugene made a movement with the army on the twenty-fourth, and encamped from Aulx to Vitry and Ises Esquerchien, where they are so advantageously posted, that they not only cover the siege, secure our convoys of provisions, forage, and ammunition, from Lisle and Tournai, and the canals and dikes we have made to turn the waters of the Scarpe and La Cence to Bouchain; they are in readiness, by marching from the right, to possess themselves of the field of battle marked between Vitry and Montigny, or from the left, to gain the lines of circumvallation between Fiericourt and Dechy; so that whatever way the enemy shall choose to attack us, whether by the plains of Lens or by Bouchain and Valenciennes, we have but a very small movement to make, to possess ourselves of the ground on which it will be most advantageous to receive them. The enemy marched this morning from their left, and are encamped with their right at Oisy, and their left towards Arras, and, according to our advices, will pass the Scarpe to-morrow and enter on the plains of Lens, though several regiments of horse, the German and Liege troops, which are destined to compose part of their army, have not yet joined them. If they pass the Scarpe we shall do the like at the same time, to possess ourselves with all possible advantage of the field of battle; but if they continue where they are, we shall not remove, because, in our present station, we sufficiently cover from all insults both our siege and convoys.

Monsieur Villars cannot yet go without crutches, and it is believed will have much difficulty to ride. He and the duke of Berwick are to command the French army, the rest of the marshals being ordered to assist in council.

Last night we entirely perfected four bridges over the *avant fossé* at both attacks; and our saps were far advanced, that in three or four days, batter will be raised on the glacis, to batter in both both the outworks and ramparts of the town.

Letters from the Hague of the twenty-seventh

# THE TATLER.

N. S. say, that the deputies of the states of Holland, who set out for Gertruydenburg on the twenty-third, to renew the conferences with the French ministers, returned on the twenty-sixth, and had communicated to the states-general the new overtures that were made on the part of France, which, it is believed, if they are in earnest, may produce a general treaty.

No. 175.] TUESDAY, MAY 23, 1710.

*From my own apartment, May, 22.*

IN the distribution of the apartments in the New Bedlam, proper regard is had to the different sexes, and the lodgings accommodated accordingly. Among other necessities, as I have thought fit to appoint story-tellers to soothe the men, so I have allowed tale-bearers to indulge the intervals of my female patients. But, before I enter upon disposing of the main of the great body that wants my assistance, it is necessary to consider the human race abstracted from all other distinctions and considerations except that of sex. This will lead us to a nearer view of their excellences and imperfections, which are to be accounted, the one or the other, as they are suitable to the design for which the person so defective or accomplished came into the world.

To make this enquiry aright, we must speak of the life of people of condition; and the proportionable applications to those below them will be easily made, so as to value the whole species by the same rule. We will begin with the woman, and behold her as a virgin in her father's house. This state of her life is infinitely more delightful than that of her brother at the same age. While she is entertained with learning melodious airs at her spinnet, is led round a room in the most complaisant manner to a fiddle, or is entertained with applauses of her beauty and perfection in the ordinary conversation she meets with; the young man is under the dictates of a rigid school-master or instructor, contradicted in every word he speaks, and curbed in all the inclinations he discovers. Mrs. Elizabeth is the object of desire and admiration, looked upon with delight, courted with all the power of eloquence and address, approached with a certain worship, and defended with a certain loyalty. This is her case as to the world. In her domestic character, she is the companion, the friend and confidant of her mother, and the object of a pleasure, something like the love between angels, to her father. Her youth, her beauty, her air, are by him looked upon with an ineffable transport beyond any other joy in this life, with as much purity as can be met with in the next.

Her brother William, at the same years, is but in the rudiments of those acquisitions which must gain him esteem in the world. His heart beats for applause among men: yet he is fearful of every step towards it. If he purposes to himself to make a figure in the world, his youth is damped with a prospect of difficulties, dangers, and dishonours; and an opposition in all generous attempts, whether they regard his love or his ambition.

In the next stage of life, she has little else to do, but (what she is accomplished for by the mere gifts of nature) to appear lovely and agreeable to her husband, tender to her children, and affable to her servants. But a man, when he enters into this way, is but in the first scene, far from the accomplishment of his design. He is now in all things to act for others as well as himself. He is to have

industry and integrity and accuracy. He must add to these other abilities, the execution of his duty, and interest of his own as his own person.

This little sketch gives an idea of the different parts of life, and the terms on which the examination is to be taken.

On the other hand, the examination takes it for a matter of course, to be up the thought-claim to the throne, to reduce the diet, to reduce the diet, to reduce the diet.

On the other hand, the examination takes it for a matter of course, to be up the thought-claim to the throne, to reduce the diet, to reduce the diet, to reduce the diet.

N. B. Mr. the toothach, St. J.

Advices from say, that the ty-ninth in the plains of motion, which the north side Henin-Leitard, proach of the doubts to their the lines of batteries.

It is not believed, that the relief of Douai, tried on with considering the by the inund we made lodge of the second so far advanced obliged to surre

No. 176.]

Nullum nuz

Whoe'er tak Engages ev

From

This evening, pain caused by (under which have broke two reflect with ad in the conduct above the cond the agonies of word or gestur nary behaviour blood and cons self, and the the greatest of

## BRITISH ESSAYISTS.

not only the  
our own de-  
most amiable  
inning defe-  
mediate imi-  
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ack upon all  
ole life, will  
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is as careful  
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ry contrary  
vary traders  
ey to their

was my im-  
at disgrace,

seen an instance of the contrary, carry  
a degree, that I am out of countenance  
read Seneca. When I look upon  
others in such occurrences, as well as  
equanimity in the general tenor of the  
much abates the self-love, which is gov-  
erned by any sort of men, and let  
authors.

The fortitude of a man, who brings  
obedience of his reason, is conspicuous  
with it a dignity in the lowest state  
Poor Martius, who now lies languishing  
violent fever, discovers in the faintness  
his distemper such a greatness of mind  
stranger, who should now behold him  
see an object of pity, but at the same  
was lately an object of veneration.  
spirit resigns, but resigns with an air  
resolution which could yield to nothing.  
This is conquest in the philosophic  
empire over ourselves is, methinks, more  
in common life, where the whole tenor  
carriage is in subservience to his own  
in conformity both to the good sense  
of other men.

Aristæus is, in my opinion, a perfect  
himself on all circumstances. He has  
that man can have; and yet is as  
behaviour as a mere machine. He has  
every passion, but ruffled by none.  
he frequently seems to be less know-  
obliging, and chooses to be on a level  
rather than oppress with the superiority.  
In friendship, he is kind, without  
business, expeditious without ostentation.  
the greatest softness and benevolence.  
he is impartial in spite of all importunities  
of his own good-nature. He has  
judgment; but, in complaisance to  
speaks in doubt; and never shows con-  
fident but to support the sense of a  
such an equality of mind the general  
all men, how sweet would be the phi-  
versation. He that is loud would think  
that we ought to call a constable; a  
spoiling good company is the most dis-  
treaching the peace. We should think  
from those zealots in society, who think  
to be angry for all the company, and  
the waiters to show they have no regard  
body else in the room. To be in a rage  
is, in a kind, being angry with you.  
well stand naked before company,  
familiarities; and to be careless of  
the most clownish way of being undress-

*Sheer-lane, May 24.*

When I came home this evening  
following letters; and because I thought  
good answer to the other, as well as  
affair of a young lady, it must be in-  
missed.

SIR,

'I have a good fortune, partly partly  
acquired. My younger years I spent  
but, age coming on, and having no  
but one daughter, I resolved to be a single  
and accordingly I have disposed of my  
my money in the funds, bought a pleasant  
country, am making a game  
set up a pack of little beagles. I live  
of a good many well-bred neighbour-



THE TATLER.

red clergymen. Against a rainy day, I have a library; and against the gout in my stilet the good claret. With all this I am the most contented man in the world; not that I have lost sight of any of these pleasures, but am distracted by the multiplicity of entertaining objects, that are in the variety. I am in such a hurry of business that I do not know with what diversion to employ myself; therefore, sir, I must beg the favour of you, to let me know what more weighty affairs will permit, to put me to the method of doing nothing; for I find there is a great difference betwixt *nihil agere* and *nihil*. And I fancy, if you would explain to me, I should do a very great kindness to many in the same situation, as well as to your humble servant,  
J. B.

closed is written by my father in one of his  
mours. He bids me seal it up, and send  
or two from myself; which he would not  
e until he hears of it from you. Desire  
he begins his method of doing nothing,  
thing to do; that is to say, let him marry  
rther.

'I am your gentle reader,  
'S. B.'

[7.] TUESDAY, MAY 27, 1710.

le si palpare, recalcitrant undique tutus.  
*Hor. I Sat. ii. 20.*  
 as the flatterer, and his saucy praise.  
*Francis*

*Sheer-lane, May 26.*

ious Mr. Penkethman, the comedian, has here a paper or ticket, to which is affixed a medal, which is to entitle the bearer to twenty plays at his theatre for a guinea; which is the place where, it seems, he has his house; and his time of action is so fixed, that it is to fall in with going and with the tide. Besides that, the bearer of it may carry down with him a particular set of to the play, striking off for each person one of his twenty-one times of admitting this warrant of his, he has made me a limment in a facetious distich, by way of of his endeavours, and desires I would let them to the world. I must needs say, I have some time seen a properer choice than that of a patron. Who more fit to publish than a novelist? who to recommend it than I? This honour done me, has made me turn upon the nature of dedications in general, as an abuse of that custom, as well by a long list of my predecessors, as the continued folly of temporary authors.

it times, it was the custom to address their me persons eminent for their merit to particular patronage of the writers themselves in the matter of which they under these regards, it was a memorable of parties, and a very agreeable record merce with each other. These applica- never stuffed with impertinent praises, e native product of their esteem; which idly received, or generally known to be patron of the work; but vain flourishes he world, with other barbarous embellish- d the enumeration of titles and great, and the patrons themselves, or their sires, are

as foreign to the matter I are in a Gothic building. persons which have no merit for that reason have no other persons justly ridiculous. nature for me to write to 'My lord, because your grandfather before you was an was a baron, and his lord and a rich man: I, Isaac and could not possibly for following treatise.' That position of all I could possibly conscience, yet the silly prevailed, that my lord due be particular friends from I have just room for being my panegyric into a libel still more home; were it indications were proper to authority to commend, or me that he does commend there is no praise valuable Were it otherwise, blame same hands. Were the upon a level among marble bench and the criminal at in their stations; and if on as the other's, their reputation the jury. Pliny, speaking expressed himself with gratitude the honours done him in but, he begins it with an which only made the application in the same epistle says, off doing things which deserve commendation impertinent a just regard to the person wish for; otherwise reputation according to the number of which are not always to be tuous side. But however nice affairs, true glory will but truth; and there is so that the very self-same action cannot merit the same Roman, who was surprised for he had accomplished bare arm into a flaming there were many as detected against sense of danger wrought in the very enemy titude, and a dismission condemned slave who reproached and consumed his arm in the same resolution, did not great idea of his virtue, but in an action no way different Scævola, but in the motive

Thus true glory is inseparable and whatever you call me, what they are in themselves has crept into the minds of men. I never mistake words and appearances.

The simplicity of the an in the address of their v monuments they have left Augustus were much mo when added to occasions appear in, than any appellat since thought of. The latt

applications of poetry which rewarded the pity, he generous with some

t occasion to ted a piece to e as she has to follow in gyrrical thing ant of better quently being r blame; all o the forego-ood and evil nere words if re to observe, l the rest of address to as stle.

0, 1710.

history of the Mancha, and fe of that re-mire the ex-Michael Cer-s adventurer parts of his ; but also in-conomy and gave of his self a knight old lances, s; his dress, r early, and watchfulness he hardships nothing more re he should into the meag books of sions in him, lly delighted d when they d frequently he unreason-ought, doth i I do justly would pause ntence, and, ble, be loud vens, which ly with the rts that your other such tleman grew ns day and nse.

ed knight is the most in-; it is very gone in as are not ob-

served to be in that condition. As discoveries are sometimes made by small beginnings, I came to the most epidemic ill of this sort, by the coffee-house, where I saw my friend whose crack towards politics I have mentioned. This touch in the brain of a subject, is as certainly owing to the newspapers, as that of the Spaniards was attributed to the reading of works of contemporaries, the novelists, have spinning out paragraphs, and working end of their columns, a most happy unsaying, giving hints of intelligence, interpreting indifferent actions, to the good of the brains of ordinary readers.

ing on in the words, and making no sense, is more particularly the excellent ingenious and renowned fellow-labourer; and it is to this talent, in him the loss of my upholsterer's intelligent tradesman has, for years past, been a great orator in ragged assemblies, and the coffee-houses. He was yesterday an audience of that sort, among whom I passed through the favour of a cloud of tobacco to him with the Postman in his hand, and papers safe under his elbow. He made some remarks, and reading the Parisian thirtyeth, which says, 'That it is good news, an express arrived this day with advice, were so near in the plain of Lens, that they conversed each other.' 'Ay, ay, he says, sport.' 'And that it was highly probable, that an express would bring us an account of the success of the French.' 'They are welcome, as soon as they come.' 'Though some others say, that they will be off until the second or third of June, when Marshal Villars expects some further success from Germany and other parts, he says, 'What a-pox does he put it off for? But let us see what he says further.' 'But let us see what he says further, that Monsieur Albergotti, being in the presence of so great an army, will not be able to give a satisfactory defence.' 'Why then, I find one of those that love to have a great side. Nay, I will say that for this, the most natural inference of them is, that the Elector of Bavaria, being uneasy to be so long in command, has desired leave to come to France, and to communicate a certain project to his majesty. I am sure, ever it be, it is said, that the prince is expected; and then we shall have a new account of his project, if this report is true.' 'Nay, this paper never improves upon sure grounds; for he will not say, that the elector has a project, or that he does come at all; for he doubts, whether the report has any foundation.'

What makes this the more lamentable way of writing falls in with the more cooler and duller part of her majesty. The being kept up with one line and another; and the whole, after many a conjecture, vanishing in a doubt whether there is any thing at all in what the person has said. An ordinary head in a vertigo, and a dulness would have secured him from the labours of the Postman, the use of the coffee-house, and the loss of his elbow honest Leabod, and there, among other speculation

on him to say, 'That it is discoursed that  
be a battle in Flanders before the armies  
and many will have it to be to-morrow,  
battle of Ramelies being fought on a Whit-

A gentleman who was a wag in this com-  
menced at the expression, and said, 'By Mr.  
favour, I warrant you, if we meet them on  
day or Monday we shall not stand upon the  
them, whether it be before or after the holi-  
An admirer of this gentleman stood up, and  
ighbour at a distant table the conceit; at  
deed we were all very merry. These reflect-  
the writers of the transactions of the times,  
noddles of such as were not born to have  
their own, and consequently lay a weight  
ery thing which they read in print. But Mr.  
concluded his paper with a courteous sen-  
which was very well taken and applauded by  
e company. 'We wish,' says he, 'all our  
s a merry Whitsuntide and many of them.'  
leahod is as extraordinary a man as any of  
rity, and as particular. His style is a di-  
tween the familiarity of talking and writ-  
d his letter such as you cannot distinguish  
print or manuscript, which gives us a re-  
at of the idea from what has been told us  
press by others. This wishing a good tide  
fect upon us, and he was commended for  
ation, as showing as well the capacity of a  
as an historian. My distempered old ac-  
ce read, in the next place, the account of  
rs abroad in the Courant: but the matter  
so distinctly, that these wanderers thought  
is no news in it; this paper differing from  
as a history from a romance. The tauto-  
e contradiction, the doubts, and want of con-  
s, are what keep up imaginary entertain-  
empty heads, and produce neglect of their  
irs, poverty, and bankruptcy, in many of  
p-statesmen; but turn the imaginations of  
f a little higher orb into deliriums of dissa-  
a, which is seen in a continual fret upon all  
ches their brains, but more particularly upon  
vantage obtained by their country, where  
considered as lunatics, and therefore tolera-  
their ravings.

I am now warning the people against is,  
newspapers of this island are as pernicious  
heads in England, as ever books of chiv-  
Spain; and therefore shall do all that in me  
th the utmost care and vigilance imaginable,  
nt these growing evils. A flaming instance  
malady appeared in my old acquaintance at  
e, who, after he had done reading all his pa-  
ded with a thoughtful air, 'If we should  
peace, we should then know for certain whe-  
vas the king of Sweden that lately came to  
k?' I whispered him, and desired him to  
ttle aside with me. When I had opportunity  
ed him into a coach, in order for his more  
aveyance to Moorfields. The man went very  
with me; and by that time he had brought  
de from the defeat by the Czar to the Bor-  
we were passing by Will's coffee-house, where  
a of the house beckoned to us. We made a  
p, and could hear from above a very loud voice  
g, with some expressions towards treason,  
subject in France was as free as in England.  
temper would not let him reflect, that his own  
se was an argument of the contrary. They  
m, one would speak with him below. He  
mmediately to our coach-side. I whispered

him, 'that I had an order  
tile.' He immediately  
tion: for to this sort of lunacy  
for the French, the name  
has a more agreeable so-  
seat in this their own coun-  
luckily bringing these  
immediately fell into a  
ness of their respective  
of Sweden, the other  
France. This gentleman  
door to the upholsterer,  
Bedlam, with proper me-  
Gallant to soothe his im-  
in France. If therefor  
ent-garden again, all pe-  
of him, and deliver him  
seer. At the same time  
to forbear discourse with  
when he begins to fight  
'Sir, I hope to see you

No. 179.] SATURDAY

—Oh! quis me ge-  
Sistat, et ingenti ram-

Some god conduct me  
Or lift me high to He-

*From my own*

In this parched season,  
ing into the country is  
partaking the joys of it  
following letter:

SIR,

'I believe you will for-  
you a very long epistle  
faction of a country life  
lead if you could. In  
to you, that I am one  
ing; and as I am such  
pleasures lasting, by fo-  
innocent and refined,  
improving. You have  
concerned to represent  
mankind, that the whole  
escaped your observa-  
fications to be drawn for  
be recommended. For  
wish you could visit  
You would be pleased  
have made about my  
improved my estate w-

'As the winter engra-  
portion of the year, the  
being crowded almost  
there is nothing upon  
much study and expen-  
soften the severity of  
lish twelve cheerful  
In order to this, the ch-  
ing and furnishing a  
thought somewhat ext-  
whose revenues exceed  
der, that all men of an-  
clinations to gratify;  
laid out by the general  
number of which I al-  
eating and drinking, in  
wenching, gaming, re-

ing and sculpture; in a word, the beauties  
 charms of nature and of art, court all my fi-  
 nish the fibres of the brain, and smoothe  
 course of thought? What pleasing medi-  
 tation agreeable wanderings of the mind, an  
 delicious slumbers, have I enjoyed here?  
 when I turn up some masterly writer to my  
 nation, methinks here his beauties appear  
 most advantageous light, and the rays of his  
 shoot upon me with greater force and bri-  
 than ordinary. This place likewise keeps th  
 family in good humour, in a season wherein  
 some of temper prevails universally in this  
 My wife does often touch her lute in one  
 practice, and my daughter sings to it; while  
 times with you, amidst all the diversions of th  
 and in the most affluent fortunes, are fretti  
 supping beneath a louring sky for they kn  
 what. In this green-house we often dine, w  
 here, we dance country-dances; and, what  
 chief pleasure of all, we entertain our neighb  
 it, and by this means contribute very much t  
 the climate five or six miles about us.

I am,

Your most humble servant, T

No. 180.] TUESDAY, JUNE 3, 171

*Stultitiam patiuntur opes*

*Hor. l. Ep. x*

Their folly pleads the privilege of wealth

*From my own Apartment, June 2*

I HAVE received a letter which accuses me  
 of inequality in the administration of the Censorshi  
 says, that I have been free with the lower  
 mankind, but extremely cautious in represent  
 of matters which concern men of condition.  
 correspondent takes upon him also to say, the  
 interest was not undone by turning politician, I  
 became bankrupt by trusting his goods to peri  
 equality; and demands of me that I should do  
 upon such as brought poverty and distress up  
 world below them, while they themselves wei  
 in pleasures and luxury, supported at the exp  
 those very persons whom they treated with  
 gentness, as if they did not know whether the  
 with them or not. This is a very heavy accu  
 both of me, and such as the man aggrieved  
 me of tolerating. For this reason, I resol  
 take this matter into consideration; and upo  
 little meditation, could call to my memory m  
 stances which made this complaint far from  
 groundless. The root of this evil does not  
 proceed from injustice in the men of figur  
 often from a false grandeur which they tak  
 them in being unacquainted with their own bu  
 not considering how mean a part they act, whe  
 names and characters are subjected to the lit  
 of their servants and dependants. The over  
 the poor are a people who have no great rep  
 for the discharge of their trust; but are mu  
 scandalous than the overseers of the rich.  
 young fellow of a great estate, who was that  
 law that spoke to him in a public place? he a  
 'one that does my business.' It is, with n  
 natural consequence of being a man of fortun  
 they are not to understand the disposal of it  
 they long to come to their estates, only to put  
 selves under new guardianship. Nay, I have  
 a young fellow, who was regularly bred an att  
 and was a very expert one until he had an

him. The moment that happened, he, who  
 prove the next land he cast his eye  
 own, and was so sharp, that a man at first  
 ld give him a small sum for a general re-  
 ther he owed him anything or not; such a  
 , have I seen, upon coming to an estate,  
 his diffidence of mankind, and become the  
 ageable thing breathing. He immediately  
 stirring man to take upon him his affairs,  
 and pay, and do every thing which he  
 as now too fine a gentleman to understand.  
 ant to consider, that he who would have  
 ate, had he not come to one, will certainly  
 cause one fell to him; but such contradic-  
 we to ourselves, and any change of life is  
 able to some natures.

mistaken sense of superiority, to believe a  
 equipage, gives men precedence to their  
 rs. Nothing can create respect from man-  
 laying obligations upon them; and it may  
 nably be concluded, that if it were put  
 balance, according to the true state of  
 nt, many who believe themselves in pos-  
 a large share of dignity in the world, must  
 e to their inferiors. The greatest of all  
 as in civil life is that of debtor and credi-  
 there needs no great progress in logic to  
 ch, in that case, is the advantageous side.  
 can say to another, 'Pray, master,' or,  
 y lord, give me my own,' can as justly tell  
 is a fantastical distinction you take upon  
 retend to pass upon the world for my mas-  
 I, when, at the same time that I wear your  
 u owe me wages; or, while I wait at your  
 are ashamed to see me until you have paid

od old way among the gentry of England,  
 in their pre-eminence over the lower rank,  
 eir bounty, munificence, and hospitality;

a very unhappy change, if at present, by  
 s or their agents, the luxury of the gentry  
 ted by the credit of the trader. This is  
 correspondent pretends to prove out of his  
 s, and those of his whole neighbourhood.  
 e confidence to say, that there is a mug-  
 r Long-acre, where you may every evening  
 xact account of distresses of this kind.  
 lains that such a lady's finery is the occa-  
 sion own wife and daughter appear so long  
 e gown. Another, that all the furniture  
 siting apartment are no more hers, than  
 y of a play are the proper goods of the  
 Nay, at the lower end of the same table,  
 near a butcher and a poulterer say, that,  
 proper charge, all that family has been  
 d since they last came to town.

e manner in which people of fashion are  
 on at such meetings, is but a just reproach  
 ailures in this kind; but the melancholy  
 of the great necessities tradesmen are  
 who support their credit in spite of the  
 romises which are made them, and the  
 which they suffer when paid by the extor-  
 per servants, is what would stop the most  
 s man in the career of his pleasures, if  
 represented to him.

matter be not very speedily amended, I  
 : fit to print exact lists of all persons who  
 their own disposal, though above the age  
 one; and as the trader is made bankrupt  
 s from his abode, so shall the gentleman  
 at home, if, when Mr. Morphew calls, he

moon, as any mark with which a child is born is to  
 be taken away by any future application. Hence it  
 is, that good nature in me is no merit; but having  
 been so frequently overwhelmed with her tears be-  
 fore I knew the cause of any affliction, or could  
 draw defences from my own judgment, I imbibed  
 commiseration, remorse, and an unmanly gentleness  
 of mind, which has since ensnared me into ten thou-  
 sand calamities; from whence I can reap no advan-  
 tage, except it be, that, in such a humour as I am  
 now in, I can the better indulge myself in the soft-  
 nesses of humanity, and enjoy that sweet anxiety  
 which arises from the memory of past afflictions.

We, that are very old, are better able to remem-  
 ber things which befell us in our distant youth, than  
 the passages of later days. For this reason it is,  
 that the companions of my strong and vigorous years  
 present themselves more immediately to me in this  
 office of sorrow. Untimely and unhappy deaths are  
 what we are most apt to lament; so little are we  
 able to make it indifferent when a thing happens,  
 though we know it must happen. Thus we groan  
 under life, and bewail those who are relieved from  
 it. Every object that returns to our imagination  
 raises different passions, according to the circum-  
 stance of their departure. Who can have lived in  
 an army, and in a serious hour reflect upon the  
 merry gay and agreeable men that might long have  
 flourished in the arts of peace, and not join with the  
 imprecations of the fatherless and widow on the  
 tyrant to whose ambition they fell sacrifices? But  
 gallant men, who are cut off by the sword, move ra-  
 ther our veneration than our pity; and we gather  
 relief enough from their own contempt of death, to  
 make that no evil, which was approached with so  
 much cheerfulness, and attended with so much ho-  
 nour. But, when we turn our thoughts from the  
 great parts of life on such occasions, and instead of  
 lamenting those who stood ready to give death to  
 those from whom they had the fortune to receive it;  
 I say, when we let our thoughts wander from such  
 noble objects, and consider the havoc which is  
 made among the tender and the innocent, pity enters  
 with an unmixed softness, and possesses all our souls

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the habit of death become the pretty trifler ! behold the smiling earth——A large train of us were coming on to my memory, when my knock came at my closet door, and interrupted me with a letter, attended with a hamper of wine, of the sort with that which is to be put to sale on my next, at Garraway's coffee-house. Upon receipt of it, I sent for three of my friends. We were intimate, that we can be company in what state of mind we meet, and can entertain each without expecting always to rejoice. They were found to be generous and warming, but such a heat as moved us rather to be cheerful and rollicksome. It revived the spirits, without the blood. We commended it until two of us left this morning ; and having to-day met before dinner, we found, that though we drank to a man, we had much more reason to re- than forget what had passed the night before.

182.] THURSDAY, JUNE 8, 1710.

ut populum ludis attentius ipsis.

*Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 197*

rowd would more delight the laughing sage,  
all the farce and follies of the stage. *Francis.*

*Sheer-lane, June 7.*

The town grows so very empty, that the greater number of my gay characters are fled out of my sight into the country. My beaux are now shepherds, and my belles wood-nymphs. They are lovers of rivulets, and covered with shades, while we remain in town, hurry through the dust and impertinencies, without knowing the happiness of leisure and retirement. To add to this calamity, even the actors are going to desert us for a season, and we shall not shortly have so much as a landscape or a forest scene to refresh ourselves with amidst our fatigues. This may not, perhaps, be so sensible a loss to any other as to me ; for I consider it is one of my greatest delights to sit unseen and unknown in the gallery, and entertain myself either with what is personated on the stage, or to serve what appearances present themselves in the audience. If there were no other good consequences in a playhouse, than that so many persons of different ranks and conditions are placed there in most pleasing aspects, that prospect only would try far from being below the pleasures of a wise man.

There is not one person you can see, in the playhouse, if you look with an inclination to be pleased, that may not behold something worthy or agreeable. Thoughts are in our features ; and the visage of every man in whom love, rage, anger, jealousy, or envy, is visible. Their frequent mansions, carries the traces of passions wherever the amorous, the choleric, the jealous, or the envious, are pleased to make their appearance. However, the assembly at a play is not made up of such as have a sense of some pleasure in pleasure ; by which means the audience is generally composed of those who have gentle affections, or at least of such, as at that time, are in the best humour you can ever find them. This has a sensible good effect upon our spirits ; and the theatrical airs which are played to us, put the whole assembly into a participation of the same pleasure, by consequence, for that time, equal in humour, tune, and in quality. Thus far we gain only by coming into an audience ; but if we find, added to this, the beauties of proper action, the force of the enunciation, and the gaiety of well-placed lights and



...  
wells, think never the worse of themselves for being  
guilty of their respective frauds towards the public.  
This evil is come to such a fantastical height, that  
there is a man of a public spirit, and heroically affected  
to his country, who can go so far as even to turn  
treasurer with all he has in her funds. There is not a  
citizen in whose imagination such a one does not  
appear in the same light of glory, as Codrus, Scæ-  
vola, or any other great name in old Rome. Were  
not for the heroes of so much per cent. as have re-  
gard enough for themselves and their nation to trade  
with her with their wealth, the very notion of public  
love would long before now have vanished from  
among us. But however general custom may hurry  
us away in the stream of a common error, there is  
no evil, no crime, so great as that of being cold in  
matters which relate to the common good. This is  
in nothing more conspicuous than in a certain will-  
ingness to receive any thing that tends to the dimi-  
nution of such as have been conspicuous instruments  
in our service. Such inclinations proceed from the  
most low and vile corruption, of which the soul of  
man is capable. This effaces not only the practice,  
but the very approbation of honour and virtue: and  
has had such an effect, that, to speak freely, the very  
sense of public good has no longer a part even of  
our conversations. Can then the most generous  
motive of life, the good of others, be so easily ba-  
nished the breast of man? Is it possible to draw all  
our passions inward? Shall the boiling heat of  
youth be sunk in pleasures, the ambition of manhood  
in selfish intrigues? Shall all that is glorious, all  
that is worth the pursuit of great minds, be so easily  
rooted out? When the universal bent of a people  
seems diverted from the sense of their common good  
and common glory, it looks like a fatality, and crisis  
of impending misfortune.

The generous nations we just now mentioned  
understood this so well, that there was hardly an  
occasion ever made, which did not turn upon this  
general sense, 'That the love of their country was  
the first and most essential quality in an honest  
mind.' Demosthenes, in a cause wherein his fame,

as well as a private man, and by that means them from their common sense, into an aver- or receiving any thing in its true light. But Demosthenes had awakened his audience with one hint of judging by the general tenor of his words towards them, his services bore down his opposers before him, who fled to the covert of his mean until some more favourable occasion should against the superior merit of Demosthenes.

were to be wished, that love of their country the first principle of action in men of business, for their own sakes; for, when the world be- to examine into their conduct, the generality, have no share in, or hopes of any part in power ches, but what is the effect of their own labour property, will judge of them by no other method, that of how profitable their administration has to the whole? They who are out of the in- ace of men's fortune or favour, will let them d or fall by this one only rule; and men who bear being tried by it, are always popular in r fall. Those, who cannot suffer such a scrutiny, contemptible in their advancement

but I am here running into shreds of maxims a reading Tacitus this morning, that has driven from my recommendation of public spirit, which the intended purpose of this lucubration. There ot a more glorious instance of it, than in the racter of Regulus. This same Regulus was taken over by the Carthaginians, and was sent by them home, in order to demand some Punic noblemen, were prisoners, in exchange for himself; and bound by an oath, that he would return to Car- ge if he failed in his commission. He proposes to the senate, who were in suspense upon it, ch Regulus observing, without having the least on of putting the care of his own life in compe- n with the public good, desired them to consider, he was old, and almost useless; that those de- ded in exchange were men of daring temper, great merit in military affairs; and wondered would make any doubt of permitting him to go k to the short tortures prepared for him at Car- ge, where he should have the advantage of end- a long life both gloriously and usefully. This erous advice was consented to; and he took his e of his country and his weeping friends, to go certain death, with that cheerful composure, as a t, after the fatigue of business in a court or a , retires to the next village for the air.

No. 184.] TUESDAY, JUNE 13, 1710.

Una de multis face nuptiali

Digna— Hor. 11 Od. iii. 33.

Yet worthy of the nuptial flame—

Of many, one untainted maid. Francis.

*From my own Apartment, June 12.*

'HERE are certain occasions of life which give itious omens of the future good conduct of it, as l as others which explain our present inward s, according to our behaviour in them. Of the r sort are funerals; of the former, weddings. : manner of our carriage when we lose a friend, s very much our temper, in the humility of our ds and actions, and a general sense of our desti- condition, which runs through all our deport- it. This gives a solemn testimony of the erous affection we bore our friends, when we n to disrelish every thing now we can no more y them, or see them partake in our enjoyments

of a worthy English gentleman; her, that  
ble and deserving wife.

No. 185.] THURSDAY, JUNE 15,

Notitiam primosque gradus vicinia fecit,  
Tempore crevit amor, tædæ quoque jure  
Sed retuere patres. Quod non potuere  
Ex æquo capitis ardebant mentibus ambo  
*Orid, de Pyr. et Thisb. Me*

Their neighbourhood acquaintance early  
Acquaintance love, and love in time had  
The happy couple to the nuptial bed,  
Their fathers stopt them. But in vain o  
Their mutual passion, source of all their

*From my own Apartment, June 14*

As soon as I was up this morning, my r  
ame the following letter; which, since it le  
subject that may prove of common use to t  
I shall take notice of with as much expediti  
fair petitioner could desire.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

' Since you have so often declared y  
patron of the distressed, I must acquaint y  
am daughter to a country gentleman of go  
and may expect three or four thousand p  
my fortune. I love and am beloved by P  
a young gentleman who has an estate of five  
pounds per annum, and is our next neig  
the country every summer. My father, th  
has been a long time acquainted with it, c  
refuses to comply with our mutual inclinati  
what most of all torments me is, that if eve  
no commendation of my lover, he is much  
his praises than myself; and professes, tha  
of pure love and esteem for Philander, a  
his daughter, that he can never consent w  
marry each other; when, as he terms it,  
both do so much better. It must indeed  
fessed, that two gentlemen of considerable  
made their addresses to me last winter, and  
der, as I have since learned, was offered  
betroth with fifteen thousand pounds; bu  
we could neither of us think, that accepti  
matches would be doing better than remain  
stant to our first passion. Your thoughts,  
whole, may perhaps have some weight.  
father, who is one of your admirers, as  
humble servant,

' P.S. You are desired to be speedy, I  
father daily presses me to accept of, what  
an advantageous offer.'

There is no calamity in life that falls  
upon human nature than a disappointment  
especially when it happens between two  
whose hearts are mutually engaged to ea  
It is this distress which has given occasio  
of the finest tragedies that were ever wri  
daily fills the world with melancholy, d  
frenzy, sickness, despair, and death. I h  
admired at the barbarity of parents, wh  
quently interpose their authority in th  
article of life. I would fain ask Sylvia  
whether he thinks he can bestow a greater  
his daughter, than to put her in a way to  
pily? Whether a man of Philander's c  
with five hundred pounds per annum, is  
likely to contribute to that end, than many  
fellow whom he may have in his thought  
many thousands? Whether he can make

daughter by any increase of riches, for the great happiness she proposes to herself in her father? Or, whether a father should compound with his daughter to be miserable, though she were worth twenty thousand pounds by the bargain? I think he would have her reflect with esteem on his misery after his death: and does he think this a good method to make her do so, when, as often happens on the loss of her Philander, she must some time remember him as the cruel cause of her misery? Any transient ill-humour is soon forgotten; but reflection of such a cruelty must continue to her resentments as long as life itself; and, by this piece of barbarity, an indulgent father loses the benefit of all his past kindnesses. It is not impossible she may deceive herself in the happiness she proposes from Philander; but, as in such cases she can have no one to blame but herself, she must bear the disappointment with greater patience; she never makes the experiment, however, for she may be with another, she will still be the same as she might have been happier with Philander. There is a kind of sympathy in souls, that fits them to one another; and we may be assured, when we see persons engaged in the warmth of a mutual passion, that there are certain qualities in both minds which bear a resemblance to one another. A generous and constant passion in an amiable lover, where there is not too great a display in other circumstances, is the greatest blessing that can befall the person beloved; and, if overdone in one, may perhaps never be found in another. I shall conclude this with a celebrated piece of a father's indulgence in this particular; though carried to an extravagance, has something in it so tender and amiable, as may justly remove the harshness of temper that is to be met in many a British father.

Antiochus, a prince of great hopes, fell passionately in love with the young queen Stratonice, who was his mother-in-law, and had bore a son to the king, Seleucus, his father. The prince, finding it impossible to extinguish his passion, fell sick; refused all manner of nourishment, being determined to put an end to that life which was become insupportable.

Erasistratus, the physician, soon found that love was distemper; and observing the alteration in her face and countenance, whensoever Stratonice paid him a visit, was soon satisfied that he was dying for his young mother-in-law. Knowing the old king's tenderness for his son, when he one morning perceived of his health, he told him, that the prince's disorder was love; but that it was incurable, because it was impossible for him to possess the person he loved. The king, surprised at his account, desired to know how his son's passion could be cured? 'Why, sir,' replied Erasistratus, 'because he is in love with the person I am married to.' The old king immediately conjured him by all his favours, to save the life of his son and successor. 'Sir,' said Erasistratus, 'would your majesty but fancy yourself in my place, you would perceive the unreasonableness of what you desire.' 'Even is my witness,' said Seleucus, 'I could give even my Stratonice to save my Antiochus.' At these words, the tears ran down his cheeks; which, when the physician saw, taking him by the hand, 'Sir,' he said, 'if these are your real sentiments, the prince's life is out of danger; it is Stratonice for whom he dies.' Seleucus immediately gave orders for solemnizing the marriage; and the young queen,

letters; otherwise the intended pleasure which is designed for Mr. Bickerstaff, will be disappointed.

No. 187.] TUESDAY, JUNE 20, 1

—Pudet hæc approbia nobis,  
Et dici potuisse, et non potuisse refeci.  
Ovid, Met.

To hear an open slander is a curse:  
But not to find an answer is a worse.

From my own Apartment, June 19.

JASQUIN OF ROME TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.  
LONDON.

His Holiness is gone to Castel Gandolfo, much discomposed at some late accounts of missionaries in your island; for a committee of cardinals, which lately sat for the reviving the some obsolete doctrines, and drawing up them's to certain points of faith, have reproached the church of Rome to be in great danger of heresy written by a learned Englishman, and that spiritual power much higher than we have dared to have attempted even here. I have called, "An Epistolary Discourse, proving the Scriptures, and the first Fathers, that the principle is naturally mortal. Wherein is shown that none have the power of giving this immortalizing spirit, since the apostles, &c. &c. By Henry Dodwell, M.A." This has appeared to our *literati* so short and efficient method of subjecting the laity, that it is feared that confession and absolution will not be of keeping the clergy of Rome in any degree of greatness, in competition with such teachers. I think I shall receive this opinion. What gives greater jealousy here is, that in the catalogues of treatises which have been lately burnt within British territories, there is no mention made of this learned work; which circumstance is a sort of attestation, that the tenet is not held erroneous; that the doctrine is received among you as orthodox. The youth of this place are very much divided in opinion, whether a very memorable quotation from the author repeats out of Tertullian, be not in the style and manner of Meursius? *In illa impietatis ultima æstu, quo genitale virus ex sanguine aliquid de animâ quoque sentimus cæci adeo marcescimus et divigescimus cum luci moriturus.* This piece of Latin goes no farther than to tell us how our fathers begot us; so that I shall be at a loss how we afterwards commence. *Et crescendo infunditer, et infundendo creatus.* As mentioned soon after, may allude only to flood, as well as the former. Your readers may, some of whom have very much approved of the warmth with which you have attacked free-thinkers, and other enemies to religion and piety, are very much disturbed, that you have given no account of this remarkable dissertation, employed by them to desire you would, with your expedition, send me over the ceremony of transubstantiation of souls, as well as a list of all the good and immortal men within the dominions of Britain. When you have done me this favour, I must trouble you for other tokens of your kindness, and particularly I desire you would let me have a handkerchief, which is of late scarce in England, for I have promised to present of it to a courtesan of a French mine.

ers from the frontiers of France inform us, a young gentleman, who was to have been cardinal on the next promotion, has put off his coming to Rome so soon as was intended, as it is said, received letters from Britain, wherein several virtuosi of that age desired him to suspend his resolutions of a monastic life, until the British grammarians publish their explication of the words independence and revolution. According as these terms are made to fit the mouths of the people, the gentleman takes his measures for his journey

Mr New Bedlam has been read and considered of by your countrymen among us; and one gentleman, who is now here as a traveller, says your plan is impracticable; for that there can be no large enough to contain the number of your patients. He advises you therefore to name the North Sea for the boundary of your hospital. If he says be true, I do not see how you can afford any other inclosure: for, according to his sense, the whole people are taken with a *vertigo*: and proper actions are received with coldness and discontent; ill news hoped for with impatience; in your service are treated with calumny, criminals pass through your towns with actions.

The Englishman went on to say, you seemed at first to flag under a satiety of success, as if you mistook misfortune as a necessary vicissitude. Yet, though men have but a cold relish of prosperity, quick is the anguish of the contrary fortune. He proceeded to make comparisons of times, seasons and great incidents. After which he grew too bold for my understanding, and talked of Hanno the Carthaginian, and his irreconcilable hatred to the famous commander Hannibal. Hannibal, said he, was able to march to Rome itself, and brought down the ambitious people, who designed no less than to empire of the world, to sue for peace in the most humble and servile manner; when faction at home deprived him from the glory of his actions, and, after various artifices, at last prevailed with the senate to withdraw him from the midst of his victories, in the instant when he was to reap the benefit of all, by reducing the then common enemy of all, which had liberty, to reason. When Hannibal heard the message of the Carthaginian senators were sent to recall him, he was moved with generous and disdainful sorrow; and is reported to have said, "Hannibal then must be content not by the arms of the Romans, whom he had put to flight, but by the envy and detraction of his countrymen. Nor shall Scipio triumph in his fall, as Hanno, who will smile to behold the ruin of Hannibal, though at the fall of Carthage."

'I am, sir, &c.

'PASQUIN.'

*Will's Coffee-house, June 19.*

There is a sensible satisfaction in observing the chance and action of the people on some occasions. To gratify myself in this pleasure, I came with all speed this evening with an account of the surrender of Douay. As soon as the battle was heard of, they immediately drew some conclusions that it must have cost us a great number of men; that others were so negligent of the glory of their country; that they went on in their discourse on the use which is to be at Othello on Thursday, with curiosity they should go with, to see Wilks.

How moving is his sorrow, when he cries  
Sillows:

I ha! been happy, if the gen'ral camp,  
Pioneers and all, had tasted her sweet breath  
So I had nothing known. Oh now! for  
Farewell the tranquil mind! farewell care!  
Farewell the plumed troops, and the big  
That make ambition virtue! Oh farewell  
Farewell the neighing steed, and the shrill  
The spirit-stirring drum, th' ear-piercing  
The royal banner, and all quality,  
Pride, pomp, and circumstance, of glorious  
And, oh ye mortal engines! whose rude  
Th' immortal Jove's dread clamours counterfeit  
Farewell! Othello's occupation's gone.

I believe I may venture to say, there is  
any other part of Shakspeare's works more  
and lively pictures of nature than in this.  
therefore steal *incognito* to see it, out of curiosity  
observe how Wilks and Cibber touch those  
where Betterton and Sandford so very high  
celebrated. But now I am got into discourse  
with which I am so professedly pleased, I  
close this paper with a note I have just  
from the two ingenious friends, Mr. Pen  
and Mr. Bullock.

SIR,

Finding by your paper, No. 182, that  
drawing parallels between the greatest actors;  
as you have already begun with Mr.  
and Mr. Cibber, we desire you would do  
justice to your humble servants,

WM. BULLOCK AND WM. PENKETHMAN

For the information of posterity, I shall  
with this letter, and set these two great men  
as light as Sallust has placed his Cato and C.

Mr. William Bullock and Mr. William Pen-  
man are of the same age, profession, and se-  
larity distinguish themselves in a very pro-  
manner under the discipline of the crab-tree.  
this only difference, that Mr. Bullock has the  
agreeable squall, and Mr. Penkethman the  
graceful shrug. Penkethman devours a crowd  
with great applause; Bullock's talent lies in  
soporific. Penkethman is very dexterous  
weaving himself under a table; Bullock is  
active at jumping over a stick. Mr. Pen-  
has a great deal of money; but Mr. Bullock  
rather man.

No. 189.] SATURDAY, JUNE 24,

Est in juvenis, est in equis patrum  
Virtus; nec imbellem feroces  
Progenerant aquilæ columbam.

Hor. 4 O.

In steers laborious, and in generous steers  
We trace their sires, nor can the bird  
Intrepid, fierce, beget th' unwarlike dove

From my own Apartment, June 23

HAVING lately turned my thoughts upon  
moderations of the behaviour of parents to children  
the great affair of marriage, I took much  
turning over a bundle of letters, which a  
man's steward in the country had sent me  
time ago. This parcel is a collection of  
written by the children of the family, to  
belongs, to their father; and contains all  
passages of their lives, and the new ideas



s their years advanced. There is in them  
 ant of their diversions as well as their exer-  
 und what I thought very remarkable is, that  
 s of the family, who now make considerable  
 in the world, gave omens of that sort of  
 er which they now bear, in the first rudi-  
 of thought which they show in their letters.  
 ne to point out a method of education, one  
 ot, methinks, frame one more pleasing or  
 ing than this; where the children get a habit  
 nunicating their thoughts and inclinations to  
 est friend with so much freedom, that he can  
 schemes for their future life and conduct from  
 ervation of their tempers; and by that means  
 ly enough in choosing their way of life, to  
 hem forward in some art or science at an age  
 others have not determined what profession  
 ow. As to the persons concerned in this  
 I am speaking of, they have given great  
 of the force of this conduct of their father in  
 ect it has upon their lives and manners. The  
 who is a scholar, showed from his infancy a  
 isity to polite studies, and has made a suitable  
 ss in literature; but his learning is so well  
 into his mind, that from the impression of it,  
 ms rather to have contracted a habit of life,  
 nanner of discourse. To his books he seems  
 e a good economy in his affairs, and a com-  
 icy in his manners, though in others that way  
 cation has commonly a quite different effect  
 pistles of the other son are full of accounts of  
 he thought most remarkable in his reading.  
 nds his father for news the last noble story he  
 read. I observe, he is particularly touched  
 the conduct of Codrus, who plotted his own  
 , because the oracle had said, if he were not  
 , the enemy should prevail over his country.  
 other incidents in his little letter give omens  
 soul capable of generous undertakings; and  
 makes it the more particular is, that this gen-  
 n had, in the present war, the honour and hap-  
 s of doing an action, for which only it was  
 coming into the world. Their father is the  
 intimate friend they have; and they always  
 lt him rather than any other, when any error  
 uppened in their conduct through youth and  
 ertercy. The behaviour of this gentleman to  
 s has made his life pass away with the plea-  
 of a second youth; for, as the vexations  
 men receive from their children hasten the  
 ch of age, and double the force of years; so  
 nforts, which they reap from them, are balm  
 other sorrows, and disappoint the injuries of  
 Parents of children repeat their lives in their  
 ng; and their concern for them is so near,  
 ey feel all their sufferings and enjoyments as  
 as if they regarded their own proper persons.  
 t is generally so far otherwise, that the com-  
 ace of esquires in this kingdom use their sons  
 sons that are waiting only for their funerals,  
 ies upon their health and happiness; as in-  
 hey are, by their own making them such. In  
 where a man takes the liberty after this man-  
 reprehend others, it is commonly said, let him  
 at home. I am sorry to own it; but there is  
 ranch of the house of the Bickerstaffs, who  
 been as erroneous in their conduct this way as  
 other family whatsoever. The head of this  
 is now in town, and has brought up with  
 his son and daughter, who are all the children  
 a, in order to be put some way into the world,  
 ee fashions. They are both very ill-bred cubs;

the days of my youth and vanity, when, like my interpretation was with the Gentiles, that th of Babel, which is Babylon, ever sided unto th of Carthage, for tranquillity, as thou dost Neither was Hamiel; the son of Hamiel, hamed by his countrymen, until these saw the of their enemies at their gates; and then was time for him, thinkest thou, to return? It app therefore that thou dost prophecy backwards; dost row one way, and look another; and ind all things art thou too much a time-server toment thou not to consider what a day may brack. Think of this, and take tobacco.

friend.

AMINAD.

If the zealous writer of the above letter be meaning, it is of too high a nature to be the of any lucubrations. I shall therefore wave high points, and be as useful as I can to pers less moment than any he hints at. When I runs into a little fame in the world, as he with a great deal of reproach which he does a serve, so does he also a great deal of este which he has in himself no pretensions. W otherwise, I am sure no one would offer to low-ness to me: but because I am an ad gliphar and astrology, they will needs persue that I am no less a proficient in all other sci However, the point mentioned in the foll letter is no plain one, that I think I nee trouble myself to cast a figure to be able to solve it.

— MR. DICKERSTAFF.

It is some time ago since the entail of the of our family was altered, by passing a fine in 1 of me, who now am in possession of it, after others deceased. The heirs-general, who live young men, were excluded by this settlement, as whole estate is to pass in a new channel aft and my heirs. But several tenants of the lo guarantee me to let them hereafter hold their of me according to the old customs of the be and not oblige them to act by the limitations that settlement. This, they say, will make me popular among my dependants, and the a wants of the estate, to whom any deviation fro line of succession is always invidious.

Yours, I

SIR, Sheer-lane, June

You have by the fine a plain right, in mine else of your family can be your compe for which reason, by all means demand vas upon that title. The contrary advice can be fit no other purpose in nature but to betray and favour other pretenders, by making you p right which is in you only, upon a level with a which you have in common with others.

I am, sir,

Your most faithful servant, until death

I.

There is nothing so dangerous or so pleasi compliments made to us by our enemies: an correspondent tells me, that though he know all of those persons who give him this course at first against passing the fine in favour of yet he is so touched with their homage to him he can hardly believe they have a mind to add, in order to introduce the heirs-general his estate.

These are great evils; but since there is n dealing with success in this world without ce the with the arts of it, I shall use the same in to my correspondent's wishes did with him, in

one whom I never had a kindness for; but  
 notwithstanding, presume to give him my

ROBERT STAFF, ESQUIRE, OF GREAT BRITAIN;  
 LEWIS THE FOURTEENTH OF FRANCE.

is,  
 if majesty will pardon me while I take the  
 to acquaint you, that some passages written  
 our side of the water do very much obstruct  
 interest. We take it very unkindly that the  
 of Paris are so very partial in favour of one  
 men among us, and treat the others as irre-  
 able to your interests. Your writers are very  
 recounting any thing which relates to the  
 power of one party, but are dumb when  
 should represent the actions of the other. This  
 circumstance which many here are apt  
 to stress upon; and therefore I thought fit  
 to your consideration before you despatch  
 courier.

‘I. B.’

1.] THURSDAY, JUNE 29, 1710.

‘propter vitam vivendi perdere causas.

*Juv. Sat. viii. 84.*

Basely they  
 cred cause for which they're born, betray,  
 give up virtue for a worthless life.

*R. Wymse.*

*From my own Apartment, June 28.*

the evils under the sun, that of making  
 mendable is the greatest; for it seems to  
 asis of society, that applause and contempt  
 e always given to proper objects. But in  
 we behold things, for which we ought to  
 abhorrence, not only received without dis-  
 at even valued as motives of emulation.  
 naturally the destruction of simplicity of  
 s, openness of heart, and generosity of tem-  
 When a person gives himself the liberty to  
 nd run over in his thoughts the different ge-  
 fmen, which he meets in the world, one can-  
 observe, that most of the indirection and  
 which is used among men, does not proceed  
 h from a degeneracy in nature, as an affecta-  
 appearing men of consequence by such prac-  
 by this means it is, that a cunning man is so far  
 ring ashamed of being esteemed such, that he  
 re-joices in it. It has been a sort of maxim,  
 e greatest art is to conceal art; but I know not  
 nong some people we meet with, their greatest  
 g is to appear cunning. There is Polyprag-  
 makes it the whole business of his life to be  
 t a cunning fellow, and thinks it a much  
 character to be terrible than agreeable.  
 it has once entered into a man's head to have  
 sition to be thought crafty, all other evils are  
 ry consequences. To deceive is the imme-  
 ndeavour of him who is proud of the capacity  
 g it. It is certain, Polypragmon does all the  
 ossibly can, but pretends to much more than  
 urns. He is contented in his own thoughts,  
 igs himself in his closet, that though he is  
 up there and doing nothing, the world does  
 ow but that he is doing mischief. To favour  
 spicion, he gives half-looks and shrugs in his  
 l behaviour, to give you to understand that  
 not know what he means. He is also won-  
 y advertial in his expressions, and breaks off  
 ‘perhaps’ and a nod of the head upon mat-  
 the most indifferent nature. It is a mighty

the first day; every one endeavouring to recom-  
pense himself by his good humour and complaisance  
towards the company. This good correspondence  
did not last long; one of our party was soured  
very first evening by a plate of butter which he  
found melted to his mind, and which spoiled his  
pear to such a degree, that he continued upon this  
to the end of our journey. A second fell off  
his good humour the next morning, for no other  
reason, that I could imagine, but because I chance  
stepped into the coach before him, and placed myself  
on the shady side. This however, was but my  
private guess; for he did not mention a word  
nor indeed of any thing else, for three days fol-  
lowing. The rest of our company held out very  
half the way, when, on a sudden, Mr. Sprightly  
slept; and instead of endeavouring to divert  
us, as he had hitherto done, carried his  
with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behav-  
iour until we came to our last stage. There were  
of us who still held up our heads, and did  
could to make our journey agreeable; but, I  
shall be it spoken, about three miles on this  
journey, I was taken with an unaccountable  
sickness, that hung upon me for above three  
miles; whether it were for want of respect, or  
an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a fi-  
end's calling me 'The old gentleman,' I can-  
tell. In short, there was but one who kept his  
humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with  
us which I likewise observed that there were  
secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities  
when we joined companies at night, I could  
then take notice, that the passengers neglected  
their company, and studied how to make them-  
selves comfortable by us, who were altogether strange  
to them; until at length they grew so well ac-  
quainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did  
another. When I reflect upon this journey, I  
think it to be a picture of human life, in respect  
of the several friendships, contracts, and alliances  
made and dissolved in the several periods  
of life. The most delightful and most lasting engagements  
are generally those which pass between man  
and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they  
ended, or entirely broken! Sometimes the parti-  
nership even in the midst of courtship, and  
times grow cool in the very honey-moon. I  
separate before the first child, and some after  
fifth; others continue good until thirty, others  
sixty; while some few, whose souls are of a ha-  
rmonious, and better fitted to one another, travel  
to the end of their journey in a constant  
intercourse of kind offices, and mutual endear-  
ments.

When we therefore choose our companion  
for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselv-  
es in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be  
extremely careful in the choice we make, as well  
the conduct on our own part. When the persons  
whom we join ourselves can stand an examina-  
tion and bear the scrutiny; when they intend upon  
acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties  
the more we search into their characters; our  
will naturally rise in proportion to their perfect-

But because there are very few possessed of  
accomplishments of body and mind, we ought  
look after those qualifications both in ourselves  
others, which are indispensably necessary to  
this happy union, and which are in the power  
every man to acquire, or at least to cultivate and  
improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness

A cheerful temper, joined with innocence, make beauty attractive, knowledge decent, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, and affliction; convert ignorance into simplicity; and render deformity itself

easy is natural to persons of even temper and firm dispositions; and may be acquired by the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion. I consider seriously the terms of union upon which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to excite their tenderness and compassion towards each other, to have their dependance upon them, and to be linked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the heart, upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, not subject to any change of health, age, or any of those accidents which are apt to shake the best dispositions that are founded rather in affection than in reason. Where such a constancy is wanting, the most inflamed passion soon wears away into coldness and indifference, and the melting tenderness degenerates into hatred and rancour. I shall conclude this paper with a story which is very well known in the north of Eng-

land. Thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were on board it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had any possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife than to live without her; the other, though he was moved with great compassion for his wife, told her, 'that he could do nothing for her, but that he would do good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish.' By a great deal of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of the men had taken the last and long farewell to his wife, and she was about to save herself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, he was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and pain of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair were ready to have died in each other's arms, three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust, grew to a coldness at first, and at last fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple continued together in an uninterrupted friendship and affection; and, what was remarkable, the husband, who the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may become. If I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friends, or myself? In short, without constancy there is neither love, friendship, nor virtue, in the

I desire your opinion, whether you think it expedient for me to undertake to prompt my soldiers, though I can slash swords when they battle, and have yet lungs enough left to breathe, I question, if I should prompt whether they would act accordingly.

‘ I am your honour’s most humble

‘ P. S. Sir, since I writ this, I am informed, that they design a new house in the fields, near the Popish chapel, to be built Michaelmas next; which indeed is but an old one that has already failed. Your honest man who kept the office is gone

No. 194.] THURSDAY, JULY

Militat omnis amans.

*Ovid. Amor. l.*

The toils of love require a warrior;  
And every lover plays the soldier.

*From my own Apartment, July*

I was this morning reading the tenth book of Spenser, in which Sir Galahad relates the progress of his courtship to a very beautiful allegory, which is one of the most natural and unmix’d of any in that author. I shall transcribe it, to use for the benefit of many English gentlemen, who by frequent letters, desired me some rules for the conduct of their virtue, and shall only premise, that by the Shield is meant a generous, constant passion for a beloved.

‘ When the fame,’ says he, ‘ of thy beauty first flew abroad, I went in pursuit to the Temple of Love. This temple,’ he said, ‘ bore the name of the goddess Venus, and was seated in a most fruitful island, wall’d against all invaders. There was a path that led into the island, and before it was guarded by twenty knights. Near the open plain, and in the midst of it a pillar was hung the Shield of Love; and under it in letters of gold, was this inscription:

‘ Happy the man who well can use it,  
Whose ever be the shield, fair Amor

‘ My heart panted upon reading this. I struck upon the shield with my spear, and immediately issued forth a knight well mounted, completely armed, who, without speaking, came to me. I received him as well as I could. Good fortune threw him out of the way, and he counter’d the whole twenty successive knights, and they all extended on the plain, and the shield in token of victory. Having thus vanquish’d my rivals, I pass’d on without impediment to the utmost gate of the temple, but found it locked and barred. I knock’d, but could get no answer. At last I saw on the other side of the gate, who stood peering through a small crevice. This was the porter, whose double face resembled a Janus, and who was looking about him, as if he mistrusted danger. His name, as I afterwards learned, was Doubt. Over against him sat Delay, who tam’d passengers with some idle stories, but such opportunities as were never to be lost. As soon as the porter saw my shield, he

out, upon my entering, De-lay caught hold of me, I would fain have made me listen to her fool. However, I shook her off, and passed forward came to the second gate, "The Gate of Good," which always stood wide open, but in the was a hideous giant, that stopped the entrance; he was Danger. Many warriors of good renown, not able to bear the sternness of his look, back again. Cowards fled at the first sight of except some few, who watching their opportunity by him unobserved. I prepared to assault but, upon the first sight of my shield, he immediately gave way. Looking back upon him, I his hinder parts much more deformed and e than his face; Hatred, Murder, Treason, and Detraction, lying in ambush behind him, upon the heedless and unwary.

now entered the "Island of Love," which red in all the beauties of art and nature, and d every sense with the most agreeable objects. At a pleasing variety of walks and alleys, shady and flowery banks, sunny hills and gloomy s, were thousands of lovers sitting, or walking er in pairs, and singing hymns to the deity of lace.

could not forbear envying this happy people, were already in possession of all they could de-

While I went forward to the temple, the ture was beautiful beyond imagination. The stood open. In the entrance sat a most amiable n whose name was Concord.

On either side of her stood two young men, both gly armed, as if afraid of each other. As I af-rds learned, they were both her sons, but be-n of her by two different fathers; their names and Hatred.

The lady so well tempered and reconciled them that she forced them to join hands; though I not but observe, that Hatred turned aside his as not able to endure the sight of his younger er.

At length entered the inmost temple, the roof ich was raised upon a hundred marble pillars, d with crowns, chains, and garlands. The id was strewed with flowers. A hundred altars, ch of which stood a virgin priestess clothed in y, blazed all at once with the sacrifice of lovers, were perpetually sending up their vows to hea-n clouds of incense.

At the midst stood the goddess herself upon an whose substance was neither gold nor stone, ninitely more precious than either. About her flew numberless flocks of little Loves, Joys, rances; and all about her altar lay scattered of lovers, complaining of the disdain, pride, eachery of their mistresses. One among the no longer able to contain his griefs, broke out he following prayer:

"O Venus, queen of grace and beauty, joy of gods men, who, with a smile becalmest the seas, and rest all nature; goddess, whom all the different s in the universe obey with joy and pleasure, I may at last obtain the object of my vows."

The impatient lover pronounced this with great aence; but I, in a soft murmur, besought the as to lend me her assistance. While I was raying, I chanced to cast my eye on a company lies, who were assembled together in a corner e temple, waiting for the anthem.

The foremost seemed something elder and of a composed countenance than the rest, who all red to be under her direction. Her name was



selves, and yet administer physic beyond gums. These advices I shall reserve for future leisure; but have now taken a rededicate the remaining part of this instar to the service of the fair sex, and have almost a scheme for settling the whole remaining sex who are unmarried, and above the age five.

In order to this good and public service, I must first administer the passion of Love in its full effect, is attended both with joys and inquietude down, for the conduct of my lovers, such shall banish the cares, and heighten the which flow from that amiable spring of happiness. There is no less than absolute that some provision be made to take of stock of women in city, town, and country, there happen but the least disorder in the same, in an instant you see the inequality of numbers of males and females. Besides the immense crowd on such occasions is more in the open way, you may observe them also garrists huddled together, four at least at a time. Add to this, that by an exact calculation, there come to town by stage-coach or by town twelve-month past, three times in four persons have been males. This overstock for which there are so few bidders, calls for immediate supply of lovers and husbands: the studious knight-errant, who have such eternal contemplations to find out metrelief of all British females, who at present are devoted to involuntary virginity. Upon which I design to act, I have chosen to love but a beautiful young lady, who some time left the town, in the following

TO AMANDA, IN KENT.

'MADAM,

I send, with this, my discourse of means for encouraging marriage, and the island. You will soon observe, that in these rules, the mean considerations of vanity and merit cease to be the objects of pursuit, will be fully exploded. I have only proved, that jointures and settlements are of happiness; and not only so, but even of their fortunes who enter into the world, you therefore to come to town upon the first, where, I promise you, you shall have more as basters; for there needed not take men's interests fall in with their interest. I tender you the most courted of you, early as love you will now be willing to hasten then, and be the honourable husband. Cassander, and many other "The gate of good desert" to receive you.

I am, Madam,

Your most obedient, most humble servant  
'ISAAC BICKS

No. 196.] TUESDAY, JULY 1

Dulcis inexperto cultura potentis a  
Expertus metuit. — Hor. 2 E

I'try'd, how sweet a court attendant  
When try'd, how dreadful the depend

From my own Apartment, July 1

Two intended course of my studies  
Evening by a visit from an old ac

explained to me, mentioning one upon whom long depended, that he found his labour and chance in his patron's service and interests ineffectual; and he thought now, after his years were spent in a professed adherence to his fortunes, he should in the end be forced to with him, and give over all further expectations from him. He sighed and ended his discourse, saying, 'You, Mr. Censor, some time ago, gave thoughts of the behaviour of great men to editors. This sort of demand upon them, for they invite men to expect, is a debt of honour; according to custom, they ought to be most of paying, and would be a worthy subject for censure.'

All men living, I think, I am the most proper of this matter; because, in the character of Censor, I have had encouragement infinitely above my desert, that what I say possibly be supposed to arise from peevishness or any disappointment in that kind, which I have met with. When we consider Patrons or Clients, those who receive addresses, and who are addressed to, it must not be understood that the dependants are such as are worthless creatures, abandoned to any vice or dishonour, but as without a call thrust themselves upon power; nor when we say Patrons, do we mean such as have it not in their power, or have no intention, to assist their friends; but we speak of those where there are power and obligation on the one part, and merit and expectation on the other. We must be very particular on this subject, I think, that the division of patron and client may be a third part of our nation. The want of mind and real worth will strike out about ninety of the hundred of these; and want of ability in the patron will dispose of as many of that order. He, out of mere vanity to be applied to, will purchase another's time and fortune in his service, though he has no prospect of returning it, is as much unjust, as those who took up my friend the upper's goods without paying him for them; I say, is much more unjust, as our life and time is more valuable than our goods and moveables. I know many whom you see about the great, there is a contented well pleased set, who seem to like the chance for its own sake, and are early at the service of the powerful, out of mere fashion. This vanity is as well grounded as if a man should dress in his own plain suit, and dress himself up in the livery of another.

There are many of this species who exclude others from expectations, and make those proper dependants appear impatient, because they are not so useful as those who expect nothing. I have made out the penny-post for the instruction of these necessary slaves, and informed them, that they will be provided for; but they double their diligence upon admonition. Will Afterday has told his story, that he was to have the next thing, these are; and Harry Linger has been fourteen, or a month of a considerable office. However, the fantastic complaisance which is paid to them, blinds the great from seeing themselves in a just light, they must needs, if they in the least reflect, sometimes, have a sense of the injustice they do in giving to others a false expectation. But this is a common practice in all the stages of power, that are not more cripples come out of the wars, from the attendance of patrons. You see in the settled melancholy, in another a bridled rage;

and when he was hedged in by logical false appearances, you must have ~~be~~ convinced before you could then have ~~be~~ and the shame of his triumph had ~~be~~ the pain of his impertinence.

There is a sort of littleness in the mind of wrong sense, which makes them much more miserable than mere fools, and has the convenience of being attended by an eccentricity. For which reason, it would be a work, if some well-wisher to human society considered the terms upon which people may be placed, in order to prevent the unseasonable relations which we meet with there. In my youth, it was a humour at the university fellow pretended to be more eloquent than he was, and had formed to himself a plot to gain admiration, or triumph over us with an advantage of which he had no manner of care. In either of these cases, it was the humour of the age. This whimsical way of taking not notice of absurdity, has prevented many a man from a coxcomb. If amongst us, on such a subject, each man offered a voluntary rhetorician, it would probably produce the same effect. The matter now stands, whether a man will be obliged to be informed in whatever manner to entertain him with; though the pretence of these advances out of vanity, and not to insult him.

There is no man will allow him who is not able to be called a soldier; but men of good sense, are very frequently not only able to be scholars, but esteemed for being so. At the same time it must be granted, that as common sense is a natural part of a soldier, so is a good understanding a part of a scholar. Such little minds as these, are collected in the volume to which the honour to be patron, are the instruments of artful men to work with; and become part of the unthinking part of mankind. In the same manner, they make transparent flatterers; in camps, bullies; in colleges, unintelligible pedants; their faculties are used accordingly by those who lead them.

When a man who wants judgment enters into the conversation of reasonable men, he must remember such improper circumstances as he has drawn such groundless conclusions from their conversation, and that with such colour of sense, as will make the best set of company that can be got. It is just thus with a fool who has a family library: he shall quote and recite one author after another, in such a manner as shall puzzle the understanding to refute him; though the narrow capacity may observe that it is only the intricacy that makes the display. All the true use we call learning is to ennobel and improve our natural faculties, and not to disguise our ignorance. It is therefore in vain for folly to attempt to do itself, by the refuge of learned language. Nature does but make a man more eminent in the science which nature made him; and Polyglot studied less than he has, and writ only in a bad style, had been known only in Great Britain as a pedant.

Mr. Bickerstaff thanks Dorinda, and answers her letter, and takes her advice.

28.] SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1710.

*Id quod amas celeri circumspice mente,  
Assuro substrahe colla iugo.*

*Ovid. Rem. Amor. i. 89.*

choice deliberate, nor rashly yield  
your neck to Hymen's galling yoke.

*From my own Apartment, July 14.*

#### THE HISTORY OF CÆLIA.

It is not necessary to look back into the first years of this young lady, whose story is of consequence as her life has lately met with passages uncommon. She is now in the twentieth year, and owes a strict, but cheerful education, to the care of an aunt; to whom she was recommended by her dying father, whose decease was attended by an inconsolable affliction for the loss of her. As Cælia is the offspring of the most ardent passion that has been known in our age, she is adorned with as much beauty and grace as is celebrated of her sex possesses; but her life, moderate fortune, and religious education have given her but little opportunity, and less inclination to be admired in public assemblies. Her father had been for some years at a convenient distance from the cathedral of St. Paul's; where her mother chose to reside, for the advantage of her pious way of devotion, which gives ecstasy and assurances of innocence, and, in some measure, the immediate possession of those heavenly pleasures for which they are addressed.

It may trace the usual thoughts of men in various circumstances, there appeared in the face of Cælia a cheerfulness, the constant companion of virtue, and a gladness, which is inseparable from true piety. Her every look and motion was peaceful, mild, resigning, humble and animated her beautiful body. Her air gave her body a mere machine of her mind, and her thoughts were employed in study and attractions for her person. Such was she when she was first seen by Palamede at her place of worship. Palamede is a young man about twenty, well fashioned, learned, genteel, and the son and heir of a gentleman of a good estate, and himself possessed of a plentiful gift of an uncle. He became acquainted with Cælia, and after having learned her name, had address enough to communicate his particular circumstances with such an air of good integrity, as soon obtained permission to profess his inclinations towards her. Palamede's present fortune and future expectations were prejudicial to his addresses; but after he had passed some time in the agreeable entertainment of a successful courtship, Cælia one day began to interrupt Palamede, in the midst of his pleasing discourse of the happiness he proposed in so accomplished a companion; taking a serious air, told him, there was no heart to be won before he gained hers, and that of his father. Palamede seemed surprised at the overture; and lamented to his father that he was one of those too provident fathers who only place their thoughts upon bringing into their families by marriages, and are insensible of all other considerations. But the excess of Cælia's rules of life made her insist on demand; and the son, at a proper hour, related to his father the circumstances of his love, the merit of the object. The next day

heard him declaim upon this subject, and a  
that the marriage settlements, which are  
used, have grown fashionable even within  
memory.'

When the theatre, in some late reigns, owed  
chief support to those scenes which were writ  
put matrimony out of countenance, and rendered  
state terrible, then was it that pin-money first  
railed; and all the other articles were introduced  
which create a diffidence, and intimate to the  
people, that they are very soon to be in a state  
war with each other; though this had seldom  
opened, except the fear of it had been expressed.  
Coupler will tell you also, 'that jointures  
never frequent until the age before his own  
the women were contented with the third part  
estate the law allotted them, and scorned to  
with men whom they thought capable of abusing  
their children.' He has also informed me,  
those who are the oldest benchers when he came  
the Temple, told him, the first marriage settlement  
of considerable length was the invention of a  
sergeant; who took the opportunity of two  
fathers, who were ever squabbling, to bring  
an alliance between their children. These fathers  
knew each other to be knaves; and the ser-  
geant held of their mutual diffidence, for the benefit  
of the law, to extend the settlement to three shilling  
garbment.'

To this great benefactor to the profession  
ing the present price current of lines and  
This is tenderness thrown out of the question  
the great care is, what the young couple shall  
when they come to hate each other. I do not  
question but from this one humour of settling  
might very fairly be deduced, not only our pro-  
defection in point of morals, but also our want  
people. This has given way to such unreason-  
gallantries, that a man is hardly reproachable  
deceives an innocent woman, though she has con-  
much merit, if she is below him in fortune.  
man has no dishonour following his treachery,  
her own sex are so debased by force of custom  
to say in the case of the woman, 'How could  
expect he would marry her?'

By this means the good offices, the pleasures  
graces of life, are not put into the balance.  
bridegroom has given his estate out of himself;  
he has no more left but to follow the blind de-  
his fate, whether he shall be succeeded by a son  
man of merit in his fortune. On the other  
the woman, who has also a fortune, is set  
ray of auction; her first lover has ten shillings  
against him. The very hour after he has sold  
his heart and his rent-roll, he is made no other  
if but to raise her price. She and her friends  
on opportunity of publishing it, to call in new  
bidders. While the poor lover very innocently  
until the plenipotentiaries at the inns of coun-  
debated about the alliance, all the partisans  
sides throw difficulties in the way, until others  
come in; and the man who came first is not  
possession, until she has been refused by him  
down. If an abhorrence to such mercenary pro-  
posals were well settled in the minds of men  
readers, those of merit would have a way open  
their advancement; nay, those who about  
wealth only would in reality find their account.  
It would not be in the power of their pri-  
vate acquaintance, their waiters, their nurses, cousin  
whisperers, to persuade them, that there are  
above twenty men in a kingdom, and those

they may never set eyes on, whom they can with discretion. As the case stands now, one consider, how the great heiresses, and whom they were offered, for no other reason that they could make them suitable settle together. What can be more insipid, if some, than for two persons to be at the a crowd, who have as little regard for them for each other; and behold one another in ted sense of prosperity, without the least that exquisite gladness at meeting, that quietude at parting, together with the of voice, look, gesture, and that general bece between well-chosen lovers, which makes as please, and leaves not the least trifle in-

I am diverted from these sketches for future n behalf of my numerous clients of the fair notice sent to my office in Sheer-lane, 'That ing widow, in the third year of her widow- and twenty-sixth of her age, designs to take a of twenty-eight.' The parties request I draw up their terms of coming together, as a regard to my opinion against long and t settlements; and I have sent them the fol- indenture:

I, John ——— and Mary ———, having for life, resolve to take each other. I John nture my life to enrich thee Mary; and I will consult my health to nurse thee John. ch we have interchangeably set our hands, and seals, this 17th of July, 1710.

200.] THURSDAY, JULY 20, 1710.

*From my own Apartment, July 19.*

ING devoted the greater part of my time to vice of the fair sex; I must ask pardon of my correspondents, if I postpone their commands, I have any from the ladies which lie unan- . That which follows is of importance.

Sir,  
ou cannot think it strange if I, who know of the world, apply to you for advice in the y affair of matrimony; since you yourself often declared it to be of that consequence as ure the utmost deliberation. Without fur- reface, therefore, give me leave to tell you, y father at his death left me a fortune suffi- to make me a match for any gentleman. My r, for she is still alive, is very pressing with marry; and I am apt to think, to gratify her, I venture upon one of two gentlemen, who at me make their addresses to me. My request t you would direct me in my choice; which, ou may the better do, I shall give you their ters; and, to avoid confusion, desire you to rem by the names of Philander and Silvius. der is young, and has a good estate; Silvius young, and has a better. The former has had ral education, has seen the town, is retired hence to his estate in the country, is a man words, and much given to books. The latter rought up under his father's eye, who gave st learning enough to enable him to keep his nts; but made him withal very expert in ry business, such as ploughing, sowing, buy- elling, and the like. They are both very sober neither of their persons is disagreeable, nor know which to prefer until I had heard them rse; when the conversation of Philander so prevailed, as to give him the advantage with

are damped with pain and anguish at all that is laudable, lovely, or happy. They are touched with commiseration towards the disagreeable, and the wretched. Those who betray the innocent of their own solicitation the lewd of ours. There are those abandoned the very memory, not only of but shame. There are those who never nor could ever bear being forgiven. There also who visit the beds of the sick, lull the sorrowful, and double the joys of Such is the destroying fiend, such the angel, woman.

The way to have a greater number of the part of womankind, and lessen the cro other sort, is to contribute what we can cess of well grounded passions; and to comply with the request of an enamoured inserting the following billet:

'MADAM,

'Mr. Bickerstaff you always read, though will never hear. I am obliged therefore passion for the opportunity of imploring nigh for the most accomplished of her sex so just a distinction of her, to whom I the owning I think so is no distinction c write. Your good qualities are peculiar t admiration is common with thousands. present when you read this; but fear eve will take it for her character, sooner she deserves it.'

If the next letter, which presents its come from the mistress of this modest k make them break through the oppressive passions, I shall expect gloves at their nu

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'You, that are a philosopher, know ver make of the mind of women, and can be me in the conduct of an affair which highl me. I never can admit my lover to spea love; yet think him impertinent when h talk of any thing else. What shall I do v that always believes me? It is a strai this distance in men of sense! why do a'ways urge their fate? If we are sinc severity, you lose nothing by attempting. hypocrites, you certainly succeed.'

*From my own Apartment, July 21*

Before I withdraw from business for th is my custom to receive all addresses to others may go to rest as well as myself, far as I can contribute to it. When I know if any would speak with me, I was that Mr. Mills, the player, desired to be He was so; and with much modesty acqui as he did other people of note, 'that Han be acted on Wednesday next for his benef long wanted to speak with this person; thought I could admonish him of man which would tend to his improvement. In ral I observed to him, that though actio business, the way to that action was not gesture; for the behaviour would follow ments of the mind.

Action to the player is what speech is t ur. If the matter be well conceived, w flow with ease: and if the actor is well po the nature of his part, a proper action w easily follow. He informed me, that Wil act Hamlet: I desired him to request of h name, that he would wholly forget Mr. E



at he failed in no part of *Othello*, but where I him in view. An actor's forming himself by marriage of another is like the trick among the w, who lament their husbands as their neighbours did theirs, and not according to their own sentiments of the deceased.

There is a fault also in the audience, which intercepts their satisfaction very much; that is, the acting to themselves the actor in some part in they formerly particularly liked him, and tending to the part he is at that time performing. Thus, whatever Wilks, who is the strictest critic of nature, is acting, the vulgar spectators direct their thoughts upon Sir Harry Wildair.

When I had indulged the loquacity of an old man some time, in such loose hints, I took my leave of Mr. Mills; and was told, Mr. Elliot of St. James's coffee-house would speak with me. His business was to desire I would, as I am an astrologer, inform him before-hand, who were to have the most tickets in the ensuing lottery; which knowing, he was of opinion, he could turn to great account, as he was concerned in news.

I granted his request, upon an oath of secrecy, and he would only make his own use of it, and not let it be publicly known until after they were drawn.

Not done speaking, when he produced to me a list in which he had formed of keeping books, with the names of all such adventurers, and the numbers of their tickets, as should come to him; in order to give an hourly account of what tickets shall come up during the whole time of the lottery, the drawing of which is to begin on Wednesday next. I liked his method of disguising the secret I had told him; and pronounced him a thriving man, who could so well direct the motion of things, and profit by a prevailing humour and impatience so aptly, as to make his industry agreeable to his customers, as it is the messenger of their good fortune.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

*From the Trumpet in Sheer-lane, July 20.*

I observed, that for the improvement of the pleasures of society, a member of this house, one of the most useful of the soporific assembly beyond Smithfield, and one of the order of story-tellers in Holmay meet and exchange stale matter and rehearse the same to their principals.

3. No man is to tell above one story in the evening; but has liberty to tell the same the following.

Bickerstaff desires his love correspondents to be names they shall assume in their future letters; for that he is overstocked with Philanders.

No. 202.] TUESDAY, JULY 25, 1710.

—Est hic

Et Ulubria, animus si te non deficit æquus.

*Hor. Ep. xi. ver. ult.*

True happiness is to no spot confin'd,  
You preserve a firm and equal mind,  
Here, 'tis there, and every where.—

*From my own Apartment, July 21.*

This afternoon I went to visit a gentleman of my acquaintance at Mile-end; and passing through a church-yard, I could not forbear entertaining myself with the inscriptions on the tombs and monuments. Among others, I observed one with this memorial:

'Here lies the body of T. B.'

2 P

Old Bukt, of Saint James's coffee-house, called alone before me, and signified to me, not not only prepared his books, but had a very great subscription already. His duty to advertise his subscribers at their respective offices, within an hour after their numbers were drawn, whether it was a blank or benefit, if venturer lives within the bills of mortality, shall in the country, by the next post. I praised the man in his industry, and told I surely path to good fortune was to believe the same such thing.

No. 203.] THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1711

Ut tu fortunatus, sic nos te, Celse, ferem  
Hoc. l. Ep. viii.

As Celsus bears this change of fortune,  
So will his friends bear him. R.

*From my own Apartment, July 26.*

It is natural for the imaginations of men, & their lives in too solitary a manner, to pre-  
occupies themselves, and form from their own conceits  
things and things which have no place in  
This often makes an adept as much at a loss  
he comes into the world, as a mere savage  
avoid therefore that ineptitude for society,  
frequently the fault of us scholars, and has,  
of understanding and breeding, something  
more shocking and untractable than rusticity  
I take care to visit all public solemnities;  
into assemblies as often as my studies will  
This being therefore the first day of the draw-  
the lottery, I did not neglect spending a con-  
siderable time in the crowd: but as much a philosopher  
I pretend to be, I could not but look with a  
veneration upon the two boys who receive  
tickets from the wheel, as the impartial and  
dispensers of the fortunes which were to be  
divided among the crowd, who all stood expect-  
some chance. It seems at first thought ve-  
distant, that one passion should so universal  
the pre-eminence of another in the posses-  
sion of minds, so that in this case all in genera-  
a secret hope of the great ticket: and yet  
another instance, as in going into battle, shew  
as little influence as that, though each man  
thinks will be many thousands slain, each is or  
he himself shall escape. This certainly pro-  
ceeds from our vanity; for every man sees abund-  
himself that deserves reward, and nothing  
should meet with mortification. But of all  
venturers that filled the hall, there was one  
noticed by me, who I could not but fancy expect  
thousand pounds per annum, as a mere ju-  
his parts and industry. He had his pencil as  
book; and was, at the drawing of each lot, con-  
sidering much a man with seven tickets was now  
the great prize, by the striking out another  
another competitor. This man was of the  
particular constitution I had ever observed  
passions were so active that he worked in the  
stretch of hope and fear. When one rival  
saw him, you might see a short gleam of tri-  
his countenance, which immediately vanished  
approach of another. What added to the  
vanity of this man was, that he every moment  
look either upon the commissioners, the wheel  
the boys. I gently whispered him, and asked,  
he thought the thousand pounds would con-  
"Fugh!" says he, "who knows that?" At

upon a little list of his own tickets; which  
 pretty high in their numbers, and said it would  
 me this ten days. This fellow will have a  
 chance, though not that which he has put his  
 on. The man is mechanically turned; and  
 for getting. The simplicity and eagerness  
 he is in, argues an attention to this point;  
 what he is labouring at does not in the least  
 suite to it. Were it not for such honest fellows  
 as, the men who govern the rest of their spe-  
 cialty should have no tools to work with: for the out-  
 how of the world is carried on by such as  
 find out that they are doing nothing. I left  
 on with great reluctance, seeing the care he  
 to observe the whole conduct of the persons  
 need, and compute the inequality of the  
 as with his own hands and eyes. 'Dear sir,'  
 'they must rise early that cheat you.' 'Ay,'  
 'there is nothing like a man's minding his  
 as himself.' 'It is very true,' said I; 'the  
 's eye makes the horse fat.'  
 much the greater number are to go without  
 it is but very expedient to turn our lecture  
 forming just sentiments on the subject of  
 . One said this morning, 'that the chief  
 was confident, would fall upon some puppy;'  
 is gentleman is one of those wrong tempers  
 prove only the unhappy, and have a natural  
 ice to the fortunate. But, as it is certain  
 ere is a great meanness in being attached to  
 purely for his fortune, there is no less a mean-  
 1 disliking him for his happiness. It is the  
 perverseness under different colours; and both  
 resentments arise from mere pride.

the greatness of mind consists in valuing men  
 from their circumstances, or according to their  
 iour in them. Wealth is a distinction only in  
 ; but it must not be allowed as a recommen-  
 in any other particular, but only just as it is  
 d. It was very prettily said, 'That we may  
 the little value of fortune by the persons on  
 heaven is pleased to bestow it.' However,  
 is not a harder part in human life than be-  
 g wealth and greatness. He must be very  
 tocked with merit, who is not willing to draw  
 superiority over his friends from his fortune;  
 is not every man that can entertain with the  
 a guest, and do good offices with the mien of  
 at receives them.

ust confess, I cannot conceive how a man can  
 himself in a figure wherein he can so much  
 his own soul, and, that greatest of pleasures,  
 ist approbation of his own actions, as an ad-  
 rer, on this occasion, to sit and see the lots go  
 thout hope or fear; perfectly concerned as to  
 lf, but taking part in the good fortune of  
 .  
 ill believe there are happy tempers in being,  
 om all the good that arrives to any of their  
 -creatures gives a pleasure. These live in a  
 of lasting and substantial happiness, and  
 the satisfaction to see all men endeavour to  
 r them. This state of mind not only lets a  
 nto certain enjoyments, but relieves him from  
 tain anxieties. If you will not rejoice with  
 men, you must repine at them. Dick Rep-  
 futed to this when he said, 'he would hate no  
 out of pure idleness.' As for my own part, I  
 t Fortune quite in another view than the rest  
 world; and, by my knowledge in futurity,  
 le at the approaching prize, which I see  
 g to a young lady for whom I have much ten-

off; and we had a report, that his Excellency

I humbly presume that it flatters the  
only his Excellency in a case which is ex-  
tinct; except you would infer what is in-  
ferred, to wit, that the author designed  
wherein he excelled others was departed

Were distinctions used according to  
reason and sense, those additions to it  
would be, as they were first intended, a  
claim worth, and not their persons; so  
much it might be proper to say, 'the M  
but his Excellency will never die.' It is  
very unjust to laugh at a Quaker, be-  
cause he has taken up a resolution to treat you with  
most expressive of complaisance that can  
be, and with an air of good-nature and  
your Friend. I say, it is very unjust  
for this term to a stranger, when you use  
your phrases of distinction, confound phi-  
rases into no use at all.

Tom Courtly, who is the pink of con-  
science, of how little moment an undi-  
stinction of sounds of honour are to the  
discontent themselves. Tom never fails  
his obedience to every man he sees, who  
efforts to make him conspicuous; but he  
is wholly given to outward consideration  
know him, can tell him within half an  
hour how long one man has more than another  
know to him. Title is all he knows of  
civility of friendship: for this reason,  
cares for no man living, he is religious  
performing, what he calls, his respects  
this end he is very learned in pedigree  
what something in the ceremony of his  
the a man, if he is in any doubt about the  
his coat of arms. What is the most pleas-  
character is, that he acts with a sort of  
these impertinences; and though he is  
many solid kindnesses, he is wonderfully ju-  
st and not to wrong his quality. But as  
very scarce in the world, I cannot forbear  
respect for the impertinent: it is some-  
times wound by any thing. Tom and I are  
good terms, for the respect he has for the  
Buckingham. Though one cannot but be  
serious consideration of things so little  
one must have a value even for a fir-  
m conscience.

#### No. 206.] TUESDAY, AUGUST :

Feels! not to know how far an humble  
Exceeds abundance by injustice got;  
How health and temperance bless the rus  
While luxury destroys her pamper'd trai  
*Hesiod, by R.*

*From my own Apartment, July 2*

NATURE has implanted in us two very  
strong; hunger, for the preservation of  
the flesh; and lust, for the support of the  
we speak more intelligibly, the former  
our own persons, and the latter to intro-  
duce the world. According as men be-  
have with regard to those appetites, they  
be below the beasts of the field, which  
by them without choice or reflection. I  
think creatures collect these incentives, as  
that into elegant motives of friendship a  
from this timely foundation

ider the necessity of seeking for the agreeable union, and the honourable mistress. By this action of art and reason, our wants are moderated; and the gratification of our desires, under restrictions, a work no way below our noblest ideas. The wisest man may maintain his character, and yet consider in what manner he shall entertain his friend or divert his mistress. Nay, so far from being a derogation to him, that he has no instances shew so true a taste of his life, and fortune. What concerns one of the above-mentioned appetites, as it is elevated into love, I have abundant occasion to discourse of, before we provide for the numberless crowd of damsels I have proposed to take care of. The subject, therefore, of the present paper shall be that part of it, which owes its beginning to the common necessity of Hunger. When this is considered as the sort of our being, we may take in under the head Thirst also; otherwise, when we are punishing the glutton, the drunkard may make his escape. The true choice of our diet, and our compass at it, seems to consist in that which contributes to cheerfulness and refreshment: and these mainly are best consulted by simplicity in the food, and sincerity in the company. By this rule, in the first place, excluded from pretence to fineness all meals of state and ceremony, which performed in dumb-show, and greedy sullenness. The boards of the great, they say, you shall have number attending with as good habits and countenances as the guests, which only circumstance must destroy the whole pleasure of the repast: for if suchendants are introduced for the dignity of their appearance, modest minds are shocked by considering them as spectators; or else look upon them as slaves, for whose servitude they are in a kind of being. It may be here added, that the sumptuous board, to an ingenuous eye, has often more the appearance of an altar than a table. The next absurd way of enjoying ourselves at meals is, where the bottle is plied without being called for, where humour takes place of appetite, and the good company are dull, or too merry, to know any enjoyment in their senses.

Though this part of time is absolutely necessary to sustain life, it must be also considered, that life itself is to the endless being of man but what a meal is to this life, not valuable for itself but for the purpose of it. If there be any truth in this, the expense of many hours this way is somewhat unaccountable: and placing much thought either in too great sumptuousness and elegance in this matter, or in giving in noise and riot at it, are both, though equally, unaccountable. I have often considered the different people with very great attention, and they speak of them with the distinction of the Eaters and the Swallowers. The Eaters sacrifice all their senses and understanding to this appetite. The Swallowers hurry themselves out of both, without giving this or any other appetite at all. The latter improved brutes, the former, degenerated men. I have sometimes thought it would not be improper to add to my dead and living men, persons in an intermediate state of humanity, under the appellation of Dozers. The Dozers are a sect, who, instead of giving their appetites in subjection, live in subjection to them; nay, they are so truly slaves to them, that they keep at too great distance ever to come near their presence. Within my own acquaintance, now those that I dare say have forgot that they were hungry, and are no less utter strangers to

figure he pleases, he still dwells in the idea of all who know him but as Jack such-and-such makes Jack brighten up the room where he sits, and change the severity of the countenance that gaiety and good humour, into which conversation generally leads them. It is not to observe even this sort of creature good character, to check himself sometimes for civilities, and pretend so awkwardly at praising himself more esteem than he finds he meets with the other day walking with Jack Gainly in Lincoln's-inn-walks: we met a fellow who called out where Jack is in the direction. Jack said to him, 'So, how is it, Mr. —?' He said, 'Mr. Gainly, I am glad to see you well.' A perception of equality gave my friend a pleasant expression in the flash of his countenance. 'Jack,' says I, 'do not be angry at the man what you will, the man can only love you treated with the image the man has of the character of the subject, it must be hateful to him.' I went on, and told him, 'Look you I have heard thee sometimes talk like an old man half an hour, with the sentiments of a schoolboy, and the integrity of a schoolman; but then, Jack, while I admired thee upon topics which did not concern thyself, where the greatness of the subject, and being personally unconcerned in it, creates a great interest in thy discourse.' I did not mind a little out of humour; but comforted him, and told him several instances of men of our age who had no one quality in any eminence, and were much more esteemed than he was with us. 'But the thing is, if your character is so sure, men will consider you only in that light, not in those acts which turn to esteem and reputation.'

When I think of Jack Gainly, I cannot direct also upon his sister Gatty. She is witty, pleasant, innocent. This is her natural character; but when she observes any one and what they call a fine woman, she is all the womanly, prudent, observing, and virtuous every moment asked in her prudential habit whether she is not well? Upon which she answers in a fret, 'Do people think one always romping, always a jack-pudding?' I fail to inquire of her, if my lady such-and-such a beauty, was not at the play last night knows the connexion between that question change of humour, and says, 'It would well if some people would examine into it as much as they do into others.' Or, 'So is nothing in the world so ridiculous as an old man.'

As I was saying, there is a class which is in by his post in nature, from which it is possible for him to withdraw to another, and therefore it is necessary that each should contented with it, and not endeavour at any out of that tract. To follow nature is the agreeable course, which is what I would direct to these jarring companions, Flavia and her mamma, has all the charms and desires still about her, and is not much turned. Lucia is blooming and amorous, and but above fifteen. The mother looks very younger than she is, the girl very much older were possible to fix the girl to her sick bed, serve the portion, the use of which the mother

the good widow Flavia would certainly do it. For fear of Lucia's escape, the mother is forced constantly attended with a rival that explains, and draws off the eyes of her admirers. As, they can never be together in strangers' way, but Lucy is eternally reprimanded for being very particular in her behaviour; for she has the malice to say, 'she hopes she always obey her parents.' She carried her of jealousy to that height the other day, coming suddenly into the room, and surprising Lofly speaking rapture on one knee to her she clapped down by him, and asked her

not know whether it is so proper to tell family secrets of this nature; but we every day see the thing happen in public conversation of the

Men cannot be contented with what is laudable, but they must have all that is laudable. This is what decoys the familiar man into error to take state upon him, and the contrary to the folly of aiming at being winning and pleasant. But in these cases men may easily do what they are, but can never arrive at what they are not.

In the pursuits after affection and esteem, the sexes are happy in this particular, that with them love is much more nearly related to the other than in men. The love of a woman is inseparable from some esteem of her; and as she is naturally the object of affection, the woman who has your esteem has also some degree of your love. A man who votes on a woman for her beauty, will whisper to his friend, 'that creature has a great deal of wit; you are well acquainted with her.' And if you examine the bottom of your esteem for a woman you will find you have a greater opinion of her than any body else. As to us men, I devote most of my time with the facetious William Bickerstaff; but William Bickerstaff, the prudent man of our family, shall be my example.

[207.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 5, 1710.

*From my own Apartment, August 4.*

HAVING yesterday morning received a paper of verses, written with much elegance in honour of these my papers, and being informed at the same time, that they were composed by a youth unacquainted with me, I read them with much delight, as an instance of his improvement. There is not a greater security to old age, than seeing young people enter themselves in such a manner as that we can take of their enjoyments. On such occasions we treat ourselves, that we are not quite laid aside in the world; but that we are either used with gratitude for what we were, or honoured for what we are. A well-inclined young man, and whose good-breeding is founded upon the principles of nature and true, must needs take delight in being agreeable to his elders, as we are truly delighted when we are the jest of them. When I say this, I must confess I cannot but think it a very lamentable thing, that there should be a necessity for making that a rule of life, which should be, methinks, a mere instinct of nature. If reflection upon a man in poverty, whom we once knew in riches, is an argument of commiseration with generous minds; sure old age, which is a decay from that vigour which the young possess, and must certainly, if not prevented against their will, arrive at, should be more forcibly



any other a long discourse, to felicitate me upon  
 my present and easy state; and mentioned how  
 much I had to thank for, who at our time a  
 man, walk freely, eat heartily, and converse  
 freely, he had kept up my pleasure in myself.  
 of such mankind, there are none so shocking as  
 insignificant civil people. They ordinarily  
 suppose something that they know must be a  
 flattery; but then, for fear of the imputation  
 flattery, they follow it with the last thing it  
 would of which you would be reminded. It is  
 flattery to please civil persons. The reason that  
 we seek a general censure among us against flat-  
 tery, these are very few good ones. It is the  
 most useful life, and is a part of eloquence which  
 must want the preparation that is necessary  
 either parts of it, that your audience should be  
 well-pleased; for praise from an enemy is the  
 following of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the p-  
 most agreeable to a man for a constancy is to  
 have no shining qualities, but is a certain d-  
 above great imperfections; whom he can live  
 on his inferior, and who will either overlook,  
 remove his little defects. Such an easy comp-  
 as this, either now and then throws out a little  
 to let a man silently flatter himself in his  
 industry to him. If you take notice, the  
 really a rich man in the world, who has not a  
 kind of small consideration, who is a di-  
 str. his insignificance. It is a great ease to  
 make our own shape a species below us, and  
 without being listed in our service, is by not  
 ourselves. These dependants are of excellen-  
 a company day, or when a man has not a mi-  
 to be, or to exclude solitude, when one has no  
 to that or to company. There are of  
 well-mannered order, who are so kind as to  
 themselves, and do these good offices to many.  
 of them visit a whole quarter of the  
 out-include the spleen, without fees, from the  
 for they frequent. If they do not prescribe p-  
 they can be company when you take it. Very  
 benefactors to the rich, or those whom the  
 people at their ease, are your persons of no  
 persons. I have known some of them, by the  
 of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers.  
 know the course of the town, and the genera-  
 matters of persons; by this means they will  
 times tell the most agreeable falsehoods imagin-  
 They will acquaint you, that such a one of a  
 company party said, 'That though you were en-  
 in different interests, yet he had the greatest re-  
 for your good sense and address. When  
 there has a little cunning, he passes his time in  
 utmost satisfaction to himself and his friend  
 his position is never to report or speak a displea-  
 thing to his friend. As for letting him go on  
 error, he knows, advice against them is the of  
 persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer, *assinator*, is  
 no more than a person that barely consents  
 indeed such a one, if a man were able to pay  
 or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear.  
 a one never contradicts you; but gains upon  
 not by a false way of commending you in  
 terms, but liking whatever you propose or wish  
 the same time, is ready to beg your pardon  
 gaining you, if you chance to speak ill of you.  
 An old lady is very odious without such a  
 man as this, who can trade the names of id-  
 lery and the station of flattery by her in the

guided such vanities, as she is pleased to, though she so much approves the mention of it. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is older than herself; her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add her complaisance in all other particulars. Gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely so in this particular. I have indeed one who comes with me often; but his parts are so low, the incense he does me is to fill his pipe and to be out at just as many whiffs as I breathe; his is all the praise or assent that he is able to give; yet there are more hours when I would be in his company than in that of the brightest I know. It would be a hard matter to give vent to this inclination to be flattered; but if we get to the bottom of it, we shall find, that the reason in it is something like that of receiving a bribe which we lay out. Every man thinks he is in the state of reputation, and is glad to see one bring any of it home to him. It is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by what means a messenger, so the money be good. The man we want, to be pleased with flattery, is to be that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is only one accident, that absurd creatures often are the most skilful in this art. Their want of wit is here an advantage; and their bluntness, the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best artifice.

He introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb whom he cheats out of a livelihood; and a clown on the stage makes on him this pleasurable mark, 'This fellow has an art of making fools of us.' The love of flattery is, indeed, the weakness of a great mind; but you see it in persons, who otherwise discover no relish of anything above mere sensuality. It sometimes improves; but always degenerates. A fool is in himself the object of flattery. By the force of that, his vanity is raised into affectation, and he becomes ridiculous enough to be ridiculous. I remember a man upon one's saying, 'The times are so that there must great care be taken what is said in conversation;' answered, with an air of candour and honesty, 'If people will be free, let me say so in the manner that I am, who never man but to his face.' He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was said, 'You abuse a man but to his face?' he says he, 'I flatter him.'

Indeed the greatest of injuries to flatter any man is to be unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case I remember a member of our club, who, when Sir Jeffery was asleep, wakens him with snoring. This Sir Jeffery held up for some moments the example to see there are men younger than himself who are more lethargic than he is. Flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I think of any character below the flatterer, I think that envies him. You meet with fellows who pretend to be as mean as possible in their concessions and expressions; but they want persons to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so is a flatterer a knave of

best of this order, that I know, is one who is it under a spirit of contradiction or revenge. He told an arrant driveller the other day,

No. 210.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 12, 1

*Sheer-lane, August 10.*

I took myself the honour this day to make  
a lady of quality, who is one of those that are  
talking at the vices of the age, but mean only  
vice, because it is the only vice they are not  
of. She went so far as to fall foul on a young  
woman, who has had imputations; but whether  
true or not, no one knows but herself.  
That is, she is in her present behaviour mis-  
troubled, pious, and discreet. I thought it be-  
came bringing this censorious lady to reason, at  
least, she was a much more vicious woman  
to person she spoke of.

'Madam,' said I, 'you are very severe to  
be young woman for a trespass which I be-  
lieve has forgiven her, and for which, you see,  
she is set out of countenance.' 'Nay, Mr. Bi-  
ckett,' she interrupted, 'if you at this time of  
your life are a people of virtue, and stand up for  
them.' 'No, no, madam,' said I, 'not so  
highly reclaimed, and I fear you never will be.  
Madam, do not be in a passion; but let me  
tell you that you are. You are indeed as good as  
a hypocrite; but that is being very bad. You  
stand at the head of a family, and lead a pe-  
culiar life. You go on your own way,  
without anything but your glass. What im-  
pudence indeed you see there, you immediately re-  
buke as you can. You may do the same by  
those I tell you of; for they are much more in  
need of correction.'

'You are to know, then, that you visiting li-  
berty carry your virtue from house to house with  
you, and are a pestle in each other's applause, and tri-  
umphant over people's faults, I grant you, have but  
the reputation of vice in your own conversations;  
but the practice of it in all others you have  
none.'

'I am for you, madam, your time passes away  
in eating, sleeping, and praying. When  
it is a morning, I grant you an hour spent  
in dressing; but you come out to dress in so froward a  
manner, that the poor girl who attends you, curse  
the day being in that she is your servant, for  
the things you say to her; when this  
creature is put into a way, that good or evil ar-  
rived at as they relieve her from the hours  
and must pass with you. The next you have  
with is your coachman and footmen. They  
carry your ladyship to church. While you are  
there, they are cursing, swearing, and drink-  
ing in an ale-house. During the time also which  
your ladyship sets apart for heaven, you are to know  
that your cook is sweating and fretting in prepa-  
ration for your dinner. Soon after your meal  
make visits, and the whole world that belong  
to you speaks all the ill of you which you are repea-  
ting of others. You see, madam, whatever way you  
go about you are in a very broad one. The mis-  
chief of these people it is your proper business to  
reform; and until you reform them, you  
best let your equals alone; otherwise, if I see  
you are not vicious, you must allow me you  
are vicious.'

I took my leave, and received at my door  
the following letter:

MR. BICKETSTAFF,

I have lived a pure and undefiled virgin, to-  
wenty-seven years; and I assure you, it is  
a great grief and sorrow of heart I tell you, that

and impatient of the derision of the our sex; who call me, old maid, and tell lead apes. If you are truly a patron of ad, and an adept in astrology, you will per I shall, or ought to be prevailed upon rtinence of my own sex, to give way to nities of yours. I assure you, I am sur- h both, though at present a forlorn.

I am, &c.

fer my answer to this lady out of a point gy. She says, she has been twenty- a maid; but I fear, according to a com- she dates her virginity from her birth, very erroneous method; for a woman of o more to be thought chaste so many a man of that age can be said to have g valiant. We must not allow people of a virtue, until they have been under tion to the contrary. A woman is not a t her birth-day, as we call it, of her fif- t. My plaintiff is therefore desired to in- whether she is at present in her twenty- forty-third year, and she shall be des- cordingly.

*James's Coffee-house, August 11.*

hant came hither this morning, and read on a correspondent of his at Milan. It the 7th instant, N. S. The following is t of it:—On the 25th of the last month, and men were on their march in the Lam- under the command of general Wesell, eived orders from his catholic majesty to n his camp with all possible expedition. of Anjou soon had intelligence of their d took a resolution to decamp, in order pt them within a day's march of our army. of Spain was apprehensive the enemy ke such a movement, and commanded ge- nhepe with a body of horse, consisting of squadrons, to observe their course, and their passage over the rivers Segra and between Lerida and Balaguer. It hap- be the first day that officer had appeared ter a dangerous and violent fever; but he the king's commands on this occasion with ch surmounted his present weakness, and wenty-seventh of last month came up with y on the plains of Balaguer. The duke u's rear-guard consisting of twenty-six is, that general sent intelligence of their o the king, and desired his majesty's orders t them. During the time which he waited instructions, he made his disposition for the which was to divide themselves into three one to be commanded by himself in the a body on the right by count Maurice of and the third on the left by the earl of d. Upon the receipt of his majesty's di- to attack the enemy, the general himself with the utmost vigour and resolution, e earl of Rochford and count Maurice ex- themselves on his right and left, to prevent antage the enemy might make of the supe- of their numbers. What appears to have the enemy's general in this affair was, that ot supposed practicable that the confederates attack him till they had received a reinforce- For this reason, he pursued his march with- ng about till w ment. General ra- ticable to do

... To boast of virtue; is a most ridiculous way of disappointing the merit of it, but as that of being ashamed of it. He is the wretch, who makes the most independent motive of action the cause of vanity and inconstancy. How different a character Caricolo make with all who know him! His great and superior mind, frequently exalts in the raptures of heavenly meditation, is to him of the same use, as if an angel were present at the decision of their disputes. The well understand, he is as much disinterested as such a being. He considers all addresses made to him, as those addresses will be his own application to heaven. All his decisions are delivered with a beautiful humility he pronounces his decisions with the air of one more frequently a suppliant than a judge. Thus humble, and thus great, is the man moved by piety, and exalted by devotion. For this recommended by the masterly hand of divine I have heretofore made bold with.

It is such a pleasure as can never cloy or weary the mind; a delight that grows and improves with thought and reflection; and while it does also endear itself to the mind. All pleasures that affect the body must needs weary, be very transport; and all transportation is a violent one violence can be lasting; but determine the falling of the spirits, which are not to keep up that height of motion that the pleasure of the senses raises them to. And therefore inevitably does an immoderate laughter ensue, which is only nature's recovering itself; done to it: but the religious pleasure well disposed mind moves gently, and the constantly. It does not affect by rapture violently, but is like the pleasure of health, grounded stronger than those that call up the senses; deeper and more affecting impressions. No body is as strong as his appetites; but heaven corrected the boundlessness of his voluptuous desires, stinting his strength, and contracting his capacity. The pleasure of the religious man is as a portable pleasure, such a one as he can carry in his bosom, without alarming either the envy of the world. A man putting pleasures into this one, is like a traveller putting goods into one jewel; the value is the same convenience greater.

No. 212.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 17, 1

From my own Apartment, August 16.

I HAVE had much importunity to answer the following letter:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

Reading over a volume of yours, I find words *simplex munditiis* mentioned as a description of a very well-dressed woman. I beg of you, for the sake of the sex, to explain these terms. I do not comprehend what my brother means when he tells me, they signify my own name, which is,

Sir, your humble servant,  
PLAIN ENGLISH

I think the lady's brother has given us a good idea of that elegant expression; it being the greatest beauty of speech to be close and intelligible. To this end, nothing is to be more carefully sought than plainness. In a lady's attire this is the single excellence; for to be, what some people

same vice in that case, as to be florid, is  
 speaking. I have studied and writ on  
 ant subject, until I almost despair of  
 eformation in the females of this island;  
 ave more beauty than in any spot in the  
 we did not disguise it by false garniture,  
 t from it by impertinent improvements.  
 me a treatise concerning pinners, which,  
 ie hopes, will contribute to the amend-  
 present head-dresses, to which I have solid  
 werable objections. But most of the  
 iat, and other particulars of adorning the  
 rept into the world from the ignorance of  
 ewomen; for it is come to that pass, that  
 d creature in the first year of her appren-  
 iat can hardly stick a pin, shall take upon  
 is a woman of the first quality. However,  
 n, that there requires in a good tirewoman  
 skill in optics; for all the force of orna-  
 o contribute to the intension of the eyes.  
 who has a mind to look killing, must  
 ace accordingly, and not leave her eyes  
 as undressed. There is Araminta, who is  
 e of this, that she never will see even her  
 sand, without a hood on. Can any one  
 ar to see Miss Gruel, lean as she is, with  
 tied back after the modern way? But  
 e folly of our ladies, that because one who  
 ty, out of ostentation of her being such,  
 re to wear something that she knows  
 e of any consequence to her complexion; I  
 women run on so heedlessly in the fashion,  
 igh it is the interest of some to hide as  
 their faces as possible, yet because a lead-  
 appeared with a backward head-dress, the  
 ll follow the mode, without observing that  
 ior of the fashion assumed it because it  
 come no one but herself.

is ever well dressed, and always the gen-  
 woman you meet: but the make of her mind  
 ch contributes to the ornament of her body.  
 the greatest simplicity of manners of any  
 sex. This makes everything look native  
 er, and her clothes are so exactly fitted,  
 ey appear, as it were, part of her person.  
 ne that sees her knows her to be of quality;  
 distinction is owing to her manner, and not  
 habit. Her beauty is full of attraction, but  
 allurements. There is such a composure in  
 aks, and propriety in her dress, that you  
 think it impossible she could change the  
 ou one day see her in, for any thing so be-  
 , until you next day see her in another.  
 is no other mystery in this, but that however  
 apparelled, she is herself the same; for there  
 immediate a relation between our thoughts  
 stures, that a woman must think well to look

this weighty subject I must put off for some  
 matters, in which my correspondents are  
 t for answers; which I shall do where I can,  
 ppeal to the judgment of others where I  
 t.

MR. BICKERSTAFF, August 15, 1710.  
 asking the air the other day on horse-back in  
 een lane that leads to Southgate, I discovered  
 ig towards me a person well mounted in a  
 ; and I accordingly expected, as any one  
 to have been robbed. But when we came  
 th each other, the spark, to my greater sur-  
 very peaceably gave me the way; which  
 me take courage enough to ask him, if he

Mr. Trueman was no less tender. Trueman was be-  
 stimated with his master's affairs than his da-  
 ter; and secretly lamented that each day brought  
 him, by many miscarriages, nearer bankruptcy than  
 the former. This unhappy posture of their af-  
 fairs youth suspected, was owing to the ill man-  
 agement of a factor in whom his master had an en-  
 tire confidence. Trueman took a proper occasion, when  
 his master was ruminating on his decaying fortune,  
 to address him for leave to spend the remainder of  
 his time with his foreign correspondent. During  
 his two years' stay in that employment, he became  
 acquainted with all that concerned his master,  
 and by his great address in the management of his  
 knowledge, saved him ten thousand pounds. So  
 after this accident, Trueman's uncle left him a con-  
 siderable estate. Upon receiving that advice,  
 he returned to England, and demanded Almira of  
 his father. The father, overjoyed at the match, offered  
 him the ten thousand pounds he had saved, and with  
 the further proposal of resigning to him all his  
 business. Trueman refused both; and retired to  
 the country with his bride, contented with his  
 fortune, though perfectly skilled in all the methods  
 of improving it.

It is to be noted, that Trueman refused two  
 thousand pounds with another young lady; so that  
 observing both his self-denials, he is to have  
 your court the merit of having given thirty thou-  
 sand pounds for the woman he loved. This gentleman  
 defers your justice to; and hope you will be con-  
 vinced that some of us have larger views than a  
 weak Debtor, *per contra* Creditor.

Yours, RICHARD TRAFFICK

Mr. Thomas Trueman of Lime-street is enter-  
 taining the heroes of domestic life.

CHARLES LILLIE

Ms. A. 214.] TUESDAY, AUGUST 22, 1716

Salus et aperta serena  
 Prospicere et certis poteris cognoscere signis  
 Virg. Georg. l. i.

'Tis easy to decry  
 Returning suns, and a serenest sky. Dry

From my own Apartment, August 21.

IN every party there are two sorts of men,  
 rigid and the supple. The rigid are an intract-  
 able sort of mortals, who act upon principle, and  
 never, however, fall into any measures that are  
 inconsistent with their received notions of honor.  
 These are persons of a stubborn unpliant morali-  
 ty, who sulkily adhere to their friends when they  
 are disgraced, and to their principles, though they  
 are exposed. I shall therefore give up this stiff-necked  
 conversation to their own obstinacy, and turn  
 thoughts to the advantage of the supple, who  
 make homage to places, and not persons; who  
 without enslaving themselves to any particular  
 system of opinions, are as ready to change their  
 conduct in point of sentiment as of fashion. A  
 well-disciplined part of a court are generally so  
 that at their exercise, that you may see a whole  
 assembly, from front to rear, face about at once:  
 new men of power, though at the same time, they  
 turn their backs upon him that brought them  
 thither. The great hardship these complain  
 members of society and under, seems to be the  
 of warning upon any approaching change or revo-  
 lution; so that they are obliged in a hurry to be  
 about with every wind, and stop short in the m-



ser, to the great surprise and derision of  
lars.

man foresees a decaying ministry, he  
to grow a malcontent, reflect upon the  
duct, and, by gradual murmurs, fall off  
ends into a new party, by just steps and

For want of such notices, I have for-  
rn a very well-bred person refuse to re-  
of a man whom he thought in disgrace,  
next day made secretary of state; and  
ho, after a long neglect of a minister,  
s levee, and made professions of zeal for  
the very day before he was turned out.  
duces also unavoidable confusions and  
n the descriptions of great men's parts

. That ancient Lyric M. D'Urfe, some  
write a dedication to a certain lord, in  
celebrated him for the greatest poet and  
at age, upon a misinformation in Dyer's  
at his noble patron was made lord cham-  
In short, innumerable votes, speeches, and  
have been thrown away, and turned to no  
sereely for want of due and timely intelli-  
lay, it has been known, that a panegyric  
half printed off, when the poet, upon the  
f the minister, has been forced to alter it  
re.

conduct therefore of such useful persons,  
why to do their country service upon all

I have an engine in my study, which is a  
ditical barometer, or, to speak more intel-  
state weather-glass, that by the rising and  
a certain magical liquor, presages all  
nd revolutions in government, as the com-  
s does those of the weather. This weather-

aid to have been invented by Cardan, and  
him as a present to his great countryman  
emporary, Machiaval; which, by the way,  
e to rectify a received error in chronology,  
e one of these some years after the other.  
when it came into my hands, I shall  
be excused, if I keep to myself; but so it  
have walked by it for the better part of a  
o my safety at least, if not to my advan-  
d have among my papers a register of all  
ges that have happened in it from the  
queen Elizabeth's reign.

time of that princess it stood long at *set-*

At the latter end of king James the First,  
cloudy. It held several years after at  
insomuch, that at last, despairing of seeing  
r weather at home, I followed the royal  
d some time after, finding my glass rise,  
to my native country, with the rest of the

I was then in hopes to pass the remainder  
ays in *settled fair*: but, alas! during the  
part of that reign, the English nation lay  
calm, which, as it is usual, was followed  
winds and tempests, until of late years; in  
rith unspeakable joy and satisfaction, I.  
n our political weather returned to *settled*  
must only observe, that for all this last  
my glass has pointed at *changeable*. Upon  
s, I often apply to Fortune, *Æneas's* speech  
by! —

———Non ulla laborum  
o, novo mi facies mopinave surgit:  
pœcepti, etque animo mecum ante peregi.  
*Virg. Æn. vi. 103.*

———No terror to my view,  
ghful face of danger can be new:

'Sir,

'My eldest sister buried her husband about months ago; and at his funeral, a gentleman more art than honesty, on the night of his interment, while she was not herself, but in the agony of her grief, spoke to her of the subject. In that weakness and distraction which sister was in, as one ready to fall is apt to learn any body, he obtained her promise of marriage which was accordingly consummated eleven weeks after. There is no affliction comes alone, but brings another. My sister is now ready to live. She humbly asks of you, as you are a friend to sex, to let her know, who is the lawful father of child, or whether she may not be relieved from second marriage; considering it was promised her such circumstances as one may very well suppose she did not what she did voluntarily, but because she was helpless otherwise. She is advising something about engagements made in gaol, where she thinks the same, as to the reason of the thing. But, dear sir, she relies upon your advice, and gives you her service; as does your humble servant,

'REBECCA MIDRIF

The case is very hard; and I fear the plea she advised to make, from the similitude of a man in *durese*, will not prevail. But though I desire of remedy as to the mother, the law gives the child choice of his father where the birth is thus gally ambiguous.

'TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

'The Humble Petition of the Company of Linen drapers, residing within the liberty of Westminster,

'SHewETH,

'That there has of late prevailed among ladies so great an affectation of nakedness, that they have not only left the bosom wholly bare, but lowered their stays some inches below the former mode.

'That in particular, Mrs. Arabella Overdone, without the least appearance of linen; and our customers show but little above the small of their backs.

'That by these means your Petitioners are in danger of losing the advantage of covering a nice part of every woman of quality in Great Britain.

'Your Petitioners humbly offer the premises to your Indulgence's consideration, and shall ever be,

Before I answer this Petition, I am inclined to examine the offenders myself.

No. 216.] SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1710

Nugis addere pondus.

Hor. l Ep. i.

Weight and importance some to trifles give.

R. Wyl

From my own Apartment, August 25.

NATURE is full of wonders; every atom is a standing miracle, and endowed with such qualities as could not be impressed on it by a power and wisdom less than infinite. For this reason, I would not discourage any searches that are made into the most minute and trivial parts of the creation. However since the world abounds in the noblest field of speculation, it is, methinks, the mark of a little genius, to be wholly conversant among insects, reptiles, animalcules, and those trifling rarities that flourish out the apartment of a virtuoso.

There are some men whose heads are so odd.  
LATINA.—NOS. 39 & 40.

in way, that though they are utter strangers among occurrences of life, they are able to name the sex of a cockle, or describe the gony of a mite, in all its circumstances. They are conversed in the world, that they scarce know from an ox; but at the same time will tell of a great deal of gravity, that a flea is a king, and a snail a hermaphrodite. I have known one of these whimsical philosophers, who has more value upon a collection of spiders than upon a flock of sheep, and has sold his back to purchase a tarantula.

He would not have a scholar wholly unacquainted with the secrets and curiosities of nature; but the mind of man, that is capable of so many higher exertions, should not be altogether employed on such mean and disproportioned objects. Divertions of this kind are apt to alienate us too from the knowledge of the world, and to make us busy upon trifles; by which means they exalt philosophy to the ridicule of the witty and contempt of the ignorant. In short, studies of this kind should be the diversions, relaxations, and amusements; not the care, business, and concern of

indeed wonderful to consider, that there is a sort of learned men, who are wholly employed in gathering together the refuse of nature. I may call it so, and hoarding up in their cabinets such creatures as others industriously avoid the sight of. One does not know how soon some of the most precious parts of their collection will be lost, without a kind of an apology for it. I have seen shown a beetle valued at twenty crowns, and sold at a hundred; but we must take this for a general rule, 'That whatever appears trivial or common in the common notions of the world, looks profound and philosophical in the eye of a virtuoso.' Now to show this humour in its perfection, I shall present my reader with the legacy of a certain virtuoso, who laid out a considerable estate in natural history and curiosities, which upon his death-bed he bequeathed to his relations and friends, in the following words:—

*The Will of a Virtuoso.*

Nicholas Gimcrack, being in sound health of mind but in great weakness of body, do by this my last will and testament bestow my worldly goods and chattels in manner following:—

First, To my dear wife,

A box of butterflies,

A drawer of shells,

A female skeleton,

A dried cockatrice.

To my daughter Elisabeth,

A receipt for preserving dead caterpillars,

Also my preparations of winter May-dew,

And embryo-pickle.

To my little daughter Fanny,

One crocodile's eggs,

Upon the birth of her first child if she marry,

With her mother's consent,

A nest of a humming-bird.

To my eldest brother, as an acknowledgment

Of the lands he has vested in my son Charles,

My

My last year's collection of grasshoppers.

To his daughter Susanna, being his only

Bequeath my

My glish weeds pasted on royal paper,

With my large folio of Indian cabbage.

To my learned and worthy friend Doctor

Besides, what harm had I ever done him, th  
should design me any? Was I to have her  
ways at your side, I might as well have conti  
these, and been but your rib still; but if I w  
weak a creature as you thought me, why did  
not interpose your sage authority more absolu  
You denied me going as faintly as you say  
sated the serpent. Had you not been too easy  
that you nor I had now transgressed.' Adam  
plead. 'Why, Eve, hast thou the impudence to  
brand me as the cause of thy transgression for  
indulgence to thee? Thus will it ever be with  
who trusts too much to woman. At the same  
that she refuses to be governed, if she suffers b  
obstinacy, she will accuse the man that shall  
her to herself.' And a long passion he w

Thus they in mutual accusation spent

The fruitless hours, but neither self-condemn  
And left their vain contest appear'd no end.

This, to the moderns, will appear but a very  
piece of conjugal civility: but you are to con  
sider that they were not yet begun to be angry, and  
would use words for expressing their new  
sins; but by accusing him of letting her go,  
making him how good a speaker, and how fi  
gentleman the devil was, we must reckon, altho  
for the improvements at time, that she  
knew the same provocation as if she had called  
cockold. The passionate and familiar terms,  
which the same case repeated daily for so  
thousand years has furnished the present ge  
neration, were not then in use; but the foundatio  
dispute has ever been the same, a contention  
about merit and wisdom. Our general mothe  
in society; and hearing there was another ne  
the world, could not forbear, as Adam tells  
allowing herself, though to the devil, by whom  
sins vanity made her liable to be betrayed.

I cannot, with all the help of science and a  
Raggy, find any other remedy for this evil, but  
what was the medicine in this first quarrel; which  
appears in the next book, that they were  
winded of their being both weak, but the one w  
than the other.

If it were possible that the beauties could  
raise a little before a glass, and see their p  
complexions grow wild, it is not to be doubt  
would have a very good effect: but that wou  
quarrel temper; for lady Firebrand, upon observ  
her features swell when her maid vexed her  
other day, stamped her dressing-glass under  
foot. In this case, when one of this temp  
moved, she is like a witch in an operation, and u  
all things turn round with her. The very h  
in a vertigo when she begins to charm. In a  
moment, whatever was the occasion that mov  
them, she has such intolerable servants, Betty  
oppressed, Tom cannot carry a message, an  
husband has so little respect for her, that she  
woman, is weary of this life, and was born  
wrong.

*Desunt multa.*

ADVERTISEMENT.

The season now coming on at which the tow  
to Mr. Richardson gives notice, That  
the first of October next he will be much w  
than in his hitherto been.

## 8.] THURSDAY, AUGUST 31, 1710.

um chorus omnis amat nemus, et fugit urbes.  
*Her. 2 Ep. ii. 77.*

a tribe of writers, to a man, admire  
 a peaceful grove, and from the town retire.

*France.*

*From my own Apartments, August 30.*

WASNED to rise very early one particular  
 of this summer, and took a walk into the  
 to divert myself among the fields and mea-  
 hile the green was new, and the flowers in  
 oom. As at this season of the year every  
 a beautiful walk, and every hedge full of  
 s; I lost myself with a great deal of pleasure  
 several thickets and bushes, that were filled  
 great variety of birds, and an agreeable com-  
 of notes, which formed the pleasantest scene  
 world to one who had passed a whole winter  
 and smoke. The freshness of the dews that  
 n every thing about me, with the cool breath  
 morning, which inspired the birds with so  
 elightful instincts, created in me the same  
 animal pleasure, and made my heart over-  
 h such secret emotions of joy and satisfaction  
 not to be described or accounted for. On  
 asion, I could not but reflect upon a beautiful  
 n Milton:

he who long in populous city pent,  
 re houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 h issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 ng the pleasant villages and farms  
 in'd, from each thing met conceives delight:  
 smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 airy, each rural sight, each rural sound.

se who are conversant in the writings of  
 authors, receive an additional entertainment  
 he country, as it revives in their memories  
 harming descriptions, with which such authors  
 uently abound.

a thinking of the foregoing beautiful simile in  
 , and applying it to myself, when I observed  
 windward of me a black cloud falling to the  
 a long trails of rain, which made me betake  
 for shelter to a house I saw at a little dis-  
 from the place where I was walking. As I  
 the porch, I heard the voices of two or three  
 s, who seemed very earnest in discourse.  
 riosity was raised when I heard the names of  
 der the Great and Artaxerxes; and as their  
 seemed to run on ancient heroes, I concluded  
 could not be any secret in it; for which reason  
 ght I might very fairly listen to what they

r several parallels between great men, which  
 ed to me altogether groundless and chimeri-  
 was surprised to hear one say, that he valued  
 ock Prince more than the duke of Vendôme.  
 he duke of Vendôme should become a rival  
 Black Prince, I could not conceive: and was  
 tartled when I heard a second affirm with great  
 ence, that if the Emperor of Germany was  
 ing off, he should like him better than either  
 n. He added, that though the person was so  
 able, the duke of Marlborough was in blooming  
 . I was wondering to myself from whence  
 ad received this odd intelligence; especially  
 I heard them mention the names of several  
 great generals, as the prince of Hesse, and  
 of Sweden, who, they said, were both run-  
 away. To which they added, what I entirely

of our being which is generally esteemed to be important. From hence it is, that from long experience I have made it a maxim. That how many pretend to take satisfaction in straight and high jollity, there is no great pleasure in company where the basis of the society is not good-will. When this is in the room, every circumstance, the most minute accident, the al of a servant, the repetition of an old story, of a man when he is telling it, the most in and most ordinary occurrences, are matter produce mirth and good-humour. I went to an hour after this manner with some friend enjoy it in perfection whenever they meet these destroyers above-mentioned came in. There is not a man among them who has any of distinction of superiority to one another in their fortunes or their talents, when they company. Or if any reflection to the contrary in their thoughts, it only strikes a delight upon minds, that so much wisdom and power is in sion of one whom they love and esteem.

In these my lucubrations, I have frequent upon this one topic. The above maxim would short work for us reformers; for it is only making this a position that renders some ch bad, which would otherwise be good. Tom means no man ill, but does ill to every body; ambition is to be witty; and to carry on that he breaks through all things that other people sacred. If he thought that wit was no way used but to the advantage of society, that a pass would have a new turn; and we should what he is going to say with satisfaction in fear. It is no excuse for being mischievous a man is mischievous without malice; nor would thought an atonement, that the ill was done injure the party concerned, but to divert the ferent.

It is, methinks, a very great error, that we not profess honesty in conversation, as much commerce. If we consider, that there is no misfortune than to be ill received; where this turning a man to ridicule among his friends him of greater enjoyments than he could purchased by his wealth; yet he that laughs would, perhaps, be the last man who would him this case of less consequence. It has been the history of Don Quixote utterly destroyed spirit of gallantry in the Spanish nation. Believe we may say much more truly, that honour of ridicule has done as much injury to the of company in England.

Such satisfactions as arise from the comparison of ourselves to others, with relation to superior fortunes or merit, are mean and un The true and high state of conversation is, to communicate their thoughts to each other upon subjects, and in such a manner, as would be if there were no such thing as folly in the world it is but a low condition of wit in one man depends upon folly in another.

P.S. I was here interrupted by the receipt of letters, among which is one from a lady, who is a little offended at my translation of the dialogue between Adam and Eve. She pretends to my own, as she calls it, and quotes several in my works, which tend to the utter disunion and wife. Her epistle will best express her. I made an extract of it, and shall insert the principal passages.

I suppose you know, we women are not

give: for which reason, before you concern  
 If any further with our sex I would advise you  
 were what is said against you by those of your  
 I enclose to you business enough, until you  
 ready for your promise of being witty. You  
 not expect to say what you please, without  
 ling others to take the same liberty. Marry  
 up! you a Censor? Pray read over all these  
 slets, and these notes upon your lucubrations;  
 t time you shall hear further. It is, I suppose,  
 such as you, that people learn to be censorious;  
 ick I and all our sex have an utter aversion;  
 once people come to take the liberty to wound  
 tions——.

s is the main body of the letter; but she bids  
 rn over, and there I find——

Mr. BICKERSTAFF,  
 you will draw Mrs. Cicely Trippet, according  
 inclosed description, I will forgive you all.

‘ TO ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQ.

The humble Petition of Joshua Fairlove of Step-

SHREWETH,

hat your petitioner is a general lover, who for  
 months last past has made it his whole business  
 quent the by-paths and roads near his dwelling,  
 o other purpose but to hand such of the fair sex  
 e obliged to pass through them.

hat he has been at great expense for clean  
 s to offer his hand with.

hat towards the evening he approaches near  
 lon, and employs himself as a convoy towards

‘ Your petitioner therefore most humbly prays,  
 that for such his humble services he may be  
 allowed the title of an Esquire.’

r. Morphew has orders to carry the proper in-  
 nents; and the petitioner is hereafter to be writ  
 on gilt paper, by the title of Joshua Fairlove,  
 Esquire.

220.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1710.

sani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,  
 tra quam satis est, virtutem si petat ipsam.  
*Hor. l. Ep. vi. 15.*

‘en virtue, when pursu’d with warmth extreme,  
 rns into vice, and fools the sage’s fame.

*Francis.*

*From my own Apartment, September 4.*

‘HAVING received many letters filled with com-  
 ments and acknowledgments for my late useful  
 ery of the political barometer, I shall here  
 unicate to the public some account of my  
 iastical thermometer, the latter giving as  
 est prognostications of the changes and revo-  
 s in the Church, as the former does of those  
 te: and both of them being absolutely neces-  
 or every prudent subject who is resolved to  
 what he has, and get what he can.  
 church-thermometer, which I am now to treat  
 supposed to have been invented in the reign  
 Henry the Eighth, about the time when that re-  
 s prince put some to death for owning the  
 supremacy, and others for denying transub-  
 ation. I do not find, however, any great use  
 of this instrument, until it fell into the hands  
 earned and vigilant priest or minister, for he  
 only wrote himself both one and the other.



attention, the influence which the opinions of great national sects have upon their practice do look upon it as one of the unaccountable of our times, that multitudes of honest gentl who entirely agree in their lives, should take their heads to differ in their religion.

No. 221.] THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 7,

Sicut meus est mos,  
Nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in  
Hor. l Sat.

Musing, as wont, on this and that,  
Such trifles, as I know not what. Fr

*From my own Apartment, September 6.*

As I was this morning going out of my hot little boy in a black coat delivered me the folle letter. Upon asking who he was, he told me, he belonged to my lady Gimcrack. I did not a recollect the name; but, upon inquiry, I found her the widow of sir Nicholas, whose legacy I gave some account of to the world. The letter thus:

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

'I hope you will not be surprised to receive a from the widow Gimcrack. You know, Sir, I have lately lost a very whimsical husband, who, by one of your last week's papers, was not altogether stranger to you. When I married this gentleman had a very handsome estate; but upon buying a microscope, he was chosen a Fellow of the Society; from which time I do not remember I have heard him speak as other people did, or tal manner that any of his family could understand. He used, however, to pass away his time very evenly in conversation with several members of learned body: for which reason, I never advised against their company for several years, until a I found his brain quite turned with their discourse. The first symptom which he discovered of his l a virtuous, as you call him, poor man! was a fifteen years ago; when he gave me positive o to turn off an old weeding woman, that had employed in the family for some years. He told at the same time, that there was no such thin nature as a weed, and that it was his design t his garden produce what it pleased; so that, you be sure, it makes a very pleasant show as it now. About the same time he took a humour to ramb and down the country, and would often bring I with him his pockets full of moss and pet. This, you may be sure, gave me a heavy heart; th at the same time I must needs say, he had the character of a very honest man, notwithstanding he weakened a little weak, until he began to se estate, and buy those strange baubles that you taken notice of. Upon Midsummer-day last, s was walking with me in the fields, he saw a very coloured butterfly just before us. I observed th immediately changed colour, like a man that is graced with a piece of good luck; and telling that it was what he had looked for above twelve years, he threw off his coat and follow. I lost sight of them both in less than a quarter hour; but my husband continued the chase hedge and ditch until about sunset; at which I was afterwards told, he caught the butterfly as rested herself upon a cabbage, near five miles the place where he first put her up. He was lifted from the ground by some passengers in a fainting condition, and brought home to me a

His violent exercise threw him into a rich grew upon him by degrees, and at last him off. In one of the intervals of his disease called to me, and, after having excused for running out his estate, he told me, that I always been more industrious to improve his estate than his fortune, and that his family must raise themselves upon his memory as he was a rich man, than a rich one. He then told me, that it was the custom among the Romans for a man to give his slaves their liberty when he lay upon his death-bed. I could not imagine what this meant, but as he was having a little composed himself, he ordered me to bring him a flea which he had kept for months in a chain, with a design, as he said, to give it its manumission. This was done accordingly. He then made the will, which I have since copied in your works word for word. Only I took notice, that you have omitted the codicil, in which he left a large *Concha Venetia*, as it is called, to a Member of the Royal Society, who often with him in his sickness, and assisted him in his will. And now, sir, I come to the chief business of my letter, which is to desire your advice and assistance in the disposal of those rarities and curiosities which lie upon my hands. If you know any one that has an occasion for a parcel of dried spiders, I will sell them a penny a dozen. I could likewise let any one have a barrel of cockle shells. I would also desire your advice whether I had best sell my beetles in a gross or by retail. The gentleman above-mentioned, who was my husband's friend, would have had an auction of all his goods, and is now setting up a catalogue of every particular for that purpose, with the two following words in great letters at the head of them, *Auctio Gimcrackiana*. When talking with him, I begin to suspect he was not as poor as sir Nicholas was. Your advice upon these particulars will be a great piece of charity.

‘Your most humble servant,  
‘ELIZABETH GIMCRACK.’

I will answer the foregoing letter, and give the lady my best advice, as soon as I can find out the price for the wares which she has to put off. In the meantime, I shall give my reader the sight of a letter which I have received from another female correspondent by the same post.

GOOD MR. BICKERSTAFF, I am convinced by a late paper of yours, that a scold is a rare woman, who among the common people bears the name of a scold, is one of the most portable creatures in the world. But, alas! what can we do? I have made a thousand vows and resolutions every morning, to guard myself against this frailty; but have generally broken before dinner, and could never in my life hold till the second course was set upon the table. My greatest trouble is, that my husband is as good-natured as your own worship, or as a living, can be. Pray give me some directions, for I would observe the strictest and severest rules you can think of to cure myself of this temper, which is apt to fall into my tongue every day.

‘I am, sir,  
‘Your most humble servant, &c.’

In answer to this most unfortunate lady, I must tell her, that there is now in town an ingenious physician of my acquaintance, who undertakes to cure all the vices and defects of the mind by im-

Or wager laid at six and seven.  
To pass themselves away, and turn  
Their children's tenants ere they're born.

*Hud.*

*From my own Apartment, September 11.*

I have been very much solicited by Clarinda, Fanny, and Lysetta, to re-assume my discourse concerning the methods of disposing honourably the unmarried part of the world, and taking off those burrs to it, jointures and settlements; which are not only the greatest impediments towards entering into that state, but also the frequent causes of distrust and animosity in it after it is consummated. I have with very much attention considered this matter; and, among all the observations that I have made through a long course of years, I have thought the cobliness of wives to their husbands, as much as disrespect from children to parents, to arise from this one source. This trade for mind and body in the lump, without regard to either, but as they are accompanied with such sums of money, and such parcels of land, cannot but produce a quarrel between the parties concerned, suitable to the mean motives upon which they at first came together. I have heretofore given an account, that this method of making settlements was first invented by a griping lawyer, who made use of the covetous tempers of the parents of each side, to force two young people into these vile measures of diffidence, under no other end but to increase the skins of parchment, by which they were put into each other's possession out of each other's power. The law of our country has given an ample and generous provision for the wife, even the third of her husband's estate, and left to her good-humour and his gratitude, the expectation of further provision; but the statistical method of going further, with relation to their heirs, has a foundation in nothing but pride and folly: for as all men wish their children as like themselves, and as much better as they can possibly, it seems monstrous that we should give out of ourselves the opportunities of rewarding and dis-

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chase only to each of my younger children they shall be brave or beautiful, honourable, from the time of the date hereof, resign my senses, and hereby promise to my judgment no further in the distribution of worldly goods from the day of the date hereby further confessing and covenanting, and from henceforth married, and dead in

is no man that is conversant in modern law, but knows this is an exact translation of what is inserted in these instruments. Men's passions only make them submit to such terms; before all unreasonable bargains in marriage ought to be set aside, as well as deeds extorted under force, or in prison, who are almost all masters of their actions, as he that is seduced with a violent passion.

strangely men are sometimes partial to women, appears by the rapine of him that has a woman's beauty under his direction. He will scruple of using it to force from her lover a portion of his estate as is worth ten thousand pounds, and, at the same time, as a justice on the villain spare no pains to get a man hanged that has stolen a horse from him.

to be hoped the legislature will in due time bring this kind of robbery into consideration, and deter men to prey upon each other when they are about making the most solemn league, and entering into the strictest bonds. The only sure way is to fix a certain rate on every woman's price; one price for that of a maid, and another for that of a widow: for it is of infinite advantage, there should be no frauds or uncertainties in the price of our women.

any man should exceed the settled rate, he shall be at liberty after seven years are over, by which time his love may be supposed to abate a little. It is not founded upon reason, to renounce gain, and be freed from the settlement upon receiving the portion; as a youth married under twenty years old may be off, if he pleases, when he is to age, and as a man is discharged from pains but that of marriage, made when he is twenty-one.

believes me, when I consider that these regulations upon matrimony take away the advantage we otherwise have over other countries, which are checked by those great checks upon propagation, the rents. It is thought chiefly owing to these, that Italy and Spain want above half their complement of people. Were the price of wives always settled, it would contribute to filling the more than all the encouragements that can be given to foreigners to transplant themselves.

therefore, as censor of Britain, until a law is still lay down rules which shall be observed, the penalty of degrading all that break them, into Fellows, Smarts, Squibs, Hunting-horns, and Bagpipes.

females that are guilty of breaking my orders shall respectively pronounce to be Kitties, Dulcimers, and Kettle-drums. Such as wear the spoils of one husband, I will they attempt to rob another.

sain, That no woman ever demand one shilling be paid after her husband's death, more than the sum she brings him, or an equivalent for the same.

no settlement be made, in which the man

a physician or astrologer, he must change his  
tune frequently; and, though he never  
body in them besides his own family, give  
notice of it, for the information of the  
and gentry. Since I am thus usefully en-  
gaged in writing criticisms on the works of these  
five authors, I must not pass over in silent  
advertisement, which has lately made its  
appearance, and is written altogether in a Cle-  
manner. It was sent to me, with five shill-  
ings inserted among my advertisements; but  
in a pattern of good writing in this way. I shall  
find a place in the body of my paper.

The highest compounded spirit of lavender  
most glorious, if the expression may be us-  
ing the scent and flavour that can possi-  
bly so raptures the spirits, delights the ge-  
neral such airs to the countenance, as are no  
imagined but by those that have tried it.  
The best sort of the thing is admired by me-  
n and ladies; but this far more, as by  
exceeds it, to the gaining among all a mo-  
derate esteem. It is sold, in neat flint bo-  
ttles for the pocket, only at the Golden Key, in  
St. James's-court, near Holborn-bars, for three shil-  
lings and sixpence, with directions.

At the same time that I recommend the  
flowers in which this spirit of lavender is w-  
rapped up, if the expression may be used, I cannot  
my fellow-labourers for admitting into their  
several uncleanly advertisements, not at all  
to appear in the works of polite writers.  
These I must reckon the 'Carminative wind-  
ing pills.' If the doctor had called them  
carminative pills, he had been as cleanly  
could have wished; but the second word  
destroys the decency of the first. There are  
absurdities of this nature so very gross, that  
I need not mention them; and shall therefore dis-  
miss the subject with a public admonition to Michael  
That he do not presume any more to men-  
tion certain worms he knows of, which, by the way,  
grown seven feet in my memory; for, if I  
am much mistaken, it is the same that was but  
seven long about six months ago.

By the remarks I have here made, it plain-  
ly appears, that a collection of advertisements is a  
miscellany, the writers of which, contrary  
to authors, except men of quality, give money  
to booksellers who publish their copies. The  
of the bookseller is chiefly shown in his me-  
thod of arranging and digesting these little tracts. The  
paper I took up in my hand places them in the  
following order:—

- The true Spanish blacking for shoes, &c.
- The beautifying cream for the face, &c.
- Pease and plaisters, &c.
- Nectar and ambrosia, &c.
- Four freehold tenements of fifteen pounds  
annum, &c.
- Annotations upon the Tatler, &c.
- The present state of England, &c.
- A commission of bankruptcy being a-  
gainst B. L., bookseller, &c.

**SURDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1710.**

—*Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Imperti; si non, his utere mecum.*

*Hor. 1 Ep. vi. 67.*

— If a better system's thine,  
frankly; or make use of mine.

*Francis.*

*own Apartment, September 15.*

which we spend in conversation are the  
of any which we enjoy: yet, methinks,  
little care taken to improve ourselves  
& repetition of them. The common  
is that of growing too intimate, and  
pleasing familiarities: for it is a very  
for men to make no other use of a  
unce with each other's affairs, but to  
ser with unacceptable allusions. Once  
er patiently such as converse like  
salute each other with bangs on the  
raps with canes, or other robust  
acted by the rural gentry of this  
ven among those who should have  
as of things, you see a set of people  
design of conversation, and make  
on of ungrateful subjects; nay, men-  
ause they are ungrateful; as if the  
of society were in knowing how to  
ie part, and how to bear an offence on  
all parts of this populous town, you  
world made up of an active and  
panion; one who has good-nature  
r all his friend shall think fit to say,  
s resolved to make the most of his  
show his parts. In the trading part  
have ever observed the jest went  
of purses, and the ridicule is made  
ns that arise from it. Thus the  
he clothier to say what he pleases;  
has his countenance ready to laugh  
ant, though the abuse is to fall on  
he knows that, as a go-between, he  
count in being in the good graces of  
h. Among these just and punctual  
st man is ever the better jester; and  
ich a thing as a person who shall pre-  
ior laugh at a man, who does not  
ids by opportunities of advantage in  
but among people of a different way,  
ned distinction in company is only  
rom sense and understanding, it is  
carry on a rough raillery so far, as  
discourse should turn upon each  
es, follies, or misfortunes.

ning with a set of wags of this class.  
generally by two and two; and what  
dinary, is, that those very persons  
gether appear least of a mind when  
company. This evil proceeds from  
niliarity, whereby a man is allowed  
grating thing imaginable to another,  
recounted weakness to show an impa-  
unkindness. But this and all other  
the design of pleasing each other  
are derived from interlopers in soci-  
capacity to put in a stock among  
ons, and therefore supply their wants  
sly observations, and rude hints,  
the conduct of others. All cobabi-  
run into this unhappy fault; men  
break into reflections, which are  
rabie to the rest of the company;

young woman, who lived with her in good  
 reputation, and made her the father of a very pretty  
 girl. But this part of her happiness was soon after  
 destroyed, by a distemper, which was too hard for  
 our physician, and carried off his first wife. The  
 doctor had not been a widow long before he married  
 his second lady, with whom he also lived in very  
 good understanding. It so happened, that the doctor  
 was with child at the same time that his lady was;  
 but the little ones coming both together, they passed  
 for twins. The doctor having entirely established  
 the reputation of his manhood, especially by the birth  
 of the boy of whom he had been lately delivered,  
 and who very much resembles him, grew into good  
 business, and was particularly famous for the cure of  
 venereal distempers; but would have had much  
 more practice among his own sex, had not some of  
 them been so unreasonable as to demand certain  
 proofs of their cure, which the doctor was not able  
 to give them. The florid blooming look, which gave  
 the doctor some uneasiness at first, instead of betray-  
 ing his person, only recommended his physic.—  
 Upon this occasion I cannot forbear mentioning  
 what I thought a very agreeable surprise: in one of  
 Moliere's plays, where a young woman applies  
 herself to a sick person in the habit of a quack,  
 and speaks to her patient, who was something  
 scandalized at the youth of his physician, to the fol-  
 lowing purpose:—I began to practise in the reign  
 of Francis the First, and am now in the hundred and  
 fiftieth year of my age: but, by the virtue of my  
 medicines, have maintained myself in the same  
 beauty and freshness I had at fifteen. For this reason  
 Hippocrates lays it down as a rule, that a student in  
 physic should have a sound constitution, and a  
 healthy look; which indeed seem as necessary qua-  
 lifications for a physician, as a good life and virtuous  
 behaviour for a divine. But to return to our subject.  
 About two years ago the doctor was very much  
 afflicted with the vapours, which grew upon him to  
 such a degree, that about six weeks since they made  
 an end of him. His death discovered the disguise  
 he had acted under, and brought him back again to

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ly, as I always do when I subscribe  
'Sir, yours, &c.'

Is a postscript to this letter, that I am  
amous Saltero, who sells coffee in his  
dca, has by him a curiosity, which  
as to carry on his imposture, and wil  
faction to the curious inquirer.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1710.

Ideas, Zoile, nemo tibi. *Martial*.  
all; but no man envies thee.

*R. Wynne*.  
own Apartment, September 20.

ness of reason and philosophy to  
the passions of the mind, or turn  
ous prosecution of what is dictated  
nding. In order to this good end, I  
atchful eye upon the growing incli-  
th, and be particularly careful to  
ndulging themselves in such senti-  
mbitter their more advanced age. I  
cure a young gentleman, who lately  
o me, that he was of all men living  
bly envious. I desired the circum-  
listemper; upon which, with a sigh  
e moved the most inhuman breast,  
ff,' said he, 'I am nephew to a gen-  
ry great estate, to whose favour I  
hat has equal pretensions with my-  
man of mine is a young man of the  
aginable, and has a mind so tender,  
s, that I can observe he returns my

He makes me, upon all occasions,  
g condescensions: and I cannot but  
be concern he is in, to see my life  
is racking passion, though it is  
In the presence of my uncle,  
he room, he never speaks so well as  
; but always lowers his talents and  
s out of regard to me. What I beg  
is to instruct me how to love him,  
es me: and I beseech you, if possi-  
eart right; that it may no longer be  
it should be pleased, or hate a man  
but approve.'

gave me this account with such can-  
ness, that I conceived immediate  
e; because, in diseases of the mind,  
cted is half recovered when he is  
distemper. 'Sir,' said I, 'the ac-  
of your kinsman's merit is a very  
m; for it is the nature of persons  
is evil, when they are incurable, to  
empt of the person envied, if they  
hat weakness. A man who is really  
allow he is so; but, upon such an  
mented with the reflection, that to  
o allow him your superior. But in  
you examine the bottom of your  
t to think it is avarice, which you  
t. Were it not that you have both  
m the same man, you would look  
n's accomplishments with pleasure.  
consider him an obstacle to your in-  
en behold him as an ornament to  
observed my patient upon this oc-  
himself in some measure; and he  
at 'he hoped it was as I imagined;  
laces, but where he was his rival, he  
his company.' This was the first

thought of a project which may turn both to  
account and mine. It came into my head  
writing that learned and useful paper of your  
concerning advertisements. You must under-  
stand I have made myself master in the whole art of  
writing, both as to the style and the letter.  
if you and I could so manage it, that nobody's  
wrote advertisements besides myself, or print  
any where but in your paper, we might both  
get estates in a little time. For this end I  
propose, that you should enlarge the  
sign of advertisements, and have sent you  
three samples of my work in this kind, which  
have made for particular friends, and intend to  
shop with. The first is for a gentleman, who  
willingly marry, if he could find a wife to  
liking; the second is for a poor whig, who is  
turned out of his post; and the third for a  
person of a contrary party, who is willing to get into  
it. Whereas A. B., next door to the Pestle  
Mortar, being about thirty years old, of a  
make, with dark-coloured hair, bright eye, a  
long nose, has occasion for a good-humoured,  
fair, young woman, of about £3,000 fortune;  
now to give notice, that if any such young  
woman has a mind to dispose of herself in marriage to  
a person as the above-mentioned, she may be  
served with a husband, a coach and horses, and  
portionable settlement.

C. D. designing to quit his place, has  
quantities of paper, parchment, ink, wax, and  
silk, to dispose of, which will be sold at very re-  
asonable rates.

E. F. a person of good behaviour, six feet  
off a black complexion, and sound principles, is  
in employ. He is an excellent penman and  
accountant, and speaks French.

229.] TUESDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1

Quæsitum meritis sume superbiam.

Hor. 3 Od. xx.

With conscious pride—

Assume the honours justly thine. Fr

From my own Apartment, September 25.

The whole creation preys upon itself. I  
think creature is inhabited. A flea has a thou-  
sand of invisible insects that tease him as he jumps  
place to place, and revenge our quarrels upon  
him. A very ordinary microscope shows us, that a louse  
is a very lousy creature. A whale, be-  
tween several seas and oceans in the several  
of his body, which are filled with innumerable  
of little animals, carries about him a whole  
of inhabitants; insomuch that, if we believe  
calculations some have made, there are more  
creatures, which are too small for the naked  
eye to behold, about the leviathan, than there are of  
the creatures upon the face of the whole  
earth. Thus every noble creature is, as it were, the  
support of multitudes that are his inferior.

This consideration very much comforts me,  
I think on those numberless vermin that feed  
upon this paper, and find their sustenance out of  
me. The small wits and scribbles, that ever  
turn a penny by nibbling at my lucubrations.  
has been so advantageous to this little speck  
of mine, that, if they do me justice, I may ex-  
pect to have my statue erected in Grub-street, as be-  
comes a common benefactor to that quarter.

They say, when a fox is very much troubled  
with hunger, he goes into the next pool with a little  
k

Ah, and keeps his body under water  
 in get into it; after which he quits  
 living, leaves his tormentors to shift  
 and get their livelihood where they  
 live these gentlemen take care that I  
 them after the same manner; for  
 hitherto kept my temper pretty well,  
 ble but I may some time or other  
 what will then become of them?  
 When my paper, what a famine would  
 the hawkers, printers, booksellers,  
 It would be like Dr. Burgess's drop-  
 with the whole congregation hang-  
 kirts of it. To enumerate some of  
 my *antagonists*; I was threatened to  
 ekly *Tit for Tat*; I was undermined  
 or; haunted by *Tom Brown's Ghost*;  
*Female Tatler*; and slandered by  
 same character, under the title of  
 have been annotated, retitled, ex-  
 doled; but it being my standing  
 to speak ill of the dead, I shall let  
 rest in peace; and take great plea-  
 sure, that I have sometimes been the  
 getting a belly-full. When I see  
 surrounded by such formidable ene-  
 mies of the Knight of the Red Cross  
 'Ben of Error,' who, after he has cut  
 his head, and left it wallowing in a  
 sea a thousand monstrous reptiles  
 attempts upon him, one with many  
 with none, and all of them without

ore annoyed has the knight,  
 gh choked with the deadly stink  
 il, he can no longer fight;  
 age when the fiend perceiv'd to

with out of her hellish sink  
 cursed spawn of serpents small,  
 msters, foul, and black as ink;  
 ning all about his legs did crawl,  
 bred sore, but could not hurt at all.  
 pher'd in sweet even tide,  
 Phœbus gins to welk in west,  
 H, his flock to viewen wide,  
 do bite their hasty supper best;  
 mbrous gnats do him molest,  
 o infix their feeble stings,  
 air noyance he no where can rest;  
 clownish hands their tender wings  
 , and oft doth mar their murmurings.

*Spenser's 'Fairy Queen.'*

I would want such a fry of little authors  
 I shall think my paper in a very de-  
 n. They are like ivy about an oak,  
 ie tree at the same time that it eats  
 e a great man's equipage, that do  
 erson on whom they feed. For my  
 ee myself thus attacked, I do not  
*antagonists* as malicious, but hungry:  
 in resolved never to take any notice

who detract from my labours, without  
 to it by an empty stomach; in re-  
 ensures, I shall take pains to excel,  
 to persuade myself, that their en-  
 but their envy or ignorance.  
 e to conclude, like an old man, and  
 a fable.  
 is, and several other birds of night,  
 ot together in a thick shade, where

invented by some pretty fellows, such as *luncheon*, *country put*, and *kidney*, as it is applied; some of which are now struggling for vague, and others are in possession of it. I have done my utmost for some years past to stop the progress of *mob* and *banter*, but have been overcome down by numbers, and betrayed by those promised to assist me.

In the last place, you are to take notice of the choice phrases scattered through the letter, so common tolerable enough, until they were worn to the servile imitators. You might easily find enough they were not in a different print, and here I need not disturb them.

These are the false refinements in our style you ought to correct: first, by argument and reason; but, if those fail, I think you are to make use of your authority as Censor, and by an annual *Expurgatorium* expunge all words and phrases are offensive to good sense, and condemn those barbarous mutilations of vowels and syllables. I must point the usual pretence is, that they speak. A noble standard for language depend upon the caprice of every coxcomb, because words are the clothing of our thoughts; he who takes them out and shapes them as he pleases, and clothes them oftener than his dress. I believe all reasonable people would be content that such refiners were sparing in their words, and liberal in their syllables; and upon this head I should be glad you would show some advice upon several young readers in churches, who, coming up from the University fraught with admiration of our town politeness, needs correct the style of their prayer-books; reading the Absolution, they are very careful to pardon and absolves; and in the prayer for royal family, it must be endue'um, enrich'um, per'um, and bring'um. Then in their sermons use all the modern terms of art, *sham*, *banter*, *bubble*, *bully*, *cutting*, *shuffling*, and *palming*, which, and many more of the like stamp, as I find them often in the pulpit from such sophisters, so I have read them in some of "sermons that have made most noise of late." design, it seems, is to avoid the dreadful imputation of pedantry; to show us that they know the understand men and manners, and have not peering upon old unfashionable books in the university.

I should be glad to see you the instrument introducing into our style that simplicity which is the best and truest ornament of most things in which the politer ages always aimed at in building and dress, *simpler munditius*, as well as productions of wit. It is manifest that all affected modes of speech, whether borrowed from the court, the town, or the theatre, are the perishing parts of any language; and, as I prove by many hundred instances, have been so. The writings of Hooker, who was a clergyman, and of Parsons the Jesuit, both in the reign of queen Elizabeth, are in a style that, with very few allowances, would not offend any reader, and are much more clear and intelligent than those of sir Harry Wootton, sir Robert Nau, Osborn, Daniel the historian, and several other writers later; but being men of the court, and affected the phrases then in fashion, they are often not so to be understood, or appear perfectly ridiculous.

What remedies are to be applied to these I have not room to consider, having, I fear, already taken up most of your paper. Besides, I think

only to represent abuses, and yours to no  
 m. I am, with great respect, Sir,  
 'Yours, &c.'

] SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1710.

scriptis abata—Ovid. Rem. Amor. ver. 91.

vent the growing evil— R. Wynne.

from my own Apartment, September 29.

are very many ill habits that might with  
 so have been prevented, which, after we have  
 l ourselves in them, become incorrigible.—  
 s a sort of proverbial expression, of 'Taking  
 n down in her wedding shoes,' if you will  
 r to reason. An early behaviour of this sort  
 very remarkable good effect in a family  
 .I was several years an intimate acquaintance.  
 ntleman in Lincolnshire had four daughters,  
 which were early married very happily; but  
 rth, though no way inferior to any of her  
 either in person or accomplishments, had,  
 r infancy, discovered so imperious a temper,  
 called a high spirit, that it continually made  
 meanness in the family, became her known  
 er in the neighbourhood, and deterred all her  
 from declaring themselves. However, in  
 of time, a gentleman of a plentiful fortune,  
 g acquaintance, having observed the quick-  
 her spirit to be her only fault, made his  
 es, and obtained her consent in due form.  
 yers finished the writings, in which, by the  
 ere was no pin-money; and they were mar-  
 After a decent time spent in the father's  
 the bridegroom went to prepare his seat for  
 option. During the whole course of his court-  
 ough a man of the most equal temper, he had  
 ally lamented to her that he was the most  
 nate creature breathing. By this one intima-  
 e at once made her understand warmth of  
 to be what he ought to pardon in her, as well  
 he alarmed her against that constitution in  
 . She at the same time thought herself highly  
 by the composed behaviour which he main-  
 in her presence. Thus far he, with great  
 soothed her from being guilty of violence,  
 l resolved to give her such a terrible apprehen-  
 his fiery spirit, that she should never dream  
 ng way to her own. He returned on the day  
 ted for carrying her home; but, instead of a  
 nd six horses, together with the gay equipage  
 s to the occasion, he appeared without a ser-  
 ounted on the skeleton of a horse, which his  
 an had, the day before, brought in to feast his  
 n the arrival of their new mistress, with a  
 fixed behind, and a case of pistols before him,  
 d only by a favourite hound. Thus equipped,  
 a very obliging but somewhat positive manner,  
 his lady to seat herself on the cushion;  
 done, away they crawled. The road being  
 ted by a gate, the dog was commanded to  
 : the poor cur looked up and wagged his tail;  
 master, to show the impatience of his temper,  
 pistol, and shot him dead. He had no sooner  
 but he fell into a thousand apologies for his  
 y rashness, and begged as many pardons for  
 eses before one for whom he had so profound  
 ct. Soon after, their steed stumbled, but  
 me difficulty recovered; however, the bride-  
 took occasion to swear, if he frightened his  
 again he would run him through! and alas!  
 r animal being now almost tired, made a second

not see crowds very little above his circus from the same cause—a passion to politics.

It is no unpleasant entertainment to converse with women even of the sexes interrupted by women in state affairs. A wench and her partner last week upon the words *undiminished* and *side*: and there is such a jargon of terms and the mouths of the very silliest of the women you cannot come into a room, even among the young, you find them divided into Whig and Tory. Heightens the humour is, that all the hard words they know, they certainly suppose to be terrible in the disputes of the parties. I came once where two were in very hot debate; and when I proposed to me to explain to them the difference between *circumcision* and *circumcision*. You may be sure I was at a loss; I was too angry at each other to wait for my explanation, and proceeded to lay open the whole affair, instead of the usual topics of dress, gait and scandal.

I have often wondered how it should be that this turn to politics should so universally prevail, to the exclusion of every other subject of conversation; and, upon mature consideration it is for want of discourse. Look round you all the young fellows you meet, and you see who have the least relish for books, company, pleasure, though they have no manner or means to make them succeed in those pursuits, who are very passable politicians. Thus the most ingenious shall find enough to say to make appear an able man in the best coffee-houses. Adding a certain vehemence in uttering you the thing you say be never so flat, and you thought a very sensible man, if you were not. As love and honour are the noblest of life; so the pretensions to them, without assistance by them, are the most contemptible sorts of pretensions. The unjust affectation of things that is laudable is ignominious in proportion to the worth of the thing we affect: thus, our country is the most glorious of all places; the most ordinary tools in a nation give themselves airs that way, without any one good in their own life, has something in it more not so ridiculous as odious.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Mr. Bickenstaff has received Sylvia's letter to the Bath, and his sister is set out thither to-day, who is one of the guides for the desired to bring her into company, and of which a mention in his next burlesque.

No. 233.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 1

Sunt certa piacula, quæ te  
Ter purè lecto poterunt recreare libello

Hor. 1.]

And, like a charm, to th' upright mind:  
If thrice read o'er will yield a certain end

E

From my own Apartment, October

When the mind has been perplexed with  
sins and passions, the best method of bringing  
to the usual state of tranquillity is, as much  
possibly can, to turn our thoughts to the  
of persons of higher consideration in vi-  
sion than ourselves. By this means all  
passions of our own lives, if they are un-  
just, will be the effect of justice upon our

sitions. When those whom we know to be  
 merited, and deserving of a better fate, are  
 placed, we cannot but resign ourselves, when  
 we know to merit a much worse state than  
 we are placed in. For such, and many other  
 reasons, there is one admirable relation which one  
 recommends for certain periods of one's life,  
 health, comfort, and improve the heart of man.  
 says somewhere, 'the pleasures of a husband-  
 are next to those of a philosopher.' In like  
 or one may say, for they bear the same pro-  
 portion to another, the pleasures of humanity  
 next to those of devotion. In both these latter  
 relations, there is a certain humiliation which  
 elevates the soul above its ordinary state. At the  
 time that it lessens our value of ourselves, it  
 raises our estimation of others. The history I  
 am going to speak of, is that of Joseph in Egypt  
 which is related with such majestic simplicity,  
 that all the parts of it strike us with strong touch-  
 of nature and compassion; and he must be a  
 stranger to both who can read it with attention, and  
 is not overwhelmed with the vicissitudes of joy and  
 sorrow. I hope it will not be a profanation, to tell  
 in his own way here, that they, who may be nat-  
 uring enough to be more frequently readers of  
 profane papers than of sacred writ, may be  
 reminded, that the greatest pleasures the imagina-  
 tion can be entertained with are to be found there,  
 that even the style of the scriptures is more  
 human.

Joseph, a beloved child of Israel, became invi-  
 sible to his elder brethren, for no other reason but  
 his superior beauty, and excellence of body and  
 mind, insomuch, that they could not bear his grow-  
 ing virtue, and let him live. They therefore con-  
 sidered his death; but nature pleaded so strongly for  
 him in the heart of one of them, that by his per-  
 suasion they determined rather to bury him in a  
 tomb than to be his immediate executioners with their  
 hands. When thus much was obtained for  
 him, their minds still softened towards him, and  
 he took the opportunity of some passengers to sell  
 him into Egypt. Israel was persuaded by the arti-  
 fice of his sons, that the youth was torn to pieces  
 by wild beasts: but Joseph was sold to slavery, and  
 exposed to new misfortunes, from the same  
 cause, his beauty and his virtue. By a false accu-  
 sation he was committed to prison; but in process  
 of time delivered from it, in consideration of his  
 wisdom and knowledge, and made the governor of  
 Pharaoh's house. In this elevation of his fortune,  
 his brothers were sent into Egypt to buy necessa-  
 ries of life, in a famine. As soon as they are  
 brought into his presence, he beholds, but he be-  
 lieves with compassion, the men who had sold him  
 into slavery, approaching him with awe and reve-  
 rence. While he was looking over his brethren, he  
 takes a resolution to indulge himself in the plea-  
 sure of stirring their and his own affections, by  
 speaking himself concealed, and examining into the  
 circumstances of their family. For this end, with  
 an air of severity, as a watchful minister to Pha-  
 raoh, he accuses them as spies, who are come into  
 Egypt with designs against the state. This led  
 him into the account which he wanted of them,  
 the condition of their ancient father and little bro-  
 thers whom they had left behind them. When he  
 learned that his brother was living, he demands  
 bringing him to Egypt, as a proof of their ve-  
 racity.

But it would be a vain and empty endeavour to



ther of common grammar; which is a consequence of our mismanagement in winter.

"For can any thing be more absurd than proceeding in this part of literature under wits into the intricate mazes of such a Latin grammar? to learn an unknown tongue? to carry them a double way to let them in at a back door? by teaching them first the grammar of the tongue, so easy to be learned, their advanced grammars of Latin and Greek would be so easy; but our precipitate way of hurrying over such a gulf, before we have built them to it, is a shock to their weak understanding; they seldom, or very late, recover. In time we wrong nature, and slander infants; we want neither capacity nor will to learn put them upon service beyond their strength; then indeed we baulk them.

"The liberal arts and sciences are all but the graces; nor has Grammar, the severe art, so frightful a face of her own; it is put upon it that scares children. She is put upon hard words, that to them sound jarring. Let her talk intelligibly, and then listen to her.

"In this, I think, as on other accounts ourselves true Britons, always overlooking rural advantages. It has been the proudest wisest nations to learn their own language rules, to avoid the confusion that would follow leaving it to vulgar use. Our English to a learned man, is the most determinate instruction, and reducible to the fewest rules; every language has less grammar in it, is more variable; and whatever has more, all that it is superfluous; for which reason he would make the foundation of learning Latin and Languages.

"To speak and write without absurdity of one's country is commendable; of all stations, and to some indispensably need to this purpose. I would recommend, things, the having a grammar of our mother first taught in our schools, which would save youths learning their Latin and Greek, with spare time for arithmetic, a cosmography, history, &c. that would improve the spring of their life with profit and that is now miserably spent in grammatical complexities.

"But here, methinks, I see the reader ready to ask me, as the lawyer did sexton his bequeathing rich legacies to the poor parish. Where are these mighty sums to be? Where is there such a grammar to be had? not answer as he did, "Even where you please." No, it is our good fortune to have a grammar, with notes, now in the press, published next term.

"I hear it is a chargeable work, and publishers to have customers of all that of such a book; yet fancy that he cannot suffer, if it is only bought by all that need for it than they think they have.

"A certain author brought a poem to Mr. for his personal and judgment of the poem which he demanded at the next visit with author's assurance, and Mr. Cowley, with modesty, desired that he would be pleased little to the grammar of it. "To the g

at do you mean, sir, would you send me to again?" "Why, Mr. H——, would it do y harm?"

is put me on considering how this voyage of are may be made with more safety and profit, tion and delight; and at last, for completing d a service, to request your directions in sh able a case; hoping that, as you have had asion on our overgrown coxcombs in concerns ; consequence, you will exert your charity to innocents, and vouchsafe to be guardian to ildren and youth of Great Britain in this im- at affair of education, wherein mistakes and ; measures have so often occasioned their on to books, that had otherwise proved the ornament and pleasure of their life. I am, sincerest respect, sir,

Yours, &c.

Mr. BICKERSTAFF, St. Clements, Oct. 5. observe, as the season begins to grow cold, so people's devotion; insomuch, that instead of g the churches, that united zeal might keep one there, one is left to freeze in almost bare walls ose who in hot weather are troublesome the ary way. This, sir, needs a regulation that but you can give to it, by causing those who at themselves on account of weather only winter-time, to pay the apothecaries' bills occa- sed by coughs, catarrhs, and other distempers, racted by sitting in empty seats. Therefore, to I apply myself for redress, having gotten such d on Sunday was sevennight, that has brought almost to your worship's age from sixty, within than a fortnight. I am,

Your worship's in all obedience,

W. E.

235.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1710.

Cit Genius, natale comes qui temperat astrum.

Hor. 2 Ep. ii. 187.

whence these turns of inclination rose,  
Genius this, the God of Nature, knows:  
That mystic power, which our actions guides,  
Orders our stars, and o'er our life presides.

Francis,

From my own Apartment, October 9.

ONG those inclinations which are common to em, there is none more unaccountable than unequal love by which parents distinguish their ren from each other. Sometimes vanity and ove appear to have a share towards this effect; n other instances I have been apt to attribute it re instinct: but, however that is, we frequently he child, that has been beholden to neither of : impulses in his parents, in spite of being neg- d, snubbed, and thwarted at home, acquire a viour which makes him as agresable to all the of the world, as that of every one else of their ly is to each other. I fell into this way of think- from an intimacy which I have with a very good e in our neighbourhood, where there are three ghters of a very different character and genius. eldest has a great deal of wit and cunning; the nd has good sense, but no artifice; the third much vivacity, but little understanding. The is a fine, but scornful woman; the second is charming, but very winning; the third is no commendable, but very desirable. The father these young creatures was ever a great pretender wit, the mother a woman of as much coquetry. is turn in the parents has biassed their affec-

with those inhabitants.

When the arts began to flourish in the reign of King Charles II. and that great monarch had placed himself at the head of the Royal Society, to lead them forward into the discoveries of nature, it is said, that several proposals were laid before his majesty, for the importing of frogs into Ireland. In order to it, a virtuoso of known abilities was unanimously selected by the society, and intrusted with the whole management of that affair. For this end he took along with him a sound able-bodied frog, of a strong hale constitution, that had given proofs of his vigour by several leaps that he made before that learned body. They took ship, and sailed together until they came within sight of the hill of Howth, before the frog discovered any symptoms of being indisposed by his voyage: but, as the wind chopped about, and began to blow from the Irish coast, he grew sea-sick, or rather land-sick; for his learned companion ascribed it to the particles of the soil with which the wind was impregnated. He was confirmed in his conjecture, when, upon the wind's turning about, his fellow-traveller sensibly recovered, and continued in good health until his arrival upon the shore, where he suddenly relapsed, and expired upon a Ring's-end car in his way to Dublin. The same experiment was repeated several times in that reign, but to no purpose. A frog was never known to take three leaps upon Irish turf, before he stretched himself out, and died.

Whether it were that the philosophers on this side the water despaired of stocking the island with this useful animal, or whether, in the following reign, it was not thought proper to undo the miracle of a popish saint; I do not hear of any further progress made in this affair until about two years after the battle of the Boyne.

It was then that an ingenious physician, to the honour as well as improvement of his native country, performed what the English had been so long attempting in vain. This learned man, with the hazard of his life, made a voyage to Liverpool, where he filled several barrels with the choicest spawn of frogs that could be found in these parts. This cargo he

so hop from Dublin to Wexford; though, as I am informed, not one of them has yet passed the straits of Wicklow.

I am further informed, that several graziers of the county of Cork have entered into a project of forming a colony in those parts, at the instance of French Protestants; and I know not but the design may be on foot in other parts of the kingdom, if the wisdom of the British nation do not see fit to prohibit the further importation of Eng-  
lish frogs.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'T. B.'

There is no study more becoming a rational creature than that of natural philosophy; but, as several of our modern virtuosi manage it, their speculations do not so much tend to open and enlarge the mind, as to contract and fix it upon trifles.

This, in England, is in a great measure owing to the worthy elections that are so frequently made to the Royal Society. They seem to be in a conspiracy against men of polite genius, noble thought, diffusive learning; and choose into their assemblies such as have no pretence to wisdom, but want wit; or to natural knowledge, but ignorance of every thing else. I have made observations in this matter so long, that when I meet with a young fellow who is an humble admirer of these sciences, but is duller than the rest of the company, I conclude him to be a Fellow of the Royal Society.

#### x. 237.] SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14, 1710.

In nova fert animus mutatos dicere, formas

Corpora.

*Ovid.*

Of bodies chang'd to various forms I sing.

*Dryden.*

*From my own Apartment, October 13.*

Coming home last night before my usual hour, I took a book in my hand, in order to divert myself until bed-time. Milton chanced to be my choice, whose admirable poem of 'Paradise Lost' presents at once to fill the mind with pleasing ideas with good thoughts, and was therefore the most proper book for my purpose. I was amusing myself with that beautiful passage in which the poet represents Eve sleeping by Adam's side, with the devil whispering at her ear, and inspiring evil thoughts, under the shape of a toad. Ithuriel, one of the guardian angels of the place, walking his nightly rounds, saw the great enemy of mankind hid in this loathsome animal, which he touched with his spear. This spear, of a celestial temper, had such a secret virtue, that whatever it was applied to, immediately took off all disguise, and appeared in its natural form. I am afraid the reader will not pardon me, if I content myself with explaining the passage in my own words, without giving it in the author's own inimitable language.

On he led his radiant files,  
ascending the morn. These to the bower direct,  
in search of whom they sought. Him there they  
found,

just like a toad, close by the ear of Eve;  
saying by his devilish art to reach  
the organ of her fancy, and with them forge  
illusions as he list, phantasms and dreams;  
if, inspiring venom, he might taint  
the animal spirits—that from pure blood arise  
like gentle breaths from rivers pure—thence rises

tempests in this kind, and is indeed so naturally  
 down, that one who has made a voyage can assure  
 read it without being sea-sick. Land-showers are  
 no less frequent among the poets than the former,  
 but I remember none of them which have not fallen  
 in the country; for which reason they are generally  
 flack with the lowings of ewen, and the bleatings  
 of sheep, and very often embellished with a rainbow.

Winds's land-shower is likewise the best in its  
 kind. It is indeed a shower of consequence, and  
 contributes to the main design of the poem, by cut-  
 ting off a tedious ceremonial, and bringing matters  
 to a speedy conclusion between two potentates of  
 different sexes. My ingenious kinsman, Mr. Hum-  
 phrey Wagstaff, who treats of every subject after a  
 manner that no author has done, and better than  
 any other can do, has sent me the description of a  
 city-shower. I do not question but the reader re-  
 member my cousin's description of the morning as  
 it breaks in town, which is printed in the ninth  
 Tenth, and is another exquisite piece of this local  
 poetry.

Careful observers may foretell the hour  
 (By sure prognostics), when to dread a shower;  
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er  
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink  
 Strike your offended nose with double stink,  
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine,  
 For 'tis spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.  
 A coming shower your shooting corns preface,  
 Old aches will thro', your hollow tooth will rage.  
 Sneezing in coffee-house is Dulman seen;  
 His damns the climate, and complains of spleen.  
 Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,  
 A sable cloud athwart the walkin flings,  
 That swill'd more liquor than it could contain,  
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.  
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
 Whilst the first drizzling shower is borne alope:  
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean  
 Flings on you from her mop, but not so clean.  
 You fly, invoke the gods; then, turning, stop  
 To rail; she singing, still whirle on her mop.  
 Not yet the dust had shunn'd th' unequal strife,  
 But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,  
 And, washed with its foe by violent gust,  
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.  
 Ah! where must needy post seek for aid,  
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade?  
 His only coat, where dust, confus'd with rain,  
 Blaughtens the nap, and leaves a mingled stain?  
 Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
 To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,  
 Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.  
 The tumbler spruce, while every spout's abroad,  
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.

n struck the outside with his spray,  
 ch imprison'd hero quak'd for fear  
 om all parts the swelling kennels flow;  
 ar their trophies with them as they go:  
 f all hues and odours seem to tell  
 street they sail'd from, by their sight and  
 nell.  
 as each torrent drives, with rapid force,  
 Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their  
 urse,  
 a huge confluent join'd at Snow-hill ridge,  
 sem the conduit, prone to Holborn-bridge;  
 sings from butchers stalls, dung, guts, and  
 lood,  
 n'd puppies, stinking sprats, all dranch'd in  
 aud,  
 cats and turnip-tops come tumbling down  
 he flood.

9.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 19, 1710.

————— *Mecum certasse feretur?*

*Ovid, Met. xiii. 20.*

Shall he contend with me to get a name?

*R. Wynn.*

*From my own Apartment, October 18.*

ridiculous for any man to criticise on the  
 of another, who has not distinguished himself  
 own performances. A judge would make but  
 ifferent figure who had never been known at  
 Cicero was reputed the greatest orator of  
 and country, before he wrote a book, 'De  
 e;' and Horace the greatest poet, before he  
 sed his 'Art of Poetry.' This observation  
 naturally in any one who casts his eye upon  
 st-mentioned author, where he will find the  
 ms placed in the latter end of his book, that  
 er the finest odes and satires in the Latin

odern, whose name I shall not mention, be-  
 f would not make a silly paper sell, was born  
 e and an *Examiner*, and, like one of the race  
 serpent's teeth, came into the world with a  
 in his hand. His works put me in mind of  
 ry that is told of the German monk, who was  
 a catalogue of a friend's library, and, meet-  
 th a Hebrew book in it, entered it under the  
 f, 'A book that has the beginning where the  
 ould be.' This author, in the last of his  
 es, has amassed together a heap of quotations,  
 re that Horace and Virgil were both of them  
 ter men than myself; and if his works were  
 as long as mine, they might possibly give  
 ity a notion, that Isaac Bickerstaff was a very  
 ted old fellow, and as vain a man as either  
 or Sir Francis Bacon. Had this serious writer  
 upon me only, I could have overlooked it;  
 see Cicero abused in, I must confess, what I  
 t bear. The censure he passes upon this  
 man runs thus: 'The itch of being very aba-  
 s almost inseparable from vain-glory. Tully  
 ee two faults in so high a degree, that nothing  
 e being the best writer in the world can make  
 s for them.' The scurrilous wretch goes on  
 that I am as bad as Tully. His words are  
 'And yet the Tatler, in his paper of Sep-  
 r the twenty-sixth, has outdone him in both.  
 eaks of himself with more arrogance, and  
 ore insolence of others.' I am afraid, by his  
 ree, this gentleman has no more read *Plu-*  
 than he has Tully. If he had, he would have  
 red a passage in that historian, wherein he

I have touched upon that useful science of medicine, notwithstanding I have declared myself no more than once a professor of it. I have indeed applied the study of astrology with it, because I never saw a physician recommend himself to the public, and not a sister art to embellish his knowledge of medicine. It has been commonly observed, in all times, that the ingenious of our profession, that was god of verse as well as physic; and, indeed, the most celebrated practitioners of our art were the particular favourites of the muses. Poetry to physic is indeed like the gilding to a pill; it makes the art shine, and covers the severity of the doctor with the agreeableness of the companion. The very foundation of poetry is good sense, if we allow Horace to be a judge of the art.

*Abendi recte sapere est et principium et fons.*

*Hor. Ars. Poet. 309.*

His judgment is the ground of writing well.

*Roscommon.*

If so, we have reason to believe, that the man who writes well can prescribe well, if he applied himself to the study of both. Besides, we see a man making profession of two different sciences, it is natural for us to believe he is a tender in that which we are not judges of, and we find him skilful in that which we understand.

Many quacks and charlatans are thoroughly sensible how necessary it is to support themselves with collateral assistances, and therefore always make claims to some supernumerary accomplishment, which are wholly foreign to their profession. Not twenty years ago it was impossible to walk about without having an advertisement thrust into your hand, of a doctor, 'who had arrived at the verge of the green and red dragon, and had sown the female fern seed.' Nobody ever understood what this meant; but the green and red dragon so amused the people, that the doctor lived comfortably upon them. About the same time was posted a very hard word upon every corner of the streets. This, to the best of my remembrance, was,

#### TETRACHYMAGOGON,

It drew great shoals of spectators about it, who were so much taken with the bill that it introduced with unspeakable popularity; and, when they were sick, would have called in this learned man for their physician.

He received an advertisement of one 'who had died thirty years by candle-light for the good of his countrymen.' He might have studied twice as long by day-light, and never have been taken with it. But lucubrations cannot be over-valued. There are some who have gained themselves great reputation for physic by their birth, as the 'seventh son'; and others by not being born as the *unborn doctor*, who, I hear, is lately the way of his patients; having died worth several pounds per annum, though he was not worth a halfpenny.

An ingenious friend doctor Saffold succeeded my temporary doctor Lilly in the studies both of medicine and astrology, to which he added that of sign-post, as was to be seen both upon the sign where he lived, and in the bills which he distributed. He was succeeded by doctor Case, who erased the verses of his predecessor out of the sign-post, and substituted in their place two of his own, which were as

With  
Livy

He is said to have said that Mr. Dryden did by no end of enumerations, and unaccustomed tribe of men ensnared by gain crowds of admirers from a mountebank, other, faced with great seals, by which they have testified their preference of the doctor. Every patient has been his patient. Mountebanks that I have seen in Muscovy. The great elector was a very good patient.

This great candour of him much good will do to one but, if any of his teeth, his ambition drawn by a person who kings, and emperors,

I must not leave it that as physicians are carried endeavour to tory, and are therefore most eloquent person I would not willingly especially that of which but I must confess, country, I could wish of physic for some years has been so much to have leave to recruit.

As for myself, the same safe to almost the scribe to all my friends, certainly the best physician the most effectual against short, my recipe is, 'Were the body of particular persons, I should after the same manner whole island was shaven years ago, there was a sold pills, which, as he very good against perhaps, he thought as the allaying popular humours. But I am very a case a whole people abstinence, and eat for fortnight, it would abate parties, and not a little distracted nation. Such tendency to the procuring a fast is usually procured mind to enter on such might not be improper Pythagoras in particular from beans: that is, not with elections; but by the voters among the magistrates.

No. 241.] TUESDAY

From my own Ap

A METHOD of spending so little studied, t



Within this place  
Lives doctor Cass.

said to have got more by this distich, than  
den did by all his works. There would be  
of enumerating the several imaginary per-  
and unaccountable artifices, by which this  
men ensnare the minds of the vulgar, and  
reds of admirers. I have seen the whole  
a mountebank's stage, from one end to the  
iced with patents, certificates, medals, and  
als, by which the several princes of Europe  
tified their particular respect and esteem for  
or. Every great man with a sounding title  
his patient. I believe I have seen twenty  
banks that have given physic to the ear of  
y. The great duke of Tuscany escapes no  
The elector of Brandenburg was likewise a  
od patient.

great condescension of the doctor draws upon  
ch good will from his audience; and it is ten  
out, if any of them be troubled with an ach-  
th, his ambition will prompt him to get it  
by a person who has had so many princes,  
and emperors, under his hands.

et not leave this subject without observing,  
physicians are apt to deal in poetry, apothé-  
endeavour to recommend themselves by ora-  
und are therefore, without controversy, the  
loquent persons in the whole British nation.  
d not willingly discourage any of the arts,  
lly that of which I am an humble professor;  
must confess, for the good of my native  
y, I could wish there might be a suspension  
sie for some years, that our kingdom, which  
en so much exhausted by the wars, might  
ave to recruit itself.

or myself, the only physic which has brought  
to almost the age of man, and which I pre-  
o all my friends, is *abstinence*. This is cer-  
he best physic for prevention, and very often  
effectual against a present distemper. In  
recipe is, 'take nothing.'

he body politic to be physicked like parti-  
sons, I should venture to prescribe to it  
same manner. I remember when our  
nd was shaken with an earthquake some  
, there was an impudent mountebank who  
, which, as he told the country people, were  
od against an earthquake.' It may, per-  
thought us absurd to prescribe a diet for  
ing popular commotions, and national fer-  
But I am verily persuaded, that if in such  
whole people were to enter into a course of  
ce, and eat nothing but water-gruel for a  
, it would abate the rage and animosity of  
and not a little contribute to the cure of a  
d nation. Such a *fast* would have a natural  
r to the procuring of those ends for which  
usually proclaimed. If any man has a  
enter on such a voluntary abstinence, it  
ot be improper to give him the caution of  
ras in particular; *Abstine d fabis*, 'Abstain  
ans,' that is, say the interpreters, 'Meddle  
elections;' beans having been made use of  
oters among the Athenians in the choice of  
ates.

41.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1710.

From my own Apartment, October 23.

THOUGHT of spending one's time agreeably is a  
little studied, that the common amusement

cause me to interrupt; but perhaps a new to  
into his *bywords* (as they call a sentence a ma-  
ticularly affects) may cure him. I therefore  
resolution to apply to you, who, I dare sa-  
easily persuade this gentleman, whom I  
believe an enemy to the union, to mend his  
and be hereafter the wisest of any man in  
Britain. I am Sir, your most humble servan  
Scoto-Bri:

ADVERTISEMENT.

Whereas, Mr. Humphrey Trelooby, wear-  
own hair, a pair of buck-skin breeches, a hu-  
whip, with a new pair of spurs, has complain-  
the Censor, that on Thursday last he was def-  
of half-a-crown, under pretence of a duty  
action for seeing the cathedral of St. Paul, La-  
it is hereby ordered, that none hereafter  
above sixpence of any country gentleman  
be age of twenty-five for that liberty; and t  
which shall be received above the said sum,  
person, for beholding the inside of that  
edifice, be forthwith paid to Mr. John M  
for the use of Mr. Bickerstaff, under pain of  
amercement on the above-mentioned extortion.

No. 242.] THURSDAY, OCTOBER 26,

Quis iniquus

Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat  
Juv. Sat

To view so lewd a town, and to refrain,  
What hoops of iron could my spleen con-  
I

From my own Apartment, October 25.

It was with very great displeasure I heard  
a man say of a companion of his, with an  
approbation, 'You know Tom never fails of  
a spiteful thing. He has a great deal of w  
nature is his particular talent. Did you mix  
has put the young fellow out of countenance  
pretended to talk to him?' Such impertine  
pleasures, which one meets with every day, I  
upon considering, what true raillery and satir  
on themselves; and this, methought, occurred  
from reflection upon the great and excellent  
that were admired for talents this way. When  
run over several such in my thoughts, I consi-  
however unaccountable the assertion might  
at first sight, that good-nature was an es-  
quality in a satirist, and that all the sent  
which are beautiful in this way of writing  
proceed from that quality in the author. Good-  
produces a disdain of all baseness, vice, and  
which prompts them to express themselves  
smartness against the errors of men, without  
meas towards their persons. This quality kee  
mind in equanimity, and never lets an offer  
reasonably throw a man out of his cha-  
When Virgil said, 'he that did not hate  
might love Mævius,' he was in perfect good hu-  
and was not so much moved at their absurdi-  
passionately to call them sots or blockhe-  
a direct invective, but laughed at them with  
cory of scorn, without any mixture of anger.

The best good man with the worst-natur'd  
was the character among us of a gentlem  
famous for his humanity as his wit.

The ordinary subjects for satire are such as  
the greatest indignation in the best temper  
consequently men of such a make are the best

speaking of the offences in human life. I can behold vice and folly, when they come to whom they are wholly unacquainted, with the same severity as others resent the ill of themselves. A good-natured man cannot bear a fellow put a bashful man of merit to shew, or out-strip him in the pursuit of fame, but he is on fire to succour the oppressed, to produce the merit of the one, and confront the envious of the other.

One of the greatest character in this kind of satire is Juvenal. There is not, that I know, one ill-natured expression in all their works, nor one sentence of severity which does not proceed from the contrary disposition. If you read them, will, I believe, be of this mind: If they were read with this view, it might persuade our young fellows, that they may be good men without speaking ill of any but those who are not. But, in the perusal of these writers, it is unnecessary to consider, that they lived in different times. Horace was intimate with the emperor, and of the greatest goodness and humanity of his age, and his court was formed after his example; therefore the faults that poet falls upon were consistencies in behaviour, false pretences to modesty, or impertinent affectations of what men thought fit for. Vices of a coarser sort could not enter his consideration, or enter the palace of Augustus. Juvenal, on the other hand, lived under a tyrant, in whose reign every thing that was great and noble was banished the habitations of the men of his age. Therefore he attacks vice as it passes in triumph, not as it breaks into conversation. Vices of empire, contempt of glory, and a general decay of manners, are before his eyes in all ages. In the days of Augustus, to have been like Juvenal had been madness; or in those times, like Horace. Morality and virtue were where recommended in Horace, as became a polite court, from the beauty, the propriety, and convenience of pursuing them. Vice and corruption are attacked by Juvenal in a style which, he fears he shall not be heard without he hears them in their own language with a barefaced attack of the villanies and obscenities of his country.

An accidental talk of these two great men carries on my design, which was to tell some coxcombs in about this town with the name of smart men and fellows, that they are by no means qualified characters they pretend to, of being severe and sharp men; for they want good-nature. There is no foundation in them for arriving at what they wish; and they may as well pretend to flatter as to praise, without being good-natured.

There is a certain impartiality necessary to make man's words bear any weight with those he speaks to. A man's quality, with respect to men's errors and faults, is never seen but in good-natured men. They possess such a frankness of mind, and benevolence of heart, that they cannot receive impressions of blame without mature deliberation; and without speaking ill of a man upon personal consideration is so irreparable and mean an injury, that a man possessed of this quality is capable of doing it in all ages there have been interpreters to the faults of the living, of the same genius with the statues into whose hands they fall when dead. I say it is impossible for any man of more wit than we of these to take any of the four-and-twenty names and form out of them a name to describe the

making a heroic upon the ensuing peace.

It was towards morning, an hour when spirits, witches, and conjurers, are obliged to retire to their own apartments, and, feeling the influence of it, I was hastening home, when I saw a man had got half way into a neighbour's house. I immediately called to him, and turning my ring, appeared in my proper person. There is something magisterial in the aspect of the Bickerstaffs, which made him run away in confusion.

As I took a turn or two in my own lodging, I was thinking that, old as I was, I need not go to bed alone, but that it was in my power to marry the finest lady in this kingdom, if I would wed her with this ring. For what a figure would she that should leave it make at a visit, with so perfect a knowledge as this would give her of all the scandal of the town? But, instead of endeavouring to dispose of myself in matrimony, I resolved to lend it to my former friend the author of the 'Atalantis,' to furnish a new 'Secret History of Secret Memoirs.'

244.] TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1710.

Quid voveat dulci nutricula majus alumno,

Quam sapere, et fari ut possit que sentiat?—

Hor. l Ep. iv. 8.

What can the fondest mother wish for more,

Ev'n for her darling son, than solid sense,

Perceptions clear, and flowing eloquence?

R. Wymse.

Will's Coffee-house, October 30.

It is no easy matter, when people are advancing any thing, to prevent their going too fast for want of patience. This happens in nothing more frequently than in the prosecution of studies. Hence it is, that we meet crowds who attempt to be eloquent before they can speak. They affect the flowers of rhetoric before they understand the parts of speech. In the ordinary conversation of this town, there are many who can, as they call it, talk well, that there is not one in twenty that talks to be understood. This proceeds from an ambition to excel, or, as the

you see  
copious  
stomach  
to with;  
more th  
gence.

takes p  
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With  
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a perso  
the pec  
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laboure  
dily an  
patience  
good se  
essentia  
When I  
milier I  
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Urban  
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improve:  
a contra  
be guilt  
has pro  
his disc  
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another  
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sanded;  
there is  
pression  
You sha  
but you  
himself

man as inexperienced scholastic, who begins before they speak, or who speaks when it is necessary. They had half-pardon to the tavern the other night, but a man whispered me, 'Pr'ythee, Isaac, go in; Tom Varnish will be there, and he talks as well as any man in England.' See, when a man expresses himself well in conversation, and his falling into an account of trifles from a desire to oblige the company fulness of the circumstance itself, so that saying of it at large is occasioned only by the company; I say, in such a case it is not only pardonable, but agreeable, and makes the discourse to himself; but when we now watch for opportunities for being excessively troublesome. A man that has understanding, is to be attended to and good-nature; but he that speaks needs, has no right to such an indulgence; a man who has a defect in his speech to come to you, while a man of weak fluency of speech, triumphs in out-

The stammerer strives to be fit for you; the loquacious man endeavours to be fit for his.

Of this kind do I always enter a man's company who is recommended as one that talks well; but if I were to choose with whom I would spend my hours, they should be certainly such as farther than to make themselves rarely apprehended, and would have curiosity to understand me. To have the ability to express it, are the most necessary qualities in companions.

It is not in us fit to utter, among friends there needs but very little care in

I take it, a man one might live alone, and enjoy all the freedom and imagination, and yet be insensible of it to you, in all the mistakes you can

His great good-will to his friends in him such a general deference in that if he differs from you in his thing, he introduces his own thoughts in a feeble circumlocution; or, 'he has such and such a circumstance that is another opinion.' Again, where I am apt to say, 'this I am confident I intend to judge of this matter as well' Urbanus says, 'I am verily persuaded one may conclude.' In a word, he is more clear in his thoughts and expression, or speaks with greater diffidence. I find one man of any consideration, observe one of less consequence form him. This happens to Urbanus; but he steals from him almost every sentiment in a whole work, disguises the theft with a quite different air. Umbratilis's doubtful way of speaking proceeds from want of care and good-breeding, and not from his opinions. Umbratilis, therefore, do than repeat the thoughts of Urbanus in a doubtful manner, and appear to the undiscerning man than the person from whom he steals. At those who know him, can see the stammerer's habit; and the more he struts, the more he appears his own.

Urbanus, the medium is, neither to affect

counters--to wit, lockets with the hair of dead  
 living lovers, seals with arms, emblems, and dev  
 out in cornelian, agate, and onyx, with cu  
 hearts, darts, akers, flames, rocks, pickaxes, r  
 thorns, and sun-flowers; as also a variety of i  
 mious French mottos; together with gold ety  
 quills, scissors, needles, thimbles, and a spo  
 clipped in Hungary water, left but the night be  
 by a young lady going upon a frolic in cog. Tl  
 was also a bundle of letters, dated between  
 years one thousand six hundred and seventy,  
 one thousand six hundred and eighty-two, mo  
 them signed Philander, the rest Strephon, Amy  
 Corydon, and Adonis; together with a collectio  
 receipts to make pastes for the hands, pomatums,  
 anises, whipsots, beautifying creams, water of t  
 and frog spawn water; decoctions for clearing  
 complexion, and an improved medicine to pro  
 abortion.

Whoever can discover the aforesaid goods, so  
 they may be had again, shall have fifty guineas  
 the whole, or proportionably for any part.

M.B. Her ladyship is pleased to promise  
 pounds for the packet of letters over and above  
 five for Philander's only, being her first love. 'H  
 lady bestows those of Strephon to the finder, be  
 so written, that they may serve to any woman  
 reads them.'

P.S. As I am a patron of persons who have  
 other friend to apply to, I cannot suppress the  
 having complaint:

'Sir,

'I am a blackmoor boy, and have, by my la  
 stler, been christened by the chaplain. The g  
 man has gone further with me, and told me a g  
 deal of good news; as, that I am as good as  
 lady herself, as I am a Christian, and many ot  
 things: but for all this, the parrot, who came o  
 with me from our country, is as much esteemed  
 her as I am. Besides this, the shock-dog ha  
 collar that cost almost as much as mine. I de  
 alive to know, whether, now I am a Christian, I  
 obliged to dress like a Turk, and wear a turban.

'I am, sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'POMF'

No. 246.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 17

— Vitis nemo sine nascitur! optimus ille  
 Qui minimus urgetur. Hor. l Sat. iii.

— We have all our vices, and the best  
 Is he, who with the fewest is oppress. Pres

From my own Apartment, November 3.

When one considers the turn which convers  
 tation in almost every set of acquaintance, club  
 naturally, in this town or kingdom, one cannot  
 observe, that in spite of what I am every day say  
 and all the moral writers since the beginning of  
 would have said, the subject of discourse is gener  
 ally one another's faults. This in a great mea  
 proceeds from self-conceit, which were to be end  
 for one or other individual person; but the folly  
 extends itself over almost all the species; and  
 content only say, Tom, Jack, or Will, but in g  
 nally that man is a cockcomb.' From this sour  
 in, that any excellence is faintly received, any  
 goodness unmercifully exposed. But if thi  
 subject in a true light, and we would take tim  
 consider, that man, in his very nature, is an im  
 that being, our sense of this matter would be im

tered; and the word *imperfection* would not be a kinder idea than the word *humanity*. The pleasant story that we, forsooth, who are the perfect creatures in the universe, are the beings that will not allow of imperfection. Nature has taken notice, that we stand in the midst of existences, and are by this one circumstance the most unhappy of all others. The brutes are guided by instinct, and know no sorrow; the angels have knowledge, and they are happy; but we are governed by opinion, which is I know not the mixture of instinct and knowledge, and are indolent nor happy. It is very observable, that critics are a people between the learned and the ignorant, and by that situation enjoy the tranquillity of neither. As critics stand among men, so they stand in general between brutes and angels. Every man, as he is a critic and a coxcomb, is proved by reason and speculation, is ever judging himself, and laying open the faults of

at the same time that I am talking of the cruelty of judging people's faults with severity, I cannot help mentioning some which men are guilty of for want of attention. These are such as they can easily avoid if nobody tells them of, for which reason I make use of the penny-post (as I have written to several young ladies about turning their heads holding up their heads) to certain gentlemen I remark habitually guilty of what they commit in a moment. There is a fat fellow, who has long remarked wearing his breast in the midst of winter, out of an affection for it. I have therefore sent him just now this letter in my physical capacity.

At the twentieth instant to the first of May, this day inclusive, I beg of you to button up your coat from your collar to your waistband. I am your most humble servant,

'ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, Philomath.'

He is a very handsome well-shaped youth that frequents the coffee-houses about Charing-cross, and wears a very pretty ribbon with a cross of jewels in the middle. This being something new, and a thing which the gentleman may offend the Heretic, I have addressed myself to him as I am

TO MY COUNTRYMAN,

that ensign of honour which you wear bestowed by a prince, or a lady, that you have

If you bear it as an absent lover, please to tie it on a black ribbon; if as a rewarded soldier, you may have my license to continue the use of your faithful servant,

'BICKERSTAFF, Censor.'

Little intimations do great service, and are useful, not only to the persons themselves, but to others how to conduct themselves towards

One of this honest private method, or a plain face to face, of acquainting people with their power to explain or amend, the usual way of people is to take no notice of things you say, and nevertheless expose you for those you

Jesus and Lewis are constantly in each other's company: they would, if they took proper notice, be very agreeable companions; but they arrogantly aim at what they are unfit for, and condemn the other so much in the wrong

banisholy thing; that in this circumstance of which is the most important of all others in the life, we women, who are, they say, always weak and ill-winded. The true way of valuing a man is to consider his reputation among the men. want of this necessary rule towards our conduct when it is too late, we find ourselves married to a contrast of that sex; and it is generally from this disagreeable among men, that fellows endeavour to make themselves pleasing to us. The little accomplishments of coming into a room with a fair, and telling, while they are with us, who cannot bear among ourselves, usually make up the whole of a woman's man's merit. But if we, we began to reflect upon our lovers, in the place, considered what figures they make in the street, at the bar, on the exchange, in their court or at court, we should behold them in quite another light than at present.

Woe we to behave ourselves according to rule, we should not have the just imputation of raising the silliest of mortals, to the great esteem of the wisest, who value our favour as it advances their pleasure, not their reputation. In a word, madam, if you would judge right in love, you must look upon it as in a case of friendship. Were a gentleman treating with you for any thing but yourself, when you had consented to his offer, if he off, you would call him a cheat and an impostor. There is, therefore, nothing left for you to do but to despise him, and yourself for doing it with regret.

I am madam, &c. I have heard it often argued in conversation, that this evil practice is owing to the perverted taste of the wits in the last generation. A libertine on the throne could very easily make the language and fashion turn his own way. Hence it is that woman is treated as a mistress, and not a wife. It is from the writings of those times, and the traditional accounts of the debauches of their men of pleasure, that the coxcombs now-a-days take upon them, to smooth, to be false swains, and perjured lovers. I think I feel all the woman rise in me, when I direct upon the nauseous rogues that pretend to deceive us. Wretches, that can never have it in their power to overreach any thing living but their own senses! In the name of goodness, if we are assigned by nature as suitable companions to the other sex, why are we not treated accordingly? we have merit, as some allow, why is it not as it is in men to injure us, as one another? If we are insignificant that others call us, where is the triumph in deceiving us? But, when I look at the bottom of this disaster, and recollect the many my acquaintance whom I have known in the same condition with the 'Northern Lass' that occasioned this discourse, I must own I have ever found the perfidiousness of men has been generally owing to ourselves, and we have contributed to our own ruin. The truth is, we do not conduct ourselves when we are courted, but as we are inclined. When our imaginations take this unbridled swing, we must be that acts best is most lovely, but he the most lovely acts best. When our humble servants make their addresses, we do not keep ourselves sufficiently disengaged to be judges of their merit; we seldom give our judgment of our lover, until we have lost our judgment for him.

While Clarinda was passionately attended to, she was addressed to by Strephon, who is a man of sense and knowledge in the world, and Cassio, who has a pleasant fortune, and an excellent understand-



in love with Damon at a ball. From that she that was before the most reasonable of all my acquaintance, cannot hear Strakak, but it is something 'so out of the way' conversation : ' and Cassio has never since his mouth before us, but she whispers me, seldom do riches and sense go together ! ' of all this is, that for the love of Damon, she neither experience, understanding, nor she despises those advantages in the other which she finds wanting in her lover; or else she has them for no other reason but because of her lover. This, and many other instances, given in this town; but I hope this much will suffice to prevent the growth of such evils at length.

[ ] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1710.

— *Mediâ sese tulit obvia silvâ,  
virginis os habitumque gerens.* *Virg. Æn. i. 318.*

! in the deep recesses of the wood  
before my eyes a beauteous form appears,  
the virgin's dress and modest looks she wears.  
*R. Wyna.*

BY ISAAC BICKERSTAFF, ESQUIRE.

from my own Apartment, November 8.

It may perhaps appear ridiculous, but I must confess last summer, as I was riding in Enfield, I met a young lady whom I could hardly get my head, and for ought I know, my heart, to conceive. She was mounted on a palfrey, with a very commodious furniture: She set her horse with a cheerful air; and, when I saluted her with my bow, she bowed to me so obligingly that, whether it was civility or beauty that touched me so much, I do not know; but I am sure I shall never forget her. She fills in my imagination in a figure so much to my advantage, that if I were to draw a picture of her, health, beauty, or modesty, I should represent any, or all of them, in the person of that woman.

I cannot find that there are any descriptions in ancient poets so beautiful as those they draw of her in their pastoral dresses and exercises. She gives Venus the habit of a Spartan huntress, and is to put Æneas in his way, and relieve his mind with the most agreeable object imaginable. Her train are always described as inhabiting the woods, and followers of the chase. To be diverted, is the safest guard to innocence; and I think, it should be one of the first things to be attended among people of condition, to find out amusements for young ladies. I cannot but think of riding might easily be revived among them when they consider how much it must contribute to their beauty. This would lay up the best treasure they could bring into a family, a good stock of health, to transmit to their posterity. Such a bloom as this gives to the countenance, is much preferable to the real or affected feebleness, which appears in the faces of our beauties.

A comedy, called, 'The Ladies Cure,' represents the affectation of wan looks and languid glances, and an entertaining extravagance. There is, as I have seen in the play complains, something so robust in the health, that it is with her a point of delicacy to appear in public with a sickly countenance. The natural gaiety and spirit which shine

and. The apothecary gave me to an herb-woman, the herb-woman to a butcher, the butcher to a brewer, and the brewer to his wife, who made a present of me to a nonconformist preacher. After this manner I made my way merrily through the world, for, as I told you before, we shillings love nothing so much as travelling. I sometimes fetched in a shoulder of mutton, sometimes a play-book, and often had the satisfaction to treat a templer at a twelve-penny ordinary, or carry him with three friends to Westminster-hall.

In the midst of this pleasant progress which I made from place to place, I was arrested by a superstitious old woman, who shut me up in a greasy rum, in pursuance of a foolish saying, "that while she kept a queen Elizabeth's shilling about her she should never be without money." I continued here prisoner for many months, until at last I was exchanged for eight-and-forty farthings.

I thus rambled from pocket to pocket until the beginning of the civil wars, when, to my shame be it spoken, I was employed in raising soldiers against the king: for, being of a very tempting breadth, a sergeant made use of me to inveigle country fellows, and list them into the service of the parliament.

As soon as he had made one man sure, his way was, to oblige him to take a shilling of a more homely game, and then practise the same trick upon another. Thus I continued doing great mischief to the crown, until my officers chancing one morning to walk abroad earlier than ordinary, sacrificed me to his pleasures, and made use of me to seduce a milk-maid. This wench bent me, and gave me to her sweetheart, applying, more properly than she intended, the usual form of, "to my love, and from my love." The ungenerous gallant marrying her within a few days after, pawned me for a dram of brandy; and drinking me out, next day I was beaten flat with a hammer, and again set a-running.

After many adventures, which it would be tedious to relate, I was sent to a young spendthrift, in company with the will of his deceased father. The young fellow, who I found was very extravagant, gave great demonstrations of joy at receiving the

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happier in my retirement than I thought, happily by that means escaped wearing a pair of breeches.

now of great credit and antiquity, I was set upon as a medal than an ordinary coin; reason a gamester laid hold of me, and me to a counter, having got together none of us for that use. We led a melan- in his possession, being busy at those rein current coin is at rest, and partaking of our master; being in a few moments a crown, a pound, or a sixpence, according to the variation in which the fortune of the cards

I had at length the good luck to see my weak, by which means I was again sent down my primitive denomination of a shilling. I pass over many other accidents of less and hasten to that fatal catastrophe when I the hands of an artist, who conveyed me round, and with an unmerciful pair of scissors off my titles, clipped my brims, retracted, rubbed me to my inmost ring; and, in spoiled and pillaged me, that he did not worth a groat. You may think what contrivance in to see myself thus curtailed and disabled. I should have been ashamed to have shown had not all my old acquaintance been reduced to the same shameful figure, excepting some were punched through the belly. In the midst of this general calamity, when every body our misfortune irretrievable, and our case, we were thrown into the furnace together, which often happens with cities rising out of a vale sared with greater beauty and lustre than ever boast of before. What has happened since this change of sex which you now see, I leave to some other opportunity to relate. In the sequel, I shall only repeat two adventures, as very extraordinary, and neither of them having happened to me above once in my life. The first was, my being in a poet's pocket, who was with the brightness and novelty of my appearance, that it gave occasion to the finest burlesque in the British language, intitled, from me, *the Mad Shilling*. The second adventure, which I do not omit, happened to me in the year 1703, when I was given away in charity to a blind man; and this was by mistake, the person who gave me being thrown me heedlessly into the hat among the worth of farthings.'

] TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1710.

nam justum geminâ suspendere lance  
in æquis libræ? *Pers. Sat. iv. 10.*

'st thou, with equal hand to hold the scale?  
*Dryden.*

from my own Apartment, November 13.

I have since winter erected a court of justice for the redress of several enormities in dress and behaviour, which are not cognizable in any other courts or realm; the vintner's case, which I there still fresh in every man's memory. That court also gave a general satisfaction: I mention the more important points of the proceedings in perspective; in which, if I did not give laws and decrees according to the strictest equity and justice, I can safely say, I acted as to the best of my understanding. But as to the proceedings of that court, I shall refer you to an account of them, written by my

Did we consider that the mind of a man  
man himself, we should think it the most un-  
most of self-murder to sacrifice the sometimes  
and to gratify the appetites of the body. It  
is possible that, when the necessities of  
supplied, a man would flatter to be rich, or  
want to be powerful! When we meet a poor  
waged with hunger and cold, asking an al-  
most apt to think this a state we could rather  
than submit to: but yet how much more does  
his condition, who is above necessity, a  
sufferer resign his reason and his integrity to p-  
superfluities! Both these are abject and c-  
degrading; but sure it is less despicable to be-  
gaily to a man's hunger than his vanity. But  
and general propensities have so far prevail  
an unthinking world, that those necessitous  
themselves, who cannot relish life without appli-  
themselves, and equipage, are so far from ma-  
contemptible figure, that distressed virtue  
outworn than successful vice. But if a man  
usual, in cases that regard his honour, were  
his own soul, there would be a basis and st-  
marks for our conduct, and we should always  
rather to be, than appear honourable  
Collier, in his 'Essay on Fortitude,' has treat-  
subject with great wit and magnanimity.  
says he, 'can be more honourable than to ha-  
rage enough to execute the commands of rea-  
conscience? to maintain the dignity of our  
and the station assigned us? to be proof  
poverty, pain, and death itself—I mean ex-  
not to do any thing that is scandalous or di-  
sonal them. To stand adversity under all  
with decency and resolution! To do this,  
great above title and fortune. This argues  
of a heavenly extraction, and is worthy the of  
of the Deity.'

What a generous ambition has this man  
to us! When men have settled in them-  
conviction, by such noble precepts, that t-  
nothing honourable which is not accompani-  
innocence; nothing mean but what has gail  
I say, when they have attained thus much,  
poverty, pain, and death, may still retain th-  
ness; yet riches, pleasures, and honours, will  
lose their charms, if they stand between us  
integrity.

What is here said with allusion to fortu-  
time may be as justly applied to wit and l-  
for these latter are as adventitious as the oth-  
as little concern the essence of the soul. T-  
all laudable in the man who possesses them,  
the just application of them. A bright imagi-  
while it is subservient to an honest and nob-  
as a faculty which makes a man justly admi-  
ranked, and furnishes him with reflection  
his own actions which add delicates to the  
a good conscience; but when wit descends  
upon sensual pleasures, or promote the base p-  
and ambition, it is then to be condemned in pro-  
its excellence. If a man will not rea-  
the foundation of happiness in his own  
is a bewildered and unhappy state, inco-  
ness or tranquillity. For to such a one, the  
splendours of valour, wit, nay of honesty its-  
give him but a very feeble comfort; since  
liable of being interrupted by any one who  
either understanding or good-nature to see  
knowledge such excellencies. This rule is so  
easy, that one may very safely say, it is im-  
to know any true relish of our being wid-

out you in common life among the ordinary mankind, and you will find merit in every allowed only to those who are in particular or sets of company; but, since man can find pleasure in these faculties which denominate persons of distinction, let them give up empty pursuit, and think nothing essential but what is in their own power—the joy of reflecting with pleasure on their own, however they are interpreted.

so evident a truth, that it is only in our own we are to search for any thing to make us that it is, methinks, a disgrace to our nature of taking our measures from thence only, as if of fortitude. When all is well there, the shades and distinctions of life are the mere of a drama; and he will never act his part who has his thoughts more fixed upon the approval of the audience than the design of his part.

life of a man who acts with a steady intention without valuing the interpretation of his actions has but one uniform regular path to move in, he cannot meet opposition, or fear ambuscade. On other side, the least deviation from the rules our introduces a train of numberless evils, involves him in inexplicable mazes. He that strayed into guilt has bid adieu to rest; and criminal has his share of the misery expressed pathetically in the tragedian,

Macbeth shall sleep no more!

was with detestation of every other grandeur the calm command of his own passions, that the great Mr. Cowley cries out with so much justice:

For ambition did my fancy cheat  
With any thought so mean as to be great,  
Continue, heaven, still from me to remove  
My humble blessings of that life I love!

[2.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1710.

Erratur et prisci Catonis  
pe mero caluise virtus. *Hor. 3 Od. xxi. 11.*

of old,  
to's virtue, we are told,  
ten with a bumper glow'd  
and with social raptures flow'd. *Francis.*

From my own Apartment, November 17.

following letter, and several others to the purpose, accuse me of a rigour of which I am now being guilty, to wit, the disallowing the use of wine

From my Country house,  
MR. BICKERSTAFF, October 25.

ur discourse against drinking, in Tuesday's I like well enough in the main; but, in my opinion, you are become too rigid, where you this effect: "Were there only this single erration, that we are the less masters of ourselves if we drink the least proportion beyond the use of thirst." I hope no one drinks wine to his appetite. This seems to be designed for an indulgence of nature; for it were hard to say that the Author of Nature, who imposed on her her necessities and pains, does not allow her proper pleasures; and we may reckon among these the moderate use of the grape. Though I much against excess, or whatever approaches yourself; yet I conceive one may safely go rather than the bounds you there prescribe, not

Mr. Franchetto immediately drew his sword, and, holding it with the point towards his own body, presented it to the Censor. Mr. Dickersstaff received it; and, after having surveyed the breadth of the blade, and sharpness of the point, with more than ordinary attention, returned it to the foreman in a very graceful manner. The rest of the jury, upon the delivery of the sword to their foreman, drew all of them together as one man, and saluted the bench with such an air, as signified the most resigned submission to those who commanded them, and the greatest magnanimity to execute what they should command.

Mr. Dickersstaff, after having received the compliments on his right hand, cast his eye upon the left, where the whole female jury paid their respects by a low courtesy, and by laying their hands upon their mouths. Their forewoman was a professed Episcopist, and had spent much of her time in exhorting the sex to set a just value upon their persons, and to make the men know themselves.

There followed a profound silence, when at length, after some recollection, the Censor, who continued hitherto uncovered, put on his hat with great dignity; and, after having composed the brims of it in a manner suitable to the gravity of his character, he gave the following charge; which was received with silence and attention, that being the only applause which he admits of, or is ever given in his presence:

‘The nature of my office, and the solemnity of this occasion, requiring that I should open my first session with a speech, I shall cast what I have to say under two principal heads.

‘Under the first I shall endeavour to show the necessity and usefulness of this new-erected court; and under the second, I shall give a word of advice and instruction to every constituent part of it.

‘As for the first, it is well observed by Phædrus, a heathen poet:

*Nisi utile est quod facimus, frustra est gloria.*

‘Which is the same, ladies, as if I should say, it would be of no reputation for me to be president of a court which is of no benefit to the public.

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a most pernicious circumstance in this  
 at the man who suffers the injury must  
 f upon the same foot of danger with him  
 & before he can have his just revenge; an  
 mishment is altogether accidental, and  
 s well upon the innocent as the guilty. I  
 only mention a case which happens fre-  
 quently among the more polite nations of the world,  
 [the rather mention, because both sexes are  
 in it, and which, therefore, you gentle-  
 you ladies of the jury, will the rather  
 of; I mean, that great and known case  
 om. Supposing the person who has suf-  
 fered in his dearer and better half; suppos-  
 ing this person should resent the injuries  
 his tender wife; what is the reparation  
 expected? Why, to be used worse than his  
 -run through the body, and left breathless  
 bed of honour. What then, will you on  
 hand say, must the man do that is af-  
 fected? Must our sides be elbowed, our shins  
 Must the wall, or perhaps our mistress,  
 ruin us? May a man knit his forehead  
 on, toss up his arm, or pish at what we  
 must the villain live after it? Is there no  
 injured honour? Yes, gentlemen, that  
 of the judicature we have here esta-

of conscience, we very well know, was  
 ted for the determining of several points  
 /, that were too little and trivial for the  
 of higher courts of justice. In the  
 er, our court of honour is appointed for  
 ation of several niceties and punctilios,  
 to pass for wrongs in the eye of our com-

But notwithstanding no legislators of  
 have taken into consideration these little  
 ces, they are such as often lead to crimes  
 for their inspection, though they come  
 too late for their redress.

I appeal to you, ladies, (*here Mr. Black-  
 ed to his left hand*) if these are not the  
 s and thorns in life, that make it more  
 a its most substantial evils? Confess in-  
 did you never lose a morning's devotion  
 could not offer them up from the highest  
 be pew? Have you not been in pain  
 wall, because another has been taken out  
 before you? Do you love any of your  
 such as those who are below you? Or,  
 ny favourites that walk on your right  
 a have answered me in your looks; I  
 do.

Now to the second part of my discourse,  
 per me to address myself in particular to  
 five members of the court, in which I  
 y brief

You, gentlemen and ladies, my assistants  
 uries, I have made choice of you on my  
 because I know you very jealous of your  
 d you on my left, because I know you  
 concerned for the reputation of others:  
 reason I expect great exactness and im-  
 your verdicts and judgments.

In the next place, address myself to you,  
 of the council: you all know that I have  
 you for your knowledge in the litigious  
 law; but because you have all of you  
 right duels, of which I have reason to  
 be repented, as being now settled in the  
 into of bochers. My advice to you is  
 your pleadings you will be short and

Et timide verba intus habet

Out

'And try'd his tongue, his silence :

'At about half-a-mile's distance from heard the groanings of a bear, which : as ; but, upon inquiry, we were inform our company that he was dead, and not having been killed upon that very spot night before, in the time of the frost. the same place, we were likewise and some posthumous snarls and barkings

'We at length arrived at the little ment ; and, upon entering the room, with sighs that smelt of brandy, and unsavoury sounds, that were altogether My valet, who was an Irishman, fell in rage at what he heard, that he drew his not knowing where to lay the blame, again. We were stunned with these cries but did not hear a single word until about after ; which I ascribed to the harsh sounds of that language, which wanted then ours to melt and become audible.

'After having here met with a very scene, we went to the cabin of the French make amends for their three weeks' : talking and disputing with greater raptidation than I ever heard in an assembly, nation. Their language, as I found, giving of the weather, fell asunder and was here convinced of an error into which I fell : for I fancied, that for the first second, it was necessary for it to be wrong as it were, preserved in breath : but I felt take when I heard the sound of a kit play over our heads. I asked the occasion which one of the company told me that there above a week longer ; "for," saying ourselves bereft of speech, we prevailed of the company, who had his musick about him, to play to us from morning which time we employed in dancing, in spite our chagrin, *et tunc le temps.*"

Here Sir John gives very good philosophy as to why the kit could not be heard but, as they are something prolix, I pass in silence, and shall only observe, that his author seems, by his quotations, to be versed in the ancient poets, which gives his fancy above the ordinary pitch of his very much contributed to the embellish writings.

No. 255.] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER

— Nec te tua plurima, Panthen,  
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis insu-

Virg. A

Guess course the last, the red'ning  
Slides off reluctant, with his meaning  
Dress, letters, wit, and merit, plead :  
For bear he must, indignity and pain

From my own Apartment, November

'To the Censor of Great Britain

'Sir,

'I am at present under very great  
which it is not in the power of any one, I  
suff, to redress. Whether or no you sh  
proper case to come before your court



not tell; but thus it is: I am chaplain to an honourable family, very regular at the hours of devotion, and, I hope, of an unblameable life; but for offering to rise at the second course, I found my patron and his lady very sullen and out of humour, though at first I did not know the reason of it. At length, when I happened to help myself to a jelly, the lady of the house, otherwise a devout woman, told me that it did not become a man of my cloth to delight in such frivolous food: but as I still continued to sit out the last course, I was yesterday informed by the butler that his lordship had no further occasion for my service. All which is humbly submitted to your consideration by,

'Sir, your most humble servant, &c.'

The case of this gentleman deserves pity, especially as he loves sweetmeats, to which, if I may guess by his letter, he is no enemy. In the mean time, I have often wondered at the indecency of discharging the ablest man from the table as soon as the most delicious parts of the entertainment are served up, and could never conceive a reason for so absurd a custom. Is it because a liquorish palate, or a sweet tooth, as they call it, is not consistent with the sanctity of his character? This is but a trifling pretence. No man, of the most rigid virtue, gives offence by any excesses in plum-pudding or plum-porridge, and that because they are the first parts of the dinner. Is there anything that tends to incitation in sweetmeats more than in ordinary dishes? Certainly not. Sugar-plums are a very innocent diet, and conserves of a much colder nature than your common pickles. I have sometimes thought that the ceremony of the chaplain's flying away from the dessert was typical and figurative, to mark out to the company how they ought to retire from all the luscious baits of temptation, and deny their appetites the gratifications that are most pleasing to them; or, at least, to signify that we ought to stint ourselves in our most lawful satisfactions, and not make our pleasure, but our support, the end of eating. But most certainly, if such a lesson of temperance had been necessary at a table, our clergy would have recommended it to all the laymasters of families, and not have disturbed other men's tables with such unreasonable examples of abstinence. The original, therefore, of this barbarous custom, I take to have been merely accidental. The chaplain retired, out of pure complaisance, to make room for the removal of the dishes, or possibly for arranging of the dessert. This by degrees grew to a duty, until at length, as the fashion improved, a good man found himself cut off from the third part of the entertainment; and, if the arrogance of his patron goes on, it is not impossible but, in the next generation, he may see himself reduced to the eleventh, or tenth dish of the table; a sufficient caution not to part with any privilege we are once possessed of.

It was usual for the priest in old times to feast upon the sacrifice, nay the honey-cake, while the hungry laity looked upon him with great devotion; or, as the late lord Rochester describes it, in a very lively manner,

And while the priest did eat, the people star'd.  
The present custom is inverted; the laity feast, while the priest stands by as an humble spectator. This necessarily puts a good man upon making great ravages on all the dishes that stand near him; and distinguishing himself by voraciousness of appetite, knowing that his time is short. I would fain ask these stiff-necked patrons, whether they would not like it ill of a chaplain that in his grace after meat should return thanks for the whole entertainment,

'that the prosecutor was bound in his  
the sun shine through the criminal,' or,  
wards explained themselves, 'to whip  
the lungs.'

The Censor, knitting his brows into  
looking very sternly upon the jury,  
pause, gave them to know, 'that it  
erected for the finding out of penalties  
fences, and to restrain the outrages of  
tice, and that he expected they should in  
verdict.' The jury therefore retired, a  
king to comply with the advices of the  
an hour's conversation, delivered the  
follows:

'That, in consideration this was P  
first offence, and that there did not appe  
propens in it—as also that he lived in  
tion among his neighbours, and that h  
wall was only *se defendendo*, the prose  
let him escape with life, and content him  
slitting of his nose and the cutting off b  
Mr. Bickerstaff, smiling upon the court  
'that he thought the punishment, even u  
sent mitigation, too severe; and that a  
might be of ill consequence in a trading  
therefore pronounced sentence against  
in the following manner: 'that his *he*  
the instrument of offence, should be for  
court; that the criminal should go to th  
from whence he came, and thence, as occ  
require, proceed to the Exchange, or  
coffee-house, in what manner he pleas  
neither he, nor any of the family of t  
should hereafter appear in the streets of  
of their coaches, that so the foot-way m  
open and undisturbed for their betters.'

Dathan, a peddling Jew, and T. R—  
man, were indicted by the keeper of an  
Westminster, for breaking the peace and  
ea mugs, in a dispute about the antiqui  
families, to the great detriment of the  
disturbance of the whole neighbourhood  
said for himself, 'that he was provoked  
Welshman, who pretended that the We  
ancienter people than the Jews; where  
'I can show by this genealogy in my h  
am the son of Meshech, that was the son  
that was the son of Shalem that was the s  
The Welshman here interrupted him, ar  
'that he could produce *shennalogy* as v  
self;' for 'that he was John ap Rice, a  
ap Shones.' He then turned himself to  
and told him in the same broken accen  
much warmth, 'that the Jew would ne  
that king Cadwallader was younger than  
Mr. Bickerstaff seemed very much inclin  
sentence against Dathan, as being a Jew  
ing reasons, by some expressions which t  
man set fall in asserting the antiquity of  
to suspect that the said Welshman was a l  
ite, he suffered the jury to go out, witho  
vious admonition. After some time they  
and gave their verdict, 'that it appeari  
sons at the bar did neither of them we  
and that consequently they had no right  
upon a point of honour; to prevent suc  
appeals for the future, they should both o  
tomed in the same blanket, and there adj  
teriority as they could agree on it betw  
selves.' The Censor confirmed the verdict.

Richard Newman was indicted by maj  
for having used the words, 'perhaps it is

dispute with the said major. The major urged, the word *perhaps* was questioning his veracity; that it was an indirect manner of giving 'may be.' Richard Newman had nothing more to say himself, than that 'he intended no such thing!' threw himself upon the mercy of the court. The jury brought in their verdict special.  
 Mr. Bickerstaff stood up, and, after having cast eyes over the whole assembly, hemmed thrice. Then acquainted them, 'that he had laid down a rule to himself, which he was resolved never to depart from, and which, as he conceived, would very much conduce to the shortening the business of the court: I mean,' says he, 'never to allow of the liberty given by construction, implication, or induction, but by the sole use of the word itself.' He then proceeded to show the great mischiefs that had arisen to the English nation from that pernicious monosyllable; that it had bred the most fatal quarrels between the dearest friends; that it had frequently misled the guards, and made great havoc in the army; that it sometimes weakened the city trained-bands; and, in a word, had destroyed many of the best men in the isle of Great Britain. For the prevention of which evils for the future, he instructed the jury to present the word *itself* as a nuisance in the English tongue; and further promised them, that he would, upon such their preferment, publish the verdict of the court, for the entire banishment and exclusion of it out of the discourses and conversation of all civil societies.

This is a true copy.

CHARLES LILLER.

Monday next is set apart for the trial of several male causes.

J.B. The case of the hassock will come on between the hours of nine and ten.

#### . 257.] THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 30, 1710.

n nova fert animus mutatas dicere formas

Corpora: Dii, coëptis, nam vos mutastis et illas.

aspire meis!— Ovid. Met. i. l.

If bodies changed to various forms I sing:

O ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,  
 Assist me in this arduous task!—

From my own Apartment, November 29.

EVERY nation is distinguished by productions that are peculiar to it. Great Britain is particularly fruitful in religions, that shoot up and flourish in this climate more than in any other. We are so famous abroad for our great variety of sects and opinions, that an ingenious friend of mine, who is lately returned from his travels, assures me, there is now at this time carried up and down in Germany, which represents all the religions of Great Britain in wax-work. Notwithstanding that the artifice of the matter, in which the images are wrought, makes it capable of being moulded into all shapes and figures; my friend tells me, that he did think it possible for it to be twisted and tortured into so many screwed faces, and wry features, as appeared in several of the figures that composed the work. I was indeed so pleased with the design of the German artist, that I begged my friend to give me an account of it in all its particulars, which he did after the following manner.

'I have often,' says he, 'been present at a show of elephants, camels, dromedaries, and other strange creatures, but I never saw so great an assembly of talents as were met together at the opening of

will, Christian names, to almost every thing I replaced the book in the hand of the I without admiring the simplicity of its garb and behaviour.

Just opposite to this row of religions, a statue dressed in a fool's coat with a cap upon his head, laughing and pointing at that stood before him. This idiot is supposed in his heart what David's fool did some thousands years ago, and was therefore designed as representative of those among us who Atheists and Infidels by others, and Freethinkers themselves.

There were many other groups of figures I did not know the meaning of; but seeing that of both sexes turning their backs to company, and laying their heads very close together I inquired after their religion, and found called themselves the Philadelphians, or Friends of Love.

In the opposite corner there sat another congregation of strange figures, open mouths as wide as they could gape, and distended by the title of the sweet singers of Israel.

I must not omit, that in this assembly there were several pieces that moved by clockwork and gave great satisfaction to the spectators. In the midst of the crowd stood one of the most beautiful figures, which, as the people were each of them the genius of the thing they attended. That behind Popery represented persecution, and the other moderation. These moved by secret springs towards a group of dead bodies that lay piled upon one another at a considerable distance behind the principal figures. There were written on the foreheads of the men, several hard words, as, *Pro-Adamites, Serpents, Cameronians, Muggletonians, Brownists, Comenians*, and the like. At the sound of persecution, it was so contrived, that as up her bloody flag, the whole assembly upon, like those in the "Rehearsal," started drew their swords. This was followed by clashing and noise, when, in the midst of the tumult, the figure of moderation moved gently through this new army, which, upon her holding up in her hand, inscribed "Liberty of conscience" immediately fell into a heap of carcasses, resuming the same quiet posture, in which they lay.

#### No. 268.] SATURDAY, DECEMBER

*Occidit miseros crumbe repetita—*

*Juv. Sat.*

*The same stale viands, serv'd up o'er  
The stomach nauseates—*

*From my own Apartment, December*

WHEN a man keeps a constant table, I allowed sometimes to serve up a cold dish or toss up the fragments of a feast in a room. I have sometimes, in a scarcity of provisions, been obliged to take the same kind of liberty, to entertain my reader with the leavings of a feast. I must this day have recourse to the same, and beg my guests to sit down to a kind of *frugal* dinner. To let the metaphor rest; I intersperse this paper with a bundle of letters, on subjects on which I have formerly treated; I ordered my bookseller to print, at the end of the letter, the minutes with which I intended the first perusal of it.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

Nov. 22, 1710.

sing yesterday with Mr. South-British and Mr. North-Briton, two gentlemen, who, before I was, were known by the name of English, and Mr. William Scott; among things, the maid of the house, who, in her I believe may have been a North-British ag-pan, brought us up a dish of North-British s. We liked our entertainment very well; we observed the table-cloth, being not so fine as could have wished, was North-British cloth. The worst of it was, we were disturbed all dinner-time by the noise of the children, who were playing in the paved court at North-British hoppers; we paid our North-Briton sooner than we desired, and took coach to North-Briton Yard, which place most of us live. We had indeed a-foot, only we were under some apprehensions North-British mist should wet a South-British to the skin.

We think this matter properly expressed, according to the accuracy of the new style, settled by you in your late papers. You will please to give opinion upon it to,

'Sir, your most humble Servants,

'J. S.

'M. P.

'N. R.'

so if this letter be conformable to the directions in the Tatler above-mentioned.

'To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esquire.

SIR,

Kent, Nov. 22, 1710.

A gentleman in my neighbourhood, who happens to be brother to a lord, though neither his nor grandfather were so, is perpetually making use of this phrase, "a person of my quality," has it in his mouth fifty times a-day, to his lazers, his servants, his children, his tenants, and neighbours. Wet or dry, at home or abroad, sick or sober, angry or pleased, it is the constant tenor of his style. Sir, as you are Censor of Great Britain, as you value the repose of a loyal subject, and the reputation of my neighbour, I beg you will take this cruel grievance into your consideration; else, for my own particular, I am resolved to give up my farms, sell my stock, and remove my wife and seven children next spring to the south or Berwick, if my strength will permit being brought into a very weak condition. I am, with great respect, sir, your most obedient and longing servant, &c.'

that this be referred to the Court of Honour.

'MR. BICKERSTAFF,

I am a young lady of a good fortune, and at present invested by several lovers, who lay close to me, and carry on their attacks with all possible diligence. I know which of them has the first claim in my own heart, but would freely cross my inclinations to make choice of the man who loves me best; which it is impossible for me to know, for them pretending to an equal passion for me. I therefore beg of you, dear Mr. Bickerstaff, lend me your Ithuriel's spear, in order to touch the troop of rivals; after which I will most faithfully return it to you again, with the greatest gratitude.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

very I. What figure doth this lady think her

say for himself, but 'that he talked only in trade, and meant no hurt by what he said; jury, however, found him guilty, and repressed their forewoman, that such discourses were silly the imagination; and that, by a conceit of ideas, the word *liars* implied many things were not proper to be stirred up in the woman who was of the prosecutor's quality. therefore gave it as their verdict, 'that the draper should lose his tongue.' Mr. Bicker he thought the prosecutor's ears were as blame as the prisoner's tongue, and therefore sentence as follows: 'that they should both lie over-against one another in the midst of the there to remain for the space of one quarter hour, during which time the linen-draper was gagged, and the lady to hold her hands close both her ears;' which was executed accordingly.

Edward Callicot was indicted as an accessary to Charles Cambric, for that he, the said Callicot, did, by his silence and smiles, see prove and abet the said Charles Cambric thing he said. It appeared, that the prisoner foreman of the shop to the aforesaid Charles Cambric, and, by this post, obliged to smile thing that the other should be pleased to say which he was acquitted.

Joseph Shallow was indicted in the name Winifred, sole relict of Richard Dainty, etc. having said several times in company, and hearing of several persons there present, was extremely obliged to the widow Dainty, he should never be able sufficiently to express gratitude.' The prosecutor urged, that the last her reputation, and that it was in boasting of favours which he had never seen. The prisoner seemed to be much astonished construction which was put upon his words said, 'that he meant nothing by them, but widow had befriended him in a lease, and was kind to his younger sister.' The jury find a little weak in his understanding, without out of the court, brought in their verdict *guilty*.

Urrula Goodenough was accused by Betty Wou'dbe, for having said, that she, Betty Wou'dbe, was painted. The prisoner several persons of good credit to witness reputation, and proved, by undeniable evidence she was never at the place where the words said to have been uttered. The Censor, on the behaviour of the prosecutor, found reasonable, that she had indicted the prisoner for reason, but to make her complexion be taken of; which indeed was very fresh and beautiful therefore asked the offender, with a very steady how she could presume to spread so groundless port? and whether she saw any colours in Wou'dbe's face that could procure credit to falsehood? 'Do you see,' says he, 'any roses in her cheeks, any bloom, any prob? The prosecutor, not able to bear such length longer, told him, 'that he talked like a fool, and that she was ashamed to have on any opinion of his wisdom: but she was hence, and sentenced 'to wear her mask muffled, and not to presume to show her face the court shall be empty.'

Benjamin Bunker, esquire, was indicted for seducing the Miss Everbloom at a public house the Miss Everbloom, well for a woman of her years, and for denying the fact, and persisting

rt that he looked upon it as a compliment,  
brought him in *non compos mentis*.  
ourt then adjourned to Monday, the eleventh

vera.

CHARLES LILLIE.

1.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1710.

cuicumque datum est habere nasum. *Mart.*

ie, 'tis said, shows both our scorn and pride;  
: that feature is to some deny'd. *R. Wynn.*

*From my own Apartment, December 6.*

have a very learned and elaborate dissertation  
umbs in Montaigne's essays, and another  
urs in the 'Tale of a Tub.' I am here going  
one upon noses, having chosen for my text  
owing verses out of Hudibras:

So learned Taliacotius from  
The brawny part of porter's bum  
Cut supplemental noses, which  
Lasted as long as parent breech;  
But when the date of nock was out,  
Off dropp'd the sympathetic snout.

*Hudibras, part i. canto i. line 281.*

withstanding that there is nothing obscene in  
I knowledge, and that I intend to give as lit-  
ence as may be to readers of a well-bred ima-  
ne; I must, for my own quiet, desire the  
who in all things have been famous for good  
to refrain from the lecture of this curious

These gentlemen were formerly marked out  
istinguished by the little rhinocercal nose,  
was always looked upon as an instrument of  
n; and which they were used to cock, toss, or  
up in a contemptuous manner, upon reading  
rks of their ingenious contemporaries. It is  
erefore, for this generation of men that I  
he present transaction,

—Minus aptus acutis  
ibus horum hominum—

*Hor.*

Unfit

the brisk petulance of modern wit: *Francis.*

the sake of some of my philosophical friends  
*Royal Society* who peruse discourses of this  
with a becoming gravity, and a desire of im-  
g by them.

ly are the opinions of learned men concerning  
e of that fatal distemper, which has always  
particular pleasure in venting its spite upon

I have seen a little burlesque poem in  
that gives a very pleasant account of this

The fable of it runs thus: Mars, the god  
having served during the siege of Naples in  
e of a French colonel, received a visit one  
rom Venus, the goddess of love, who had  
ways his professed mistress and admirer. The  
ys, she came to him in the disguise of a sut-  
ench, with a bottle of brandy under her arm.  
t be as it will, he managed matters so well,  
e went away big-bellied, and was at length  
t to bed of a little Cupid. This boy, whether  
y reason of any bad food that his father had  
uring the siege, or of any particular malig-  
the stars that reigned at his nativity, came in-  
world with a very sickly look, and crazy con-  
n. As soon as he was able to handle his bow  
de discoveries of a most perverse disposition.  
ped all his arrows in poison that rotted every  
hey touched; and, what was more particular,  
all his shafts at the nose, quite contrary to

bible medicines of doctors useful in their generation, though much below the character of the renowned Talmacotins. But, upon a nice calculation of the successes of such adepts, I find their labours tend mostly to the enriching only one sort of men, that is to say, the society of upholders. From this observation, and many others which occur to me when I am numbering the good people of Great Britain, I cannot but favour any proposal which tends to repairing the losses we sustain by eminent cures. The best I have met with in this kind, has been offered to my consideration, and recommended, in a letter subscribed Thomas Clement. The title to his printed articles runs thus: 'By the profitable society at the Wheat-sheaf, over against Tom's coffee-house, in Russell-street, Covent-Garden, new proposals for promoting a contribution towards raising two hundred and fifty pounds, to be made on the baptizing of any infant born in wedlock.' The plan is laid with such proper regulations, as serve, to such as fall in with it for the sake of their posterity, all the uses, without any of the inconveniencies of settlements. By this means, such whose fortunes depend upon their own industry or personal qualifications, need not be deterred, by fear of poverty, from that state which nature and reason prescribe to us, as the fountain of the greatest happiness in human life. The Censors of Rome had power vested in them to lay taxes on the unmarried; and I think I cannot show my impartiality better, than in inquiring into the extravagant privileges my brother bachelors enjoy, and fining them accordingly. I shall not allow a single life in one sex to be reproached, and held in esteem in the other. It would not, methinks, be amiss, if an old bachelor, who lives in contempt of matrimony, were obliged to give a portion to an old maid who is willing to enter into it. At the same time I must allow, that those who can plead courtship, and were unjustly rejected, shall not be liable to the pains and penalties of celibacy. But such as pretend an aversion to the whole sex, because they were ill-treated by a particular female, and cover their sense of disappointment in women under a contempt of their favour, shall be proceeded against as bachelors convict. I am not with-

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I was going on in the consideration of this good which Mr. Clement proposes to do his country, I received the following letter, which seems to be moved by a like modest and public spirit, that makes me also in its design of obliging mankind:

MR. HICKERSTAFF,

I have the royal lottery for a million and a half, I have the good fortune of obtaining a prize. From before the drawing I had devoted a fifth of whatever I might arise to me for charitable uses. Accordingly, I have troubled you with my request and commission of placing half-a-dozen youths with Mr. More, wig-master, in Castle-street, to whom, it is said, we have all the fine devices, flourishes, and the comings of all the plates, for the drawing and paying skits. Be pleased, therefore, good sir, to find me leisure for complying therewith, for I would appear concerned in this small matter.

'I am very much,

'Your humble servant, &c.'

It is no small pleasure to observe that, in the midst of every degenerate age, there are still spirits which preserve their natural dignity, and pursue the good of fellow-creatures: some in making themselves useful by professed service, some by secret generosity.

I am at liberty to discover even all the good of many men living at this time, there would be nothing but a suitable historian, to make them as illustrious as any of the noblest of the ancients, the Greeks or Romans. The cunning some have to do handsome and worthy actions, the address men services, and escape their notice, has produced so many surprising incidents, which have been before me during my censorship, as, in the opinion of posterity, would absolve this age of all its faults and follies. I know no way to deal with such minds as these, but by assuring them that, if they cease to do good, I shall tell all the good they have done already. Let, therefore, the benefactors to the youths above-mentioned continue such as, upon pain of being publicly praised. But there is no probability of his running into that hazard for a strong habit of virtue can make men shun the receiving the acknowledgments due to merit, until they are out of a capacity of receiving them. I am so very much charmed with success of this kind, that I have made a collection of memorable handsome things done by private persons in my time. As a specimen of my manner of such actions, take the following fragment, out of a more, which is written in my year-book, on a remarkable will of a gentleman, whom I shall call Celamico.

It is today died that plain and excellent man, my honoured friend, Celamico, who bequeathed his estate to a gentleman no way related to him, whom he had given no such expectation in his lifetime.

He was a person of a very enlarged soul, and that the nearest relation among men to be the resonance of their minds and sentiments. He was mistaken in the worth of his successor, who received the news of his unexpected good fortune with that showed him less moved with the benefit than the loss of the benefactor.

#### ADVERTISEMENT.

Notice is hereby given, that on Monday, the 14th instant, the case of the visit comes on, before the hours of ten and eleven, at the Court of King's Bench; where both persons are to attend, the matter is not being to be understood as a visit, and

No. 263.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1710.

Minima contenes nocte Britannos.

Juv. Sat. ii. 161.

Britons contented with the shortest night.

*From my own Apartment, December 13.*

AN old friend of mine being lately come to town, I went to see him on Tuesday last about eight o'clock in the evening, with a design to sit with him an hour or two, and talk over old stories; but, upon enquiry after him, I found he was gone to bed. The next morning, as soon as I was up and dressed, and had despatched a little business, I came again to my friend's house about eleven o'clock, with a design to renew my visit; but upon asking for him, his servant told me he was just sat down to dinner. In short, I found that my old-fashioned friend religiously adhered to the example of his forefathers, and observed the same hours that had been kept in the family ever since the conquest.

It is very plain, that the night was much longer formerly in this island than it is at present. By the night, I mean that portion of time which nature has thrown into darkness, and which the wisdom of mankind had formerly dedicated to rest and silence. This used to begin at eight o'clock in the evening, and conclude at six in the morning. The curfew, or eight o'clock bell, was the signal throughout the nation for putting out their candles and going to bed.

Our grandmothers, though they were wont to sit up the last in the family, were all of them fast asleep at the same hours that their daughters are busy at crimp and basset. Modern statesmen are concerting schemes, and engaged in the depth of politics, at the time when their forefathers were laid down quietly to rest, and had nothing in their heads but dreams. As we have thus thrown business and pleasure into the hours of rest, and by that means made the natural night but half as long as it should be, we are forced to piece it out with a great part of the morning; so that near two-thirds of the nation lie fast asleep for

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early as he did formerly; and whether the agins to crow at his usual hour. My friend wered me, 'that his poultry are as regular as nd that all the birds and beasts of his neigh- od keep the same hours that they have ob- in the memory of man; and the same which, robability, they have kept for these five thou- ars.'

ou will see the innovations that have been among us in this particular, you may only look e hours of colleges, where they still dine at , and sup at six, which were doubtless the hours whole nation at the time when those places ounded. But at present, the courts of justice arce opened in Westminster-hall at the time William Rufus used to go to dinner in it. All as is driven forward. The landmarks of our a, if I may so call them, are removed, and d further up into the day; insomuch, that I am our clergy will be obliged, if they expect full regations, not to look anymore upon ten o'clock e morning as a canonical hour. In my own ory, the dinner has crept by degrees from twelve ck to three, and where it will fix nobody knows. have sometimes thought to draw up a memorial e behalf of Supper against Dinner—setting , that the said Dinner has made several en- chments upon the said Supper, and entered very pon his frontiers; that he has banished him out veral families, and in all has driven him from ead-quarters, and forced him to make his retreat e hours of midnight; and, in short, that he w in danger of being entirely confounded and in a breakfast. Those who have read Lucian, een the complaints of the letter *T* against *S*, account of many injuries and usurpations of ame nature, will not, I believe, think such a orial forced and unnatural. If dinner has thus postponed, or, if you please, kept back time to time, you may be sure that it has been mpliance with the other business of the day, hat supper has still observed a proportionable ice. There is a venerable proverb, which we all of us heard in our infancy, of 'putting the ren to-bed, and laying the goose to the fire.' as one of the jocular sayings of our forefa-, but may be properly used in the literal sense resent. Who would not wonder at this per- d relish of those who are reckoned the most e part of mankind, that prefer sea-coals and les to the sun, and exchange so many cheerful ing hours, for the pleasures of midnight revels ebauches? If a man was only to consult his h, he would choose to live his whole time, if ble, in daylight; and to retire out of the world silence and sleep, while the raw damps and un- esome vapours fly abroad, without a sun to dis-, moderate, or controul them. For my own I value an hour in the morning as much as non libertines do an hour at midnight. When d myself awaked into being, and perceive my enewed within me, and at the same time see the e face of nature recovered out of the dark un- ortable state in which it lay for several hours, eart overflows with such secret sentiments of nd gratitude, as are a kind of implicit praise to great Author of Nature. The mind, in these seasons of the day, is so refreshed in all its ties, and borne up with such new supplies of al spirits, that she finds herself in a state of h, especially when she is entertained with the h of flowers, the melody of birds, the dewa that

he exceeds that time, it shall be lawful for any of the company to look upon the watch, or to call him down to order.

Provided, however, that if any one can make appear he is turned of threescore, he may take two or, if he pleases, three rounds of the watch without giving offence. Provided, also, that this rule be not construed to extend to the fair sex, who shall be at liberty to talk by the ordinary watch that is now in use. I would likewise earnestly recommend this little automaton, which may be easily carried in the pocket without any incumbrance, to all such as are troubled with this infirmity of speech—that upon pulling out their watches, they may have frequent occasion to consider what they are doing, and by this means cut the thread of the story short, and hurry to a conclusion. I shall only add, that this watch with a paper of directions how to use it, is sold at Charles Lillie's.

I am afraid a Tatler will be thought a very improper paper to censure this humour of being talkative; but I would have my readers know, that there is a great difference between *tattle* and *loquacity*, as I shall show at large in a following lucubration; it being my design to throw away a candle upon that subject, in order to explain the whole art of tattling in all its branches and subdivisions.

No. 265.] TUESDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1710

Arbiter hic igitur factus de lite jocosa.

Ovid. Met. iii. 331.

——— Him therefore they create

The sov'reign umpire of their droll debate.

*Continuation of the Journal of the Court of Honour, &c.*

As soon as the court was sat, the ladies of the bench presented, according to order, a table of all the laws now in force relating to visits and visiting days, methodically digested under their respective heads, which the Censor ordered to be laid upon the table, and afterwards proceeded upon the business of the day.

Henry Headless, esquire, was indicted by colonel Touchy, of her majesty's trained-bands, upon an ac-

; and that every touch of it, with anything made in the fashion of a cane, was to be interpreted as a violation of the person's honour in that part, and a violation of the person's honour who received it. Mr. Heedless replied, 'that what he had done was out of kindness to the prosecutor, as not thinking it proper for him to appear at the head of the trained-bands with a feather upon his forehead;' and further added, 'that the stick he had in use of on this occasion was so very small, that the prosecutor could not have felt it had he broken it on his shoulders.' The censor hereupon directed the jury to examine into the nature of the staff, for a great deal would depend upon that particular. On which he explained to them the different degrees of offence that might be given by the touch of a holly-tree from that of cane, and by the touch of cane from that of a plain hazel stick. The jury, after a short perusal of the staff, declared their opinion by the mouth of their foreman, 'that the substance of the staff was British oak.' The censor then observed; that there was some dust on the skirts of the criminal's coat, ordered the prosecutor to beat it off with the aforesaid oaken plant; 'and thus,' said the censor, 'I shall decide this cause by the law of retaliation. If Mr. Heedless did the colonel a good office, the colonel will by this means return it in kind; if Mr. Heedless should at any time boast that he had cudgelled the colonel, or laid his staff over his shoulders, the colonel might boast, in his turn, that he had brushed Mr. Heedless's jacket, or, to use the phrase of an ingenious author, that he has rubbed it down with an oaken towel.'

Benjamin Busy, of London, merchant, was indicted by Jasper Tattle, esquire, for having pulled out his watch, and looked upon it thrice while the said esquire Tattle was giving him an account of the funeral of the said esquire Tattle's first wife. The prisoner alleged in his defence, that he was going to buy clocks at the time when he met the prosecutor; and that, during the story of the prosecutor, the said clocks rose above two per cent. to the great detriment of the prisoner. The prisoner further brought several witnesses to prove that the said Jasper Tattle, esquire, was a most notorious story-teller; that, before he met the prisoner, he had hindered one of the prisoner's acquaintances from the pursuit of his lawful business, with the account of his second marriage; that he had detained another by the button of his coat that very morning, until he had heard several sayings and contrivances of the prosecutor's eldest son, who was a boy about five years of age. On the whole matter, Mr. Bickerstaff dismissed the prosecution as frivolous, and sentenced the prosecutor to pay damages to the prisoner, for what the prisoner lost by giving him so long and patient a hearing. The judge further reprimanded the prosecutor very severely, and told him 'that if he proceeded in his usual manner to interrupt the business of mankind, he had set a fine upon him for every quarter of an hour's impertinence, and regulate the said fine according as the time of the person so injured should be more or less precious.'

For Paul Swash, knight, was indicted by Peter Double, gentleman, for not returning the bow which he received of the said Peter Double, on Wednesday sixteenth instant, at the playhouse in the Hay-market.

The prisoner denied the receipt of any such bow, and alleged in his defence, that, the prosecutor had oftentimes look full in his face, but that when he looked to the said prosecutor, he would take notice of it, or bow to somebody else that sat quite on the other side of him. He likewise alleged that severe-

you believe it, Isaac, was now reading a romance with spectacles on. The first compliments over, as she was industriously endeavouring to enter upon conversation, a violent fit of coughing seized her. This awaked Shock, and in a trice the whole room was in an uproar; for the dog barked, the squirrel squealed, the monkey chattered, the parrot screamed, and Ursula, to appease them, was more clamorous than all the rest. You, Isaac, who know how any harsh noise affects my head, may guess what I suffered from the hideous din of these discordant sounds. At length all was appeased, and quiet restored: a chair was drawn for me; where I was no sooner seated, but the parrot fixed his horny beak, as sharp as a pair of sheers, in one of my heels, just above the shoe. I sprung from the place with an unusual agility, and so, being within the monkey's reach, he snatches off my new bob-wig, and throws it upon two apples that were roasting by a sullen sea-coal fire. I was nimble enough to save it from any further damage than singing the fore-top. I put it on; and composing myself as well as I could, I drew my chair towards the other side of the chimney. The good lady, as soon as she had recovered breath, employed it in making a thousand apologies, and, with great eloquence, and a numerous train of words, lamented my misfortune. In the middle of her harangue, I felt something scratching near my knee, and feeling what it should be, found the squirrel had got into my coat pocket. As I endeavoured to remove him from his burrow, he made his teeth meet through the fleshy part of my fore-finger. This gave me inexpressible pain. The Hungary water was immediately brought to bathe it, and gold-beater's skin applied to stop the blood. The lady renewed her excuses; but being now out of all patience, I abruptly took my leave, and hobbling down with needless haste, I set my foot full in a pail of water, and down we came to the bottom together.' Here my friend concluded his narrative, and, with a composed countenance, I began to make him compliments of condolence; but he started from his chair, and said, 'Isaac, you may spare your speeches, I expect no reply. When I told you this, I knew you would laugh at me; but

of several orders in the Romish church to shut themselves up at a certain time of the year, not only the world in general, but from the members of their own fraternity; and to pass away several days of themselves in settling accounts between their consciences and their own souls, in cancelling unrepented sins, and renewing their contracts of obedience for the future. Such stated times for particular devotion, or the exercise of certain religious duties, have been enjoined in all civil governments, wherever deity they worshipped, or whatever religion they professed. That which may be done at times, is often totally neglected and forgotten, and is fixed and determined to some time more than once; and therefore, though several duties may be suitable to every day of our lives, they are mostly to be performed, if some days are more particularly set apart for the practice of them. Our church has accordingly instituted several seasons of devotion, when time, custom, prescription, and, if I so say, the fashion itself, call upon a man to be serious, and attentive to the great end of his being. I have hinted in some former papers, that the best and wisest of men in all ages and countries, particularly in Rome and Greece, were renowned for piety and virtue. It is now my intention to shew, how those in our own nation that have been unquestionably the most eminent for learning and industry were likewise the most eminent for their reverence to the religion of their country.

It might produce very shining examples from among the clergy; but because priestcraft is the common sin of every cavilling, empty scribbler, I shall show

all the laymen who have exerted a more than ordinary genius in their writings, and were the glory of their times, were men whose hopes were filled with immortality and the prospect of future rewards, and men who lived in a dutiful submission to the doctrines of revealed religion.

I shall, in this paper, only instance sir Francis Bacon, a man who, for greatness of genius, and vastness of knowledge, did honour to his age and country; I could almost say to human nature itself. He possessed at once all those extraordinary talents, which were divided amongst the greatest authors of antiquity. He had the sound, distinct, comprehensive knowledge of Aristotle, with all the beautiful expressions, graces, and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know which to admire most in his writings; the strength of reason, force of style, or brightness of imagination.

His author has remarked in several parts of his works, that a thorough insight into philosophy makes a true believer, and that a smattering in it naturally produces such a race of despicable infidels as the profligate writers of the present age, whom, I confess, I have always accused to myself, not so much for their want of faith, as their want of reasoning.

He was infinitely pleased to find, among the works of his extraordinary man, a prayer of his own composing, which, for the elevation of thought and greatness of expression, seems rather the devotion of an angel than a man. His principal fault was to have been the excess of that virtue which produces a multitude of faults. This betrayed him to treat an indulgence towards his servants, who made a corrupt use of it, that it stripped him of all his riches and honours which a long series of misdeeds had heaped upon him. But in this prayer, at the same time that we find him prostrating himself before the great mercy-seat, and humbled under af-

tedious harangues and dissertations which I utter in private circles, to the 'breaking honest tradesmen, the seducing of several citizens, the making of numberless males and to the great detriment and disquiet of josty's subjects.'

I do heartily concur with my ingenious fr the above-mentioned coffee-house in these proposals: and, because I apprehend there means to put an immediate stop to the grievous plained of, it is my intention, that, until such the aforesaid pulpits can be erected, every place himself within the bar, and from thence whatsoever he shall think necessary for the good.

And further, because I am very desir proper ways and means should be found out suppressing of *story-tellers* and *fine talkers* ordinary conversations whatsoever, I do insist every private club, company, or meeting over the, there be always an elbow-chair placed a ble; and that as soon as any one begins a le or extends his discourse beyond the space minute, he be forthwith thrust into the said chair, unless upon any of the company's call 'to the chair,' he breaks off abruptly, and 'tongue.

There are two species of men, notwithstanding thing that has been here said, whom I would from the disgrace of the elbow-chair. The these buffoons that have a talent of mimic speech and behaviour of other persons, and all their patrons, friends, and acquaintance, dicula. I look upon your pantomime as a l a man, or at least to be, like Virgil's monster a hundred mouths and as many tongues.'

— *Lingua centum sunt, oraque cent*  
And, therefore, would give him as much time in, as would be allowed to the whole body of he represents, were they actually in the c which they divert by proxy. Provided, h that the said pantomime do not, upon any l whatsoever, utter any thing in his own p opinion, language, or character.

I would likewise, in the second place, g exemption from the elbow-chair to any per treats the company, and by that means be s to pay for his audience. A guest cannot ta if he be not allowed to talk in his turn by who puts his mouth to a better employm stops it with good beef and mutton. In this guest is very agreeably silenced, and seems his tongue under that kind of bribery which cients called *bee in lingua*.

If I can once extirpate the race of solid stantial handrums, I hope, by my whole repeated advices, quickly to reduce the insi tittle-tattles, and *matter-of-fact-men*, that at every quarter of this great city.

Epictetus, in his little system of morali scribes the following rule with that beauti plicity which shines through all his precept ware that thou never tell thy dreams in ce for, notwithstanding thou mayest take a pl telling thy dreams, the company will take sure in hearing them.'

This rule is conformable to a maxim whic laid down in a late paper, and must always i into those of my readers who find in them inclination to be very talkative and jump 'that they should not speak to please the but those that hear them.'



as been often observed by witty essay writers; the deepest waters are always the most silent; empty vessels make the greatest sound; and the cymbals the worst music. The marquis of x, in his admirable 'Advice to a Daughter,' says, 'that good-sense has always something in it:' but as sullenness does not imply at all an ill-natured silence, I wish his lordship given a softer name to it. Since I am engaged in quotations, I must not omit the satire Horace has written against this impertinent idle companion; and which, I think, is fuller of humour than any other satire he has written. A great author, who had the nicest taste of condition, and was himself a most agreeable companion, had so strong an antipathy to a great talker, he was afraid some time or other it would be done to him; as he has very humorously described his conversation with an impertinent fellow, who is like to have been the death of him.

*perpellandi locus hic erat! Est tibi mater,  
gnati, quies te salvo est opus? Haud mihi  
quisquam.*

*anes composui. Felices! nunc ego resto;  
office; namque instat fatum mihi triste, Sabel  
iod puero cecinit divina motâ anus urnâ.  
unc neque dira venena, nec hosticus auferit ensis,  
ec laterum dolor, aut tussis, nec tarda podagra.  
urulus hunc quando consumet cunque; loquaces  
sapiat, vitet, simul atque adoleverit ætas.*

*Hor. l Sat. ix. 20.*

ave you no mother, sister, friends,  
whose welfare on your health depends?—

Not one; I saw them all by turns  
securely settled in their urns.'

Once happy they, secure from pain!

And I thy victim now remain;

Watch me; for my goody nurse

has presaged this heavy curse.

conn'd it by the *sieva* and *shears*,

now it falls upon my ears——

For poison fell with ruin stor'd,

horrid point of hostile sword,

pleurisy, nor asthma-cough,

cripple-gout shall cut him off;

His tongue and babbling breath

shall tease, and talk my child to death.

him avoid, as he would hanging,

For folks long-winded in haranguing.'

*Francis.*

19.] THURSDAY, DECEMBER, 28, 1710.

———*Hæ nugæ seria ducunt*

*In mala——— Hor. Ars. Poet. 451.*

———Trifles such as these

To serious mischiefs lead. *Francis.*

*From my own Apartment, December 27.*

AND my correspondents are universally offended at me for taking notice so seldom of their letters, and I fear people have taken the advantage of silence to go on in their errors; for which I shall hereafter be more careful to answer useful questions and just complaints, as soon as come to my hands. The two following epistles are to very great mischiefs in the most important parts of life—love, and friendship:

'MR. BICKERSTAFF, Dorsetshire, Dec. 20.  
It is my misfortune to be enamoured of a lady,  
who is neither very beautiful, very witty, nor at all

“ You have up and down in your mouths, and I have justly remarked, that it is not this or the fashion or quality among men, that gives us esteem, but the well or ill behaving of these characters. It is, therefore, with concern, that I behold in coffee-house places my brethren; the tradesmen of all off the smooth, even, and ancient decorating citizens; for a fantastical dress and proper for their persons and characters, destruction of that order and distinction right ought to be between St. James's and the Camp and Cheapside.

“ I have given myself some time to distinguishing the frays in a lot of mauling up a regiment of thread laces, or mauling on pieces of sagathy or Scotch p outside a man to a hood hat or sword, a with ribbands; or an embroidered coat. say, this enormity proceeds from a sort in the brain, which makes it break out the head, and, for want of timely remedy the left thigh, and from thence, in little windings, run over the whole body, as pretty ornaments on the buttons, button terings, sides of the breeches, and the I the favour of you to give us a discourse the subject of habits, which will contril better government of conversation among particular oblige, Sir, your affectionate

“ FELIX TRA

“ To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of Gr

“ The humble Petition of Ralph Nab, E of Hats, and many other poor Suffis same Trade;

“ SKEWETH,

“ That for some years last past the use silver galloon upon hats has been almost being undistinguishably worn by soldier lords, footmen, beaux, sportsmen, trad prigs, smarta, cullies, pretty fellows, and

“ That the said use and custom has been very prejudicial to your petitioners. For it has induced men, to the great damage tizens, to wear their hats upon their which means the said hats last much lo than they would do if worn under their econdly, in that very often a new dressing lace supply the place of a new hat, which we are chiefly sensible of in the spring the company is leaving the town; it so commonly, that a hat shall frequent, all finest and best assemblies without any o all, and in May shall be tricked up with ver, to keep company with rustics, and rain. All which premises your petition pray you to take into your consideration to appoint a day in your Court of Honor pretend to the galloon may enter ti and have them approved or rejected, o each other relief as to your great wisdom meet.

And your peti

Order my friend near Temple-bar, t the hunting-cock, to assist the court wh tion is read, of which Mr. Lillie to give

“ To Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., Censor of G

“ The humble Petition of Elizabeth Slend

“ SKEWETH,

That on the twentieth of this instant

end, Rebecca Hive, and your petitioner, walking the Strand, saw a gentleman before us in whose periwig was so long, and so much powdered, that your petitioner took notice of it, and she wondered that lawyer would so spoil his gown with powder." To which it was answered that he was no lawyer, but a clergyman." Upon the offer of a pot of coffee we overtook him, and your petitioner was soon convinced she had lost. Your petitioner therefore desires your worship to present the clergymen before you, and to settle a standard length of canonical periwigs, and a quantity of powder to be made use of in them, and give such other directions as you shall think fit. 'And your petitioner, &c. queries, whether this gentleman be not chaplain to a regiment, and, in such case, allow powder accordingly.

After all that can be thought on these subjects, I must confess, that the men who dress with a certain ostentation to appear more than they are, are more excusable than those who betray, in the adorning of their persons, a secret vanity and inclination to shine in things wherein, if they did succeed, would rather lessen than advance their character. For this reason I am more provoked at the allegations relating to the clergyman, than any other mentioned in these complaints. I have indeed a long acquaintance, with much concern, observed abundance of pretty fellows in sacred orders, and shall in due time let them know, that I pretend to give ecclesiastical as well as civil censures. A man well-bred and well-dressed in that habit, adds to the sacredness of his function an agreeableness not to be met with among the laity. I own I have spent some evenings among these men of wit of that profession with an inexpressible delight. Their habitual care of their character is such a chastisement to their fancy, that much they utter in company is as much above what we meet with in other conversation, as the character of modest, are superior to those of a light, woman. We therefore earnestly desire our young missionaries in the universities to consider where they are, and how they dress, and look, and move, like young officers. It is no disadvantage to have a very handsome woman; but, were I to preach repentance to a galled lady, I would, methinks, keep my gloves on. I have an unfeigned affection to the class of mankind pointed to serve at the altar, therefore am in danger of running out of my way, and growing too tedious on this occasion; for which reason I shall close with the following epistle, which, by my interest from Trot, the penny-post, I procured a copy of:

*'To the Rev. Mr. Ralph Incense, Chaplain to the countess dowager of Brompton.*

*'SIR,*

*'I heard and saw you preach last Sunday. I am an ignorant young woman, and understood not but what you said; but ah! your manner, when you held your hands towards our pew! Did you design to vote me to heaven or yourself? Your humble servant,*

*'PENITENCE GENTLE.*

No. 271.] TUESDAY, JANUARY 2, 1710

The printer having informed me, that there are as many of these papers printed as will make four volumes, I am now concerned in this matter, and have the world under the c



